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James Hogg

THE BEECH SHEPHERD

London: John Leitch, 1841. Published by W. Seward.

THE
Mirror

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INSTRUCTION

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THAT CAN BE TAUGHT

AND

THE BEST OF THE AMERICAN

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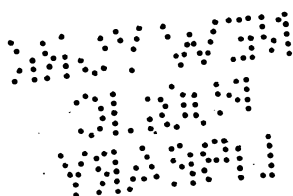
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VOL. XXI.



LONDON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. LIMBIRD, 143, STRAND.
(Near Somerset House.)

1833.



PREFACE.

THE completion of our twenty-first volume presents us with the agreeable occasion of again thanking the public for their continued and unshaken patronage of this Miscellany. Our Preface, written at the close of a volume published periodically may be regarded as an aggregate of our gratitude; although, we trust, that in its progress, each Number has testified our high sense of the reader's favour, by unceasing study of his gratification and interest.

The Contents of the present volume will, therefore, it is hoped, be found equal in variety and useful character to either of its predecessors. To our Correspondents who have aided us throughout its accumulation, we return our best acknowledgments; while our thanks are proportionally due to many other Contributors, of whose productions we have not found it so advantageous to avail ourselves.

The Engravings, ninety-one in number, have various attractions. The Portrait and Memoir of the Ettrick Shepherd possess an original interest. Among the Public Buildings illustrated, are the New Goldsmiths' Hall; New Covent Garden Market; Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh; the Museum of Sir John Soane, (with the celebrated Belzoni Sarcophagus, and a detailed description of the unique contents); Peterborough Cathedral; the Old and New Churches, Highgate; Strasburg Cathedral, &c. Among the more immediate novelties are two views in Sydney; and one of the Peter Botte Mountain, in the Mauritius.

In Popular Antiquities will be found a few picturesque representations of curious Fonts, Crosses, and Pillars; Bur-

lington House and Piccadilly, 133 years since; an interesting group of Saxon Relics; Hever Castle, with its melancholy episode of the Boleyns; Blaye, and the recent captivity of the Duchess of Berri in its Citadel; Stepney Church, and its legend of the Fish and the Ring; Arthur's Oven, interesting from its connexion with our early nautical history; Angers, enshrined in Shakspeare's *King John*; the original East India House; Queen Elizabeth's Hunting Lodge, in Epping Forest; the Old Wells, at Epsom; Memorials of the Restoration; a magnificent Corinthian Tomb in Idumea, &c. The historical and artistical details which accompany these subjects have been condensed with due regard to perspicuity and popular entertainment.

In Zoology and Botany are illustrations of a New British Cuckoo; a New Sea Serpent; the Bird of Washington; the Larva of the Water Devil; Sugar Insects; the Pitcher Plant; Coffee Harvest; Eve's Apple Tree, &c.

The Letter-press portion of the volume also contains the most striking novelties of the Half Year's Reviews, Magazines, and useful and amusing Books. In few instances have the selections been made with reference to mere amusement; but, in nearly all cases, with an eye to the improvement of the reader, and the addition of some new views or facts to his storehouse of knowledge.

To this hasty sketch of the most prominent contents of the present volume, we have to add the reiteration of thanks to our Subscribers, our "friends fast sworn," as we greeted them a few years since. Their past encouragement shall be the watchword for our future exertion; and thus, we shall not lack excitement to maintain their good opinion.

LONDON, JUNE 26, 1833.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

"NATURE DONUM."

—"with his pipe upon the mountains,
And all his little flock beside him."—WORDSWORTH.

JAMES HOGG, the *Ettrick Shepherd*, was born in the parish from which he derives his patronymick, on the 25th of January, 1769. He is the second of four sons; his father and progenitors were, like himself, shepherds of that country. His parent, by industry, saved some money, and was enabled by it to tenant a small sheep-farm; but, in consequence of a sudden fall in that species of agricultural stock, was ruined.

The school education of the Shepherd may be characteristically told in his own words. He was at this time six years old. "The school-house being at our own door,—I had attended it for a short time, and had the honour of standing at the head of a juvenile class, who read the shorter catechism and Proverbs of Solomon. Next year my parents took me home, during the winter quarter service, (as a cow-herd,) and put me to school with a lad of the name of Ker, who was teaching the children of a neighbouring farmer. Here I advanced so far as to get into a class who read the Bible. I had likewise for sometime before my quarter was out, tried my hand at writing, and had horribly defiled several sheets of paper, with copy-lines, every letter of which was nearly an inch long. *Thus terminated my education.* After this, I was never another day at any school whatever; in all, I had spent about half a year at it. It is true my former master *denied me*, and when I was only twenty years of age, said, if he was called to make an oath, he would swear I never was at his school. However, I know I was at it for two or three months; and I do not choose to be deprived of the honour of having attended the school of my native parish; nor yet that old John Beattie should lose the honour of such a scholar."

After a boyhood of poverty, starvation, and labour, the poet in embryo found himself at length fourteen, and the proprietor of five shillings, with which he bought an old *fiddle*! Over the strings of this, he kept sawing Scottish tunes for an hour or two after retiring to the cow-house, where the noise could disturb no one but himself. Between this and manhood, the Shepherd relates that the perusal of *Burnet's Theory of Comets* produced a wonderful effect on his boyish imagination; set him pondering all the day on the grand millennium, and dreaming all night "of a new heaven and a new earth, the stars in horror, and the world in flames!" Yet at this time he could read only imperfectly; and in writing knew not how to form some of the letters of the alphabet. Before this time he had poured over the *Life of Sir William Wallace*. Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd* was another of the books of the Shepherd's idolatry; but, strange to add, he expressed a disappointment that it was not written in prose, as in attempting to follow the *rhyme*, he lost the *reason* of the poem. It was not until his eighteenth year that he attempted versifying; and, from his own acknowledgment, his earliest efforts were "*bitterly bad.*"

If these efforts were of indifferent merit, they were not few, but a strange medley of epistles, eclogues, comedy, pastoral, tragedy, history, (through all the gamut of Polonius,)—and on one occasion, on a visit to Edinburgh sheep-market, he rashly ventured on the publication of a little volume, which “went to its lang hame,” ere long; or, in other words, fell dead-born from the press. This was in 1801.

Some years after this hapless adventure, the Shepherd’s poetical talent having attracted the attention of Sir Walter, (then Mr. Scott,) he was encouraged to publish a volume of ballads, which appeared under the title of *The Mountain Bard*. The author of Waverley was sheriff for the county in which the Shepherd lives, Selkirk; and having heard of Hogg’s ballad propensities, paid him a visit among the hills. An acquaintance was commenced, from which resulted a mutual friendship, terminated only by the death of the greater Minstrel. The Shepherd considered it a proud day for the “*Shirra* to come ower the hills to visit him in his biggin,” and now speaks of the illustrious departed as his “very best friend.”

As might still have been expected, from a mind yet wandering in the twilight, many of these pieces were very feeble; although some of them bore indications of that high imagination for which their author was afterwards to be distinguished; nor do we think that even yet he has produced many finer things than Sir David Gaerne, and the fragment of *Lord Derwent*. The success of this work, along with an *Essay on Sheep*, which gained a Highland Society premium, having put some money into his pocket, he engaged in some ruinous agricultural adventures, and kept floundering away for several years, until, fairly obliged to give in, when he resolved on the desperate chance of settling in Edinburgh as a literary adventurer.

Shortly after his arrival there, he published a collection of songs, entitled *The Forest Minstrel*, but from which he derived no pecuniary emolument. His enthusiasm, however, continued unabated, and he possessed that confidence in his own abilities, which alone floated him on the surface of his difficulties. *The Forest Minstrel* having proved of no pecuniary avail, the adventurer cast upon the *mare magnum* of literature, without rudder or compass, felt that something must be done; and with a characteristic want of knowledge of mankind, which could alone have secured success to such an attempt, Mr. Hogg determined on commencing a weekly periodical, to be entitled *The Spy*, and to be devoted to the niceties of *morale* and the elegancies of polite literature. How well the simple Shepherd was qualified for such a task, take his own words:—“At this time I had never been once in any polished society; had read next to none; was now in my 38th year, (40,)* and knew no more of human manners than a child.” *The Spy* turned out a sad melange; some indications of genius, notwithstanding, peered through the rough, but clouded vigour of the essays, &c. comprising it. This strange stew went down ere its anniversary arrived.

Harassed, vexed, disappointed, and poor, the Shepherd was now determined and destined to redeem the good opinion of some benevolent friends, who had always entertained a flattering opinion of his abilities, and who supplied his wants with a kindness and assiduity that does them great honour; and to this day James Hogg speaks, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, of his sincere and kind benefactors, Messrs. Grieve and Scott, long partners in the hat trade, on the North Bridge, Edinburgh.

James was now about to illustrate the adage, What will a man not do, when put to his last shift? It was at this time that he projected *The Queen’s Wake*, a poem of first-rate excellence, and which, saving a few verbal laxities, would do honour to any living name in our literature. It is a remarkable production every way—full of poetry and power, and wonderfully free from all those blemishes of coarseness which had disfigured the Shepherd’s former writings.

In 1814, the Shepherd projected and executed a poem in the stanza of

* See note, page 245 of the present volume.

Spenser, entitled *Mador of the Moor*, although in date of publication it was preceded by the *Pilgrims of the Sun*, which was not composed till the year after. Of these works we have not space to speak; they are unequal and full of blemishes. In the United States, the *Pilgrims*, from some reason or other, has reached unbounded popularity, having been reprinted in two American towns, and no less than 10,000 copies circulated.

The Shepherd's next poetical adventure was the attempt to collect pieces from the great living poets of Great Britain, and to publish in a volume, edited by himself, this blending of all beauties. From the refusal of Sir W. Scott, and some other circumstances of disappointment, the idea in its original shape was dropped, but only to be revived by another, which was that of the Editor writing the whole himself.

In this way originated the *Poetic Mirror*, a series of imitations of the living bards of Britain, several of which are of high excellence. The work soon reached a second edition. Two volumes of *Dramatic Tales* succeeded this, of which to speak; "least said is soonest mended." The disappointment consequent on the small notice which these volumes attracted, induced the Shepherd to abandon poetry and try his luck at prose. With this view he set to work, and the first fruits of his industry were *The Brownie of Bodbech*; and other Tales, in which some pictures of shadowy imagination occur, which few writers of that class have ever equalled; but our pleasure is marred by the sheer absurdity which one would think the author had lagged in in downright wantonness.

Mr. Hogg's next appearance was in 1819, when he came forward with the first volume of the *Jacobite Relics*, a work of considerable talent and research. In 1821, the second volume appeared; in this year our author also collected and published in 2 vols. 12mo. a number of his early compositions, principally in prose, under the title of *Winter Evening Tales*. Among these, the *Bridal of Polmuod* is, we consider, his very best prose effort. It abounds in the finest romance, and some passages in it, for effect, are not equalled by Anne Radcliffe. But for power in the terrible and sublime; these are few things, in any writer, comparable to the story of *The Widow of Lock Kise*, embodied in the whimsical adventures of Basil Lee. We have read Schiller's *Robbers*, and Coleridge's *Christabel* on a winter's evening, in a solitary chamber; we have perused this terrific tale in more sociable seclusion, with more powerful effects. *Wandering Willie's Tale* is scarcely more magical, mystical, and unearthly.

When George IV. visited Scotland in 1822, Mr. Hogg wrote the *Royal Jubilee, a Scottish Masque*. With an absurd blending of the serious and the ludicrous, there is a fine vein of poetic feeling in this effusion, and several of the songs are happy.

The Shepherd now betook himself to the English market, and a woful havoc he made of human feelings and human manners, in three works *The Perils of Man*, *The Perils of Woman*, and *The Confessions of a Justified Sinner*. A man of the hills is not the proper person to recite the mysteries of the drawing-room and salon.

Poetry again made up the deficiency, for at the close of 1824, James produced his *Queen Hynde*, an epic, unequal in its structure and diction, but in which some splendid gleams of imagination occur. The invocation to the Fairies, for example, is one of the finest passages in the whole poem. But the Shepherd with increasing years returned to that natural good taste which always exists in the man of genius, however he may misconceive and misdirect the current of his powers: he worked now upon a theme grateful to all, for it was a theme in which he was "at home."

Of all Mr. Hogg's prose works, *The Shepherd's Calendar* is the best beyond comparison, and throughout its pages the author shines in all the variety of his powers. Some of the stories are beautiful episodes of humanity, full of nature and feeling. These most interesting tales for several years

enriched the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*; and *The Shepherd's Calendar*, and *Queen's Wake* are what the Shepherd will be known to posterity by.

We have thus, principally from memory, followed a chronological account of the Shepherd's literary career, and have spoken only of his larger works, omitting a variety of minor effusions on almost every topic in heaven, earth, and elsewhere; in prose and poetry, good, bad, and indifferent; which has from time to time dropped from his pen. In all, by his own account, he has produced about thirty volumes, exclusive of his most recent production, the *Altrie Tales*, which came from the press on his visit to London in the winter of 1832, on which occasion an immense number of literary friends and admirers honoured him with a public dinner at Freemasons' Hall, which was graced by the presence of some of the most distinguished characters of the day. It was a proud day for James Hogg.

The poetry of the Shepherd, to speak generally of his productions, is not that of contemplation like Wordsworth, nor of reflection like that of Bowles, nor of minute observation like Crabbe, nor of character like that of Scott. There is about it a dreaminess, and occasional magnificence, of which a parallel were difficult to be found. He is essentially a poet of imagination. He delights in the picturesque, in the wild, lonely, savage features of nature;—the Covenanter on the sea-beat cliff, the shepherd on the heathery mountain, the plaided clansman beside the sepulchral cairn, on the moir, or the enthusiast waiting the appearance of the sheeted dead in the moonlit glen. His muse is conversant only with terrors and superstitions, "fierce wars and faithful loves," the romance of human action, the poetry of life.

Of the private character of the Shepherd, we know but one point, and that is, that he is an honest, conscientious, worthy man, and those who have known him for thirty years will bear this testimony. Often have we seen him, after his highest exaltation on the pinnacle of his poetic fame, standing in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh mixing with his unsophisticated compeers, apparently utterly unconscious and careless of himself: and it is recorded by one against whom the Shepherd has poised in many a fierce contest the political lance: "It ought to be recorded to his (Mr. Hogg's) honour, that neither poverty nor ambition have been able to produce in him the slightest obsequiousness towards the possessors of glory or power; or even to subdue in him a certain disposition to bid defiance to critics, and to hold poets and patrons equally cheap and familiar. This is unusual in men whose talents have raised out of a humble condition in society, especially where they are unaccompanied, as in the present instance, either with any inherent insolence of character, or any irregularities of private life."*

We present our readers with a bold sketch of the Shepherd, and if it is further required that we should individualize him, imagine him sitting in his study in Ettrick Forest. Just suppose a little snuggerly, ten feet by nine, with a good fire (we write on a cold day in spring) one window to the S. E., surrounded with piles of miscellaneous literature, (for his library is the adjacent, a handsome room, painted blue and white, with windows to the east and south, the north side shelved from floor to cornice, every shelf fringed with green above, and filled with books; the folios undermost, and upwards to 12mo.'s,) and let the reader farther suppose the Shepherd to be seated at his oak table with his dog sleeping at his feet, and some proof sheets of the *Life of Burns*, his forthcoming work, before him, and a more accurate picture cannot be conveyed of him who is the pride of "Yarrow flood and Ettrick vale."

I.

* Mr. Jeffrey—*Edinburgh Review*.

The Mirror

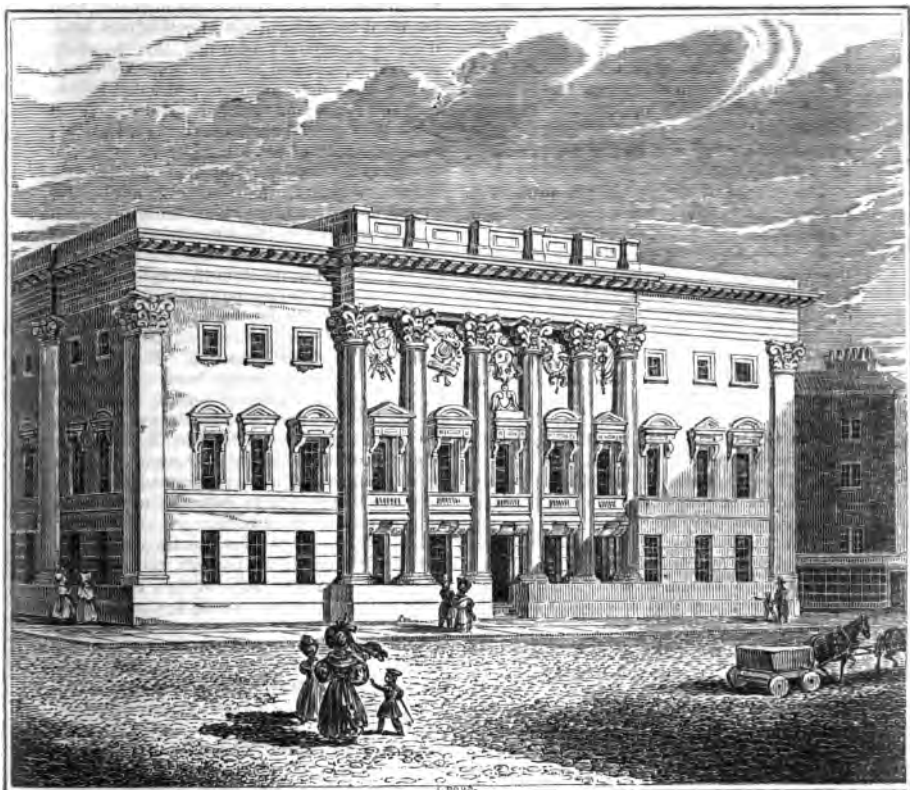
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 585.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.]



GOLDSMITHS' (NEW) HALL.

THIS superb structure is now in course of erection, from the designs of Mr. Hardwick, architect of the Marylebone New Church, St. Katherine's Docks, &c. It stands in Foster-lane, Cheapside, occupying the site of the old Hall, and somewhat more space obtained by purchase of adjoining houses, and facing the back-front of the New Post Office. It is of the Roman, or Composite order. The plinth or basement is of Haytor granite, and the superstructure of fine Portland stone.

The façade or principal front is represented in the Engraving. In the centre, resting on the granite plinth as a pedestal, are six columns, with enriched Corinthian capitals; the wings being terminated with angular ante, or pilasters of the same order. The entablature throughout the building is en-

riched with a bold cornice of extraordinary beauty; finished with a parapet; the centre having a plain attic. The basement story is channelled; and the windows of the principal story have enriched and boldly-projecting pediments, supported by handsome brackets; the centre windows opening to balconies with balustrades. The intercolumniations of the centre, above the first story, have, in place of the continuation of the windows of the second story, emblematic embellishments. In the centre division are the arms of the Goldsmiths' Company;* on each side are charac-

* The Goldsmiths' arms are quarterly, gules and azure, in the first and fourth, a leopard's head, or; in the second and third, a covered cup, between two buckles, all of the last; crest, a demi Goldsmith, in the dress of Elizabeth's reign, his right hand sustain-

teristics of the festal appropriation of the Hall; and the extreme divisions are occupied by groups of naval and military trophies.

A single glance at this handsome building can scarcely fail to impress the beholder with its vastness, as well as with the elaborate richness of its minute details. The massive granite plinth, the broad front of the pilasters, and the bold corbels of the cornice, contribute to this admirable effect. The attic is likewise of the most appropriate introduction.* The mouldings and other enrichments of the principal story are of the most pleasing character: among the former, the favourite echinus is prominent.

The interior of the building is so far from complete, as to afford but an outline idea of its disposal.

By the way, a well-executed Engraving of the Goldsmiths' (New) Hall, with more of the neighbourhood than we have space to delineate, heads one of the Stationers' sheet almanacs for the present year, which will, doubtless, be a favourite in the City, as the present building will be the most elegant of the Civic Halls.

This is the third Hall erected by the Company of Goldsmiths. The first Hall, (on the site of the present one,) was founded in 1407, by Sir Drew Barentine, Lord Mayor in 1398. Stow calls it "a proper house, but not large;" it was destroyed by the Great Fire; but another fabric rose in its place a few years afterwards. The buildings were of brick, the front being ornamented with stone corners wrought in rustic, and a large arched entrance, with a high pediment supported on Doric columns, and open at the top, to give room for a shield of the Company's arms. The Hall itself was spacious and lofty, paved with black and white marble, and superbly embellished. The balustrade of the staircase was elegantly carved; and the walls bore reliefs of scrolls, flowers, and musical instruments. The Court-room was another richly-wainscoted apartment: the chimney-piece, of marble, was very sumptuous, the sides being adorned with male caryatides, and the whole enriched by scrolls, grapes, &c.

Above was a painting of St. Dunstan, the patron saint of the Company, in conversation with the Holy Virgin; having in the back-ground a representation of the saint burning the devil's nose, as described in the ancient legend, when assailed by the fiend with temptation.

ing a pair of scales, his left hand holding an ingot: supporters, unicorns: motto, "To God only be all glory." The arms are ancient; the crest and supporters were granted by Robert Cooke, Clarencieux, in 1571.

* We believe the best introduction of an attic to be when the building has a proportionate basement or stylobate, and when the columns or antæ of the principal order are not standing on the ground: which conditions are maintained in the present instance.

THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

"States fall, arts fade, but nature doth not die!"
Childe Harold.

If we impartially enumerate the subjects which principally attracted the attention, and exercised the pens, of the literati of past ages, it must be candidly admitted, that the study of the fine arts and abstruse sciences maintained, in their estimation, a decided preference over that of natural history. What could have caused such a seeming distaste, or, perhaps, want of resolution, to examine the countless beauties displayed throughout the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, which bear a stamp of superiority that universally points out the infinite wisdom and boundless power of their Creator,—I am at a loss to say. But, much to the credit of more modern writers, the natural productions of the vast globe we inhabit have occupied a very considerable share of their strictest observation, and profound research. Most of the branches of natural history have, consequently, been rendered familiar and accessible to persons of every age and capacity; and whilst the names of Turton, Jardine, Rennie, and Loudon, and their learned contemporaries, are enrolled on the list of its supporters, great and daily accessions may be expected to this delightful store of knowledge.

Few individuals of the present day, at all possessed of ambitious feelings, rest satisfied with the collected strength of their mental acquirements, if they are entirely ignorant of the higher properties and systematic arrangements of a science, the elements of which are now implanted in the minds of children with the rudiments of their native language. To what, then, can this general desire of information be attributed? Are the natural talents of the present generation superior to those of our ancestors? Certainly not: the truth of which the works of a Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope, can fully attest. We must, therefore, conclude, that the limited state of information in former days may have been, in a great measure, owing to the difficulties which writers had to encounter in the circulation of their works. But the channels for the diffusion of learning have been latterly extended in an uncommon degree by the rapid improvements which have been effected in the arts of Printing and Engraving. What the former fails to convey by graphic description, is amply made up by the clear illustration of the latter; the advantages of which none but the affluent could formerly reap, and then but in a very circumscribed and complicated form; whilst now the means of instruction are placed in the hands of the humblest cottager. We have magazines of all prices; zoological and botanical gardens; Linnean, geographical, geological, and philosophical societies, the pub-

lication of whose transactions materially tends to the advancement of useful knowledge.

In what view can the most perfect object of human discovery, or the chasteest specimen of man's ingenuity, rival in excellence, or *even* bear the least comparison with, the most insignificant of God's creatures; the contemplation of which would fill the mind with a religious awe of Him, under whose protection and guidance "we live, move, and have our being?" If we can really regard His works in this admirable light, the hours of relaxation, from business of more urgent nature, would be pleasantly, and, at the same time, profitably spent, if devoted to the consideration of such wonderful productions. To think that the prosecution of such a course would be unattended with difficulties would be wrong; and far worse to dwell upon and suffer their ideal magnitude to deter us from following our inclination in so laudable a pursuit, before we are aware of their real nature and extent. By beginning at the root of the "tree of knowledge" with a firm resolution to overcome all the obstructions which ignorance, at first sight, imagines to be insuperable, we may, in a short time, become masters of the highest branch of that science which taste may lead us to explore. For such reasons, the good sense of the well-informed has prompted them to write introductory essays on the subject of natural history, placing it at once in the power of those who have not the opportunity, or, perhaps, the ability, of searching into and collecting together the information afforded by works in different languages, to benefit by the valuable experience and fruits arising from the copious writings of a few, whose time and attention have been occupied in the strict investigation of the expansive field of nature.

J. H. I.

THE ACORN.

(From the German.)

To an ancient, pious Bramin was a grandson born. Full of joy at the blessing which had again happened to his house, he said, "I will go out hence, and thank the Great Spirit and Father of Nature, who has blessed us; perhaps He may give me opportunity to honour Him, even through one good deed."—So spoke the Bramin, and went. The blossom of pure joy is gratitude, and its fruit benevolence.

With the lively feeling of honouring the Great and Beneficent Spirit, the old man stepped into the fields, and, in the shade of the trees, each of his thoughts was a prayer. Still sparkled the drops of a freshly-fallen shower on stalks, blossoms, and leaves. Although he had already seen the spring ninety times, nature seemed to him again made young, and fairer than ever; for she grows not old to him who reveres her Creator, and recognises in the figure the Benevolent Sculptor.

The old man set on his way forward; and,

on the beaten path, he found an acorn; the rain had already, through its fertilizing power, sent the germ forth, and the shell burst asunder—but it could not take root on the hard, bare path. He stooped, took it up, and said, "How charming it is to be brought thus far on my way, for easily hadst thou been trodden in pieces by the foot of the wanderer, or withered by the solar rays. Happy shall I be, if I can here do a good work, and, by deed, fulfil my inward sentiment, and the aim of wise nature advance, who with each breath shows a benefit;—even the smallest thankfulness is a sweet duty."

A youngster, who stood behind the oak-tree, and who had caught up the words of the Bramin, stepped forward, and jeeringly smiled.

"Why smilest thou?" asked the old man.

The youngster answered, "At thy childish thought, my elder; that thou canst rejoice at having rescued the life of an acorn!"

"Youngster," said the Bramin, "how art thou able to know my thoughts, since to-day is the first time thou hast seen me? and why dost thou jeer at the small service which I intend to perform to nature? To her is the acorn worth as much as the tree; and, without that, this were not. Even virtue, my son, begins with the little; and, from this, mounts upwards the great: but the nearer she approaches to the completion of the original, even so much the more she, herself, inclines to humility and simplicity; and then to her is worth the smallest, as much as the highest. Sends not Brama, too, his ray and dew on the blade of grass as well as on the palm-tree?"

Thus spoke the old man with friendly seriousness. The youngster silently withdrew himself, full of veneration. He had seen the noble, old man in his dignity, and he wished to be like him; for frivolity itself must, in its heart, revere virtue.

The Bramin set forward on his way to a hill, which was overgrown round about with thorns. He met a pedlar, who asked, "Thinkest thou that, out of an acorn, thou canst rear a tree for thyself? Thou wilt, indeed, scarcely have the joy of its shade." The old man answered, "Must one, at the planting, think only on the shade of the tree, and on one's self? Does nature so? My son, he who has not planted earlier than, and before, yesterday, finds in the planting itself his motive and his joy."

He came to the hill, on the peak of which, among the thorns, he buried the acorn, and covered it carefully over with earth and moss.

"Why plantest thou among thorns?" called out a herdsman opposite to him; "thou carest badly for thy nursing."

"Friend," replied the Bramin, "so long as the little plant is tender and small, the thorns will shelter it from raw winds and injury; and, when it grows up, it will work a way through for itself—for it is an oak. My son, I have obtained this of nature; the good mo-

ther considers equally the tenderness and strength of her foster-children."

After the old man had completed his work, he trod gaily on the way back to his home-stead. He who builds on the highways, thought he, has many a master; but the skilful man goes his own road. As he drew near to his hut, his grandsons and great-grandsons sprang towards him, and asked, "Where hast thou been so long?" But he assembled them around about him, and recounted all which had happened to him: and the little children caressed the old man whilst he spoke; the elder ones, however, hung on his lips, and hearkened to him. "Oh," said the old man, when he had finished, "there is certainly no place fairer than in the lap of nature, when the father loves his offspring, and, in the quiet circle of his family, is beloved by his children. Yes, love-abounding Brama!" cried he, and glanced upwards to heaven, "in the quiet circle of nature and of domestic peace stands thy holy temple!"

The new-planted oak soon grew forth out of the germ, and raised itself up above the thorns, and became a spreading, shady tree. There died the old man, and his loved-ones buried him on the hill: and whenever they saw the tree, and heard its rustlings, they were mindful of the life and wise sayings of the Bramin, even to the latest times, and recited from him, and sought to become like him,—for the word of a wise man is as a grain of corn in the fruitful ground. W. G. C.

WAGES.

In 1530, the wages of husbandmen and full labourers were eightpence a-day each. In the reign of Henry VIII., the wages of a falconer were generally a groat a-day, and he was allowed a penny a-day for the food of each hawk entrusted to his care. A huntsman received thirty-five shillings and fivepence a-quarter; and, as well as most of the other servants, he had fourpence a-day board-wages. The allowance for the boys of the stable was one shilling and eightpence per week each; and of the King's riding-boys two shillings a-week each. The keeper of the Barbary horse was allowed one shilling and eightpence a-week for his board, his wages being four pounds a-year. The hen-taker was, however, better paid; as he received two pounds, five shillings, and sevenpence a quarter. The regular wages of the King's watermen were ten shillings a-quarter; but, it would appear, that they were paid extra upon every occasion they were employed. Sexton, the fool's servant's wages were fifteen shillings a-quarter. The gardeners of York-place, and of Baulie, or New-hall, in Suffolk, received twelve pounds per annum; the gardener of Greenwich twenty pounds a-year; and the gardeners of Windsor and Wanstead four pounds a-year.—W. G. C.

New Books.

THE COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1833.

By Thomas Hood, Esq.

SUCH is the title of Mr. Hood's volume. He does not add and super-add, a Christmas present and New-year's gift, though he might do so with greater propriety than his more sombre brethren or sisterhood of the *Annual* family. He does not sail in the sea of sentiment, or linger about the lake of lugubriousness; but, singing

Mirth admit me of thy crew,

he strikes through the ocean of revelry, and leaves the poor, dull, dripping mortals, to whine forth their sonnets and complaints to hearts of rock and stone. His book and name have the very air of promise, and furnish pleasant spice of agreeable small-talk in this season of pastime; whilst some over-cunning folks borrow his jokes, and pass them off as their own. The volume before us is as racy as ever in generous outpourings, with none of the lees, of patter and pun making. The Cuts are even of better execution, if not design, than in previous years; and one of them, a fat, puffy tax-gatherer, wittily termed "The Great Plague of London," will, we hope, last as long as taxes are gathered; which fame may probably be set down as an immortality. We do not describe the Cuts, as they best tell themselves; and the fun of the letter-press must be *per se*. One of our prose favourites is

THE UNFAVOURABLE REVIEW

"You remember Philipphaugh, Sir?"

"Umph!" said the Major, "the less we say about that, John, the better."

Old Mortality.

To Mr. Robert Cherry, the Orchard, Kent.

DEAR BOB,—It's no use your making more stir about the barley. Business has no business to stand before king and country, and I couldn't go to Ashford Market and the review at the same time. The Earl called out the Yeomanry for a grand field day at Bumper Daggie Bottom Common, and to say nothing of its being my horse duty to attend, I wouldn't have lost my sight for the whole barley in Kent. Besides the Earl, the great Duke did us the honour to come and see the troops go through everything, and it rained all the time. Except for the crops, a more unfavouring day couldn't have been picked out for man or beast, and many a nag has got a consequential cough.

The ground was very good, with only one leap that nobody took, but the weather was terribly against. It blew equinoxious gales, and rained like watering pots with the rose off. But as somebody said, one cannot always have their reviews cut and dry.

We set out from Ashford at ten, and was two hours getting to Bumper Daggie Bottom Common, but it's full six mile. The Bumper

Daggle's dress is rather handsome and fighting like—blue, having a turn-up with white, and we might have been called cap-a-pee, but Mr. P. the contractor of our caps, made them all too small for our heads. Luckily the clothes fit, except Mr. Lambert's who couldn't find a jacket big enough; but he scorned to shrink, and wore it loose on his shoulder, like a hussar. As for arms, we had all sorts, and as regards horses, I am sorry to say all sorts of legs—what with splints, and quitters, and ring-bone, and grease. The major's, I noticed, had a bad spavin, and was no better for being fired with a ramrod, which old Clinker the blacksmith forgot to take out of his piece.

We mustard very strong—about sixty—besides two volunteers, one an invalid, because he had been ordered to ride for exercise, and the other because he had nothing else to do, and he did nothing when he came. We must have been a disagreeable site to eyes as is unaffected towards government,—though how Hopper's horse would behave in putting down riots I can't guess, for he did nothing but make revolutions himself, as if he was still in the thrashing mill. But you know yomanry an't reglers' and can't be expected to be veterans all at once. The worst of our mistakes was about the cullers. Old ensign Cobb, of the White Horse, has a Political Union club meets at his house, and when he came to unfurl, he had brought the wrong flag:—instead of "Royal Bumper Daggle," it was "No Boromongers." It made a regular horse laugh among the cavalry; and old Cobb took such dudgeon at us, he deserted home to the White Horse, and cut the concern without drawing a sword. The captain ordered Jack Blower to sound the recall to him, but sum wag on the rout had stuck a bung up his trumpet; and he galloped off just as crusty about it as old Cobb. Our next trouble was with Simkin, but you know he is any thing but Simkin and Martial. He rid one of his own docked wagon-horses—but for appearance sake had tied on a long regulation false tale, that made his horse kick astonishing, till his four loose shoes flew off like a game of koits. Of course nobody liked to stand nigh him, and he was obliged to be drawn up in single order by himself, but not having any one to talk to, he soon got weary of it, and left the ground. This was some excuse for him—but not for Dale, that deserted from his company—some said his horse bolted with him, but I'll swear I seed him spur. Up to this we had only one more deserter, and that was Marks, on his iron-grey mare; for she heard her foal whinnying at home, and attended to that call more than to a deaf and dumb trumpet. Biggs didn't come at all; he had his nag stole that very morning, as it was waiting for him, pistols and all. * * *

We got thro' sword exercise decent well,—only Barber shaved Crofts' mare with his saber, which he needn't have done, as she was clipt before; and Holdsworth slashed off his cob's off ear. It was cut and run with her in course; and I hope he got safe home. We don't know what Hawkesley might have thrust, as his sword objected to be called out in wet weather, and stuck to its sheath like pitch; but he went thro' all the cuts very correct with his umbrella. For my own part, candour compels to state I swished off my left hand man's feather; but tho' it might have been worse, and I apologized as well as I could for my horse fretting, he was foolish enough to huff at, and swear was done on purpose, and so galloped home, I suspect, to write me a calling out challenge. Challenge or not, if I fight him with any thing but fists, I'm not one of the Yomanry. An accident's an accident, and much more pardonable than Hawkesley opening his umbrella plump in the face of the Captain's blood charger; and ten times more mortifying for an officer to be carried back willy-nilly to Ashford, in the very middle of the review. Luckily before Hawkesley frightened any more, he was called off to hold his umbrella over Mrs. H., as Mrs. Morgan had taken in nine ladies, and couldn't accommodate more in her close carriage, without making it too close.

After sword exercise we shot pistols, and I must say, very well and distinct; only, old Dunn didn't fire; but he's deaf as a post, and I wonder how he was called out. Talking of volleys, I am sorry to say we fired one before without word of command; but it was all thro' Day on his shooting pony putting up a partridge, and in the heat of the moment letting fly, and as he is our fugelman we all did the same. Lucky for the bird it was very strong on the wing, or the troop must have brought it down; howsomever the Earl looked very grave, and said some thing that Day didn't choose to take from him, being a qualified man, and taking out a regular license, so he went off to his own ground where he might shoot without being called to account. Contrary to reason and expectation, there was very few horses shied at the firing; but we saw Bluff lying full length, and was afraid it was a bust; but we found his horse, being a very quiet one, had run away from the noise. He was throwd on his back in the mud, but refused to leave the ground. Being a man of spirit, and military inclind, he got up behind Bates; but Bates's horse objecting to such back-gammon, rear'd and threw doublets. As his knees was broke, Bates and Bluff was forced to lead him away, so the troop lost two more men, tho' for once against their own wills.

I forgot to say in firing, the Doctor from Feversham, and I've no doubt he's wright,

thought proper to use James's Powder. As for Roper he had bragged how he could stand fire, but seeing a great light over the village, he set off full Swing to look after his ricks and barns.

The next thing to be done was charging, and between you and me, I was most anxious about that, as many of us could only ride up to a certain *pitch*. If you've ever been throwd you'll know what I mean; to tell the truth, when the word came, I seed some lay hold of their saddles, but Barnes had better have laid hold of any thing else in the world, for it turned round with him at the first start. Simkin fell at the same time insensibly, but the doctor dismounted and was very happy to attend him without making any charge whatever. All the rest went off gallantly, either galloping or cantering, tho' as they say at Canterbury races, there was some wonderful tailing on account of the difference of the nags. Grimaby's mare was the last of the lot, and for her backwardness in charging we called her the Mare of Bristol, but he took the jest no better than Cobb did, and when we wheel'd to the right he was left. Between friends, I was not sorry when the word came to pull up—such crossing, and jostling, and foul riding; but two farmers seemed to like it, for they never halted when the rest did, but galloped on out of sight. I have since heard they had matched their two nags the day before to run two miles for a sovereign; I don't think a sovereign should divert a man from his king; but I can't write the result as they never came back.—I suppose on account of the wet. The rains, to speak cavalry like, had got beyond bearing rains; and when we formed line again it was like a laundress's clothes line, for there wasn't a dry shirt on it. One man on a lame horse rode particularly restive, and objected in such critical weather to a long review. He wouldn't be cholera morbus'd, he said, for Duke or Devil, but should put his horse up and go home by the blue Stage; by way of answer he was ordered to give up his arms and his jacket, which he did very off hand as it was wet tho'. Howsomever it was thought prudent to dispense with us till fine weather, so we was formed into a circle—9 bobble square, and the Duke thanked us in a short speech for being so regular, and loyal, and soldier-like, after which every man that had kept his seat gave three cheers.

On the whole the thing might have been very gratifying, but on reviewing the Field day, the asthmas and agues are uncommonly numerous, and to say nothing of the horses that are amiss with colic and colds—there are three dead and seven lame for life. The Earl has been very much blamed under the rose among the privates, for fixing on a Hunting day, which I forgot to say, carried away a dozen that were mounted on their hunters.

I am sorry to say there was so few left at the end of all, as to suffer themselves to be hissed into the town by the little boys and gals, and called the Horse Gomerils; and that consequently the corpse as a body is as good as defunct. Not that there were many resign'd at the end of the review, as his Lordship gave a grand dinner on the following day to the troop; but I am sorry to say, a great many was so unhandsome as to throw up the very day after. The common excuse among them was something of not liking to wet their swords against their countrymen.

For my own part as the yomanry cannot go on, I shall stick to it honorably, and as any man of spirit would do in my case; but don't be afraid of my attending Market, come what will, and selling the barley at the best quotation.

I am, dear Brother,
Your's and the Colonel's to command,
JAMES CHERRY.

P.S.—I forgot to tell what will make you laugh. Barlow wouldn't ride with spurs, because, he said, they made his horse prick his ears. Our poor corps, small as it is, I understand is like to act in divisions. Some wish to be infantry instead of cavalry; and the farmers from the hop grounds want to be Polish Lancers.

I have just learned Ballard, and nine more of the men, was ordered to keep the ground; but it seems they left before the Troop came on it. They say in excuse, they stood in the rain till they were ready to drop; and as we didn't come an hour after time, they thought everything was postponed. "None but the brave," they said, "deserve the fair;" and till it was fair, they wouldn't attend again.

The mare you lent Ballard, I am sorry to say, got kicked in several places, and had her shoulder put out; we was advised to give her a swim in the sea, and I am still more sorry to say, in swimming her we drowned her. As for my own nag, I am afraid he has got string-halt; but one comfort is, I think it diverts him from kicking.

Another, though less novel, is a letter from "Van Demon's" Land:

A LETTER FROM A SETTLER FOR LIFE IN VAN DEMON'S LAND.

To Mary, at No. 45, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

"DEAR MARY—Little did I think when I advertised in the Times for another Place of taking wan in Vandemin's land. But so it his and hear I am sitting Kangerooses and Savidges and other Forniers. But government offering to Yung Wimmah to Find them in Vittles and Drink and Close and Husband was turns not to be sneezed at, so I rit to the Outlandish Seckertary and he was so Kind as Grant.

Wen this cums to Hand go to Number 22

Pimpernel Place And mind and go betwixt
Six and seven For your own Sake cos then the
family's Having Diner give my kind love to
betty Housmad and Say I am safe of my
Jurney to Forriu parts And I hope master
has never Mist the wine and brought them
into trubble on My accounts. But I did not
Like to leave for Ever And Ever without
treeting my Friends and feller servants and
Drinking to all their fairwells. In my Flury
wen the Bell rung I forgot to take My own
Key out of missis Tekaddy but I hope sum
wan had the thought And it is in Good
hands but shall be obleeged to no. Lick-
wise thro my Loness of Sperrits my lox of
Hares quite went out of My Hed as was prom-
mist to Be giv to George and Willum and
the too Futmen at the too next dores But I
hop and Trust betty pacified them with lox
of Her hone as I begd to be dun wen I rit
Her from dover. O Mary wen I first see the
dover Wite clifts out of site wat with sque-
mishness and Felings I all most repentid
givin Ingland warning And had douts if I
was goin to better my self. But the stewerd
was very kind tho I could make Him no re-
turns except by Dustin the ship for Him And
helpin to wash up his dishes. Their was 50
moor Yung Wimmin of us and By way of
passin tim We agreed to tell our Histris of
our selves taken by Turns But they all turnd
out Alick we had All left on account of Tes-
tacious masters And crustacious Mississis
and becos the Wurks was to much For our
Strenths but betwixt yew and Me the reel
truths was beeing Flirted with and unprom-
mist by Perfidus yung men. With sich ex-
ampils befour there Minds I wunder sum of
them was unprudent enuff to Lissen to the
Salers whom are covered with Pitch but
famus Not stiking to there Wurds. has for
Me the Mate chose to be very Partickler wan
nite Setting on a Skane of Rops but I giv
Him is Anser and lucky I did for am in-
fourmd he as Got too more Marred Wives in
a state of Biggamy thank Goodness wan can
marry in new Wurlds without mates. Since
I have bean in My pressent Sitation I have
had between two and three offers for My
Hands and expex them Evry day to go to
fistcufs about Me this is sum thing lick treet-
ing Wimmin as Wimmin ought to be treeted
Nun of your sarsy Buchers and Backers as
brakes there Promissis the sam as Pi Crust
wen its maid Lite and shivrvy And then laffs
in Your face and say they can hay anny Gal
they lick round the Square. I dont menshun
nams but Eddard as drives the Fancy bred
will no Wat I mean. As soon as ever the
Botes rode to Land I dont agravate the Truth
to say their was haf a duzzin Bows apeace to
Hand us out to shoar and sum go so Far as
say they was offered to thro Specking Trumpits
afore they left the Shipside. * * *

Among our verse pets is—

A Happy New Year.

"If th' affairs of this world did not make us so sad,
'Twould be easy enough to be merry."—OLD SONG.

THERE is nothing but plague in this house!
There's the turbot is stole by the cat,
The Newfoundland has ate up the grouse,
And the haunch has been gnaw'd by a rat!
It's the day of all days when I wish'd
That our friends should enjoy our good cheer;
Mr. Wiggins—our dinner is dish'd—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

Mr. Rudge has not call'd, but he will,
For his rates, church, and highway, and poor;
And the butcher has brought in his bill—
Twice as much as the quarter before.
Little Charles is come home with the mumps,
And Matilda with measles, I fear;
And I've taken two sov'reigns like dumps—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

Your poor brother is in the Gazette,
And your banker is off to New York;
Mr. Bigsby has died in your debt,
And the "Wiggins" has founder'd near Cork.
Mr. Merrington's bill is come back;
You are chosen to serve overseas;
The new wall is beginning to crack—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

The best dinner-set's fall'n to the ground;
The militia's call'd out, and you're drawn;
Not a piece of our plate can be found—
But there's marks of men's feet on the lawn;
Two anonymous letters have come,
That declare you shall die like a Weare;
And it may—or may not—be a hum—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

The old lawsuit with Levy is lost;
You are fined for not cleansing the street;
And the water-pipe's burst with the frost,
And the roof lets the rain in and sleet
Your old tenant at seventy-four
Has gone off in the night, with his gear,
And has taken the key of the door,
But I wish you a happy New Year!

There's the "Sun" and the "Phoenix" to pay,
For the chimney has blaz'd like Old Nick;
The new gig has been jamm'd by a dray,
And the old horse has taken to kick.
We have hardly a bushel of small,
And now coal is extravagant dear;
Your great coat is stole out of the hall—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

The whole green-house is smash'd by the hail,
And the plants have all died in the night;
The magnolia's blown down by the gale,
And the chimney looks far from upright;
And—the deuce take the man from the shop,
That hung up the new glass chandelier!—
It has come, in the end, to one drop—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

There's misfortune wherever we dodge—
It's the same in the country and town;
There's the porter has burn'd down his lodge,
While he went off to smoke at the Crown,
The fat butler makes free with your wine,
And the footman has drunk the strong beer
And the coachman can't walk in a line—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

I have doubts if your clerk is correct—
There are hints of a mistress at Kew,
And some day he'll abscond, I expect;
Mr. Brown has built out your back view
The new housemaid the greatest of flirts—
She has men in the house, that is clear;
And the laundress has pawn'd all your shirts—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

Your "Account of a Visit to Rome,"
Not a critic on earth seems to laud;
And old Huggins is lately come home,
And will swear that your Claude is Claude;

Your election is far from secure,
Though it's likely to cost very dear;
You're come out in a caricature—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

You've been christened an ass in the Times,
And the Chronicle calls you a fool;
And that dealer in boys, Dr. Ghymes,
Has engaged the next house for a school;
And the play-ground will run by the bow'r
That you took so much trouble to rear—
We shall never have one quiet hour—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

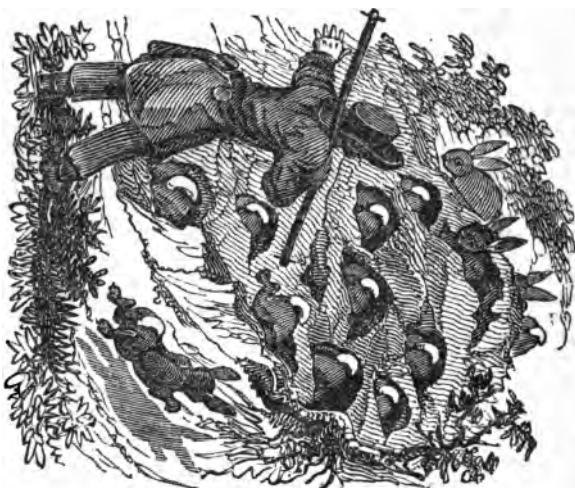
Little John will not take to his book,
He's come home black and blue from the cone;
There's your uncle is courting his cook,
And your mother has married again!
Jacob Jones will be tried with his wife,
And against them you'll have to appear;
If they're hung, you'll be wretched for life—
But I wish you a happy New Year!

The Report on the Zoological Farm is

clever, and, like a hedgehog, all points. The plan is capital: extracts are given from the Society's Report, *bonâ fide*, accompanied by parallel passages from a Report furnished by one of the Keepers of the Farm. The fun is excellent, or, as small critics say, when they cannot describe merit, classical. The few verses entitled "The Charity Sermon" are droll, but not profane: they sing the scrapes of a benevolent man with exquisite humour.

The proprietor has obligingly enabled us to quote a sprinkle of the Cuts. The *Cardy-mums* are a riddle of equivocal application; for, be it known, that the Cardamum plant is named from its comforting and strengthening the heart, though it enters into the composition of "bitters."

CANTASSING A BURROW—"COME TO THE POLE."



CARDY-MUMS.



The Public Journals.

IMPROVEMENT IN PUBLIC CARRIAGES.

[THE *Quarterly Reviewer*, in the present dearth of criticisable Books, has betaken himself to topics of ordinary and every day interest. In the last Number he formally introduced an *exposé* of the effects of fashionable manners upon tradesmen and servants, in which paper, by the way, John Jones the rhyming butler, may have assisted the writer in gratitude for the reviewer's laudatory criticism: and, lo, now we have a paper of thirty pages upon the improvements in Public Carriages and Roads, with Dr. Kitchener's Traveller's Oracle, and the Horse and Carriage Oracle, "by John Jervis, an old coachman," as pegs whereon to hang the reviewer's facts and opinions. However oddly they may assort with the Philosophy of Apparitions, and the Lives of Charlemagne and Louis XVIII. in the same Number, we are thankful to the writer of this roadside economy, and accordingly transfer a portion of the paper to our pages.]

Thirty years ago, the Holyhead mail left London, *via* Oxford, at eight o'clock at night, and arrived in Shrewsbury between ten and eleven the following night, being twenty-seven hours to one hundred and sixty-two miles. This distance is now *done*, without the least difficulty, in sixteen hours and a quarter; and the Holyhead mail is actually at Bangor Ferry, eighty-three miles farther, in the same time it used to take in reaching the post-office at Shrewsbury. We fancy we now see it, as it was when we travelled on it in our schoolboy time, over the Wolverhampton and Shiffnal stage—in those days loose, uncovered sand in part—with Charles Peters or old Edden quitting his seat as guard, and coming to the assistance of the coachman, who had flogged his horses till he could flog them no longer. We think we see them crawling up the hill in Shrewsbury town—whip, whip, whip—and an hour behind their time "by Shrewsbury clock,"—the betting not ten to one that she had not been overturned on the road! It is now a treat to see her approach the town, if not before, never after her *minute*. A young man of the name of Taylor, a spirited proprietor, *horses* her through Shrewsbury, from Hay-Gate to Nes-cliff, in a manner that deserves to be spoken of. The stages are ten and eight, and for these he has a team of bays, a team of greys, and two teams of chestnuts, that can show with England. Let us look to another coach out of this town at the period we have been speaking of—"the Shrewsbury and Chester *Highflyer*!" This coach started from Shrewsbury at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Chester about the same time in the evening—distance *forty miles*. This was

always a good, hard road for wheels, and rather favourable for draught—and how then could all these hours be accounted for? Why, if a "commercial gentleman" had a little business at Ellesmere, there was plenty of time for that. If a "*real gentleman*" wanted to pay a morning visit on the road, there could be no objection to that. In the pork-pie season half an hour was generally consumed in consuming one of them, for Mr. Williams, the coachman, was a wonderful favourite with the farmer's wives and daughters all along the road. The coach dined at Wrexham—for coaches lived well in those days; they now live upon air;—and Wrexham church was to be seen—a fine specimen of the florid gothic, and one of the wonders of Wales! Then Wrexham was also famous for ale—no public breweries in those days in Wales—and, above all, the inn belonged to Sir Watkin! About two hours were allowed for dinner; but "Billy Williams"—one of the best tempered fellows on earth, as honest as Aristides, and at this moment upon the same ground—was never particular to half an hour or so: "The coach is ready, gentlemen," he would say, "but don't let me disturb you, if you wish for another bottle." A coach now runs over this ground *a trifle under four hours*!!

The Brighton road may be said to be covered with coaches, no less than twenty-five running upon it in the summer. The fastest is the Red Rover, which performs the journey under five hours. That called the Age, when driven and horsed by the late Mr. Stevenson, was an object of such admiration at Brighton, that a crowd was every day collected to see it start. Mr. Stevenson was a graduate of Cambridge, but his passion for the *bench* got the better of all other ambitions, and he became a coachman by profession;—and it is only justice to his memory to admit that, though cut off in the flower of his youth, he had arrived at perfection in his art. His education and early habits had not, however, been lost upon him; his demeanour was always that of a gentleman; and it may be fairly said of him, that he introduced the phenomenon of refinement into a stage-coach. At a certain change of horses on the road, a silver sandwich box was handed to his passengers by his *servant*, accompanied by the offer of a glass of sherry to such as were so inclined. Well-born coachmen prevail on this road. A gentleman connected with the first families in Wales, and whose father long represented his native county in Parliament, horsed and drove one side of the ground with Mr. Stevenson; and Mr. Charles Jones, brother to Sir Thomas Tyrwhit Jones, has now a coach on it called the Pearl, which he both horsed and drives himself. The Bognor coach, horsed by the Messrs. Walkers of Mitchell Grove, and driven in the first style by Mr.

John Walker, must also be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers.

But to return to fast work; the Edinburgh mail runs the distance, 400 miles, in forty hours, and we may set our watches by it at any point of her journey. Stoppages included, this approaches eleven miles in the hour, and much the greater part of it by lamplight. The Exeter day coach, the Herald, from the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, runs over her ground, 173 miles,* in twenty hours—admirable performance, considering the natural unevenness of the country through which it has to pass. The Devonport mail does her work in first-rate style, 227 miles in twenty-two hours. In short, from London to Cheltenham, Gloucester, Worcester, Birmingham, Norwich, or any other place, whose distance does not much exceed one hundred miles, is now little more than a pleasant morning drive. We say *pleasant*, for this extraordinary speed is *not* attained, generally speaking, by putting animals to anything like cruel exertion. A fast coach has very nearly a horse to every mile of ground it runs—reckoning one way, or “one side of the ground.”† Proprietors of coaches have at length found out—though they were a long time before they did discover it,—that the hay and corn market is not so expensive as the horse market. They have, therefore, one horse in four always at rest; or, in other words, each horse lies still on the fourth day, thus having the advantage of man. For, example, if ever we turn coach proprietors, or “get into harness,” as the proper term is—which, as we have become fox-hunters, is by no means impossible—we shall keep ten horses for every ten miles stage we engage to cover. In this case, eight horses only will be at work, four up and four down. If the stage be under seven miles, nine horses may do the work; but no horse in a fast coach can continue to run every day, the excitement of high keep and profuse sweating producing disease. In practice, perhaps no animal toiling for man, solely *for his profit*, leads so easy and so comfortable a life as the English coach-horse. He is sumptuously fed, kindly treated, and if he do suffer a little in his work, he has twenty-three hours in the twenty-four of luxurious ease. He is now almost a stranger to the lash, nor do we ever see him with a broken skin; but we often see him kick up his heels when taken from his coach, after having performed his stage of ten miles in five minutes under the hour. So much for *condition*.

* From Calais to Paris is the same distance; the diligence takes at least 48 hours in the summer, and from 50 to 60 in the winter. The Exeter mail is allowed 18 hours from London to Exeter; the Paris mail from 28 to 30 hours from Calais to Paris, and this is reckoned quick work.

† For example, from London to Shrewsbury is 158 miles, and the number of horses kept for the Wonder coach is 150.

No horse lives so high as a coach-horse. In the language of the road, his stomach is the measure of his corn; he is fed *ad libitum*. The effect of this is visible in two ways—first, it is surprising to see how soon horses gather flesh in this severe work—for there is none more severe whilst it lasts; and, secondly, proprietors find that good flesh is no obstacle to their speed, but, on the contrary, operates to their advantage. Horses draw by their weight and not by the force of their muscles, which merely assist the application of that weight; the heavier a horse is then, the more powerful is he in his harness; in short, it is the weight of the animal which produces the draught, and the play and force of his muscles serve to continue it. Light horses, therefore, how good soever their action, ought not to be put to draw a heavy load, as muscular force cannot act against it for any length of time.

The average price of horses for fast coaches may be about 23*l*. Fancy teams, and those working out of London, may be rated considerably higher than this; but taking a hundred miles of ground, *well horsed*, this is about the mark. The average period of each horse's service does not exceed four years in a fast coach—perhaps scarcely so much. In a slow one we may allow seven; but in both cases we are alluding to horses put to the work at five or six years old. Considerable judgment is necessary to the selection of horses for fast work in harness; for if they have not action which will command the pace they are timed at, they soon destroy themselves. For a wheel-horse he should have sound fore legs, or he cannot be depended upon, down hill. Good hind legs and well spread guskins are also essential points in a coach-horse—the weight or force applied proceeding from the fulcrum formed by the hinder feet. The price we have named as the average one for such animals may appear a very low one: but we must remember that to be a hunter a horse must have length of shoulder, length of frame, well placed hinder legs, and a well-bitted mouth—whereas, without any of these qualities he may make an excellent coach-horse—and hence the value of the coach market to our breeders. Blemished horses also find their way into coaches, as do those whose tempers are bad; neither is a blind horse, with good courage, altogether objectionable now the roads are so level.

It may not be uninteresting to the uninitiated to learn how a coach is *worked*. We will then assume that A, B, C, and D enter into a contract to *horse* a coach eighty miles—each proprietor having twenty miles; in which case, he is said to *cover both sides of the ground, or, to and fro*. At the expiration of twenty-eight days, the lunar month, a settlement takes place, and if the gross earnings of the coach should be 10*l*. per mile,

there will be 800*l.* to divide between the four proprietors, *after* the following charges have been deducted, viz., tolls, duty to government, mileage, (or hire of the coach, to the coachmaker,) two coachmen's wages, porter's wages, rent or charge of booking offices at each end, and washing the coaches. These charges may amount to 150*l.*, which leaves 650*l.* to keep eighty horses and to pay the horse-keepers, for a period of twenty-eight days; or nearly 160*l.* to each proprietor for the expenses of his twenty horses, being 2*l.* per week, per horse. Thus it appears, that a fast coach, properly appointed, cannot pay unless its gross receipts amount to 10*l.* per double mile; and that even then, the *horser's* profits depend on the luck he has with his stock.

In the present age, the art of mechanism is eminently reduced to the practical purposes of life, and the modern form of the stage-coach seems to have arrived at perfection. It combines prodigious strength with almost incredible lightness, not weighing more than about eighteen hundred weight; and being kept so much nearer the ground than formerly, is of course considerably safer. Accidents, no doubt, occur, and a great many more than meet the public eye; but how should this be otherwise, when we take into account the immense number of coaches on the road, a great portion of which travel through the night, and have all the varieties of our climate to contend with. No one will assert that the proprietors guard against accidents to the utmost of their power—but the great competition they have to encounter is a strong stimulant to their exertions on this score. Indeed, in some respects, the increase of pace has become the traveller's security.* Coaches and harness must be of the best quality; horses must be fresh and sound, and coachmen of science and respectability can alone be employed.

On the whole, however, travelling by public conveyances was never so secure as it is at the present time. Nothing can be more favourable to it than the build of the modern coaches. The boots being let down between the springs, keep the load, consequently the centre of gravity, low: the wheels of many of them are secured by patent boxes; and in every part of them the best materials are used. The cost of coaches of this description is from 130*l.* to 150*l.*; but they are generally hired from the maker, at from 2*l.* to 3*l.* per mile.

The common height of the stage-coach wheels of the present day, is as follows:—the fore wheels three feet four inches, the hinder four feet eight inches. As the former turn

round so much *offset* than the latter, and also bear more weight, they require to have their felloes fresh wrung about every five weeks; whereas, the latter will stand good for two months, or more. The strength of a wheel depends greatly on the attention paid to the arrangement and framing of the spokes. In common wheels, they are framed regularly and equally all round the thickest part of the nave, the tenons of the spokes being so bevelled as to stand about three inches out of perpendicular, by which is produced the *dishing* wheel. This dishing, or concave wheel, is not essential on our present rutless road, and perpendicular wheels are preferable on level ground. The best wheels we know of, are those under our mail-coaches. The spokes are framed somewhat differently into the nave, which is made rather larger than is usual for common coach wheels, and every other spoke is framed perpendicular to the nave. Hence, the mortises to receive them in it are not made in a parallel line round it, but stand as it were in two different parallels—one without the other—by which means greater solidity is given to the nave, and an immense addition of strength to the wheel. What is called the patent hoop, always used in stage coaches, having the iron tire drawn into one complete ring—is not put on these wheels, but the common strokes, as they are called, forged and hammered to the sweep of the rings, and in lengths equal to those of the felloes, are put on red hot, and well secured by rivetted nails. The mail fore-wheel is somewhat higher than that of the stage-coach, which is an advantage. Low fore-wheels place the axle so much below the level of the wheel-horse's breasts, that they have not only the carriage to draw, but also part of its weight to bear. This weight distresses their hams, stifles, and hocks, and accounts for coach-horses being so soon unfit for the saddle. It is evident that attention to these points is necessary in putting horses to a coach, and when the fore wheels are low, the wheel-horses should have as much length of trace as can be given them, for the line of traction should be as nearly even with the draught of the horse as we can make it.†

† Thus it is with a farmer's wagon. When the shaft-horse is standing at rest—allowing two degrees of an angle for that position—the point of the shaft is nearly even with the top of the fore wheel, but when the horse exerts his strength to move a load, he brings his breast so much nearer the ground, that the line of draught is almost horizontal, and in a line with its centre. The trace of a coach-horse, when he stands at rest, is also oblique to the horizon, and must be so with low fore-wheels; but it approaches the horizontal when he is at work, and the nearer it approaches to it the better. Horses draw by their weight, and not by the force of their muscles; the hinder feet, then, being the fulcrum of the lever by which their weight acts against a load, when they pull hard, it depresses their chests—thus increasing the lever of its weight, and diminishing the lever by which the load resists its efforts.

* To give one instance—the Worcester mail was one of the slowest on the road, and the oftenest overturned. She is now fast, and reckoned one of the safest in England.

THE ARMY.

THE British army consists at present—

Of Field-Marshal	6
Generals	90
Lieutenant-Generals	197
Major-Generals	219
Colonels	292
Lieutenant-Colonels	582

1386

and the majors are nearly as numerous; making an aggregate of upwards of fifteen hundred generals and field-officers actually receiving pay from the British government.

If Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, or Gustavus Adolphus, were to revisit this earth, and be told, that the government of the little island of Great Britain employed upwards of five hundred generals to command about one hundred thousand men, they would not believe the information, although it came from an oracle!

By referring to the Army List it will be seen, that, in the British service, there is a commander-in-chief, with a secretary, who holds military levees, and reports to Lord Hill—a secretary at war, and his deputy—a master-general of the ordnance—a paymaster-general of the forces—an adjutant-general, and a quartermaster-general, with their respective deputies—and all these officers receive considerable salaries from the public. There are also a board of general officers for the clothing of the army, an acting committee, and a board of inspectors—also an inspector of army colours—commissioners of the military college—and commissioners of the military asylum.

Notes of a Reader.

* RURAL RECOLLECTIONS.

(By the Author of the Corn Law Rhymes.)

FLOWERS, ye remind me of rock, vale, and wood,
Haunts of my early days, and still loved well:
Bloom not your sisters fair in Locksley's dell?
And where the sun, o'er purpled moorlands wide,
Gilds Wharnccliffe's oaks, while Don is dark below?
And where the blackbird sings on Rother's side?
And where Time spares the age of Conisbro'?
Sweet flowers, remembered well! your hues, your
breath,

Call up the dead, to combat still with death:
The spirits of my buried years arise!
Again a child, where childhood roved I run;
While groups of speedwell, with their bright blue
eyes,

Like happy children, cluster in the sun.
Still the wan primrose hath a golden core;
The millfoil thousand-leaved as heretofore,
Displays a little world of flowerets gray;
And tiny maids might hither come to cull
The wo-marked cowslip of the dewy May:
And still the fragrant thorn is beautiful.
I do not dream! Is it indeed a rose
That, yonder in the deepening sunset, glows?
Methinks the orchis of the fountained world
Hath, in its well-known beauty, something new,
Do I not know thy lofty disk of gold,
Thou, that still wooest the sun, with passion true?
No, splendid stranger! haply, I have seen

One, not unlike thee, but with humbler mien,
Watching her lord. Oh, lily, fair as aught,
Beneath the sky, thy pallid petals glow
In evening's blush; but evening borrows naught
Of thee, thou rival of the stainless snow—
For thou art scentless, Lo! this finger'd flower,
That round the cottage-window weaves a bower,
Is not the woodbine; but that lowlier one,
With thick green leaves, and spike of dusky fire,
Enamoured of the thatch it grows upon,
Might be the houseleek of rude Hallamshire,
And would awake, beyond divorcing seas,
Thoughts of green England's peaceful cottages.
Yes, and this blue-eyed child of earth, that bows
Its head on leaves, with liquid diamonds set,
A heavenly fragrance in its sighing send;
And though 'tis not our downcast violet,
Yet might it, haply, to the zephyr tell,
That 'tis beloved by village maids as well,
Thou little, dusky, crimson-bosomed bird,
Starting, but not in fear, from tree to tree,
I never erst thy plaintive love-notes heard,
Nor hast thou been a suppliant erst to me
For table-crumbs, when winds bowed branch and
stem,

And leafless twigs formed winter's diadem:—
No, thou art not the bird that haunts the grange,
Storm-pinch'd, with bright black eyes, and breast of
flame.

I look on things familiar, and yet strange—
Known, and yet new—most like, yet not the same.
I hear a voice, ne'er heard before, repeat
Songs of the past. But nature's voice is sweet,
Wherever heard; her works, wherever seen,
Are might and beauty to the mind and eye;
To the lone heart, though oceans roll between,
She speaks of things that but with life can die;
And while, above the thundering Gihon's foam,
That cottage smokes, my heart seems still at home,
In England still, though there no mighty flood
Sweeps like a foaming earthquake, from the clouds;
But still in England, where rock-slading wood
Shelters the peasant's home, remote from crowds,
And sheltered once as noble hearts as e'er
Dwelt in th' Almighty's form, and knew not guilt nor
fear.

How like an eagle, from his mile-high rock
Down swoops the Gihon, smitten into mist
On groaning crags, that, thunder-stunned, resist
The headlong thunder, and eternal shock,
Where, far below, like ages with their deeds,
The watery anarchy doth foam and sweep!
Now winged with light, which winged gloom suc-
ceeds;

Now beautiful as hope, or wild and deep
As fate's last mystery; now swift and bright
As human joy, then black as horror's night!"

(Quoted in the *Literary Gazette*.)

TWELFE NIGHT, OR KING AND QUEENE.

(From *Sandys's Carols*.)

Now, now the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plums,
Where bean's the king of the sport here;
Beside we must know,
The pea also

Must revell as queene in the court here.

Begin then to chuse,
This night as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here;
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfe-day queene for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unurg'd will not drinke,
To the base from the brink,
A health to the king and the queene here.

Next crowne the bowle full
 With gentle lambe-wooll;
 Adde sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
 With store of ale, too;
 And thus ye must doe
 To make the wassaile a swinger.
 Give then to the king
 And queene wassailling;
 And though with ale ye be whet here;
 Yet part ye from hence
 As free from offence,
 As when ye innocent met here.

(Quoted in the *Athenæum*.)

ACCESSION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH received the tidings of this great change in her fortune at Hatfield, where she had resided for several years in the mild custody of Sir Thomas Pope, but under the watchful eye of a guard. On being apprised of her accession, she fell down on her knees, saying, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."* She almost instantly gave an earnest of the principles which were to govern her reign, by accepting, on the same day, a note of advice† on the most urgent matters from Sir William Cecil, whom she restored to the post of secretary of state, which he had occupied under Edward, and from which he was removed by Mary. Although he was charged by some with a few compliances in the latter years of that princess, he was, nevertheless, known and trusted as a zealous and tried adherent of the protestant cause. He was sworn a privy-counsellor on the 20th, with his friends and followers, Parry, Rogers, and Cave. On that day, also, the Earl of Bedford, who had only a short time before returned from a visit to the protestant exiles at Zurich, took his seat at the same board. Though many of the privy counsellors of Mary were re-appointed, the principles of the majority of the queen's confidential servants, who held their sittings at Hatfield,‡ left no doubt of her policy. Of the doubtful three who were present there, the Earl of Pembroke was a perpetual conformist to the religion of the court. Lord Clinton received trusts and honours from Elizabeth, which showed him to be no enemy of her faith; and Lord William Howard was retained, in part, perhaps, from the queen's recollection that she was the grand neice of a Duke of Norfolk, which seems to have tinged the policy of her earlier years.

The council at Hatfield performed all the duties of a supreme administration. They gave orders to the admirals in the channel; they despatched instructions to the English plenipotentiaries at Cambray; they thanked the magistrates for staying prosecutions for

religion; they released such as were prisoners for that cause. Two of the exiles at Zurich returned so quickly, that no time could have been lost in giving them assurances before their departure of the good reception which they actually experienced.§ No reasonable man could, indeed, have doubted that the daughter of Anne Boleyn, the favourite sister of Edward VI., educated by learned and zealous protestants, should prefer the religion of which the adherents respected her legitimate birth, and maintained her royal title, on which their own hopes of safety depended, to followers of the catholic faith who viewed her as the fruit of an unhallowed union, to whom no other obedience could be due than might have been claimed by Nero.

The council at Hatfield issued their orders on Monday the 21st, for the ceremonial of the queen's entrance into London, which was fixed for Wednesday the 23rd, and on that day she made her solemn entrance into her capital. At the age of twenty-five years, which she had just passed, it is easy for a queen to be applauded for personal attractions. We are told by a Venetian minister, that she was then "a lady of great elegance both of mind and body; of a countenance rather pleasing than beautiful: tall and well made; her complexion fine, though rather dark; her eyes beautiful; and, above all, her hands, which she did not conceal." She is described by some as majestic, by others as haughty; but all representations concur in showing that her countenance and port were rather commanding than alluring, yet not without a certain lofty grace which became a ruler. The literary instruction which she had received from Roger Ascham had familiarized her mind, in her sixteenth year, with the two ancient languages which were at that time almost the sole inlets to the treasures of knowledge and the masterpieces of genius. Latin she acquired from the complete perusal of Cicero and Livy, the greatest prose writers of Rome. She compared the philosophical works of Plato with the abridgements of a Grecian philosophy by which Cicero instructed and delighted his fellow citizens; and she would be taught by Ascham how much the orations of Demosthenes, which she read under his eye, surpassed those of the greatest masters of Roman eloquence. She is mentioned by her preceptor as at the head of the lettered ladies of England, excelling even Jane Grey and Margaret Roper.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia*.—Sir James Mackintosh's *History of England*, vol. iii.

§ Jewel to Peter Martyr, 26th January, 1559. Burnet, book vi. Appendix. The names of these persons were Sands and Horn. Jewel, who was then at Strassburgh, had, before the date of his letter, received from Zurich the account sent from England to that town of the favourable reception of these two men.

* Naunton's *Fragmenta Regalia*.

† Strype, *Ann.* l. 5. Oxford edition, 1824. The records of the privy council, in the first three years of Elizabeth, are wanting at the Council Office.

‡ Lodge's *Illustrations*, l. 302, 306.

Fine Arts.

CROSBY HALL.

[CROSBY HALL is a rare and beautiful specimen of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century. It should, therefore, be preserved as a canon art; and we are happy to find, a committee of gentlemen has been formed to further its restoration. One of the most intelligent of the members, Mr. E. I. Carlos, has, however, in our estimation aided the funds by a hundred-fold more than his subscription, in publishing a pamphlet of Historical and Antiquarian Notices of the Hall, which will probably set persons thinking and talking about this interesting structure,—induce them to visit the same,—and, we may almost add, consequently, to subscribe their quota for its preservation.]

Upwards of five years and a half since,* we engraved Crosby House in our pages; but the interest in its fate has recently caused it to be re-engraved by our contemporaries. We shall, therefore, only quote, from Mr. Carlos's tract, the description of the present state of the Hall, or principal apartment; presuming that the reader is in possession of the association of the structure with the headlong-history of Richard III., as enshrined in the immortal verse of Shakspeare.]

The entrance to the Hall was in all probability through one or more doorways in the south wall, beneath the passage which preceded the present entrance to Crosby square; † this passage, in such case, would have sustained a gallery separated from the Hall by a lofty screen of timber, occupying the space between the passage and the roof, and which, through arches, would admit a view of the Hall from the gallery. At the opposite end was a similar screen, which not only separated the adjacent apartments from the Hall, but also admitted a view from some of them into the Hall. Galleries of this description were common to most ancient halls; one of such galleries being always the music or minstrels' gallery, and they were also used for other purposes. ‡ How far the truth of these conjec-

* See Mirror, vol. ix. p. 339.

† At Penshurst a passage runs through the wall in a similar manner. It seems the only communication between the principal and the garden court. The splendid Hall of the Middle Temple has a similar passage still in use, which lately communicated with a suite of chambers.

‡ "The Minstrels' Gallery in Haddon Hall was resorted to by the family when they chose to have no direct intercourse with the assembled visitors in the space below. This arrangement was common, perhaps without exception, in the mansions built during the reigns of Elizabeth and James; and the magnificent character of the Halls of that age may be witnessed at Burton Agnes, Longleat, and Hatfield. The screen in the first is a design of extraordinary richness, and that in the last of grandeur, which it is impossible not to admire. Its summit reaches nearly to the ceiling, and conceals the appearance of a gallery, from which, however, a view of the room is obtained through a handsome arcade."—This extract,

tures is borne out by the present state of Crosby Hall will appear in the course of the ensuing description. The interior is now seen to disadvantage, owing to the two floors which have been erected since the building was completed; † but one benefit results from this arrangement, in its allowing a closer inspection of the roof than could otherwise be obtained.

The minstrels' gallery, or rather its site, at the recent commemoration of Sir Thomas Gresham, held on Thursday, the 12th of July, was occupied by the choir engaged in the musical performances of that interesting festival, at the conclusion of the service in the church; and, after a lapse of so many years, the ancient roof of Crosby Hall once more resounded with the voice of harmony.

The matchless roof, or ceiling, is decidedly one of the finest specimens of timber-work in existence. It differs from many other examples in respect of being an inner roof; the generality of ancient coverings of the same material showing the actual timbers of the roof, set off with ornamental mouldings and additions. || It is constructed of oak or chestnut, it is difficult to say which; the section shows a low pointed arch, approaching to an ellipse, a form admirably calculated for the dissemination of sound. In plan it is made into eight divisions in length, and four in breadth; each of which principal compartments is again subdivided, by moulded styles, into four smaller divisions or panels, as nearly square as the coving of the ceiling would admit. From the points of intersection of the main divisions hang pendants, which end in octagonal ornaments, pierced with small niches, each pendant forming the centre of four arches; so that in whatever point it is viewed, the design presents a series of arches of elegant construction; and, as lightness appears to be the characteristic of the entire composi-

showing a similar arrangement in ancient buildings to that which the present appearance of Crosby Hall seems to indicate, is from "An Historical and Descriptive Account of the Royal Palace of Eltham, by John Chessell Buckler," Oct. 1838: a small work, but replete with information on ancient domestic architecture, a branch of architectural study to which the author has devoted great attention, and who is now evincing the extent of his knowledge in the splendid Old English mansion he is engaged in building for Lord Stafford, at Cossey, co. Norfolk.

‡ The lower floor was probably inserted at the time of the conversion of the Hall into a meeting-house, as the panelling still remaining appears to indicate. The upper was added since the Hall became a packer's warehouse.

|| There are many specimens of timber roofing attainable to residents in the metropolis, who may be desirous of studying this branch of architecture; for whose information the following list, with dates of the buildings, is subjoined:—Westminster Hall, 1397; Crosby Hall, 1466; Eltham Palace, before 1432; Beddington, near Croydon Hall; of the Archbishop's Palace, Croydon; Hampton Court, temp. Henry VIII.; Gray's Inn Hall, temp. Philip and Mary; the Middle Temple Hall, 1570; and Lambeth Palace, temp. Car. II.

tion, the spandrels of these arches are pierced with perpendicular trefoil-headed niches. The principal timbers are ornamented with small flowers, or knots of foliage in a hollow; and the whole springs from octangular corbels of stone attached to the piers between the windows. And here the superior taste of the architect is strikingly displayed, in the method in which he has avoided an horizontal impost to his ceiling, by constructing arches of timber corresponding with the ornamental portions of the roof above the lateral windows, and thus completely avoiding a horizontal line, which was as much the abomination of our ancient architects, as it is the favourite of our modern ones. These arches are surmounted by an entablature of the most elegant design, consisting of a moulded architrave, a frieze of pierced quatrefoils in square panels, and an embattled cornice; each quatrefoil contained a small flower, of which fifty-six originally existed on each side of the Hall. The designs, notwithstanding the number, were dissimilar. Of these tasteful ornaments only fourteen exist on the east side, and twenty on the west, many having been carried away by idle persons. It is greatly to be regretted, that a wanton spirit of destruction should exist in this country to an extent so great as almost to form a stigma on the national character; but it is to be hoped that the universal diffusion of knowledge, so prevalent at this time, will give rise to better feelings. The *louvre*, or lantern, which forms so ornamental a feature in most of the ancient halls, the use of which was to allow of the escape of the smoke from the fire, which was made on a hearth below it, is here situated in the centre of the fourth division of the ceiling from the south. It was hexagonal in plan; and the aperture is now closed by the same piece of wood-work which originally formed its roof.

From the present appearance of the Hall, many have been led to conclude, that the ceiling is not perfect, but that originally it was continued at each end to a greater extent. That this was not the fact is evident from the circumstance of the extreme trusses being only half the thickness of the others, and being furnished with mouldings on the inner side only; so it is evident that the ceiling in its pristine state was not of greater extent than at present, and the extremities, which are now open, were then closed by screens abutting immediately upon the half trusses.

The oriel, which has ever been regarded as one of the best features of the building, forms an ornamented recess in the side of the Hall. This appendage is vaulted with stone beautifully groined, the ribs springing from small pillars attached to the angles. At several of the points of intersection of the vaulting are knots of foliage, and in the centre is a boss of a superior size, on which is carved, in relief, the crest of Sir John Crosbie, a ram trip-

pan; and on one of the other bosses is a shield, charged apparently with his arms.

If the present floors were cleared away it would be seen, that a great extent of wall exists beneath the sills of the windows. In this respect the Hall of Crosby Place resembles that of Eltham Palace, and, like that matchless specimen of ancient grandeur, this space was probably covered with tapestry.*

This wall is pierced with a doorway near the oriel, communicating with the apartment under the council-chamber, and in the north wall is a fire-place; the aperture is covered with a low pointed arch, with decorated spandrels, 10 feet 6 wide, and 7 feet high. The existence of a fire-place in a hall of the age of Crosby Place, is at least singular, if not unique. The fire was made on a hearth in the centre of the floor of the ancient dining-halls, and the smoke was allowed to escape through the *louvre*, as before observed. The builder of Crosby Hall must have been possessed of a more refined taste than his contemporaries; and, feeling the inconvenience attending a fire of the old description, adopted the plan of confining it to the recessed fire-place and the chimney.

The hall was paved with stone, in small, square slabs disposed diagonally, but divided by five lines of the same sort of slabs, running the whole length of the building in parallel lines, two of which are even with the side-walls, a third is in the centre of the pavement, and the other two about the middle of the intervening space. The probable use of these lines in the pavement was, to assist in the arrangement of the tables at a feast.

In concluding the description of the Great Hall it is only necessary to add, that the windows were anciently glazed with stained glass. "Until within the last fifteen years," says the author of the description of this Hall in '*Londina Illustrata*,' fol. 1819, "many fragments of stained glass adorned and beautified some of the windows; but they have been accidentally broken, and given away to the antiquarian visitors who have occasionally investigated the place."

Such is the Great Hall; which, notwithstanding the present state of dilapidation, may effectually be restored to a state nearly, if not quite, approaching to its ancient beauty.

[Mr. Carlos's "Notices" are throughout neatly written; and with, what is still more important than ornament, a knowledge of his subject, and an enthusiastic regard for its preservation.]

* Buckler's Eltham.

The Gatherer.

The Duchesse de Berri.—Blaye, in the castle of which the Duchess of Berry is confined, is situated on the right bank of the

Gironde, about seven leagues from Bordeaux, and nine from the well-known tower or light-house of Cordovan, which serves as a land mark to the entrance into the river. The town contains 4,500 inhabitants, and is the seat of a Sub-Prefecture. It was known to the Romans, and is mentioned by Ausonius under the name of *Blavia*. It is divided into two parts by a small river, into which the tide flows, one of which is called the upper, the other the lower, town. The lower town is principally occupied by merchants and traders; the other part is built on the top of a steep, rocky ascent, on which are erected four bastions, enclosing the tower, and forming altogether a very strong citadel. Blaye has a Tribunal de Premiere Instance, a Tribunal of Commerce, an Agricultural Society, and a theatre. The centre of the town is ornamented by a handsome public fountain. Its port is but an open roadstead, in which the vessels that ascend and descend the Gironde come to an anchor. It, however, carries on a considerable trade in wines, brandies, oil, soap, grapes, building timber, and other articles. There are yards in which large and small coasting vessels are built. Caribert, king of France, son of Clotaire I., died there in 572 or 574. In 1568, the Protestants surprised it, and committed great ravages. The river is here upwards of 4,150 yards wide, and in 1689, a new battery, called *Le Paté*, was erected upon a small island, about one 1,500 yards from the town, which, with the citadel and Fort Médoc, placed on the opposite shore, are sufficient by their cross-firing to defend the approach to Bordeaux from the sea. The environs of Blaye were formerly marshes, but they have been drained, and are now extremely fertile in both corn and wines. W. G. C.

American Electioneering.—The term *Caucus*, is used in North America for a kind of electioneering committee; *caucussing* denoting electioneering. Gordon, in his history of the American Revolutions, says, "about the year 1738, the father of Samuel Adams, and twenty others who lived in the north or shipping part of Boston, used to meet to make a caucus and lay their plan for introducing certain persons into places of trust. Each distributed the ballots in his own circle, and they generally carried the election. As this practice originated in the shipping part of Boston, caucus might have probably been a corruption of caulker's meeting." P. T. W.

Women Walking.—Many people labour under an unaccountable delusion, imagining, in their hallucination, that a Frenchwoman, for instance, or even an Englishwoman—nay, some in their madness have been heard to say that a Scotchwoman—has been known to walk. Egregious errors all! An Irishwoman of the true Milesian descent can

walk a step or two sometimes, but all other women, fair or brown, short or tall, stout or thin, only stump, shuffle, jig, or amble—none but a Spaniard can walk.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

The Earl of Cork being under the correction of his schoolmaster, received the following reproachful accompaniment with the rod:—"One of your ancestors invented an Orrery, and another of them gave to the world a translation of Pliny; but you, I fear, will never invent any thing but mischief, nor translate any thing but an idle boy into a foolish man: so that, instead of myrtle, you shall be honoured with birch."

The Poppy.—It is so called, according to the most learned etymologists, because it was commonly mixed with the pap, *papa*, given to children, in order to procure sleep. The common red poppy, or *papaver erraticum*, is one of the most troublesome and mischievous weeds the farmers are plagued with among their corn, and it is more difficult to thoroughly destroy than almost any other. Tull gives an instance of the seeds of this plant being buried four and twenty years in a field of Saintfoin, and at the end of that time, the land being ploughed for wheat, they all grew up among the corn, though they had lain dormant so long. P. T. W.

The Unicorn.—According to a letter from Bishop Bruguières, (published by Klapproth) the unicorn, hitherto considered fabulous, exists in Siam. The bishop, says, its head is larger than that of an ox, and the horn rises from its forehead, and points upward: it is remarkably fast in its speed and bounds like our deer.

A Translation.—Mr. Manners who had been but lately created Earl of Rutland, said to Sir Thomas More, "You are so much elated with your preferments, that you verify the old proverb

"Honores mutant Mores."

"No, my Lord," said Sir Thomas, "the piece will do much better in English, Honours change Manners."

THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

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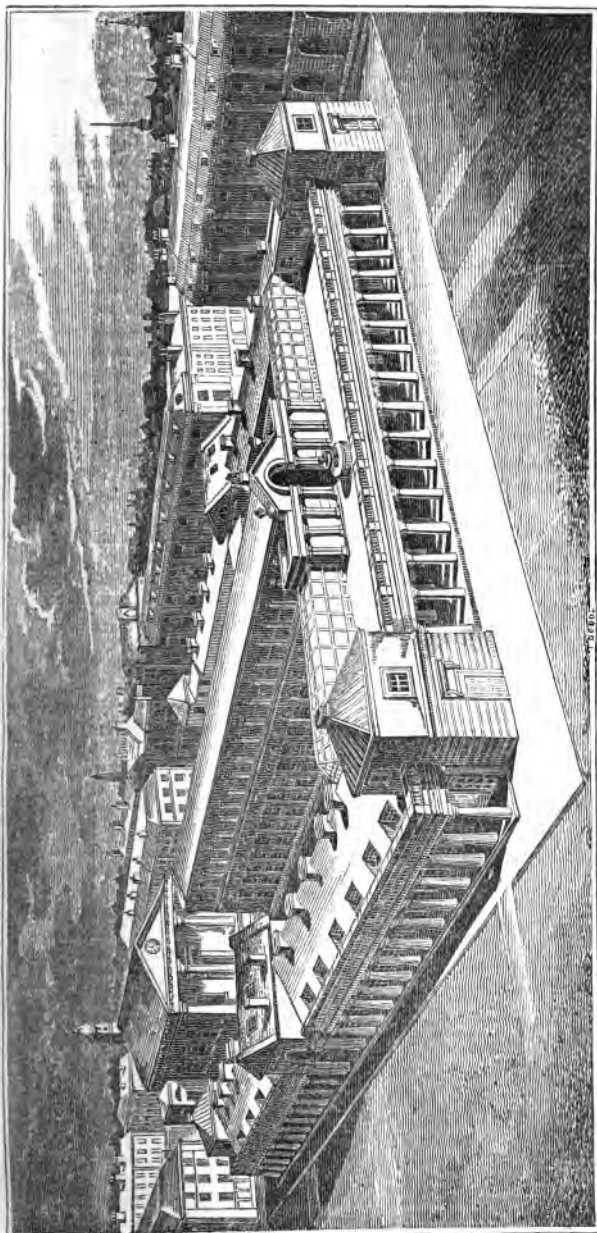
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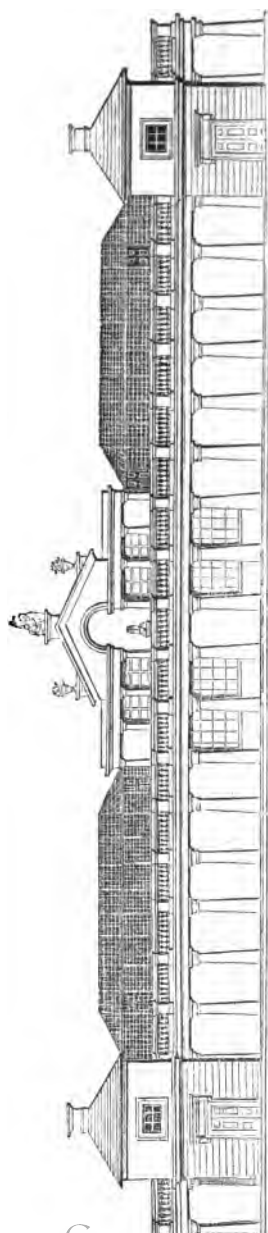
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[PRICE 2d.]

COVENT GARDEN (NEW) MARKET.



GENERAL VIEW.



EAST FRONT.

COVENT GARDEN (NEW) MARKET.

WE have already "laboured in our vocation" to render the readers of *The Mirror* familiar with the antiquarian history of Covent Garden. The original appropriation of the spot is corruptly conveyed in its present name; but we have storied its facts and anecdotes, and made them the burthen, (we hope not a heavy one,) of more than one paper. Our notices of the earliest state of Covent Garden occur in the seventeenth volume of this Miscellany, and accompany an engraving of the Garden in the year 1547, with the procession of the pious Edward VI. and his court to the Convent. Next, in the twelfth volume, is the precise site of the Market, in the reign of Charles II., from a print attributed to Hollar: and, in our thirteenth volume is a sketch of the dilapidated dwellings and sheds which were among the best accommodations that entitled the place to the name of a Market; with the prophetic motto: "here to-day and gone to-morrow." The reader, either town or country, need scarcely be told that all these unsightly buildings have been removed, and the handsome structure represented on the annexed page, erected in their stead.

We noticed the design of the New Market in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, at Somerset House, in the year 1827; and made application to Mr. Fowler, the architect, for permission to transfer the same to *The Mirror*. To this request Mr. Fowler could not consistently give his consent, as certain alterations were contemplated in the plan previous to the commencement of the building. Our respected contemporary, Mr. Loudon, has since introduced into his valuable *Gardeners' Magazine* a more minute view and description of the New Market than our facilities commanded; and we accordingly adopt such of Mr. Loudon's descriptive details as are sufficient for the explanation of the annexed engravings, which represent a general view, and the eastern front, with the quadruple colonnade, and the conservatories over.

"In 1827, a plan was submitted to the Duke of Bedford, as proprietor of the market, by Mr. Fowler, and exhibited at Somerset House in the same year. A model was soon afterwards formed from this plan, and exhibited to all those interested in the market. This model may now be seen in the Gallery of Arts in the Colosseum. The ground-plan of this design, which was engraved in 1827, exhibits three parallel buildings, each surrounded by an open colonnade. Exterior to the buildings is a space sufficiently wide to allow a row of carts and wagons to arrange themselves, side by side, the horses' heads pointing from the building, without interrupting carriages passing along the street. We understand the chief objection to this plan was the occupation of so much space by

the colonnades. In other respects it does not differ essentially from that executed.

"In 1827, the Duke of Bedford, having procured an act of parliament for the rebuilding of the market, employed Mr. Fowler as its architect; and, by the suggestions of Mr. Charlwood, who was employed to arrange the ground-plan, distribution, and appropriations of the different departments of the market, the plan of Mr. Fowler was altered till it assumed the form of that about to be described.

"Approaching from the east, the chief feature is the quadruple colonnade, with the conservatories over. In the central building is a passage 16ft. wide, open to the roof, and on each side a range of fruit shops, forced articles, and the more choice culinary vegetables and herbs. Each shop has a cellar under and a room over it, with a trap-door to the former, and a small staircase to the latter. There are two exterior colonnades on the north and south sides, which serve as passages in front of the shops: the shops on the north side are for different descriptions of culinary vegetables and the commoner fruits, and those on the south side are exclusively for potatoes and the commoner roots. The half of one of the areas is covered with a roof in three parts, open at the sides for ventilation and light; the roof is supported by cast-iron pillars, from which spring circular ribs, instead of horizontal tie-beams; and the result is a very light appearance. Under it is held the wholesale fruit market, and below the surface are fruit cellars. The open space under the quadruple colonnade is occupied at one end as a fruit market, and at the other with stands for fruits and vegetables.

"The ascent to the conservatories over this open colonnade is by four staircases, two from the central passage, and one from the end of each of the exterior colonnades. The framework of the conservatories is wholly of cast-iron and copper, even to the shelves of the stage, and the work is executed with remarkable neatness by Messrs. John Jones and Co., of Birmingham. The conservatories are 15ft. broad, and 15ft. high: they do not occupy more than a third of the area of the terrace, and the remaining part serves as a promenade, and for the display of hardy plants in pots and vases, and other garden ornaments. In the centre of the terrace is a handsome fountain designed by Mr. Fowler, of Devonshire marble, highly polished: the machinery was executed by Messrs. Brathwaite. The water is supplied from a cistern, or rather a series of connected cisterns, placed immediately under the roof of the grand central passage. Adjoining each conservatory, and in the occupation of the same tenant, is a small room devoted to books, plans, models, and other new or interesting objects connected with agriculture or gardening, and

also an office or counting-room and other conveniences. One of the conservatories is occupied by Messrs. Cormack, Son, and Sinclair, nursery and seedsmen, of New Cross, near Deptford; the other by Messrs. Hockley and Bunney, nursery and seedsmen, Kingsland Road.

"There are cellars below all the fruit markets, under all the buildings and pathways, and continued through one side of the long market for storing up potatoes. There are rooms over all the shops, used partly as store-places and partly as bedrooms.

"Both the open and covered markets are inaccessible by carts and wagons. There are circular openings or manholes, 2ft. in diameter, in the floor of the long market, which communicate with the cellars, and through which the potatoes are shot down; and there are openings by trapdoors to the cellars of the fruit market for similar purposes. The openings by which the potatoes are brought up from the cellars are within the buildings. There are also cellars for washing the potatoes, and water is laid on for this purpose, as well as for general uses, throughout the whole of the buildings. The supply is obtained from an Artesian well, sunk beneath the central path to the depth of 280ft., which affords 1,600 gallons per hour, a quantity greatly exceeding any occasion that can be expected to arise. A small steam-engine, on Brathwaite's most improved principles, has been erected, to distribute the water over the higher parts of the buildings, and the whole area of the markets, and more especially to supply the handsome fountain before mentioned on the terrace in front of the conservatories. The central passage, the exterior colonnades, and every other exterior part, independently of the interior of the shops, are lighted by gas.

The interior walls of the shops, cellars, &c., are of brick, faced in conspicuous situations with Yorkshire freestone. The columns are of Scotch and Devonshire granite, the shafts being of one stone each. The paving of the passages is partly of granite and partly of Yorkshire stone. The open and covered markets are causewayed with granite, in the manner of the best street paving. The terrace over the quadruple colonnade is composed of large slabs of stone, which form at once the floor of the terrace and the ceiling of the colonnade. From the terrace the water is drained into hollow cast-iron beams, on which the stones rest. These are supported by columns, some of which, in the centre compartment, are of cast iron, for the purpose of obtaining more light and space directly in front of the central passage. The exterior passages, including the shops, are covered with slate and zinc. The whole was admirably executed by Mr. William Cubitt, of Gray's Inn Road, by contract. The work was begun

in September, 1828, and finished in May, 1830. It has raised Mr. Fowler to the very first rank as an architect, and confirmed, if confirmation were necessary, the high opinion every one entertained of the skill, integrity, and honour of the contractor. The conservatories are heated in a new and very ingenious manner by hot water or by steam, at pleasure, according to a plan devised and executed under the direction of Mr. Collins, 14, Tavistock Row, Covent Garden."

In some supplementary observations, Mr. Loudon refers to the New Market as "a structure at once perfectly fitted for its various uses; of great architectural beauty and elegance; and so expressive of the purposes for which it is erected, that it cannot by any possibility be mistaken for any thing else than what it is. To complete the symmetry of the building, a colonnade and terrace are wanted at the west end, similar to those at the east end; and a roof over part of the potato market, similar to that over part of the fruit market: but these were contemplated in the original plan and will, no doubt, be executed in due time."

THE POLISH EXILE.

"Such is the patriot's boast, where'er he roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home."
GOLDSMITH.

—"They have not yet
Quench'd the old exile's spirit, stern and high."
BYRON.

He stood upon the craggy height,
The exile lone,
Where Rhine's blue waters, glancing bright,
Beneath him shone;—
And lightly on the breezy wind
Came notes of gladness,
That seem'd to leave all care behind,
And banish sadness!
But o'er the wanderer's spirit came
His country's wrong,—
No home could his sad footsteps claim
Those scenes among.
Again he ro'd, where sunny France,
On vine-clad hills,
With thoughtless mirth and merry dance,
The zephyr fills;—
But sickly seem'd the light to him
From laughing skies,
The tears were rising fast, to dim
The exile's eyes!
The passing throng assembled there
Gaz'd on that form—
So bent, so weary-worn with care,
Beneath the storm.
And this, the wild and mournful lay,
That cheer'd the lonely exile's way:

Poland! the yoke is on thee now—
The tyrant's links have bound thee;
And pale is now thy haughty brow,
For the chain is gathered round thee.
All nerveless now, the patriot's soul
In abject state reposes;
For clouds above thy glories roll,
And dark thy record closes.

• Gardeners' Magazine, vol. vii. p. 277.

Why freely flows thy rushing stream,
Through flow'ry valleys yet?—
Why do the heavens still on thee beam,
When freedom's sun hath set?
Why do the seasons bring again
Their verdure and their flowers?
We cannot with the spring regain
The light that once was ours!
Still, Poland, still—thy very name
Hast a sad melody to me—
Though quench'd thine eagle-soul of flame,
The beacon-light of liberty.
Long, long it glimmered o'er the deep,
In quivering radiance, far and wide:
I could my very spirit weep,
And fling my mournful lyre aside.
Soon shall these plaintive notes expire,
For I one only guerdon crave,—
Let me sad Poland's breath inspire,
And find in her torn breast a grave!

Kirtou Lindsay.

ANNE R.

CURIOUS ANAGRAM RELATING TO WALTER SCOTT.

Among the valuable books belonging to the late Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Baronet, there was a rare volume, entitled—"Mrs. Mary Fage. *Fame's Roule*, or the names of our dread Sovereign Lord Charles, his Royal Queen Mary, and his most hopeful Posterity; together with the names of the Nobility, Bishops, Privie Counsellors, Knights of the Garter, and Judges of England, Scotland, and Ireland, anagrammatized and expressed by Acrostick lines on their names:"—a poetical volume of extreme rarity, 1637.

Sir Mark Sykes, (says Mr. Evans,) has noted the extreme rarity of this book at the commencement of the volume, and queries if it be not unique. The following is a specimen of the lady's quaint verse:—

"To the Right Hon. Walter, Earl of Buckleugh,
Lord Eskdail.
WALTER SCOT.
Anagramma,
AL TREW COST!

With true cost are you stored, whose delight
Attendeth still upon the way that's right;
Living indeed with such a noble eare,
That those who know you very well are ware,
Each of them seeing well that you may best
Rightly to be compos'd al of true cost.
So noble Scot, sith you doe so abound,
Cost truly true most trewly in you found;
O then you'll easily pardon my amisse;
True cost al nobly in your honour is."

P. T. W.

THE BRITISH BANNER AT BADAJOZ. AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

[For the incident recorded in this ballad, see the "United Service Journal," No. 3, note at page 305. The gallant officer who performed it, (now Major Macpherson, of the 13th Light Infantry,) was then a lieutenant in the 45th, which formed part of the celebrated Third Division, to whom Lord Wellington entirely attributed the conquest of the castle and town of Badajoz.]

No sound was there—no turmoil—in the night-hour,
Dark and dread,
When on stole British war-men, with resolved, but
smother'd tread;

And rearing ladders firmly 'gainst the guarded castle-wall,
"On! Forward!" was the battle-shout, and up went
one and all!

Arous'd and urg'd to fury, like the lion in his lair,
Full fiercely warr'd our foe-men, in their frenzy of
despair;
Aghast, fled gloomy silence, 'mid all sights and sounds
of awe,
The flash of steel and nitre, and the rolling roar of
war!

How dreadful was that conflict, now sustain'd in
blackest night,—
Now, in a sultry furnace, darkly blazing hellish light;
Whilst to and fro (twain demons!) ball and brand
plied ceaselessly,
But ever "Up!" and "Onward!" press'd bold Bri-
tain's chivalry.

Ay, ever, ever onward, for they could not retro-
grade,
Though phalanx after phalanx must through bro-
ther's life-blood tread;
Ay, ever "Up!" and "Forward!" mangled, tram-
pled on, and slain,
Whilst, for one battle lost, the foe had ten score yet
to gain!

Then did the brave MACPHERSON, foremost ever in
the fight,
Through blood, and fire, and darkness—through all
horrors of that night,
Win desparately a passage, unto what his falcon eye,
And fearless, glowing bosom, had long mark'd triumph-
antly!

France! O France! o'er Badajoz, from its castle's
mighty wall,
High o'er tiers of battlements, high o'er the Spa-
niard's thrall,
Had look'd thy haughty banner,—now 'twas hurl'd
from thy proud throne,
And on its staff, exultingly, the young chief hung our
own!

Our own! bright Britain's banner!—yes, the blue-
eyed morning saw,
On Badajoz stormed castle, with delight, subdued by
awe,
His war-vest grace that flag-staff, where Gaul's ensign
used to wave—
Meet symbol of our country—of the gen'rous, free,
and brave!

O gallant Gael! MACPHERSON! of bold sires the no-
ble son,
With Badajoz high story shall be told what thou hast
done;
For the boxus of thy clan,* thou the victor's wreath
obtain'd,
And thy war-vest, lent to Britain, has the garb of
honour gain'd,
M. L. B.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ANCIENT POWER OF BISHOPS.

BEFORE the coming of the Saxons into Eng-
land, the Christian Britons had three arch-
bishops—viz., of London, York, and Carelou,
an ancient great city of South Wales, upon
the river Uske. Afterwards, the archiepisco-
pal see of London was by the Saxons placed
at Canterbury, for the sake of St. Austin the
Monk, who first preached the Gospel there to
the heathen Saxons, and was there buried.
The other of Carelou was translated to St.

* Boxus, the variegated box, is the characteristic
emblem of the Macpherson clan.

David's, in Pembrokeshire, and afterwards subjected wholly to the see of Canterbury;—since which, all England and Wales reckon but two archbishops, Canterbury and York.

The Archbishop of Canterbury anciently had primacy as well over all Ireland as England, and the Irish bishops received their consecration from him; for Ireland had no archbishop until the year 1152; and therefore in the time of the two first Norman kings, it was declared, that Canterbury was the metropolitan church of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the isles adjacent. He was therefore styled a Patriarch, (and *Patriarcha* was a chief bishop over several kingdoms or provinces, as an archbishop is of several dioceses,) and had several archbishops under him, who were sometimes called *Alterius orbis papa*, and *Orbis Britannici Pontifex*; and matters done and recorded in ecclesiastical affairs ran thus—"Anno Pontificatus Nostri primo, secundo," &c. He was *Legatus Natus*: that is, a perpetual legantine power was annexed to that archbishopric near one thousand years ago; whereby no other legal nuncio, or ambassador from the Bishop of Rome, could here exercise any legantine power, without special license from the king. He was so respected abroad, that in general councils he was placed before all other archbishops, at the pope's right foot. He was at home so highly honoured by the King of England, that, according to the practice of God's own people, the Jews, where Aaron was next in deputy to Moses, &c.

He enjoyed some special marks of royalty, as to be patron of a bishopric, (as he was of Rochester,) to coin monies, to make knights, and to have the wardship of all those who held lands of him *Jure Homini*, (as it is called,) although he held in *capite* other lands of the king; a princely prerogative, even against the king's written prerogative.—*Chamberlayne's Angliæ Notitia*.—G. K.

The Naturalist.

CHIT-CHAT ON NATURAL HISTORY.

By John F. M. Dovaston, Esq. A. M. of Westfelton, near Shrewsbury.

SCENE—The library, Westfelton.—TIME—after dinner.

Dovaston and Von Osdal.

Dovaston.—Stormy and loud, the wind roars among the labouring woods, and howls through the trees in gigantic harmonies.

Von Os.—With now and then a double diapason in the chimney-tunnels; as though Polypheme of capacious mouth accompanied the hailstone chorus over his Pan's pipe of stupendous reeds.

Dov.—I hope he will not cut any of them down to concert pitch. * * * *

Von Os.—Why what has all this to do with natural history?

Dov.—Just as much as yonder nuthatch, so pertinaciously picking a bone on the ornithothrophe.

Von Os.—Mine is fixed on a post and the cats often rob it. I see the trencher is much better when suspended by three wires, like a scale, from a ring to slide along a line, stretched from the window to a tree.

Dov.—And ye may have two or more on the same line, trimmed with bones, seeds, and various food; piercing the trencher with a few holes, to let out the wet. It is extremely amusing to see the various birds that so become familiar; and I find many gentlemanly people, since Bewick published in his Preface an extract from one of my letters describing it, have adopted my pleasing little machine, that I jocularly called the ornithothrophe.

Von Os.—Do you think these birds are the same individuals who frequent that hung before your dining-room windows?

Dov.—A few may frequent both; but, in general, I am certain all birds have their particular beats, or haunts; and very rarely intrude on those of others; when the invaded never omit repelling the forcible entry, by taking the law into their own hands. Robins have their own beats, even on the different sides of a small cottage: there are four distinct pairs of robins around this house; and one is attached exclusively to my brew-house. In the wide and wild woods, too, I am certain they keep to the same beats: as I noticed for months by the singularly loud, and unusual sort of song, in one belonging to the great cedar of Lebanon near my south entrance: and another, while I was working in a wood, lit on the handle of my spade, while I was eating my bread and cheese; this I chanced to catch, and, marking him with a scissors by a black cross on his breast, I found he continually kept to the same spot.

Von Os.—How pugnaciously they will fight! There is a Greek proverb, that two robins will not inhabit the same bush. Should you think the word *erithiacus* derived from the Greek word signifying *strife*, which it much resembles?

Dov.—It may: though it still more nearly resembles another Greek word signifying *red*.

Von Os.—How do you take these birds at the ornithotrophes?

Dov.—Easily, by a trap cage; and having taken one, the rest are all your own. They must, however, be marked with great delicacy and caution; for if tawdrily, or too conspicuously, their own friends will fall upon, pummel, and sometimes kill them. When an idle and playful schoolboy at Shrewsbury, under my ever-honoured master, the learned and munificent Dr. Butler, I put the good people of that town into a day's uproar, by marking a bird.

Von Os.—The Dickens!!!

Dov.—Having taken, in a fall-trap of four bricks, one of those most radically plebeian of all birds, a dirty town sparrow, I dexterously with a bit of cobbler's wax fastened to his head a fine erect crest of very bright scarlet feathers; having previously subjected him to the ordeal of the ink-pot. He soon acquired numerous pursuers, and as many outlandish names; and before nightfall, three, four, and five guineas were offered. He was at length brought down by the celebrated Sam Hayward, the notorious poacher; and the universal and instantaneous opinion arose that it was a *marlock* of young *Oerriwao*—for such was my scholastic cognomen, from a cunning knack at *waggish derivations*.

Von Os.—So, you had a character there, then?

Dov.—Yes,—and have still, which I will endeavour to deserve and retain to the last hour of my life.

Von Os.—In one of the lectures delivered to that town in Freemason's Hall, I am told you very much amused your audience, by an account of some experiments on swallows.

Dov.—I hope I did. Many years ago, a garret window in my house was accidentally left open, and a pair of *rustic* swallows built their fretted nest among the rafters, at which I was much pleased: and when they had hatched and reared their young, both they, and their parents, finding they were favourites, continued to play about the room all summer; and always roosted in it at night. Before they departed, a thought struck me to play them an innocent trick. One night I shut the window-sash, and took them all in an angler's landing net, and fastened round their necks, without hurting them in the least, rings made of the very fine wire that laps the lower strings of a violoncello. At this they took no offence, but played about till their departure. At their appointed period they vanished with their friends. The following spring the window was carefully set open for their admission; and they came accordingly, after "the daffodils had taken the winds of March with beauty;" and, to my great delight, four had the rings. One pair re-occupied the old nest, and another pair, or more, built in the room. Emboldened by their kindness and constancy, having a pretty little Greek story, you well know, in my mind, I ventured, in addition to the light wire, to affix on the neck of one, a thin, round, smooth piece of copper, on which I engraved, in Latin (being the tongue most universally known,) *Quo abis à Salepiā?* (Whither away from Shropshire?) But whether he perished, or whether he met with his friend the gentle Athenian, I wot not; for, alas! he returned unto me no more.

Von Os.—This, then, establishes your opinion, that migratory birds, or their pro-

geny, or both, do return, year after year, to the very same places.

Dov.—Yes; unless I was played a trick. But that migratory birds, or some of their progeny, do return to, and build in the very same spot, I have no doubt. A spotted fly-catcher has invariably built in the same corner of my piazza, as long as I can remember, though the other corners are equally accommodated with brackets or perches: a wren usually occupies another; but she is not so constant as the traveller; and last summer a female wasp planted on the ceiling, and rapidly increased her colony, who suspended their flaky ball of streaky, olive, papery folds, close to the door; yet was no person stung or molested all the season.

Von Os.—Migration has long been absolutely established. I wonder it was ever doubted, particularly by such a man as White; but he—mild, amiable, and modest creature—was over-influenced by the great names of Pennant and Daines Barrington.

Dov.—Yet he never quite gave in to their notion of the torpidity of birds. I will read you a passage of great beauty describing a single straggler at sea: not that I doubt migration, and that they travel in companies; but merely that my *CHIT-CHAT* may have some little in it that is really good.

Von Os.—The Public ungrudgingly like your *Chit-chat*, by what is said by some of our best contributors; and the private letter of the editor:—and much of it is copied into the newspapers.

Dov.—Like as the grinding of tunes on barrel-organs is always a proof they are approved. I thought it best to wait some time for the opinions of the subscribers;* and I have now had letters enough to satisfy a more modest scribbler; for *myself*, indeed, the approbation, however slight, of such a man as Waterton alone were amply enough—the intrepid traveller, the accurate and almost unerring observer, the benevolent protector, the classic scholar, the animated writer, the —

Von Os.—Enough, enough: though all true. His description of the noises of the birds all night, in his *Wanderings in Demerara*, and their universal clamour at sunrise, is a glorious burst of amazingly fine writing. But, to your quotation; or, mayhap, he may "pick a crow" with you.

Dov.—"The Lord keep me from Sir Harry Vane!" said Cromwell. Here it is,—I have at last found it, at p. 286., in No. 10. of the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*.

Von Os.—Read it.

Dov.—(reads).—"On the 21st. of November, in lat. 6° 4', and long. 20° 31', we experienced those heavy squalls and rains which

* We cheerfully add our testimony of the delight we received from the previous paper, in which sentiment we trust our readers participated.—Ed. M.

are uniformly met with in this climate. The storms are occasionally sublime, and worthy of a minute description. After the most perfect calm, heavy, dense, and gloomy clouds are seen collecting at every point of the horizon; they form themselves into vast arches, having their abutments on the ocean. Suddenly, at one point, they blacken to an inky hue: the sails are furl'd, the crew stand in mute attention, each at his station, and every eye is directed towards that vast and hideous mass of clouds, which, resting on the surface of the deep, and reaching heaven with its top, advances upon the devoted vessel. Now, sweeping the ocean, it pours a deluge on the ship; the storm rages; and, by the terrific force of the blast, the masts seem ready to start from the decks. When these squalls happen at night, and are attended with much rain, a ball of meteoric fire is seen at the mast-head, tending to increase the horrors of the storm. On the 21st., whilst beset on all sides by the squalls, a swallow suddenly appeared close to the ship. There was no known land nearer than 300 miles. The swallow was seen first during a calm, skimming round the vessel with great velocity, and seemed to feed abundantly on the flies which hovered round the ship's sides; but, during the squall that succeeded, its actions became those of self-preservation, and were admirably adapted to that purpose. As the rain poured in torrents, it beat down the swallow's head in spite of all its efforts, thus interrupting its flight round the vessel. When the bird perceived this take place, it rose perpendicularly through the air and dense rain; fluttering, moreover, incessantly: thus throwing the water off its wings. The amazing courage and strength displayed by this bird, in contending against the numerous storms with which we were assailed, during many hours, convinced me of its power to perform the longest migrations, with comparative safety. The swallow remained with the vessel during two days, and sought shelter in the shrouds only at the approach of evening."

Von Os.—Bold, intrepid little bird!—and beautifully told. Ay; let the shutters be closed; and the lights are cheerful. How awfully the storm peals it over the woods!

Manners and Customs.

AMULETS.

OF all the superstitions which were disseminated in olden times, none appear to have gained more influence over the minds of the people than a belief in the virtue of *Amulets*. In the record of every ancient nation, and in the histories of existing countries, we are told of the virtue of Amulets, and of their being often used for important purposes, but oftener for the benefit of designing men.

Formerly, they consisted of a small case containing the exploit of some favourite deity; this case was suspended round the neck and was supposed by the wearers to give token of the assistance and protection of their idol. The articles employed in the composition of Amulets were various; though they were frequently composed of rare spices, scarce minerals, and precious stones, which being worn suspended by a chain over the neck added considerably to personal elegance. For the *manufacture* of these charms, various seasons of the year were deemed by the wise as the most propitious; and as the blessing of the priests added greatly to their revenues, they encouraged the people in this superstitious practice. On the rise of the science of astrology in Egypt, this practice became very popular, and a variety of Amulets were in use: that most commonly used was termed the *Abraxes*, and consisted of a certain stone, with this word engraved on it. From the Egyptians, it is probable that the custom of wearing Amulets descended to the Jews.

The Persian and other Oriental nations likewise held Amulets in the highest veneration. The Greeks appear to have used them formed of minerals and various esteemed herbs; many of their writers inform us that they were in common use as a *cure for love* (?) and also as an excitement to *la belle passion*. From Pliny and other historians we learn that Amulets were commonly used by the Romans for similar purposes. In "days of yore" amulets were often appended to the bodies of animals for the cure of distempers, and various other purposes. In Turkey they are still worn by the Mohammedans; and we are informed by recent writers that scraps of the koran, prayers, &c., written on paper by their mollah are extensively sought after in times of war or of the plague; and that it is almost an avowal of infidelity not to be the wearer of an Amulet.

Amulets are said to have been worn by the primitive Christians. They first appeared in the shape of relics of martyrs, pieces of the true cross, &c., and subsequently they were *manufactured* as a preservative from plague, and as a shield against the temptations of Satan. From a work recently published, it appears that the Pope still claims a right to the privilege of creating these charms.

In England, though never in high favour, Amulets were once used, and from their connexion with our ancient customs, they deserve to be recorded. Reginald Scot, in his "*Discoverie of Witchcraft*," says "An agat hath virtue against the biting scorpions or serpents. It is written, but I will not stand to it, that it maketh eloquent, and procureth favour from princes; yea, that the fume thereof doth turn awaie tempests. The coral preserves those that bear it, from fascination and *bewitching*, and in this respect they are

hanged about child's necks. But from whence that superstition is derived I know not, but I see the credit people give thereunto from the multitude of corals that were employed." He also informs his readers that "a topase healeth the lunatic person of his passion of lunacie. Chalcedonius, (or chalcedony,) maketh the bearer luckie in love, quickeneth the power of the bodie, and is of force also against the illusions of the devil, and phantastical cogitations arising of melancholie. Carneolus mitigateth the heat of the mind, and qualifieth malice."* Scot concludes with the following *philosophical* deduction from the foregoing, that, "Hereby you may understand, that, as God has bestowed upon these stones and such other like bodies most excellent and wonderful virtues; so according to the abundance of human superstition and follies, manie ascribe unto them either more vertues, or others than they have." E. J. H.

ANCIENT CONVEYANCING IN ENGLAND.

(From a Correspondent.)

It appears from a passage in the history of Ingulphus, Abbot of Croyland in the eleventh century, that during the beginning of the Norman reign, many estates were conveyed by bare word, without any writing or charter, but merely by the sword, helmet, horn, or cup of the possessor. Many tenements were transferred by a spur, a horse-comb, a bow, or even an arrow. In later years, he observes, the mode has been changed. Of conveyance by horns many instances have been produced. Ulphus's drinking horn of ivory, by which the chapter held considerable estates, is shown to all the visitors of York Minster. The registers of St. Edmundsbury Priory, state that the Lordship of Broke was given by William the Conqueror, "when he first supplicated the favour and protection of the saint, by falling prostrate before, and placing upon the altar a *small knife* wrapped up, in the presence of several of his nobility. King William II. in 1096 gave the Abbey of Tavistock possession of the manor of Whirington, *per cultellum eburneum*, (an ivory knife) which was preserved in the Abbey and had an inscription on its haft signifying that donation.

Many donors, to make their conveyance as firm as possible, when written charters became general, united the more ancient and simple form with them. Hence, we find

* The Amulets of the present century are made in pretty forms, of black scented paste; but, unlike, the emblems of old, they yield their charms to damp, and almost liquefy in a shower of rain. The custom of placing Coral about the necks of children remains to this day; and Coral is a species of Amulet, though it might astonish many a fond mother to be told that the above practice is but a relic of olden superstition.—Ed. M.

such articles as Ingulphus mentions were frequently attached to deeds, like seals. In the archives of Trinity College, Cambridge, a deed is still preserved to which a knife is appended.

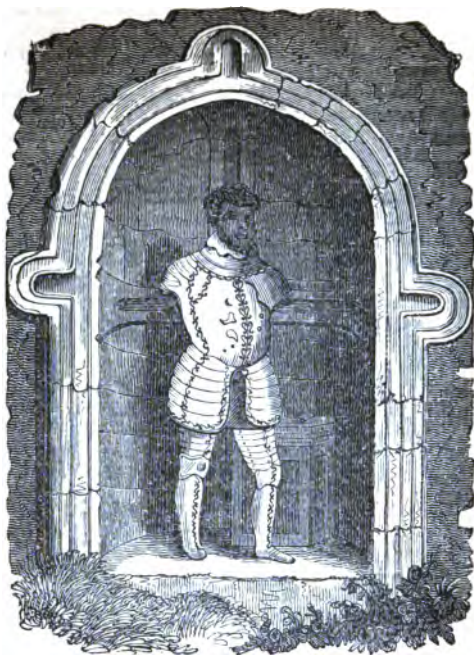
The form of confirming a grant, by the donor's laying his knife upon the altar, was very usual in these times—many instances of which may be found in Dugdale's Monasticon, and in several of our ancient Chartularies. This seems also to have been the practice in other parts of Europe in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. One instance occurs of investiture by a chalice. Osbert de Camera gave possession to the canons of St. Paul's, of certain houses and lands, by his gold ring, appointing the ring with his seal, to be for ever fixed to the charter whereby he so disposed of them. Mr. Peck gives a copy of a charter by which possession was given by a walking-staff; the same mode of investiture appears in a Scotch grant. Possession was given *per textum Evangelii* (the Gospels.) Gunton, in his history of the Cathedral of Peterborough notices another mode of investiture by the *branch of a tree*, a practice by no means uncommon in former times, on the continent. The most extraordinary mode, perhaps of all, was that by which William, Earl of Warren, gave and confirmed to the Church of St. Pancras, at Lewes, in the 24th year of Henry III. certain lands, rent, and tythe, of which he gave seizin "*per capillos capitis sui, et patris sui Radulfi*." The hair of the parties was cut off by the Bishop of Winchester, before the altar.

CHRISTMAS.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE glowing censors, and their rich perfume;
The splendid vestments, and the sounding choir;
The gentle sigh of soul-subduing piety;
The alms which open-hearted charity
Bestows, with kindly glance; and those
Which e'en stern avarice,
Though with unwilling hand,
Seems forced to tender; an offering sweet
To the bright throne of mercy; mark
This day a festival.

And well our Christian sires of old
Lov'd when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blythe Christmas back again,
With all its hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night.
On Christmas-eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung;—
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle shewn;
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
Then opened wide the baron's hall,
To vassal—tenant—serf and all;—
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doff'd his pride.
All hail'd, with uncountroll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.



STATUE OF HENRY VIII.

A few years since there were to be seen at Gorbamby, near St. Alban's, the above remains of an effigies of Henry VIII., which is said to have been erected there by "the great Lord Bacon." A mutilated statue of a king is a melancholy memorial of human vanity:

Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,—
Has seen this broken form complete,
Big with the vanity of state.

At the above date, the statue was in gilt armour; and the reader may probably recollect that gilding and colouring were not uncommonly introduced in the effigies of olden times.

Gorbamby was the seat of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Keeper of the Great Seal of Queen Elizabeth, and father of the great Francis, Lord Bacon. Nicholas studied at Gray's Inn, and was fortunate enough to acquire the favour of Henry VIII., who appointed him Attorney of the Court of Wards: so that we may reasonably enough ascribe Lord Bacon's placing the above gilded figure, as a grateful memorial of Henry's kindness to his father, Nicholas. We confess ourselves at a loss for a more rational motive of "the Father of Experimental Philosophy" in raising this monument of the royal sensualist. The statue occupies a niche in a decaying wall, near a lofty, octangular tower, which is part of the

mansion erected by Sir Nicholas, and whence Elizabeth often issued her mandates. The estate descended to Lord Bacon; and it need scarcely be added, that the neighbouring town gave the titles of Baron of Verulam and Viscount of St. Alban's, upon his being created Lord High Chancellor, in the reign of James I.

The figure has been said to convey some resemblance of the robust Henry; but to many it may appear to want the gifts and graces which have been attributed to the king. A Venetian minister described him at twenty-nine years of age, "as handsome as nature could form him, above every other Christian prince—handsomer by far than the King of France, (Francis I., then in the flower of his youth;) he is exceeding fair, and as well proportioned in every part as possible. He is an excellent musician and composer, an admirable horseman and wrestler, and possesses a good knowledge of the French, Latin, and Spanish languages. On the days on which he goes to the chase, he hears mass three times, on other days he goes as often as five times. He has daily service at vespers in the queen's chamber. He is uncommonly fond of the chase, and never engages in it without tiring eight or ten horses."

The Public Journals.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN LONDON.

(From *Asmodeus at Large*.)

"OH! Asmodeus," said I, as I walked forth from Greville's, arm-and-arm with the Devil, "what a beautiful night! Who shall say that a great city hath not as much poetry as the solitudes of fields and streams? The silence of these mighty marts of industry and pleasure—the mystery that hangs over every house, thus still and impenetrable—a record, and often a romance, in each—the muffled shapes stealing across from time to time; and if, wandering from these statelier quarters, you touch near upon the more squalid abodes of men—the stir—the hubbub—the wild mirth of desperate hearts—the dark and dread interest that belongs to crime. Then, anon, in some high chamber, you see a solitary light—waning not, nor blinking, through the gloom. How often have I paused to gaze on such a light, and busy myself with conjecture! Does it shine over the deep delight of study—the open volume and the worn brow—the young ambition of Knowledge—that false friend which nurseth in her bosom disease and early death? Does it wake beside the vigil of some woman heart, beating for the approach of a guilty leman—or waiting, in chillness and in dread, the slow and heavy step of one returning from the reeking haunts of the gamester—her wedded mate, perhaps her early love? Is there not more poetry in this than in wastes, pregnant only with the dull animal life? What have the woods and waters equal to the romance of the human heart? And here, too, Asmodeus, what scope for enterprise—that life of life! What variety—what incident! Verily, the knight-errant of old knew not half the adventures that may befall a man, young, bold, and gallant, in a great city. Is it not so, Asmodeus? You are the demon of intrigue—I appeal to you!"

"Why, I must own you speak truth. But if so fond of adventure, why not seek it? Do you observe that door ajar—there yonder, in that street opening to our right; and do you not note something of a white drapery, just visible at the aperture? There is an adventure for you!"

"Thanks. I obey the hint. Wait here my return."

Warmed with wine, and my spirits heightened by the bracing air of the night, I was indeed ripe for any adventure: so gliding rapidly into the street which Asmodeus indicated, I arrived at the half-open door. It was one of those moderately-sized houses which characterize the smaller streets of Mayfair. The lamp burnt opposite, bright and steady: the apparition of the white drapery was gone. Trusting to my lucky stars, I stole lightly up the steps, and entered the passage. All was gloom and shadow.

"Is that you?" murmured a voice in the dark.

"It is myself, and no other," said I, in a breathless whisper.

"Follow me, then," answered the voice; and the door was softly shut.

"I am in for it," thought I: "so much the better." My hand was gently seized by fingers so soft and delicate that I felt a very strange sensation tingling up to my shoulder-bone—perhaps it did not stop there. I followed my conductor, who glided on with a light step, and we soon began to ascend the stairs. We passed the first landing-place. "I hope to heaven," thought I, "the lady is not a housemaid. I have a horror of the servile. But her hand—no! this hand is not made for mops!" We halted at the second floor. My conductress opened a door, and, and—shall I break off here?—I have a great mind—no! I'll go on. Well then, reader, I found myself in a room—not alone—ah! not alone with my guide—but with three other damsels, all sitting round a table, and all under twenty. A pair of wax candles illumed the apartment, which was a well-furnished, but not gaudy, dressing-room. I looked round, and bowed with a most courtly gravity. The ladies uttered a little scream.

"Anne! Anne! who have you brought here?"

Anne stood thunderstruck—gazing at me as if I was the red man in "*Der Freischütz*." I, in my turn, gazed at her. She was apparently about five and twenty—quietly, but well dressed—of a small and delicate shape, with a face slightly marked with the small-pox. But such a pair of black eyes!—and those eyes very soon began to dart fire!

"Who are you, Sir?—How dare you?"

"Nay, nay—pray no scolding. Is it my fault, fair Anne, that I am here? You see I can do you no mischief. There are four of you; and what is one odd fish among so many?"

"Sir!"

"Sir!"

"This is too bad!"

"I'll raise the house!"

"Get out!"

"Go along with you!"

"What do you take us for?"

"Pardon me, that is exactly the question I was going to ask you! What did you take me for?"

"Did Mr. Gabriel tell you——" began my guide, who on looking at me twice, and seeing I was under thirty, and not dressed like a housebreaker (for it is only your swindlers who are great dandies, and go by the name of Ferdinand Augustus) began a little to relent from her first rage:—

"Gabriel, Gabriel,—oh, my guardian angel!" thought I—for, as by intuition, I suddenly guessed at the origin of the whole

proceeding. "Yes," said I aloud, "Mr. Gabriel *did* tell me that you wished to have your fortunes told, and being engaged himself, he sent me as the ablest of his pupils to supply his place. Oh, Mr. Gabriel is a great man: ladies, pray be seated—a pen and ink if you please—what hour were you born, m'am?—allow me to take this chair."

Now the reader probably knows that Gabriel is a celebrated fortune-teller, in great request at the west end of the town: he has been consulted at all times and by all persons—I myself have had my fortune told by him—and he gave me seven children, for which I thank him, as I ought! In fact he is a friend of mine, and of yours too, dear reader—if you pay him his fees.

Now the damsels looked at each other, a smile broke over the face of Anne; it spread like contagion—nay, it broke out into a giggle—in a few minutes we became excellent friends. Luckily I knew a little of the mysteries of soothsaying—chiromancy is one of my strong points, and as to nativities, what did Gabriel promise me seven children for if I was not to know something about casting a birth?

We became excellent friends—the girls were young, merry, innocent, and, there being four of them, fearless. I counted the lines in their hands—made all sorts of odd figures out of Euclid, and by the help of the Asses' Bridge, I foretold Anne a Lord's elder son. They produced a bottle of sherry and some cakes: oh, how happy we were, how talkative—how gay! I blessed my stars and Asmodeus, and stayed there till one o'clock. I found that three of the young ladies were the daughters of the Oikodespotes, the master of the house, and after some sifting I learnt his name; I recognised it (for one can't live in London without knowing a little about every one) as that of a man of respectable parentage, who had married an actress early in life, and become involved in difficulties; he could not work or beg, but he could live upon his wits—he gambled—won—entered as a dormant partner in a celebrated gaming-house, and made a decent competency without much public disgrace. His wife had been long dead. She had left him three daughters; I had often heard of their personal attractions, but he had kept them tolerably well immured from temptation. I now saw them; yes, as I said before, they were gay, but as yet innocent: the imperfect education they had received, the want of all maternal care, and the example of no very decorous parentage, made them eager for amusement and adventure; just the persons to make an appointment with old Gabriel, and to forgive the error which introduced a young astrologer in his stead. But, the fourth maiden! now, now I come to her. Fanny, then, a girl of about seventeen, with a face

younger, a form maturer, than her years; her hair dark, soft, silky, and arranged like a Christian's, viz. not in those irredeemable ringlets which trail down like a banyan tree, but parted, with two slight curls on either temple—her forehead white and transparent, straight eyebrows, long lashes, with eyes of a real blue,—not that cold grey which passes off for blue with the undiscerning, but rich, radiant, deep as Raphael himself, in his purest dream of colour, would have made them—an indifferent nose (I for my own part am contented with a secondary order of nose in a woman—the best are too severe)—piquant, and well set—a mouth, so fresh and young, that you might fancy it like that of hers in the fairy tale, from which dropped flowers in their tenderest bloom—teeth small, white; and slightly parted each from the other—a peculiarity not against my taste, though the physiognomists call it deceitful—beautiful hands—a satin skin—a dimple—and a laugh like silver. Such is the picture of Julia L., and I am over head and ears in love with her. She talked little, and when she did speak looked away shyly, and laughed prettily, colouring all the while. This was very intoxicating—I blessed the Devil for the good thing he had put me up to, and when Anne conducted me down stairs, as the clock struck one, and they promised to admit me when I called the next day, I thought my first youth had returned to me, and I was once more eighteen. Ah! happy age! What hopes then were mine, and what a heart! Can I love another again? Certainly not. Very well. Then I can see Julia with perfect safety.

Asmodeus was with me at breakfast the next morning; I shook him cordially by the hand;—nay, I all but embraced him. He grinned his most withering grin at my transports.

"Moderate yourself, my dear friend," said the Demon, "what are you about to do—are you going to plunge into this *amour* or not?"

"*Amour*!—plunge!—bah!—I am going to see Julia."

"I wash my hand of the consequences," said Asmodeus.

"Do you foresee them, then?"

"That is a question I may not answer;—but does not every creature, with a grain of common sense, see how such follies invariably end?—Well, well—recollect the old fable of the pot of clay and the pot of gold going down the stream—the pot of clay is so proud of its friend, and the first moment the tide brings them fairly together, it is broken to pieces!"

"What rhodomontade is this Asmodeus?—what have pots of gold and clay to do with me and Julia?"

"All women in love resemble the pots of clay—*voilà tout*."

The warning tone of the Demon made some impression on me, but it soon wore off. I repaired to the house—was admitted—and saw Julia once more; she is even lovelier by day than at night, her complexion is so fresh and pure;—youth clings round her like a garment of light, and its robe is yet all sparkling with the dews of childhood. I wish she would talk more—her silence oppresses me with the weight of my own emotions; yet her eyes are less prudent than her lips, and we converse very agreeably by their help. So, then, I am in love—fairly in love. I have long had a presentiment that that pleasant accident was about to happen; nay, I told the Devil so, and he would not believe me. I think, upon the whole, I bear the event with becoming fortitude; and, after all, it has its evils; all other enjoyments become trite beside it;—play ceases to intoxicate—wine hath lost its sparkle—companionship wearies—one grows very dull at one's club. Love need well have its charms to recompense us for all the pleasures it spoils; and I have not yet got to the most delicious part of the history—correspondence! When one begins to receive letters, a new existence fills one—there is an ether in one's veins. What sweet triumph to extort those expressions from the pen, which afterwards *must* be ratified with the lip, however bashful it be; with what new objects the day is filled; what a new excitement attaches itself to time!—"In two hours hence I shall hear from her!"—with what expectation—what hope—what fear—what palpitating nerves—one lives till then! But, alas! how do all these extasies end?—in woe, if the suit be not successful—in satiety, if it is. No doubt this extreme love is a false calculation. I agree with Mr. Mill, "we ought to be brought up differently." But as, unhappily, I was educated in the old system, I fear I cannot mend myself, so I must be very careful with my children. They shall be trained up to a proper economy of the passions, and shall never get in love, without knowing exactly what it will cost them!—Meanwhile I shall take these geraniums to Julia.*

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DANDO, THE OSTRACIDE.

THE subject of the following verses having become "better known than *trusted*," among the proprietors of coffee-shops and eating-houses in the metropolis, was fain to make a predatory excursion, a few months before his death, into Kent; and to gratify his *taste* for ocean delicacies, confined his esurient researches to the principal towns along the coast. Here the fresh sea-breezes gave a keener edge (if possible) to his inordinate appetite—by the *unlawful* indulgence of which he frequently committed himself, and was as frequently committed by the civil magistrates; until at length he was *arrested*, once for all, in his career of gastronomical glory, by the unrelenting bailiff who

* Understood to be from the accomplished pen of the Author of "Eugene Aram":—in the *New Monthly Magazine*.

makes his caption at the suit of nature, and whose prison is the grave. To this circumstance alone we may ascribe the preservation of the *native tribes* (of oysters!), from total extinction.

"Ever eating, never cloying,
All-devouring, all-destroying."

Dando was won't to exclaim, with ancient Pistol, "The world's mine oyster," &c.; and oysters indeed to him were the *dearest* objects to him in the world: albeit he contrived to obtain for *nothing* the enormous quantities he consumed of them. But since he has paid the debt of nature, although unable to discharge any other of his debts, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*]
Oh, death! what havoc in this world you make!
From kings to cobblers,—nay below the last,—
Now from his throne an emperor you shake,
Anon a beggar sinks before the blast;
What though of health incessant care we take,
And bleed, or blister, physic, feed, or fast;
'Tis all the same to you, who cuts us short all,
For I suspect that even I am mortal!

Dando's defunct,—the chief of sponging caitiffs,—
How will the cook-shop keepers all deplore!
Who saw him oft astutious so the *navies*;
Scores upon scores—and never pay his score;
An idler,—yet the first of oper-atives,—
Who, when his work was done, still long'd for more—
To plunge in pepper, vinegar, and mustard,
Then *boil*—as would an alderman a custard!
Yet, though his thoughts were always on his belly,
Dando, at times, evinced *poetic taste*,—
Lamb he devour'd, and his delight was *Shelley*,
Gloated on *Crabbe*, and sometimes *Sprat* embraced:
Though little versed in *rhymes* of L. E. L., he
Could give his I. O. U.—for that I've traced—
And when he'd banqueted on sweetest *soles*,
He always loved to wash them down with *Bowles*!

Milton to him was aye an honour'd name,—
But there are *Milton oysters*, which explains it;
Chaw-cer he thought well merited his fame;
And *Cow-ley* had the charm that always gains it;
Boil-eau, though French, put forth a potent claim,
But Dr. *Kitchener's* (and who arraigns it?)
Still was the spell that made the rest seem *flummery*;
He *dress'd a devil*—better than Montgomery!*

"Say, what is *taste*?"—he said, with *aching side*,†
When to his straining optics once appear'd,—
In a snug cook-shop, which hot joints supplied,—
A dish that brought the water o'er his beard,
"Say, what is *taste*?—I'll try,—though scullions
chide!"—

So in he popp'd, and his intestines cheer'd;
But when he'd pick'd the bone, off ran the glutton,‡
And gave them *leg-ball* for the *leg of mutton*!

Yet seldom this impunity he found,—
When thus to break his fast he broke the law,—
Has been, for eating lobsters, in *Lob's-pound*;‡
Though sometimes he got off, and with a *claw*!
(*ecclat.*)

By magistrates in gaol he hath been bound,
Because a *mau-solemn* was his *maw*,—
Entombing fish, flesh fowl, in spacious rooms,
Within his paunch's boundless catacombs!
In vain would prudence with his craving cope,—
A satisfied appearance he could sham ill;
Nor would he *fast* for Perceval—if Pope—
Whenever he could break through hunger's trammel &c
He ne'er believed that *Pleasures dwelt with Hope*,
And sooner than such lays, he'd *boil a camel*,—
Old Sherry's dramas,—though beneath the turf he's,
Not much could move him, but he relish'd *Murphy's*.§
Though not a great philosopher he was,
He'd heard of *comets*, and a monstrous tale he
Had deem'd our sages' theories and laws,
Fictitious, though sublime, like songs of Bayley:

* Author of "Satan," a poem. † Akenside.

‡ A subliminary limbo, for the *damm'd poor*!

§ Query, Murphy's Plays, or *Murphys*, alias *potatoes*.

Yet he was always making out the cause!
And when his face I saw, I thought 'twas Paley;
But he abhor'd a *Lock (e)*, or I'm mistaken,
Near any library that held his *Bacon*!

'Tis true, he thought but little of philosophy;
Piscivorous was his craving, and he sought
(I do not mean to offer an apology)
Where he might batten on a feast unbought;
Perhaps he then was studying conchology,
And oyster-eating was a *help*, he thought;
But this I know, he had not vow'd in cloisters
To lead a life austere, eschewing oysters.

Oh, it would cheer the *cockles* of his heart,
And set the *muscles* of his jaws in motion,
To see as many as might fill a cart
Of those delicious denizens of ocean!
When once set down, he knew not to depart,
Nor had he of repletion the least notion,
Devouring all he saw—'twas really cruel—
But oysters to his appetite were fuel.

Yes, oysters ever were his *fav'rite* fare,
Of which for lunch, 'tis doubtful, if a dollar a
Sufficiency could purchase for this spare,
Gaunt epicure, whose stomach so intolerable
Would demand a barrel for his share,
And stuff in stern defiance of the cholera!
His thoughts were constantly, and eke his wishes—
Just like a statesman's—on the loaves and fishes!

Rejoice, testaceous trembler's! ope your lips,
And show the shining pearls that lie between—
Whose snowy lustre can so far eclipse
The dental masticators of a queen:
No more your foe shall take his coastwise trips,
With maw insatiate—yet with looks so lean—
To banquet on six bushels for a meal,
At Hythe or Dover, where he ate a *Deal*!

I've often grieved, to think how many fears
Disturb'd your oozy rest beneath the waters,
Which rose, like spring-tides, with your *briny* tears,
Anticipating Dando's daily slaughters;
But hush your apprehensions, little dears!
The *gourmand's* gone—with stomach like an otter's—
So (of his yarn since Atropos the threads
Hath cut) you may sleep easy on your beds!

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

New Books.

THE CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA

[PURSUES the even tenor of its way, unannoyed by the bantling progeny of the same exhaustless stock of literature. Before us are Nos. 35 and 36, which show one third of the projected number of volumes, or 108, to be completed. In the Historical Series, Spain and Portugal will occupy five volumes, the fourth of which is one of the above Numbers. In the early part we find the following interesting view of the *State of Science and the Useful Arts in Spain*, during the domination of the Mahomedans.]

Of grammarians, orators, rhetoricians, mathematicians, astronomers, philosophers, whether moral or natural, physicians, &c. Mohammedan Spain presents a very numerous list, and at a time, too, when many of the sciences were wholly neglected in the rest of Europe. It was in the physical and experimental sciences that the people most excelled. Their knowledge of *botany* was far-famed; that of *chemistry* was more so. So great, indeed, was

their progress in the latter most intricate and then hidden branch of philosophy, that they are universally regarded, if not its founders, at least as its regenerators in Europe; and their works are said to contain the germs of many systems, which, in later ages, have been regarded as original. That their skill in *medicine* was not inferior, is evident from the journey of Sancho the Fat to the court of Cordova, and the complete reduction of his corpulency. MS. commentaries on Dioscorides and Galen are frequent in the Escorial, and hundreds of original works on the subject issued from the pens of the scribes.* In the *mathematics*, and the sciences dependant on them, they were, if possible, still more distinguished. The basis of their geometrical studies were the elements of Euclid, which they commented and illustrated with singular acuteness. They have preserved, in their translations, some valuable Greek treatises; the conic sections of Apollonius, for instance, which would have been otherwise lost. To them we are indebted for most of the improvements in *algebra*, which have been made since the time of Diophantus, and for the arithmetical computation by numbers. The same may be said of *optics*; and in a stronger degree of *astronomy*. The astronomical tables of Ibrahim Abu Ishac, surnamed Alzarcalli, doubtless served as the foundation of the famous tables of Alfonso el Sabio, who, even with them, would probably have made little progress, had he not been assisted by two eminent mathematicians of Granada. By the Spanish Arabs, the astrolabe was greatly improved, and some other instruments invented, especially one for observing the motions of the heavenly bodies, and called, after the name of its inventor, *Zarcalli*. The names of a multitude of mathematicians and astronomers, with their most admired works, are to be found in the valuable though hasty work of Casiri.† In reading the histories of nations we seldom meet with kings who have obtained much distinction for science or general information; but at every step in the history of the Mohammedan sovereignties of Spain do we encounter monarchs whose researches or talents would have honoured a private individual. To render their works more attractive, not a few of the scientific men of the middle ages composed their treatises in verse.‡ Thus, we have a poem on algebra—another on the ordinary rules of arithmetic—another on judicial astrology—a fourth on astronomy—a fifth on the powers of numbers—a sixth on the most recondite

* Tiraboschi (*Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, tom. vi. lib. 3. cap 4.) asserts that, at the period in question there was not an eminent physician in any part of the world! See the *Bibliotheca of Casiri*, tom. i. cod. 735—892.

† Tom. ii. pp. 339—444.

‡ There are also poems on other subjects, on the laws of inheritance, on various branches of physics, and on medicine.

properties of the cone and its sections. That *Judicial astrology* was cultivated with great diligence appears from the number of codices in the great work of Casiri. In one instance of these, it is confidently predicted, that, if the religion of Mohammed should remain until A. H. 1000, all Spain must inevitably receive the Mohammedan yoke. For the names of such a multitude we have no space, not even for that of the illustrious Averroes, whose life would lead us into too wide a field; nor need our silence be much regretted, as whatever general information could be expected from such a compendium as this will be found in the proper place*.

The useful arts of life were no less cultivated by the Arabs than literature and science. *Agriculture*, horticulture, and plantation, were, above all, encouraged by the kings of Cordova and Granada. "The delicious gardens," says Masdeu, "which Abderahman I. planted in his court,—the advantage which the inhabitants of Seville and Cordova derived from the Guadalquivir, whose waters were, on every side, made to irrigate the soil, and to preserve in activity the mills,—the prodigious amenity and fertility of the gardens of Granada, which contained 130 mills, and more than 300 pleasure houses,—the excellent agricultural works composed by our Arabs, among whom Abu Zaccaria, a celebrated Sevillian, merits the title of Prince of Rustic Economy, since, as Casiri well observes, he adapted to the climate of Spain the most useful improvements of Chaldeans, Greeks, Latins, and Africans,—all these are convincing proofs of the affection with which the Moors regarded agriculture after their establishment in the peninsula." The consequence was, an almost unrivalled fertility; a fact to which ample testimony was borne by the Nubian geographer, who travelled through Mohammedan Spain at the commencement of the twelfth century. If to this consideration we add the amazing abundance of fish everywhere on the coast, and the easy tenure by which the labourer, or farmer, held the land,—no one paying more than half, often no more than one-third the produce of the soil to the landlord,—we shall be satisfied, that the condition of this much-neglected class was not unenviable.†

The *mechanical arts and manufactures* were carried to considerable perfection. Ornaments of gold—a metal which continued to abound in several parts of the country—both for men and women; magnificent habits of silk and furs; the abundance of plate in the houses of the rich; the extent to which wool, cotton, and flax, were wrought in the loom; prove, beyond dispute, the industry, no less than the ingenuity, of the Spanish Arabs. By them the use of writing-paper was intro-

duced into Europe. Disputed as this question has been, there can be no doubt that the Arabian historians are right in assigning the original invention to the Chinese, from whom the use passed to the Persians, and from the latter to the Arabians. In A. H. 30, (A. D. 651,) it was known at Samarcand; in A. H. 88 at Mecca; and we are authorized in inferring, that it was introduced into Spain in A. D. 711. The Arabian geographer praises the unrivalled quality of the paper of Xativa, which, as being made of linen, would doubtless be much superior to the cotton manufacture he had seen in the east. In the Escorial, there are MSS. of *linen* paper as old as the commencement of the eleventh century; yet Tiraboschi, who is absolutely ignorant of everything that did not happen in his own country, affirms, that it was invented in Italy during the fourteenth century. *Commerce* was deemed no less worthy of encouragement than domestic industry. The exports were the same as those in the time of Roman Spain. The use of ships for trade naturally led to the formation of a naval fleet, both to protect the national wealth, and to convey troops from Africa to the Balearic isles, and other parts. The *fine arts* were less cultivated; painting was almost unknown, and sculpture was neglected, except in two or three of the great mosques: and, even in these, the extent of the buildings, the variety of the workmanship, rather than its excellency, and the magnificence of its materials, were the only things to be admired. The palace and town of Medina Azhara, the superb mosque of Cordova, and the palace of Alhambra,‡ with other buildings, the description of which, though frequently exaggerated, is to be found in most travellers, convey a high idea of the wealth and enterprise of this people—unquestionably the most wealthy and enterprising of any in Europe, from the eighth to the thirteenth century, when they began to be fully rivalled by the Christians. In short, all the great cities of Mohammedan Spain, Cordova, Granada, Toledo, Valencia, Ubeda, Coimbra, were deeply indebted to their Moorish inhabitants—a fact sufficiently proved by the still subsisting remains of their past magnificence.§

[No. 36 consists of the third and concluding volume of *Lives of the most eminent British Military Commanders*; and contains Lord Clive, Marquis Cornwallis, Sir Ralph Abercromby, and Sir John Moore. In the memoir

† See the exaggerated description of this palace in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and other accessible works. In this, however, as in many other cases, the actual observer is sure to retire disappointed.

§ Abu Abdalla ben Alkhatib, *Splendor Plenilunii*, p. 250. (apud Casiri, *Bibliotheca*, tom. ii.) Alhomaïd, *Supplementum*, p. 202. (in eodem tomo.) Geogr. Nubensis, clim. iv. pars. 1. Abu Bekir Alcodai, *Vestis Serica*, p. 32, &c. (apud Casiri, tom. ii.) Masdeu, *Espana Arabe*, lib. ii. Conde, by Marles, *Histoire de la Domination*, &c. passim.

* Casiri, *Bibliotheca Arabico-Hispana Escorialensis*, tom. ii. in multitudines of codices.

† Authorities, the fragments of Casiri and Masdeu.

of Abercromby, by way of note, is the following extract from General David Stuart's curious and valuable sketches of the character and manners of the highlanders:]

There was something remarkable in this (Sir Ralph Abercromby's) family. The father, who was born in 1704, lived to see his four sons honoured and respected, and at the head of their different professions. While his eldest son, Sir Ralph, was commander-in-chief in the West Indies, his second, Sir Robert, had the same station in the East; Lord Abercromby (a lord of session) was an eminently learned and virtuous judge; and the fourth died in possession of an independent fortune acquired in the service of the East India Company. Three of his daughters were married to gentlemen of family and fortune, who resided so near him, that he could dine with either any day he chose; and his fourth daughter, continuing unmarried, devoted her days to the declining years of her father. Latterly he lived with his son. It happened to be in Edinburgh, in May, 1800, and dined with lady Abercromby on the day Sir Ralph left her to embark in that expedition from which he never returned. A king's messenger had arrived from London the day before, and Sir Ralph, only waiting for a few necessary arrangements, set out the next morning. When at dinner with the family, after his departure, I was affected in a manner I can never forget, by the respectable old gentleman's anxiety about his son, and his observations and inquiries about his future intentions, and what service was intended for him. His particular destination was not known at that time, but it was suspected he would be immediately employed. "They will wear him out," said he, "too soon," (the son was then in his 68th year,) "and make an old man of him before his time, with their expeditions to Holland the one year, and the West Indies the next; and if he would follow my advice, he would settle at home and take his rest." And when Lady Abercromby observed that she was afraid that he must go abroad—"Then," said he, "he will never see me more." The verification of this melancholy prediction might be expected from his great age, being then in his 97th year. He died in the month of July following, eight months before his son, whose absence he regretted so much.

[We are glad to perceive that the editor of the Cabinet Cyclopædia does not hesitate, from false delicacy, to correct his competitors. Thus, in a note in the annexed page, he refers to the exaggerated description of the palace of the Alhambra, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and other accessible works. For want of such acumen on the part of Cyclopædia editors, in particular, errors such as this, have been frequently carried from generation to generation.]

Notes of a Reader.

ENGLISH PRIVATE CARRIAGES.

A WONDERFUL change has taken place in the English coach-horse, as well as the sort of horses put into other kinds of harness, but this has been progressive. Fifty years ago the idea of putting a thorough-bred horse into harness would have been considered preposterous. In the carriages of our noblemen and gentlemen the long-tailed black or Cleveland bay—each one remove from the cart-horse—was the prevailing sort, and six miles an hour the extent of his pace; and he cost from 30*l.* to 50*l.* A few years back a nobleman gave seven hundred guineas for a horse to draw his cabriolet: two hundred guineas is now an every day price for a horse of this description, and a hundred and fifty for a gentleman's coach-horse. Indeed, a pair of handsome coach-horses, fit for London and well broken and bitted, cannot be purchased under two hundred guineas, and even job-masters often give much more for them to let out to their customers. In harness also we think we have arrived at perfection, to which the invention of the patent shining leather has mainly contributed. A handsome horse, well harnessed is a noble sight; and is it not extraordinary that in no country but England is the art of putting a horse into harness at all understood? Independently of the workmanship of the harness-maker, if our road horses were put to their coaches in the loose, awkward fashion of the continent, we could never travel at the rate we do. It is the command given over the coach-horse that *alone* enables us to do it.

As a fac-simile of the gentleman's family coach of fifty years back has now become difficult to produce, we will describe it. It had a most comfortable and roomy body, quite fit to contain six portly persons and suspended by long leather braces, affixed to nearly upright springs. To enable the body to hang low, the perch of a bent form, called the compass perch, was used, and the carriage was of great length and strength. In fact it was, coachman and all, in strict accordance with the animals that drew it, and came under the denomination of "slow and easy." The fashionable open carriage of this day was a still more unsightly object—the high, single-bodied phaeton, all upon the forewheels, and looking as if the hinder ones had nothing to do but follow. This was the favourite carriage of the late king when Prince of Wales, and was commonly driven, by such as could afford it, with four horses in hand. Indeed, it may almost be said to have given birth to our gentleman-coachmanship, as well as to the well-known epigram:—

"What can Tommy Onslow do!
He can drive a phaeton and two.
Can Tommy Onslow do no more?
Yes—he can drive a phaeton and four!"

The phaeton was succeeded by the no less classically ycleped curricule—a carriage, when properly appointed, and followed by two well dressed and well-mounted grooms, of singular elegance certainly. It had a long run in the fashionable world, but being, like the phaeton, only calculated to carry two persons, and requiring never less than three horses, taxation and economy put an end to it. Then came the reign of the gig. The curate's wife, a gouty attorney, or a rich old farmer, fifty years ago, might be seen boxed up in a *whiskey*—which being hung on hind and fore braces, with a head to protect its inmates from weather, made a convenient family conveyance, and—with a steady *dobbin* to draw it—a safe one. Economy induced a leader of *ton* to cast favouring eyes on this snug *whiskey*—and thence the airy *gig*, which, with a hundred-guinea horse in it, has been the best friend to doctors and undertakers they have ever yet found. The race has multiplied, and many names and varieties have been adopted in succession. The quiet movement of their wheels, the nice equilibrium in which they are placed on the axle, the evenness of their motion by reason of their being detached from their shafts, and the ease with which they follow the horse, make *gigs* delightful carriages to ride in, and we could wish they were not so dangerous. The Stanhope, so named after the Honourable Fitzroy Stanhope, who planned it, succeeded the Tilbury, so called from the well-known coachmaker; and the cost, without harness, of either may be about 70*l*. Now “every dog has his day,” and so have our prevailing fashions. The Buggy, Stanhope, Dennet, and Tilbury, have all, during some seasons past, been supplanted by the cabriolet for town work, for which we must allow it is far more suitable—though much too heavy for the road. In London, this has been seen at the opera, at the theatres, at the club-houses, and at dinner parties, with a neat little urchin on the foot-board, performing all the offices of the chariot with not a third of its expenses. The English cabriolet, however, is rather on the decline in the fashionable world, and the light and airy Tilbury is making its appearance again.

The Gatherer.

English Proverbs.

“Sad! quoth the king; Hold! quoth the wind. This is a proper admonition to kings, that however great their power may be over their subjects, the wind, seas, and weather will not obey them, let them threaten or command as they please.

“The people's love is the king's life-guard.”

This contains so plain and excellent a moral, that it needs no comment: it ought

to be fixed up, in characters of gold, over the gates of every palace.

“It is well said; but who will bell the cat.”

This is a Scottish proverb, and was thus occasioned:—The Scottish nobility entered into a combination against a person of the name of Spence, the favourite of King James III. It was proposed to go in a body to Stirling, to seize Spence, and hang him; then to offer their services to the king, as his natural counsellors; upon which the Lord Gray observed—It is well said, but who will bell the cat?—alluding to the fable of the mice, who proposed to put a bell round the cat's neck, that they might be apprized of her coming. The Earl of Angus replied, that he would bell the cat: which he accordingly did, and was ever after called Archibald Bell Cat. This furnishes the nobility of all nations with a good lesson, not to suffer a wicked favourite to domineer over his sovereign, as well as themselves and the whole nation, exerting their authority against him in the most rigorous manner according to law.

G. K.

A Cool Hand.—A young, neck-or-nothing Oxonian, having prevailed on his uncle to accompany him in his gig to Oxford; in passing through Kensington, the old gentleman observed, he had paid his nephew a great compliment, for that was only the *fifth* time he had ever been in a gig in his life. The nephew replied, that his horse beat him hollow, *for he had never been in one at all before that day.*

Ancient Scotch Appeal.—The ancient way of appealing (formerly called Falsing of Doom) from the Justice-court to the High Court of Parliament, was (says Chamberlayne) in this manner:—“The appellant was obliged to protest, that the doom given, was evil, false, rotten, and stinkande in the self, &c. and this he was to do, or bestier his toes qu her his heel stude; i.e. stand with his toes where his heels stood.”

P. T. W.

Odd Portraits.—Pennant, in describing the portrait of Geraldine, wife of the first Earl of Lincoln, says—“Her hair, yellow; her face, a proof how much beauty depends on fancy; her dress, far from elegant.”

Maxim for our times.—One of the great Lord Burleigh's maxims was, *that nothing could be for the advantage of the prince which makes any way against his reputation*; wherefore he never would suffer the rents of lands to be raised, nor the old tenants to be put out.

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The Mirror

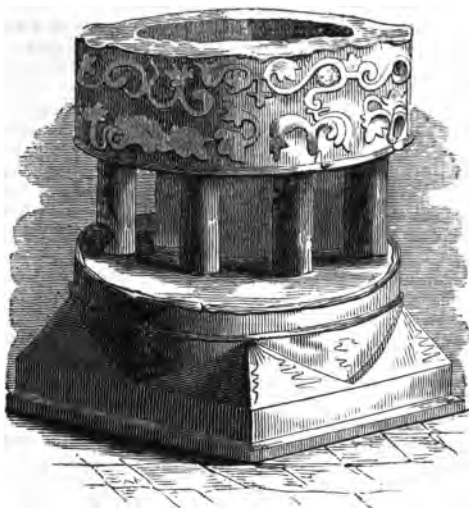
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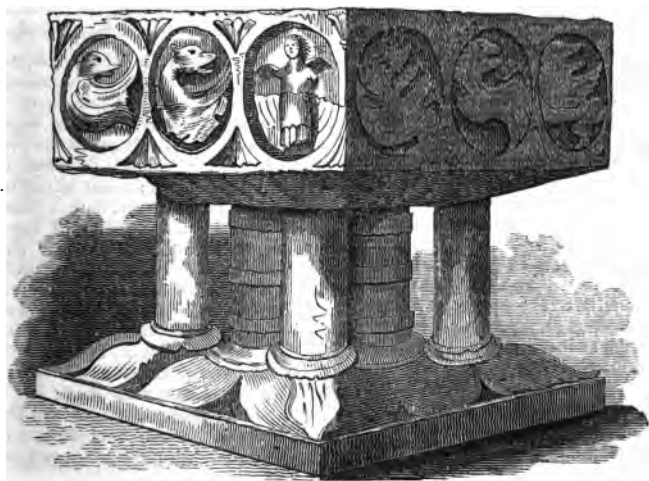
SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.

CURIOUS BAPTISMAL FONTS



(AT HAYES, MIDDLESEX.)



(AT SOUTHAMPTON.)

CURIOUS FONTS.

THE extraordinary Fonts on the annexed page, may be as interesting to the lover of art, as to the ecclesiastical antiquary. They are, undoubtedly, rare specimens, nay, triumphs, of the sculpture of a very distant age; and their florid enrichments have a captivating charm in comparison with the frigid labours of the chisel, which characterize the same species of art in our time.

The first of these relics is in the parish church of Hayes, a village near the Uxbridge road, at the distance of twelve miles from Tyburn turnpike, or the metropolis. The church, which is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, is built, for the most part, with flints, and consists of a chancel, nave, and two aisles. At the west end is a square, embattled tower. In the south wall of the chancel are two stone stalls, of the earliest English architecture, with plain-pointed arches; a piscina, with the drain very perfect; and another small recess, which was a closet, perhaps for holding the chrisam and sacramental elements. Some of the windows in the chancel are of the architecture which prevailed in the fourteenth century, others are lancet-shaped, with brackets of various forms. The Font, which stood within a pew at the west end of the church, is of very singular construction, and of great antiquity; apparently of much earlier date than any portion of the church; it is large and circular, very highly sculptured and stands on eight massive pillars, and a central shaft.

The aisles are separated from the nave of the church by octagonal pillars and pointed arches. The north aisle appears to have been built in the fourteenth, or early in the fifteenth century: the south aisle has a flat roof, and windows with obtuse arches. It is probable that it was built about the year 1500, and that the nave was repaired and new-roofed at the same time, the cognizances of England and Arragon being carved on the joints of the fretwork with which it is ornamented: on others are emblems of the crucifixion, and various devices.*

The second Font is in the church of St. Michael, at Southampton, a building of considerable antiquity. It consists of a nave, chancel, and side aisles, with a low tower rising from the centre, and finished by a lofty and well-proportioned octagonal spire. On each side of the west window the Saxon masonry of the original front is still discernible; in the eastern front the same character of masonry is also visible, together with a fragment of a small angular column, and a portion of the billeted moulding. The Font is, however, the antique gem of the structure, and it is thus minutely described by the dis-

tinglished antiquarian pen of Sir H. E. Englefield, in his *Walk through Southampton*:

"The Font consists of a block of black marble three feet four inches square and one foot six inches deep, supported in its centre by a cylinder of the same material, ornamented with horizontal rings, so as much to resemble a barrel, and at each angle by a plain pillar of white stone, one foot six inches high and about six inches diameter. The whole stands on another marble block of about three feet square and about seven inches deep, out of which are cut bases for the small columns, consisting of a flat ring on a large, round cushion; these rest on a plain, square plinth of about three inches high; a plain leaf falls from the bases of the columns on each angle of the plinth. The top stone is excavated into an hemispherical basin, two feet six inches diameter, round which runs a scroll of foliage of very rude execution but not ill designed; and the angles are filled with an imitation of the ancient ornament, now generally called the honeysuckle. The sides of the Font, of which three only are now visible, as the Font stands against the wall, are each divided into three circular compartments, with a sort of winged minotaur in each, something like a griffin, except one, which has an angel in a long robe of linen, covered with a shorter tunic; his hands are folded on his heart, and round his head is the nimbus or glory; behind his shoulders are two wings, which reach to his feet. These sides are one foot one inch and a half deep, the remaining four inches and a half of the thickness of the block slope away to the central cylinder in a sort of fluting or broad leaves, now much defaced. The workmanship of the whole is in the very modest style of Saxon sculpture."

A few notes upon the appropriation of Fonts, generally, may not be an uninteresting appendix to the annexed specimens.

Fonts were usually placed in baptisteries, or places wherein the baptism was performed, and which were generally detached from the body of the church; some beautiful specimens are extant in Italy, but it does not appear that any building devoted expressly to the purpose of baptism, was ever erected in Great Britain. In ancient churches, the Fonts were locked up in Lent, because Easter and Whitsuntide, except upon peril of death, were seasons of baptism. This custom was abolished about the year 1100, chiefly because it was dangerous, from fear of death, and the number of infants who died; but the old custom of baptising at Easter and Pentecost remained long after. Immersion was most usual, though sprinkling was very anciently allowed.

Robinson says, that the ancient baptistery was a bath, in the earliest periods of which the administrator and candidates went *down* steps into the bath; in after ages the admini-

* Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet, vol. I.

nistrators went up steps to a platform, on which stood a small basin, which they called a bath, and wherein they plunged children, without going into the water themselves. These Founts he divides into, 1. original, the baptistery for immersion; 2. missionary, or Founts of necessity, viz. temporal fabrics, where there were no baptismal chapels, Founts in private houses from cases of necessity, fancy Founts erected and decorated, sometimes of silver, of which kind were those for ancient princes, our kings, &c. 3. ordinary parochial Founts; of these the largest are the oldest.*

Mr. Gough notes, that sarcophagi were converted into founts; that they were first set up in private houses; before the Reformation, were lined with lead; that the covers were locked for fear of sorcery, and during Lent; and the water superstitiously used, in order to cure diseases.†

It should be added, that Founts were sometimes called baptisteries, as well as the rooms in which they were placed. That of St. Peter's, Oxford, is a large, stone, oval basin, with figures under niches, all around, is of the date of Alfred, and peculiarly noticeable. We read likewise of a Fount, in one of the greater churches on the continent, which is supported by twelve oxen, in emblematical reference to the birth of Christ.

We abridge these facts from Mr. Fosbroke's valuable *Encyclopædia of Antiquities*; wherein he has likewise assembled, with his usual diligence, many curious particulars of ancient baptism.

* Robinson's Hist. Baptism.

† Gough on Founts, in the *Archæologia*.

Manners and Customs.

THIRD-NIGHT-AWN-HINDE.

(*Trium noctium hospes.*)

By the laws of St. Edward the Confessor, if any man lie a third night in an inn, he was called a third-night-awn-hinde, for whom his host was answerable, if he committed an offence. The first night, forman-night, or uncuth, (Sax. unknown,) he was reckoned a stranger; the second night, twa-night, a guest; and a third night, an agen-hinde, or awn-hinde, a domestic.—*Bract. lib. 3.**

INSCRIPTIONS ON CHURCH BELLS.

Our ancestors were very much in the habit of writing distichs, &c. on church-bells, of which the following is an instance. Edward III. erected a *clochier* in the Sanctuary at Westminster, in which were placed three bells, the largest of which had the following inscription:

"King Edward made mee
Thirty thousand weight and three.
Take mee down and weigh mee,
And more you shall fynd me."

In the days of Henry VIII. these bells

* From Tomlin's *Law Dictionary*, vol. ii.

were taken down; and some poet of the day wrote upon them *with a coat*—

"But Henry the Eighth
Will bait me of my weight."

ANTIQUARES.

ENGLISH LOTTERIES.

The first lottery in England was drawn in the year 1569, near the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral. It consisted of 40,000 lots, at 10s. each,—the prize being distributed in plate; and the profits arising from it were intended to be used as the "sinews" whereby the English havens should be repaired. In 1612, James, to encourage the Anglo-Virginians, granted them a lottery, which was drawn at the west-end of the Park: again the prize appears to have been plate.

In the reign of Queen Anne, lotteries having increased to an intolerable degree, they were suppressed as public nuisances; but were revived under the reign of her successor, George I., though without much benefit to the public. Their discontinuance, a few years since, must be in the reader's recollection. JUVENIS.

RINGS GIVEN AT WEDDINGS.

It appears that rings were in olden times given away to the attendants on the day of marriage. We are informed, in Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, that the once famous philosopher Kelley, who was openly profuse beyond the limits of a sober philosopher, did give away in gold-wire rings, (or rings twisted with three gold wires,) at the marriage of one of his maide-servants, to the value of *four thousand pounds*." This happened in the year 1589, at Trebona. ANTIQUARES.

ABJURATION.

EVERY reader or student of our ancient customs is aware of there being once sanctuaries in England. The felon often engaged upon oath to leave England for ever, upon the promise being made that he should not be molested. The following was the form of the abjuration:—

"This heare thou, Sir Coroner, that I, H., of L., am a robber of a sheep, (or any other beast,) and a murderer of one or more, and a fellow of our Lord the King of England; and because I have done so many evils or robberies in the land, I do abjure the land of our Lord King Edward; and I shall haste me to the port of (generally the port nearest the sanctuary, and which he was required to name) London, which thou hast given to me, and that I shall not goe out of the highway; and if I do, I will that I be taken as a robber and a felon of our Lorde the King. And there I will diligently seeke for passage, and I will tarrie there but one flood and ebbe, if I can have passage; and unless I can have it there, I will goe every day into the water

up to my knees, assaying to pass over; and unlesse I can do it in forty dayes, I will put myself again in the church as a robber and a felon of our Lorde the King, so God mee help and his holy judgment." ANTIQUARES.

ASTROLOGY.

It should seem that astrology was considered formerly as an essential part of the learning of a physician; for Chaucer, in the prologue to his *Canterbury Tales*, has thus characterized him:—

"With us there was a doctor of physic;
In al the worlde was ther non hym lyk,
To speke of physik and of surgerye;
For he was groundit in Astronomy.
He kept his pacient a ful gret del
In hourly by his magyk naturel;
Wel couthe he fortunen the ascendent
Of his ymagys for his pacient."

H. B. ANDREWS.

New Books.

THE LAUREAD.

[THIS is the first book of "a literary, political, and naval satire, by the author of *Cavendish*," a novel, in the language of the critics, "of very considerable talent." We, who do not profess to be critical, are at a loss to describe the *Lauread* to the reader. It has the bite and gall of satire, and the satirist appears to have taken the whip in an honest hand, not to spare the vices of the great or titled, but to lash the rascals naked through the world, Even from the east to the west.

The author himself characterizes his *Lauread* as "a poem with action and characters"—not in the usual declamatory style of satire, but more upon the models of the *Dunciad* and *Rosciad*, with dialogue, as in *Horace*. This is managed with skill, and little, if any, of the coarseness of calumny; though there are throughout the poem strong marks of indemnity for past injuries, and reference to obscure individuals and circumstances which can only aid the author's notoriety, and but little interest the public. The author's novel of *Cavendish* may have unfolded the secret doors of the Admiralty, and the King may have been advised to strike him from off the Navy List; but we question whether the world care a jot about the matter: a vague hint of a political intrigue at Court would afford them much more gratification, and higher game for their sport. At the same time, the *Lauread* contains portraits, scenes, and sketches, not only of powerful talent, but of excellent purpose. Thus, a few specimens. In the Introduction the author says:—]

The Slanderer is he who maligns the good for the amusement of the vicious; the Satirist, he who exposes the vicious for the protection of the good. The first class form a set of cowardly, craven-hearted wretches, who are equally ready to fasten on the weak and

harmless, as to shrink from vice exulting in its strength. The second class are those who assist the former, and regardless of all consequences, attack the latter,—relying solely on their moral courage and innate rectitude of purpose. I leave it to this Poem to decide, in the minds of the good and conscientious, as to which class I belong.

[The episode of Sir Joseph is good, without the deduction:]

Behold Sir Joseph—he whose life betrays
An ill-directed longing after praise;
Kind is his heart, and in his soul once glow'd
The many virtues Nature had bestowed,
Alas! in vain;—one feeling ruled the rest,
And drives all pleasure from his tortured breast,—
The timid fear to make one fool his foe,
Or futile hope to please each knave below.
Large are his means, and sumptuous is his board,
With costliest wines his spacious cellars stored.
His house a palace,—all who come may stay,
Command his means, and revel through the day;
His air is courteous,—on his well-bred tongue
No words of rancour or of falsehood hung;
His purse is open to assist each friend,
(By humbler claimants never asked to lend.)
Slight the return the ge'rous host expects,
Would win your smile, but scans not your defects:
My Lord's ungrateful—but he will not see;
Socius maligns him, but—it cannot be;
Another sneers, but—surely 'twas in joke,
And not in earnest, that Sir Richard spoke:
The wits insulting use him as their butt,
Pronounce him vulgar, and his gait a strut!
"Then, help me, Heav'n, was ever such a phiz?
Or such a figure? What a vile old quiz!
His feed is hospitable—yes, 'tis true,
But ostentation's all he has in view.
Besides, the rogue's grown stingy quite of late,
'stead of a thousand, lent me only eight!
And pertly answered, when he saw me stare,
'Twas all convenience just then could spare!"
Thus by degrees he meets the full contempt
From which too oft the vicious stand exempt.
Still he forbears, lest harsher steps should tend
To make one enemy or lose one friend,
Till by long custom insults lose their force,
And come, with noontide, as affairs of course.
If smit his left cheek, lo! he turns the right;
Merely to jeer him now affords delight;
If Joan would cheat him, straight he shuts his eyes;
His "friends" rebuke him, but he ne'er replies,
Nor tells the truth, such jealous rogues to shame,
How long, like Joan, those friends have done the same.
By knaves pronounced an easy, good old fool,
And prov'd by all a very useful tool,
Now "base"—now "mean" his life still glides
along!

Too dull to write, too deaf to hear a song:
The shafts of satire ne'er could make him bleed,—
The print was bad—it hurt his eyes to read.
Nephews and nieces league to send him port,
And herds of venison come to "Treatall Court,"
Soon the last items of our earthly ills
Succeed,—the lawyers' and the doctors' bills;
Gout twanks his toes, and asthma clogs his sighs,
He makes his will,—they drug him,—and he dies.
Cloth'd at his cost, in mourning round his pall,
"How good—Sir Joseph! How bewailed by all!
To find his like how vainly would you search!"
The coaches wait—they jest—and ride to church;
Returned, at length th' attested parchment's read,
Sir Joseph curs'd, and all his virtues fed:
"How dared he slight such obvious claims as mine?—
Was it not I who sent him so much wine?"
"I too, who nursed him,—he 'should ne'er forget,"
The stingy hound reminds me an old debt!"
"As hard my case—Was ever such a thing?
His dearest friend—a fifty-guinea ring!"

"Well, come, old Gouty's left us at our ease,
Thanks to our prudence, we're co-legatees,"
Slighted, or favoured, bring his faults to light,
The last by fun, the former urged by spite.
A twelvemonth's obloquy succeeds his death,
And panning scandal droops for want of breath:
Another title designates his court:
His mortgaged manors yield a stranger sport.
The truly good ne'er heard Sir Joseph's fame,
So dull oblivion stagnates o'er his name;
Effaced from all save that sad mouldering stone
Where adulation mocks at friendship's tone,
And verd'rous life to hide each line will grow,
Fast as corruption cankers him below.

[The interior of one of the splendid club-houses in Pall Mall:]

Around the room that rose to greet my view,
The gaudy colours vied with or-molu,
To prove the owners—void of taste or sense—
Had nobly aimed to dazzle with expense.
A perfume rich of onions fried with beef,
Arose to yield such opulence relief,
While shabby coats upon a hundred backs,
Proclaimed how heavy was the clothier's tax.
There lay a grenadier, who took his nap,
And spurned a sofa—hid within his cap.
Here fiercely strutted in a new corset,
A half-pay major—very much in debt.
In the first mirror he admired his head,
And wished his face would choose to grow less red,
Since now too oft the military beaux
With scarlet cheeks outvie their scarlet clothes:
"Praps stays too tight?—Gad! that will never do,
Mem.—to let out a button-hole—or two."
Much loud debate methought there did arise,
As captains, colonels, fled before my eyes:
While little "gradies" mouthing forth big words,
Seemed puny apes enchained to monstrous swords.
In disputation much they seemed to vie,
Their rule that none should hear his friend reply:
Or if grave argument employed them less,
Their converse ran on cookery or dress.
As, "Faith! that coat, sir, seems to fit you well,
Or did, when new—Who made it? Prithce tell.—
Last night I went to General Crewe's to sup,
And, merry souls, we sewed each other up,
Then sallied out to have a little spree,
Got thrashed in K's and bilked old Mrs. C."
Much too they seemed to praise their fine abode,
Of thought—of care, the club relieved a load,
Such cooks—such dinners—and such sumptuous
wine,
Jove's heavenly nectar never so divine.
But loud o'er all the advantages they reap,
Its chief attraction—"twas so monstrous *cheap!*"
Nor this the least convenience of their lives,
"Twas such a good excuse to all their wives!"
Their books in number now were grown so small,
Some six or seven served to teach them all;
While for their learning they were ne'er perplexed,
Since this year's wisdom reached them in the next.

[In the dialogue between Admiral Paulus and the author, the latter indignantly replies to a remark that his satire will not be read:]

"Not heard!—Not read!—'Tis false, thou paltry thing.
Heard by my foes and read by Britain's K.—
Well might this spur a loftier muse to write,
And vindicate the slave whose cause is right;
But bearded thus, vain braggart, here I throw
Defiance down and strike a nobler blow.
What self defence and just regard of fame,
Impelled at first, now owns a higher aim;
Love of my species and disgust to see
Earth's foulest tyrants trampling down the free.
No ear to heed me?—There at least thou'rt wrong,
Great Brougham's self will hear an honest song,
That master-spirit whom we still behold,
Cautious in council, as in action bold;

Through whose career such varied parts are seen,
Scourge of a monarch, saviour of a queen,
Form'd to attack, unequalled to defend,
The people's tutor, and the nation's friend;
We scarcely know where praise is rather due—
To Fate that gave, or Mind that bore him through,
For calm instruction now he points his pen,
Or fiercely battles for the rights of men,
He lifts his voice, and Heav'n directed roll
Its accents thund'ring to the distant pole.
Now rocks the northern fens upon his throne,
Or bears its solace to the Torrid Zone:
The captive negro pauses 'midst his sighs,
Hears the glad sound and wipes his blood-shot eyes,
Now brightly dazzled with the dawning ray,
Shall light his offspring in another day;
Nor yet far off, pray Heav'n that hour be nigh,
To free the slave, but dash the wretch from high;
Despite of knaves who fain would misinform,
And raise a cry for puddles in a storm,
Despite of all that selfish fears can urge,
The planter's riches or his minion's scourge.

[The Notes occupy nearly as many pages as the Poem, but we do not think so freely from objection. They almost defeat their purpose by their own virulence, which is, at the best, a sad waste of time and temper.]

TRAVELS IN TURKEY, GREECE, &c.

By Adolphus Slade, Esq.

[This is as clever and amusing a book of travels as any of late years. It has none of the besetting sins of travellers' records, which appear to be in too minutely relating personal adventures, and generalizing upon matters of greater importance to the reader. The narrative is singularly unaffected; for travel almost invariably begets self-conceit. The author is no venerative respecter of antiquity, but prefers the country *as it is* to the contemplation of its bygone glories. Thus, he justly observes: "the Turkish empire is as interesting now, that it is crumbling to pieces as it was in the sixteenth century, when a Tartar could ride with the sultan's firman, respected all the way, from the banks of the Volga to the confines of Morocco—when its armies threatened Vienna, and its fleets ravaged the coasts of Italy. It then excited the fears of civilized Europe: it now excites its cupidity."

Mr. Slade having touched at some of the Grecian isles, reached Constantinople in 1829, when the second campaign between the emperor (of Russia) and the sultan (of Turkey,) was commencing. Here he became acquainted with the Capitan Pasha, with whom he cruised on the Black Sea. His stay at Constantinople enabled him to gather much information on the policy of the Sultan and the political aspect of the times; after which the author embarked in his majesty's ship *Blonde*, and visited Sevastopol, Odessa, Varna, and Bourgas. He then proceeded over the seat of war in Roumelia. He visited Adrianople, Philippopolis, &c.: he traversed the winter quarters of the Russian army; and crossing the Balkans by the Kasan pass,

went to Schumla : thus enabling himself to furnish the reader with many details of the campaign of 1829. Quitting Schumla, he again traversed the Russian cantonments, and so returned to Constantinople, where he then remained three months. He left Constantinople in the summer of 1830, again went to Adrianople, and thence descending the Marizza, visited Demotica, Enos, &c. From Enos he embarked for Samothraki, and from there sailed to Mount Athos. He next went to Salonica, thence to Smyrna, where he remained some months, and returned to Italy in the beginning of 1831. To this outline of the author's route we shall add a few specimens of his lively, intelligent, and picturesque description.]

An affecting scene at Scio.

Perceiving us intent on filling our chibouques, an elderly woman brought us charcoal, then fetched us some indifferent sherbet, while a young girl presented us roses, according to the Grecian custom. The appearance of our hostesses, joined to their *naïve* politeness, was very interesting; through the garb of poverty, we perceived in the elder tokens of another sphere, and in the sweet countenance of the younger, that she was born to higher hopes. She was very beautiful; her eyes black, her hair auburn, descending in braids to her middle, and her elastic, graceful form was set off by a Turco-Grecian costume, which, though coarse, appeared elegant on her. Their tale was soon told, one of many similar. On that never-to-be-forgotten night, they had lost all that makes life dear—kindred and friends—their wealth had enriched their destroyers, and in their once happy home they were now domestics. "In this paradise," exclaimed the elder, "my husband lived, my children flourished, and I was blest:—fools! why had we not followed the warnings we received, and fled in time? O night of woe! what cruel pity spared me, preserved that innocent I should myself have slain! She was so young. I saved her life—alas! for what. You see her beauty, fatal gift! Our lord has seen her; may, if unrestrained by pity, drag her from me!" Grief stopped her utterance, while her daughter threw herself in her arms, energetically exclaiming, "Never, mother; they shall bear me to death sooner." It was quite a scene, and made our rough skipper draw his sleeve across his eyes. It was near midnight before we left this interesting couple to return to our wooden couches; they felt a melancholy pleasure in relating and bewailing their misfortunes.

Wine at Tenedos.

They make some of the best wine in the Archipelago; it is strong bodied, of a good flavour, not at all unlike port, and infinitely better than the drug under that denomination

sold in most of the hotels in England. The price of it, in 1829, was eighteen paras (three halfpence) the *oq* (quart): we paid at the rate of twenty-five paras for some which had been in cask two years.

A Night at Pera.

The town enjoyed a death-like repose, only broken occasionally by the watchmen hitting their iron-shod staves on the pavement; yet notwithstanding such auxiliaries, I could not sleep, for since leaving Genoa I had had occasion to rough it without a bed. The night, however, was not long; on looking at my watch, at breakfast, in the morning, I was dismayed to find that it was just five o'clock. What a space to get over till noon, the hour a London day commences! What detriment to candle-makers, the custom of the East, to appropriate the day to business, the night to sleep! No oriental will willingly commence a task or a journey after noon; he looks at the sun, and says in excuse, "It is evening." The Frank, though he grumbles at first at this new division of time, soon gets used to it, and likes it, especially when, as at and about Constantinople, he sees the sun rise every morning over the most charming scenery in the world.

Punishment for Bakers at Constantinople.

I had not proceeded up two of the steep streets, on my way to the Eski Saray, attracted by a review, when I was stopped by a singular exhibition peculiar to Turkish towns, a baker nailed by his ear to his door-post. I was fortunate, for the sight is sufficiently rare to make it a curiosity. The position of the rascal was most ludicrous, rendered more so by the perfect nonchalance with which he was caressing his beard. The operation, they say, does not hurt much; though in this case it was done very roughly, and the patient was obliged to stand on his toes to keep his ear from tearing. "This is nothing," said my dragoman, observing my attention; "a few days ago a master-baker, as handsome a young fellow as ever you saw, had his nose and ears cut off: he bore it like a brave one: he said he did not care much about his ears, his turban would hide the marks—but his nose—he gave the executioner a bribe to return it to him, after he had shown it to the judge, that he might have it stuck on again." "Poor fellow!" I thought, "that would have puzzled Carpe!" "It served him right," added my dragoman; "at that time loaves were scarcer than baker's noses." The Spartan appearance of the bread in the shops was evidence of the scarcity which still reigned: it had been blacker a short time previous, and caused serious disturbances, especially on the part of the women, which the government could only quell by distributing rations.

Fish in the Bosphorus.

Nature has been equally beneficent to the

Bosphorus in a substantial point of view, stocking it with fish of every description, more than sufficient for the daily consumption of the vast population of Constantinople. Among these the sword-fish ranks first. Notwithstanding its size, it is delicate eating, and is moreover very fashionable, as being the favourite dish of Sultan Mahmoud. It is chiefly caught in the Bosphorus and the Propontis, rarely in the Hellespont, and still more rarely in the Euxine or the Archipelago; in the latter of which seas, however, it abounded in 1812, an extensive emigration having taken place, to the alarm of the Constantinople *bons vivans*, who feared that it would never return; and it was, in consequence, seriously proposed in divan to send a vessel down to catch a male and female alive, and tow them up to the Bosphorus; but the voluntary return of the fugitives prevented this project from being carried into effect. When properly dressed, sword pointed, it is a regal looking dish, fit to crown a civic banquet. The palamitte, a large, and rather coarse fish, is also greatly esteemed. It is an emigrating species, and found in greatest plenty in the sea of Azof: the Cossacks salt great quantities of it. There is also turbot in the Bosphorus, similar to, though not quite so good, as the English turbot. It requires habit to relish it, from its back being covered with scaly carbuncles, considered a dainty by the natives, which offend the sight. There being no want of lobsters, it may be eaten *en regle*. Red mullet, soles, and white-bait, are in profusion; likewise the ink fish, so called from containing a bag of black liquid, perfectly adapted to write with: remove it, and the taste of the fish resembles that of skait; it is, however, generally dressed with it as sauce, and therefore few strangers have the courage to eat it, nor does it, after a trial, tempt a repetition. The Greeks make a great consumption of it in their rigorous fasts, for it does not rank as fish.

The Tomb of the Armenian brothers.

The current tired our rowers' brawny arms and bent their ashen blades, yet we cleaved it steadily as far as Arnaoutki, where we stopped to refresh ourselves with coffee and chibouques. Two trees on a hill above the village pointed out the tomb of the unfortunate Armenian brothers, Touz-Oglou, a few years since the first bankers of Stamboul. They abounded in wealth, but being generous, were not envied; they exhibited vizirial pomp, but, being modest in behaviour, were liked by believers and unbelievers; they were young, but, being rich, could not expect to attain old age; they were directors of the mint, a dangerous, though much sought after, post in a country where depreciating the coin is a familiar financial resource. Mahmoud, the reforming, innovating sultan,

despising the policy of his predecessors in only gradually reducing the standard of money so as not to produce too sudden a panic, as savouring of prejudice, issued at once a hatti scheriff, commanding his subjects to bring all their gold and silver money to their respective governors, for which they should receive little more than half the value: pain of death to the refractory. Commotions naturally ensued, and in the capital proved so serious, that to appease them, and throw the odium off the government, the Touz-Oglou, whose only crime was in having literally obeyed their master, were accused of having depreciated the coin of the realm for their own advantage. A victim, no matter whether guilty or innocent, always pacifies a mob, is the Turkish maxim, perhaps applicable in all countries, so the Touz-Oglou, whose innocence was clear to all informed persons, were put to death, their property confiscated, their relations exiled, but their bodies, as a particular mark of the sultan's clemency, were allowed to be interred, instead of being thrown into the sea according to custom.

Living at Constantinople.

In ordinary years, the environs of Constantinople are blest with great plenty, combined with great cheapness, though when I was there the contrary was the case. The lady of an envoyé informed me that, previous to the war, the table expenses of her family, at Buyukderé, were little more than a dollar a day. Turkeys, not unworthy of Norfolk, sold usually at fourpence each; fowls, &c. accordingly; beef and mutton equally cheap. The opposite shore of Asia supplies the finest fruit and vegetables in abundance; also game. Tolerable wine is made by the Greeks, particularly from a grape called altyn tach (golden stone,) and sold at a penny or three-halfpence a quart. In the autumn months wild boars come down in the vineyards to eat the grapes when they are easily shot; and in the same season the sun is often nearly obscured by the prodigious flights of quails which alight on the coast of the Black Sea, near the Bosphorus, and are caught by means of nets, spread on high poles planted along the cliff some yards from its edge, against which the birds, which are exhausted by their passage over the sea, bring up and fall. By this simple mode, the Mussulmans enjoy a delicacy which they otherwise could not, since they consider anything that dies of gunshot wounds as unclean, the blood thereby not freely escaping. This is the chief reason why they do not eat game; they hold no birds in holy dislike excepting the partridge, one of which species betrayed, by its cackling, the hiding-place of the saint Mustapha. I can best illustrate the nature of this annual migration of quails, by observing that the sultan, October, 1829, sent orders to the capitan pasha to catch four hundred dozen for the

use of the seraglio: they were collected in three days, and sent to their destination, alive in small cages.

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT DAGGER.



THIS curious little weapon is supposed to be the model of those employed in the massacre of the Britons at Stonehenge. It was found in the vicinity of Ciligeran, in Pembrokeshire, and appears to be the very same which was shown to the Rev. Theophilus Evans, author of a rare work in the *British* language, entitled *A View of the Primitive Ages*, first published in 1739, wherein he exactly describes it, agreeing in almost every particular with that represented in the above Cut: thus, he says: "the blade was seven inches long and more than half an inch wide, double edged, five inches of the seven. The handle was of ivory, of minutely skilful workmanship, having on it the figure of a naked woman, with a round ball in her left hand, and her right resting on her hip; on which side stood the figure of a boy with the sun-beams (*a glory*) round his head: the sheath was also of ivory, and very curiously ornamented." This is a translation of Mr. Evans's description, and is very accurate, as far as his conception of the figures went; but he entirely mistook that of the boy, which is clearly a Cupid, by the side of his mother, having every attribute that ancient mythology usually invests the son of Venus with, the wings,

the bow, and the quiver. The supposed massacre at Stonehenge, Mr. Evans, in the running title of his book, calls *the treachery of the long knives*; the story of which horrible slaughter is to be found in the most ancient and authentic Welch MSS. and even in the writings of those contemporary with Jeffrey of Monmouth, who rejected his fables. The scene of this treacherous plot is laid on Salisbury Plain, which, from its extent and central situation, was well calculated for great national conventions, at which it was not lawful for even the prince to appear armed; a favourable circumstance, which the wily Saxons availed themselves of, the better to accomplish their murderous design without suspicion.

The original of the weapon here represented was long treasured in the museum of John Symmons, Esq. of Paddington House.*

* Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet, vol. i.

The Public Journals.

CROCODILE ISLAND.

My favourite inn at Oxford was the Golden Cross. The Angel was admirable in its way; the Star celestial; and the Mitre fit for an archbishop,—but the snug room on the left of the inner court of the Golden Cross was superior to them all. There seemed to be more comfort there than in the gaudier apartments of its rivals, and the company one met with was generally more inclined to be social. About eight o'clock in the evening was "the witching time o' night," for at that hour the multitudinous coaches from the North poured in their hungry passengers to a plentiful, hot supper. In these hurried refectons I invariably joined. Half an hour very often sufficed to give me glimpses of good fellows whom it only required time to ripen into friends. Many strange mortals I saw, who furnished me with materials for thinking till the next evening; and sometimes I have been rewarded for the wing of a fowl by a glance from a pair of beautiful, bright eyes which knocked all the classics, and even Aldrich's *Logic*, out of my head for a week. Three coaches, I think, met at the Golden Cross. There was very little time for ceremony; the passengers made the best use of the short period allowed them, and devoted more attention to the viands before them than to the courtesies of polished life. I made myself generally useful as a carver, and did the honours of the table in the best manner I could. One night I was waiting impatiently for the arrival of the coaches, and wondering what sort of company they would present to me, when a young man came into the room and sat down at a small table before the fire, who immediately excited my curiosity. He

called for sandwiches, and rum and water, and interrupted his active labours in swallowing them only by deep and often-repeated sighs. He was tall, and strikingly, handsome. I should have guessed him to be little more than one or two and twenty, had it not been for a fixedness about the brow and eyes which we seldom meet with at so early a time of life. I was anxious to enter into conversation with him; for, as I have said, I was greatly interested by his appearance. I thought I knew the faces of all the University; and I was certain I had never met with him before. He had not the general appearance of a groomsman; he was tastefully and plainly dressed; obviously in very low spirits; and finished his second tumbler in the twinkling of a bedpost. As the third was laid down before him, I had just given the preliminary cough with which a stranger usually commences a conversation, when a rush was made into the room by the occupants of all the three coaches, and the Babel and confusion they created prevented me from executing my intention. On that occasion I did not join the party at the supper-table. I maintained my position at the corner of the chimney, very near the seat occupied by the youth who had so strongly excited my attention. The company were more than usually numerous; and a gentleman, closely muffled up, finding no room at the principal board took his station at the same table with the stranger. The intruder threw off one or two cloaks and greatcoats, and untied an immense profusion of comforters and shawls, revealing the very commonplace countenance of a fat, burly man about fifty years of age, with great, staring, blue eyes, and a lank flaxen wig of the lightest colour I had ever seen. This personage gave his orders to the waiter in a very imperious tone, to bring him a plate of cold beef, and a quart of brown stout, and exhibited various signs of impatience while his commands were executed.

"Cold night, sir," he said, at length addressing the youth. "I've travelled all the way from Manchester, and feel now as hungry as a hunter."

"It takes a man a long time to die of starvation," replied the other. "Men have been known to subsist for ten days without tasting food."

"Thank God, that has never been my case. I would not abstain from food ten minutes longer to save my father from being hanged.—Make haste, waiter!"

The young man shook his head, and threw such an expression of perfect misery into his handsome features, that his companion was struck with it.

"I'm afraid," he said, you are unhappy, in spite of being so young. You haven't wanted meat so long yourself, I hope.—

Waiter, what the devil's keeping you with that 'ere beef?"

"Worse, worse," replied the other, in a hollow voice. "Youth is no preventive against care, or crime, or misery, or—*murder!*"

He added the last word with such a peculiar intonation, that the traveller started, and laid down his knife and fork, which he had that moment taken possession of, and gazed at him as if he were anxious to make out his meaning.

"Don't judge of me harshly," continued the youth; "but listen to me, I beseech you, only for a moment, and you will confer a great obligation on a fellow-creature, and prevent misery of which you can have no conception."

The man thus addressed remained motionless with surprise. He never lifted his eyes from the deeply melancholy countenance of the narrator; and I must confess I listened with no little earnestness to the disclosure he made myself.

"At sixteen years of age," he said, "I found myself a denizen of the wilds. Shaded from the summer heats, by magnificent oaks of the primeval forest, where I lived; and secured from the winter's cold, by skins of the tiger and lynx, I had not a desire ungratified. Groves of orange-trees spread themselves for hundreds of miles along our river: cocoanuts, and all the profusion of fruits and flowers with which the Great Spirit saw fit to beautify the original paradise of man, supplied every want. The eagle's feather in my hair, the embroidery of my wampum belt, pointed out to my followers where their obedience was to be rendered: and I felt myself prouder of their unhesitating submission, and the love with which they regarded me, than that the blood of a hundred kings flowed in my veins. I was Chief of the Chactaws and Muscogulges. My mother was of European origin: her grandfather had visited the then thinly populated regions of North America, in company with several hundred bold and heroic spirits like himself, whose aspirations for the independence and equality of man, had carried them beyond the dull, cold letter of the law. His name yet survives in Tipperary; his boldness was the theme of song; and the twelve dastard mechanics, who, at the bidding of a judge, consented to deprive their country of its ornament and hero, and to banish him, with all the nobility of his nature fresh upon him, were stigmatized as traitors to the cause of freedom. In spite, however, of their cowardice and meanness, they could not resist displaying the veneration in which they held him, by entwining his wrists with massive belts; and even around his legs they suspended majestic iron chains, which rattled with surpassing grandeur whenever he moved. He had not been long in the new land to which his merits had

thus transferred him, when his name became as illustrious in it as it had been in his own. The name of O'Flaherty is still, I understand, a word of fear to the sleepy-eyed burghers of the law-oppressed towns. But his course was as short as it was glorious. In leading a midnight attack on the storehouse of some tyrannising merchant, he was shot in the act of breaking open a box which contained a vast quantity of coin. He fell—and though he lived for several weeks, he kept his teeth close upon the residence of his followers. He died, as a hero should die, calm, collected, fearless. Even when the cord with which they had doomed him to perish was folded round his neck, he disdained to purchase an extension of his life by treachery to his friends. "An O'Flaherty," he said, "can die—but he never peaches." He left a son who was worthy of his father's fame. Like him he was inspired with an indomitable hatred of tyranny and restraint; with a noble and elevating desire to bring back those golden days, when all things were in common—when man, standing in the dignity of his original nature, took to himself whatever pleased his fancy, and owed no allegiance to the debasing influence of the law. From this noble stock my mother was descended; and when her beauty and the heroism of her character had raised her to be the consort of the Forest King, she seemed to feel that she was just in the situation for which she was destined by her nature. The pride of ancestry, and the remembrance of the glorious achievements which had rendered the names of her forefathers illustrious, beamed from her eye, and imprinted a majesty upon her brow, which we seek for in vain in females of inglorious birth. Atta-kul-kulla, which, in the puerile language of the whites, means the Little Carpenter, was my father's name. On his head, when going forth to battle, he wore a paper cap of the most warlike form, surrounded with miniature saws, and surmounted with a golden gimlet. When I was born, the infinite nations, and kindreds, and tongues which confessed his sway, made every demonstration of satisfaction. The Muscogulges, the Simmolees, the Cherokees, the Chactaws, and all the other powerful tribes which bordered on the stately Alatomaha, sent deputies to the royal residence to congratulate their monarch on so auspicious an occasion. But, alas! this universal rejoicing was soon turned into mourning. Amongst those who came as ambassadors from the neighbouring powers was Sisque Dumfki, the rat-catcher, from a kingdom on the banks of the majestic Mississippi. This man was the most celebrated drinker of his nation. The strongest casine* seemed to

have no more effect upon his senses than the purest water. At all feasts and solemn entertainments he was the champion of the Chicasaws. His fame was not unknown to the leaders of our tribe. My royal father burned with a passionate thirst for glory—and also for casine. In the happiness of my birth he challenged Sisque Dumfki to a trial of their strength of stomach. For five days and nights they sat unceasingly swallowing the delicious fluid—five days and nights the calumet sent forth its smoke—never for one moment being lifted from the lips, save to make room for the cocoanut shell in which they drank their casine. Sleep at last seemed to weigh heavily on the lids of my royal father,—he was longer in the intervals of applying the goblet to his mouth,—and at last his hand refused its office—his head sank upon his shoulder; and his generous competitor, satisfied with the victory he had gained, covered the imperial person with a robe of leopard skin, and left him to his repose. Repose!—it was indeed his last repose—he opened his eyes but once—groaned heavily—then shouting 'Give me casine in pailfuls,'—for the ruling passion was strong to the latest hour—he became immoderately sick, and expired. I am afraid to state how much had been drunk in this prodigious contest; but it was said by the court flatterers on the occasion, that they had consumed as much liquid as would have supplied a navigable canal from lake Ousaquaphenogan to Talahaschte! I was an orphan; and though the death of my father had now raised me to a throne, I was bound by the customs of our nation to revenge it. In this feeling I was bred; I was allowed even from my infancy to drink nothing weaker than casine; my victuals were all seasoned with the strongest rum, so that by the time I was sixteen years of age, my head was so accustomed to the influence of spirituous liquors, that they were harmless to me as milk. Sisque Dumfki was still alive, and still remained the unrivalled hero of his tribe. His death was decreed by my mother the very hour my father died; for this purpose she imbued my infant mind with unmitigated hatred of the murderer, as she called him, of my father, and taught me the happiness and glory of revenge. She talked to me of attaining her object by the hatchet and tomahawk, doubting perhaps that in spite of the training I had received, I should still be vanquished by the superhuman capacity of the rat-catcher; but I was confident in my own strength, and sending a trusty messenger to the encampment of the Chicasaws, I invited him to a solemn feast, and challenged him to a trial of strength. He came. You may imagine, sir, to yourself the feelings which agitated my bosom, when in my very presence, on the spot which was the scene of his triumph, I saw the perpetrator

* Casine, a sort of usquebaugh in great repute among the Indians—and a very good tippie in its way.—*Experto crede.*

of a father's murder. Such, at least, was the light in which I had been taught, since the hour I was first suspended on the aromatic boughs of the magnolia, to regard the proud, the generous, the lofty Sisquo Dumfki. How ill founded was my hatred of that noble individual, you will discover in the sequel of my story.

"On this occasion he did not come alone. At his side, as he stood humbly before me, and paid his compliments to the queen, my mother, I marked with palpitating heart and flushing cheek, the most beautiful young girl I had ever seen. Her limbs, unconcealed by the foolish drapery in which the European damsels endeavour to hide their inferiority, were like polished marble, so smooth and round and beautifully shaped. Round her middle she wore a light bandage, embroidered with the feathers of the eagle, and this was the sole garment she had on, save that her head was ornamented with a beautiful diadem of heron's plumes. She was so young, so artless, and so ravishingly beautiful, that she took my heart captive at the first glance. I had at that time only twelve wives, selected by the regent from my own peculiar tribe, but several other nations had for some time been importuning me to choose a score or two of consorts from the loveliest of their maidens, and I had for some reason or other delayed complying with their requests. But now I was resolved to marry the whole nation, so as to secure this most beautiful of her sex. Alas! was it not madness thus to give way to these tender emotions, when the first word she uttered conveyed to me the appalling certainty that she was daughter of my deadliest foe—of the very being whom it had been the sole object of my education to enable me to drink to death! But a second look at the enchanting girl made me forgetful of every feeling of revenge. I spoke to her—I found her soft, sweet, delightful,—a daughter of the pathless forest,—stately as the loftiest palms that waved their plumed heads in grandeur to the sky, and pure as the spiral ophrys, with its snow-white flowers, which blossoms so tenderly at their feet. Her name was Nem-rooma, which in your language means the spotless lily—mine, I must inform you, was Quimmolla, the drinker of rum."

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO A. B., WITH A GUITAR.*

By Percy Bysshe Shelley.

ARIEL to Miranda.—Take
This slave of music, for the sake
Of him who is the slave of thee,
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the deluged spirit glow,

* A. B. the lady to whom these agreeable and melodious verses are addressed, is still alive. We therefore withhold her name.

Till joy denies itself again,
And too intense is turned to pain;
For, by permission, and command,
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of love, that never can be spoken.
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who,
From life to life, must still pursue
Your happiness;—for thus alone
Can Ariel ever and his own.
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples, he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent moon,†
In her interlunar swoon,
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel.
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen star of birth,
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity.
Many changes have been run,
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has tracked your steps and served your will;
Now, in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remember'd not;
And now, alas! the poor sprite is
Imprison'd, for some fault of his,
In a body like a grave:—
From you he only dares to crave.
For his service and his sorrow,
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

Fraser's Magazine.

† "And silent as the moon,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave."

Samson Agonistes.

The Naturalist.

PITCH-LAKE OF TRINIDAD.

(By Captain J. E. Alexander, 42nd Royal Highlanders,
F. R. G. S. M. R. A. S., &c.

ONE of the greatest natural curiosities in this part of the world, is the lake of asphaltum or pitch in Trinidad, situated about thirty-six miles to the southward of Port of Spain. The western shore of the island, for about twenty miles, is quite flat and richly wooded, and though only one or two houses are perceptible from the sea, the interior is well cultivated, and several small rivers, which empty themselves into the Gulf of Paria, afford great facilities for the transport of sugar to the ships which anchor off their embouchures. As Naparima is approached, and the singular mountain (at the foot of which San Fernandes is situated,) is plainly distinguished, then the shore assumes a more smiling aspect, here one sees a noble forest, there a sheet of bright green, points out a cane-field—cocoa nut and palm trees are sprinkled over the landscape, and gently wave their feathered foliage; now and then a well built house appears close to the water's edge, with a verdant lawn extending from it to the sea, and the ground sometimes broken into sinuosities, and then slightly undulating. The beauty of this part

of Trinidad is very great, though, from some undrained swamp, poisonous malaria exhale.

At Point La Braye are seen masses of pitch, which look like black rocks among the foliage; they also advance into the sea. At the small hamlet of La Braye, a considerable extent of coast is covered with pitch, which runs a long way out to sea, and forms a bank under water. The pitch lake is situated on the side of a hill, 80 feet above the level of the sea, from which it is distant three quarters of a mile; a gradual ascent leads to it, which is covered with pitch in a hardened state, and trees and vegetation flourish upon it.

The road leading to the lake runs through a wood, and on emerging from it, the spectator stands on the borders of what at a first glance appears to be a lake containing many wooded islets, but which, on a second examination, proves to be a sheet of asphaltum, intersected throughout by crevices 3 or 4 feet deep, and full of water. The pitch at the sides of the lake is perfectly hard and cold, but as one walks towards the middle with the shoes off, in order to wade through the water, the heat gradually increases, the pitch becomes softer and softer, until at last it is seen boiling up in a liquid state, and the soles of the feet become offensively warm. The air is then strongly impregnated with bitumen and sulphur, and as one moves along, the impression of the fact remains on the surface of the pitch.

During the rainy season, it is possible to walk over the whole lake, nearly, but in the hot season a great part is not to be approached. Although several attempts have been made to ascertain the depth of the pitch, no bottom has ever been found. The lake is about a mile and a half in circumference; and not the least extraordinary circumstance is, that it should contain eight or ten small islands, on which trees are growing close to the boiling pitch.

In standing still for some time on the lake near the centre, the surface gradually sinks till it forms a great bowl, as it were; and when the shoulders are level with the general surface of the lake, it is high time to get out. Some time ago a ship of war landed casks to fill with the pitch, for the purpose of transporting it to England: the casks were rolled on the lake, and the men commenced filling, but a piratical looking craft appearing in the offing, the frigate and all hands went in chase; on returning to the lake, all the casks had sunk and disappeared.

The flow of pitch from the lake has been immense, the whole country round, except near the Bay of Grapo (which is protected by a hill) being covered with it; and it seems singular that no eruption has taken place within the memory of man, although the principle of motion still exists in the centre of the lake. The appearance of the pitch which

has hardened, is as if the whole surface had boiled up into large bubbles, and then suddenly cooled; but where the asphaltum is still liquid, the surface is perfectly smooth.

Many experiments have been made, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the pitch could be applied to any useful purpose. Admiral Cochrane, who is possessed of the enterprising and speculative genius of his family, sent two ship loads of it to England; but after a variety of experiments, it was ascertained, that, in order to render the asphaltum fit for use, it was necessary to mix such a quantity of oil with it, that the expense of the oil alone would more than exceed the price of pitch in England. A second attempt was made by a company, styled the Pitch Company, who sent out an agent from England; but finding that Admiral Cochrane had failed, and being convinced that any farther attempt would be useless, he let the matter drop.

Forty miles to the southward of the pitch-lake is Point du Cac, which forms the southwest extremity of the island, and on one side of the Boca del Sierpe. On this cape is another natural curiosity which is well worth seeing, although the distance from Port of Spain renders it rather a difficult operation to proceed thither. What renders this point so interesting to the stranger is an assemblage of mud-volcanoes, of which the largest may be about 150 feet in diameter: they are situated in a plain, and are not more than four feet elevated above the surface of the ground, but within the mouths of the craters boiling mud is constantly bubbling up. At times the old craters cease to act, but when that is the case new ones invariably appear in the vicinity. The mud is fathomless, yet does not overflow, but remains within the circumference of the crater. From what I recollect of the Crimea, I should say that there is a remarkable similarity between it and Trinidad;—geologically speaking, in both there are mud-volcanoes, in both there are bituminous lakes, and both have been frequently visited with earthquakes.

Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

GROWTH AND AGE OF THE OLIVE AND ORANGE TREES.

At the last meeting of the Helvetic Society of Naturalists, M. de Kandolle read a memoir by Berthelot, on the growth and age of several kinds of trees, in the vicinity of Nice, from which we extract the subsequent remarks. "There is an olive tree at Villefranche, in the environs of that town, the lowest extremity of the trunk of which, next the surface, measures above thirty-eight feet, and three feet and a half above the surface, nineteen feet in circumference; one of its main branches is six and a half feet in circumfer-

ence, and the trunk itself eight and a half feet high. This is both the oldest and largest olive tree in that part of the country, and though fast decaying, retains much of its stately appearance. The celebrated olive-tree at Pescio, which has hitherto been considered the most ancient in Italy, and is stated by Maschettini to be seven hundred years old, is much younger than this wonder of Nice. There are records now extant, which show, that, as far back as the year 1516, the latter was accounted the oldest in those parts. In 1818, it bore upwards of two hundred pounds weight of oil; and, in earlier days and good years, more than three hundred and fifty. The orange-tree is of so modern a date in Europe, that no certain maximum of age can yet be assigned to it. It may, however, be generally observed of it, that it attains to a great age, though its trunk has scarcely ever been known to grow to any considerable height. In the celebrated orangerie, at Versailles, there is a tree of this species, which was raised from seed sown in 1421, and has at this moment every appearance of surviving for centuries to come. There is another orange-tree in the yard of the Convent of St. Sabina, at Rome, which is said to have been planted by St. Dominick, in the year 1200. It has never grown to a greater height than thirty feet. In the neighbourhood of Finale may be seen another, eight and twenty feet high, which bears nearly 8,000 oranges in a single year. And there was one of the kind existing in the neighbourhood of Nice, in 1789, the trunk of which was so thick that two men could scarcely span it with their arms; its age was unknown, but it was nearly fifty feet high, and its foliage afforded shade to a table of forty covers. One year with another, it bore between five and six thousand oranges, and this immense produce was confined to one half of its crown; the other yielding scarcely one hundred; it is remarkable that, in the following year, the latter bore a crop of thousands of fruit, whilst the former was almost barren of produce. This noble tree perished under the effects of the severe frost of 1789.—*Athenæum*.

PHYSIOGNOMY OF TREES—HOOTING OF OWLS.

(From Dovaston and Von Osdal's *Chit-chat*.)

Dov.—I have often, when riding with you in the night, Von Osdal, admired the unerring accuracy with which you have named the trees, from their mere outline dimly marked against the sky.

Von Os.—It was from an observation of yours I acquired it; that every tree had invariably its distinct physiognomical character.

Dov.—I have nearly the same nicety of ear in that respect; so that, sitting here,

I can discriminate almost every sort of tree, as it is called upon, either in solo or in score, to take part in the grand choral harmonies of the tempest. Now it roars deep and still among the oaks just ehind this book-room; anon, breathes hoarse and hollow upon the dark old Scotch pines of the cider-mill grove; groans through the sycamores and lime avenue, "that weather-fends my cell;" rattles the bony boughs of the skeleton ash; howls through the elms; hisses (and each obviously different) in the cedars, spruce, and siver fir; whistles through the larch; whispers in the Weymouth and aphornousli; and suddenly whisks a solitary cypress; while the ever-greens, and dry-leaved hornbeams, keep up a constant accompaniment, each other after his kind.

Von Os.—Encore! Ega, our good cheer enables us to convert even the conflicting elements into a noble concert; and I have been thinking these *stridulous* owls in the bushy ivy about our chimney-top, and their hooting counterparts in the woods no bad vocalists.

Dov.—I love the owl more than many do the finer melodists. If you used the word counterpart designedly, you do not agree with him of Selborne, who says they always hoot in B flat.

Von Os.—I am sorry to differ from such authority; but most certainly, they use various keys.

Dov.—So do the cushat and cuckoo, and many other such even-tenour performers.

Von Os.—This Virginia smokes divinely. Have you the *horned* owl ever in your prodigious ivies?

Dov.—Not of late years. When a little boy, as I well remember, just at sunrise I was fearfully terrified at a pair I 'spied sitting on an old Portugal laurel, close to the oak we have since inscribed to our learned, gifted, and beloved friend Rylance. I was early a fond reader of poetry, and fancied them marvellous messengers just arrived from the enchanted regions of romance.

Von Os.—A fitting guest for the tree of our merry friend—the Attic bird.

Dov.—Ay, either; be it Minerva's, or that of Tereus, the "merry nightingale," as Coleridge most cordially calls him. Not only the notes of birds, but scenery itself; nay, everything, takes its tone infinitely more in accordance with our own present feelings, than from any thing inherent in itself: or as he, who so pithily knew that "brevity is the soul of wit," more quaintly expresses it: "there is nothing either good or bad, but *thinking* makes it so." I actually once heard an ignorant, pert officer say, he knew not why people liked the robin, unless it was for his impudence.

Von Os.—Puppy!

Magazine of Natural History.

Retrospective Gleanings.

SHAKSPEARIANA.

Shakspeare an Actor.—One of Shakspeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, would, in his younger days, come to London, to visit his brother Will, (as he called him,) and be a spectator of him as an actor, in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatic entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued it seems so long after his brother's death, as even to the latter end of his own life. From the curiosity at this time of the most noted actors to learn something from him of his brother, they justly held him in the highest veneration; and this may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them, (Charles Hart: see *Shakspeare's will*;) and this opportunity made them the more inquisitive into every little circumstance, especially in his dramatic character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and, possibly, his memory so weakened by infirmities, (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects,) that he could give them but little light into their inquiries; and all that could be collected from him of his brother Will, as a player, was the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies—wherein, being to personate a decrepit, old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company who were eating, while one of them sang a song.—(See the character of *Adam*, in *As you like it*, Act. 2. Scene ult.)

It appears from *Roscius Anglicanus*, (commonly called "Downes, the prompter's book,") 1708, that Shakspeare took the pains to instruct Joseph Taylor in the character of *Hamlet*, and John Lowine, in that of *King Henry VIII.*—*Stevens.*

The following verses were by Ben Jonson and Shakspeare, on the motto to the Globe Theatre—*Totus mundus agit histrionem*:—

JONSON.

If but stage-actors all the world displays,
Where shall we find spectators of their plays?

SHAKSPEARE.

Little or much of what we see, we do;
We're all both actors and spectators too.

Poetical Characteristics, 8vo. ms. vol. i.

Falstaff.—Old Mr. Bowman, the player, reported from Sir William Bishop, that some part of Sir John Falstaff's character was drawn from a townsman of Stratford, who either faithlessly broke a contract, or spite-

fully refused to part with some land, for a valuable consideration, adjoining to Shakspeare's, in or near that town.

James I. and Shakspeare.—At the conclusion of the advertisement prefixed to Lintot's edition of Shakspeare's poems, it is said—"That most learned prince and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakspeare; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William Davenant."—Mr. Oldys, in a MS. note to his copy of *Fuller's Worthies*, observes that "the story came from the Duke of Buckingham, who had it from Sir William Davenant."

The Title-page of an edition of Shakspeare, published in 1623, with some curious plates:

"MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE'S COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND TRAGEDIES.

"Published according to the true originall copies."

The next sheet states—

"The names of the Actors principall in all these Plays. They are—

" William Shakspeare,	" Samuel Crosse,
Richard Burbage,	George Gough,
John Hemings,	Richard Robinson,
Augustine Phillips,	Alexander Cooke,
William Kemp,	Samuel Gilburne,
Thomas Poope,	Robert Armin,
John Taylor,	William Ostler,
Robert Benfield,	Nathan Field,
George Bryan,	John Underwood,
Henry Condell,	Nicholas Tooley,
William Slye,	William Ecclestone,
Richard Cowly,	John Shanche,
John Lowing,	John Rice."

There is also the well-known eulogium on Shakspeare by Ben Jonson.

In the first page is written the following, alluding to the print (wood) of Shakspeare, in the next page:

" This figure that thou here see'st put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to outdoe the life.
O! could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpasse
All that was ever writ in brasse.
But since he cannot, reader, looke
Not on his picture, but his booke."—J. T.

Shakspeare's Will.—It appears in the original will of Shakspeare, (now in the Prerogative Office, Doctors' Commons,) that he had forgotten his wife—the legacy to her being expressed by an interlineation, as well as those to Hemings, Burbage, and Condell.

The will is written on three sheets of paper, the two last of which are undoubtedly subscribed with Shakspeare's own hand. The first indeed has his name in the margin, but it differs somewhat in spelling, as well as manner, from the two signatures that follow.—*Stevens.*

Shakspeare's Sonnets.—We find the following interesting memorandum in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 14th instant.—

* The sonnets of Shakspeare, which Dr. Farmer supposed were addressed, to the author's nephew, Mr. William Harte, and Mr. Tyrwhitt and Mr. Malone, considered, from the initials W. H. in the dedication, to be addressed to W. Hughes, and respecting which Mr. George Chalmers, some years ago, made a singular attempt to persuade himself and the public that the 'lovely boy,' whom Shakspeare addressed, was no less a person than our maiden Queen Elizabeth, have, at length, been discovered beyond all possibility of doubt by Mr. James Boaden, to have been dedicated to William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, the poet's patron and friend. George Steevens and the whole tribe of commentators on Shakspeare, with all their laborious efforts, would have given their ears to have made this discovery."

The Gatherer.

Sir Walter Scott's Poems.—Mr. Macdmiad, the clever editor of the *Dumfries Courier*, says in a recent Number of that ably conducted Journal:—"We were shown the other day, while in Edinburgh, the whole of Sir Walter Scott's poetry in manuscript, exactly as it escaped from the hand of the author—a sight which interested us not a little. His method of composition seems to have been prodigiously rapid; in general he was satisfied with a first draft, and yet the corrections are the reverse of numerous. Virgil, it is said, deemed it best to pour forth a hundred extemporaneous verses, and then spend the day in correcting them; but Sir Walter Scott lacked patience for this species of drudgery; the pen once in his hand, he literally improvised, and his command of language, great as it was, scarcely kept pace with the extraordinary fertility of his imagination. All his poems were written in fragments on sheets of letter-paper, and dispatched by post to his friend Mr. James Ballantyne. In looking over *Marmion*, we discovered that nearly the whole of it had been composed in London, and that the letters containing the earlier cantos were franked by the Duke of Hamilton and the Earl of Aberdeen. Near to the conclusion, a simple remark made by Mr. Ballantyne, while forwarding a proof, elicited, on the spur of the moment, an additional passage, which is, perhaps, one of the finest in the whole of that noble poem."

Monuments to Faithful Servants.—Washington Irving, in his delightful *Bracebridge Hall*, says—I have met with several instances of epitaphs on the gravestones of valuable domestics, recorded with the simple truth of natural feeling. I have two before me at this moment; one copied from a tombstone of a churchyard in Warwickshire:—"Here lieth the body of Joseph Batte, confidential ser-

vant to George Birch, Esq., of Hampstead Hall. His grateful friend and master caused this inscription to be written in memory of his discretion, fidelity, diligence, and continence. He died (a bachelor) aged 84, having lived 44 years in the same family." The other was taken from a tombstone in Eltham churchyard:—"Here lie the remains of Mr. James Tappy, who departed this life on the 8th of September, 1818, aged 84, after a faithful service of 60 years in one family; by each individual of which he lived respected, and died lamented by the sole survivor."—Few monuments, even of the illustrious, have given me the glow about the heart that I felt while copying this honest epitaph in the churchyard of Eltham. I sympathised with this "sole survivor" of a family mourning over the grave of the faithful follower of his race, who had been, no doubt, a living memento of times and friends that had passed away; and in considering this record of long and devoted service, I called to mind the touching speech of *Old Adam*, in *As you like it*, when tottering after the youthful son of his ancient master:

"Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with love and loyalty!"

—I cannot but mention a tablet which I have seen somewhere in the chapel of Windsor Castle, put up by George III. to the memory of a family servant, who had been a faithful attendant of his lamented daughter, the Princess Amelia. The King possessed much of the strong, domestic feeling of the old English country gentleman; and it is an incident curious in monumental history, and creditable to the human heart, a monarch erecting a monument in honour of the humble virtues of a menial.

Ready Decision.—A person applied to Quin, as manager, to be admitted on the stage. As a specimen of his dramatic powers, he began the famous soliloquy of *Hamlet*—

"To be, or not to be, that is the question."

Quin, indignant at the man's absurd presumption, exclaimed, very decisively—"No question, upon my honour!—not to be, most certainly!"

THOMAS GILL.

Ardent Love.—The Earl of Peterborough, while in Spain, once pointed some artillery against a convent, in which a beautiful woman of rank had taken refuge, so that by terrifying her to come forth, he might obtain a view of her admirable person. Cookery was as much the earl's hobby as war. It appears to have been far from unusual for him to assist at the preparation of a feast over which he was about to preside; and, when at Bath, he was occasionally seen about the streets, in his blue ribbon and star, carrying a chicken in his hand, and a cabbage, perhaps, under each arm.

Theatrical Wit.—Hatten, who was a considerable favourite at the Haymarket theatre, and particularly in the part of *Jack Junk*, was one night at Gosport, performing the character of *Barbarossa*. In the scene when the tyrant makes love to *Zupphira*, and reminds her of his services against the enemies of her kingdom, he was at a loss, and could not catch the word from the prompter. Another moment, and a terrific hiss would have driven him from the stage, when, seeing the house crowded with sailors, and regardless of the gross anachronism, he exclaimed, with all the energy of tragedy—

—“Did not I,

By that brave knight Sir Sidney Smith assisted,
And in conjunction with the gallant Nelson,
Drive Bonaparte and his fierce marauders
From Egypt's shores?”

The jolly tars thought it was all in his part, and cheered the actor with three rounds of applause.

THOMAS GILL.

Resignation.—The witty Marquess of Townshend was superseded in the viceroyalty of Ireland by Lord Harcourt, who, it is said, on arriving at the castle, about three o'clock in the morning, found his predecessor carousing with a few jovial companions.—“Well, my lord,” said Townshend, after congratulating his successor, “though you did come upon us very unexpectedly, you must do us the justice to admit that you have not found us napping.” Soon after the marquess’ secession from military employment, one of the Duke of Cumberland’s military spies, is said to have thus accosted him at a review: “How is it that you honour us with your presence to-day? I suppose you are merely a spectator.”—“And why,” replied Townshend, “may not one come here as a spectator, sir, as well as a tattler!”

Subduing a Prince.—In a work published a short time since, entitled *The Customs of the Mussulmans of India*, by Dr. G. A. Herklots, is given the following formula; by the means of which, princes may become subject to our will:—“Should any one desire to make princes or grandees subject and obedient to his will, he must have a silver ring made, with a small square tablet fixed upon it, on which is to be engraved the number that the letters composing the *ism* represent, which, in this case, is 2,613. This number, by itself, or added to that of its two demons, 286 and 112, and its genius, 1,811, amounting in all to 4,822, must be formed into a magic square, of the *solasee* or *robacee* kind, and engraved. When the ring is thus finished, he is for a week to place it before him, and daily, in the morning and evening, to repeat the *ism* five thousand times, and blow on it. When the whole is concluded, he is to wear the ring on the little finger of his right hand.”

W. G. C.

No Law against Flying, &c.—During the trial of a woman for witchcraft, one of the witnesses gave evidence that the prisoner could fly. The humane and sensible Judge, Powell, told her, “so she might if she would, he knew of no law against it.” When Jane Wenham was tried at the Hertford assizes, for the same offence, Mr. Bragge, in his evidence on her trial, declared on the faith of a clergyman, that he believed her to be a witch; whereupon the same Judge told him, that “therefore, on the truth of a Judge, he took him to be no conjuror.” P. T. W.

Parish Gifts.—The following curious extracts, taken from the parish books of Darlington, are given in Surtees’ *History of Durham*:—“1630. To Mr. Goodwine, a distressed scholar, 2s. 6d. 1635. To a poor soldier, who came to church on a Sunday, 6d. 1650. For six quarts of sack to the minister that preached when we had not a minister, 9s. 1691. When the Dean of Durham preached here, (spent in a treat with him,) 3s. 6d. For a stranger that preached, a dozen of ale, 1s.”

W. G. C.

Quin told Lady Berkely, who was a beautiful woman, that she looked blooming as the spring; but, recollecting that the season was not very promising, he added—“I wish the spring would look like your ladyship.”

THOMAS GILL.

Down to the reign of “Old Queen Bess,” the greater part of the houses in *fashionable* London had no chimneys. The fire was kindled against the wall, and the smoke found its way out in the best manner that it could, at the windows, or at the door; but generally “reclining in blackness” in the room.

ANTIQUARES.

Odd Epitaph.—In the church of Colmworth, Bedfordshire, is a magnificent monument, erected in 1641, by Lady Dyer, in memory of her deceased husband, Sir William Dyer, the inscription upon which tells us that “they multiplied themselves into seven children.” Beneath are the following quaint lines:—

My dearest dust, could not thy hasty day
Afford thy drowsy patience leave to stay
One hour longer, so that we might either
Have set up, or gone to bed together?
But since thy finished labour hath possessed
Thy weary limbs with early rest,
Enjoy it sweetly; and thy widow bride,
Shall soon repose her by thy slumbering side:
Whose business now is only to prepare
My nightly dress and call to prayer.
Mine eyes wax heavy, and the days grow old—
The dew falls thick—my blood grows cold;—
Draw, draw, the closed curtains, and make room,
My dear, my dearest dust, I come, I come.

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SHRINE OF ST. ETHELBERT.

SIR THOMAS MORE, in his abundant wit, says, "The taking up of a man's bones and setting them in a gay shrine, hath made many a saint." It was just so with Ethelbert, king of the East Angles, of whose death or martyrdom the box in the Engraving, (more like a Florence oil chest than anything else in common use,) is considered to be a sacred memorial. It is of exquisitely curious workmanship, but not more so than many other tributes of veneration in superstitious times.

Probably the reader is not aware that the beautiful Cathedral of Hereford owes its origin to the murder of Ethelbert, king of the East Angles, (Norfolk,) by the Mercian (Kentish) king, Offa, whose valuable donations to the original church, which was dedicated to St. Mary, and previously occupied the site of the present Cathedral, has frequently occasioned the royal murderer to be regarded as its founder, who, in reality, was Milefrid, a provincial governor under Egbert, about the year 825.*

* No description of the cathedral built by Milefrid is supposed to exist; for, within less than 200 years, it fell to decay: it was, however, rebuilt by the munificence of Bishop Athelstan, who was appointed to this see in the year 1019, over which he presided till his decease in 1056; in which year the cathedral itself was destroyed by fire, by the Welsh: it remained in ruins till the year 1079, when Bishop Lozing began the present edifice on the model of the church of Aken, now Aix-la-Chapelle, in Germany; but Lozing dying in the year 1095, and leaving the cathedral unfinished,

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E

The murder of Ethelbert was mixed up with the basest treachery. The Mercian king possessed great wealth and dominion, and ambitious of greater, he invited the young prince Ethelbert to his palace at Sutton's Walls, about three miles north east from Hereford, under pretence of giving him his daughter, Adelfrida, in marriage. Ethelbert was received at first with great marks of affection and esteem; but these were lures of short duration. Offa, however, appears to have been but a sharer in the murder. The instigator was his wife, Quendreda, who in the hey-day of her ambition to procure a new kingdom for her family, persuaded the weak king to break the most sacred laws of honour and hospitality, and murder his guest. Accordingly, Ethelbert was assassinated, it is said by some partizans of the queen; for, in those sanguinary times, any living obstacle to power was soon removed, and the command of corruption was *ac dictum ac factum*, no sooner said than done. Ethelbert's body was privately interred at Marden, a neighbouring

his design was afterwards completed by Bishop Raynelm, who was appointed to this see about the year 1096, and who is recorded in the Calendar of Obits to be the founder of this church, probably from the great extent of the work erected during his prelacy. This venerable structure has, however, been greatly enlarged and beautified by several of the bishops since its erection. The last important alterations were in 1786.

village, and the queen proceeded to grasp the prize which had tempted her to the murder, by causing Offa immediately to march an army into East Anglia, and unite it in rule, at least, without opposition to Mercia. Offa was now seized with tormenting remorse at the crime by which he acquired this new dominion, for he found it more easy to conquer a kingdom than his own conscience: he could defy whole armies, but not cry avant to the "busy devil," nor lay his fears asleep with the murdered prince in his grave. He, therefore, as the first act of atonement, removed the body from Marden to the church at Hereford, where he erected a magnificent tomb to the memory of Ethelbert. He next resolved upon a journey to Rome to procure pardon from the Pope; which was easily obtained upon Offa promising to be liberal to the churches and monasteries. Among other imposts attendant upon the monarch's engagement, was an annual tax of one penny upon every family in his dominions, for the support of a college of English students at Rome, founded by Ina, king of the West Saxons. This tax, in process of time, became very burdensome to the English people, under the denomination of Peter's pence;* and the popes, pretending it was a tribute that the English paid to St. Peter, very complacently pocketed the pence till the "equitably adjusting times" of Henry VIII. This of a truth, was robbing Peter to pay Paul.

Ethelbert, who, during his lifetime, had been preeminent for his virtues, was, after his death, regarded as a saint, and many miraculous events were affirmed to have occurred at the place of his interment; and near the castle at Hereford arose a spring which was consecrated to St. Ethelbert, and retains a traditional reputation, we believe, to this day. Milefrid's belief of these miracles led him to commence building the cathedral, aided as he was by the revenues arising from the donations of Offa, and still further by the numerous offerings made by the pilgrims who flocked to the shrine of the murdered prince. Indeed, the erection of the cathedral, together with the various gifts made by the visiting multitudes, contributed not a little towards establishing the importance of Hereford.

The shrine, or pyx, as it is also called, formerly stood on the high altar of the cathedral. "It is a curious and beautiful relic: is formed of oak, very thick and strong, covered with plates of copper, tastefully enamelled in different colours, and handsomely gilt. It is seven inches long, three inches and three-eighths broad, and eight inches and a quarter high. The sloping part, or roof of the shrine measures three inches in height; the front panel five inches. The figures on the principal side tell the horrible

tale of the assassination of Ethelbert. The assassins are cautiously advancing on tiptoe, and pointing to their victim, whilst one is in the act of striking off his head; whilst Ethelbert, surprised at his devotions, seems in the act of springing up to meet the hand, which, from the cloud, appears outstretched to receive him. It has been suggested that this device might relate to some priest or bishop assassinated during the celebration of mass; but as mass is not usually celebrated with the head covered, and as the cross on the table is a simple cross, and not a crucifix, which last is generally used in public mass, it appears much more probable that the murder was committed during an act of private devotion; and the dress and crown of the martyr rather denote a prince than either a priest or bishop. The design on the upper part or roof of the shrine still has a relation to the martyrdom. We see there a sort of bier, on which is extended what we may suppose the body of the martyr; two men are employed in raising it from the ground: it is surrounded by figures, probably intended to represent angels, two of which are scattering incense, and two others, standing behind the bier, seem to point to heaven. One of them bears a tablet with an inscription.

"The figures at each end of the shrine may, perhaps, represent St. Ethelbert after his beatification: at least, the glory round the head would lead one to this supposition, as none of the figures on the front, the assassins, the murdered prince, or the bearers of the bier have anything of the sort.

"The colours of the enamel are three shades of blue; a green, red, yellow, and white; the figures are gilt; those in the front have the heads in relief.

"The back of the shrine is covered with a mosaic pattern, of four pointed leaves repeated within square compartments. The back panel opens downwards as a door, and fastens with a lock; on the inside is a plank of wood, on which is painted a red cross, the usual sign of a relic; the plank is much stained with a dark liquid, supposed to have been the blood of the martyr."†

This paper might be extended by curious particulars of the shrines which abounded throughout this country during the middle ages. The details possess a kindred interest to the specimen just described; but, as we have already exceeded our intended limit, their insertion is delayed for another occasion. Relics, such as these just referred to, should not be regarded as vulgar wonders, but should give rise to inquiries and reflections of a higher character.

† From the *Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet*, vol. I. wherein the original engraving and the foregoing description are acknowledged from the hand of Miss H. S. A. Horton, daughter of Sir Watts Horton, Bart.

* See Origin of Peter Pence, *Mirror*, vol. xix.

RAMBLING RECOLLECTION OF OLD COVENT GARDEN.

(To the Editor.)

SOMETIME ago you inserted in your interesting columns a notice of Old Covent Garden, to which permit me to add a few remarks, relative to this notorious spot.

In digging the foundations of the new market, (represented in your No. 586,) facing James-street, a quantity of human bones was exhumed from a rich, black mould: they were at the depth of five feet from the surface, and were much decayed. The Irish labourers threw them forth, and the sun again glanced upon the probable particles of holy nuns. This northern portion of the market might have been the Convent burial-ground; and here nuns may formerly have walked in solemn procession, holding the sacred tapers, attending a defunct sister to the grave;—where now the Irish woman trots along under her load, smoking a short doodeen, with a hearty oath more ready at her tongue's end than a funeral hymn! I shall leave the sentiment requisite for an eulogy on the present nuns of the Garden to a more fervid and poetical imagination than mine.

Your former Correspondent—(see *Mirror*, vol. xii. p. 121)—gave an extract from the parish register of St. Paul, concerning a notable and moderate feast, given by the loyal ones on the return of William III. from the Boyne; but he neglected an item of benevolence, which you may deem interesting,—viz. "March 11, 1653.—Given Dr. Turner, who had been Dean of St. Paul's, now in want, £90 01s. 06d." Charity covereth a multitude of sins!

A record of another character tells us that, in 1711, Punch's Theatre stood in the south-east corner of the square, surrounding the market. "Boxes, 2s. 6d.; pit, 1s. 6d. No persons to be admitted in masks or riding-hoods."

The taverns in this neighbourhood are associated with many great names; and a lounge in them gives rise to many pleasing recollections, some of which have been related by your Correspondent. Junius called for his letters at the bar of Munday's Coffee-house, in Maiden-lane.

Personages of high note, playing Tom Fools, were once to be found amid a choice selection of London's worst dregs, about four o'clock in the morning, at the celebrated *Finish*, kept by Mrs. Butler, on the south side, called Tavistock-row. But "personages" grow older—probably, wiser; and the decay of nature is a wonderful stimulus to the growth of morality. The times are improving; and the *Finish*, where many a *finished* rogue has figured, is "finished." Its glories have died away; its sun has set; only leaving a soft and soothing twilight in Mrs. Butler's pockets.

In 1711, the Bumper Tavern stood in

James-street; and the best Port was sold there at 5s. per gallon, or 1s. 6d. per quart.

Prince Eugene, on the 12th of February, 1712, attended a musical festival at the Two Golden Balls, a house standing in Hart-street, corner of Bow-street. In those days, Hart-street was called Elm-street.

In Great Russell-street stood the celebrated coffee-houses hallowed in the *Spectator*—namely, Toms's, Wills's, and Button's. Wills's was the corner house of Bow-street; and it was there that Dryden was way-laid and beaten on his exit, by sundry cowards in masks. Button's was next to the New Hummums, and Toms's nearly opposite. It was at Button's that Pope received the witty answer to a peevish question put by him to a young military officer, who ventured to suggest to the little, deformed gentleman in the next box, puzzling over a Greek passage, that if he would supply a note of interrogation, the translation would be easily rendered. "And pray, sir, what is a note of interrogation?" inquired the translator of Homer.—"A little, crooked thing," replied the martial scholar, "that sometimes asks impertinent questions." It was moreover at Button's that Colley Cibber suspended a birch-rod, to whip Pope, if he should ever venture to appear again in the room.

These indeed were glorious times, when the stars of the day illumined the sons of night over a cheerful bowl, instead of being fenced within the monotonous circles of rapid *conversazioni*, where ceremonies cramp the human intellect, till the joyous time of departure relieves the sufferer from his thralldom.

In James-street the Bird-market used to be held, on Sunday mornings; and sparrows, linnets, daws, and magpies were here eagerly bought by idle boys and foolish men. On the western side of this street stands a high, substantial brick house, towering above the others: it is of modern date, and is the assigned residence of the rector of the parish:

"I knew him well, Horatio."

JAMES SYLVESTER, JUN.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

(An Allegory.)

CONFIDE in no friend unless you have proved him; for at the banquet-table there are more such than at the gates of the prison.

A man had three friends, two of whom he loved dearly, but the third was comparatively indifferent to him. One day he was summoned before a judge, where, notwithstanding his innocence, the accusations were strong against him. "Which of ye," said he, "will accompany me, and bear witness for me? for I have been strongly and wrongfully accused, and the judge is angry."

The first of his friends immediately excused himself, by pretending to have affairs

of importance to attend to. The second accompanied him as far as the gates of the judgment-court, when he turned away, and deserted him, through fear of the angry judge. * * * *

Man has three friends in this world. How do they conduct themselves to him in the hour of death, when summoned before the judgment-seat of God? *Riches*, his best friend, desert him the first, and do not enter with him. His *relations* and *friends* accompany him as far as the threshold of the grave, and then return to their own home. The third, whom in his lifetime he had often the most forgotten, are his own *good deeds*. 'Tis they alone that accompany him to the throne of the Judge: they go before and plead for him, and find mercy and pardon.—LECTOR.

Retrospective Gleanings.

DWARFS.

THE Romans were very fond of Dwarfs, and used all means to prevent their growth. They were called *nani* and *naneæ*. Augustus's niece, Julia, was much attached to one, called Sonopas, who was only two feet and a hand breadth high.

Mr. Richard Gibson, a favourite page of the back-stairs, and Mrs. Anne Shepherd, whose marriage King Charles I. honoured with his presence, (and gave the bride,) were of an equal stature, each measuring three feet, ten inches.

In the *Philosophical Transactions*, we have well-authenticated accounts of two Dwarfs: one born in Norfolk, who, at the age of twenty-two, weighed no more than thirty-four pounds with all his clothes on, and whose height, including hat, wig, and shoes, was only thirty-eight inches; and another, in Wales, who, at the age of fifteen, measured no more than two feet seven inches, and weighed only thirteen pounds, and who, at that early period of life, laboured under all the infirmities and calamities of old age. P. T. W.

PEACE.

OWEN FELTHAM says, "If men knew rightly how to value peace; as is the imperial heaven, this lower world might be. Where all the motions of the comprehending orbs, all the several constellations, and the various positions of the stars and planets, produce a beauteous chorus, and a harmony truly ravishing. As health to the body, so peace is to the soul. What is wealth, or wit, or honour, when want of health shall ravish from us all of pleasure in them? and what are all the enrichings, the embellishings, and the imbrockadoings of fortune to us, when war shall tear these off and trample on our glories? The richest wines, the choicest viands, by

sickness prove insipid. The silk does lose its softness, the silver its bright hue, and the gold its pleasing yellow. As the sense of feeling is the ground of all the rest, and active life does cease when that is lost; so is health the foundation of felicities, and the want of it joy's privation: yet it is peace that gives them taste and relish, and affords the sweet enjoyment of all that can be procured. Though the other attributes of God are no doubt beyond our comprehension; yet this more emphatically is said to pass all our understanding. Next his own glory, it was the establishing this invited God from heaven. The first branch of that celestial proclamation, was 'Glory be to God on high!' the next was, 'On earth peace.' This is the cement between the soul and Deity, between earth and heaven. It leads us softly up the milky way, and ushers with music to the presence of Divinity, where all her rarities are heaped and strewed about us. The enjoyment of friends, the improvement of arts, the sweetness of nature's delicacies, the fragrancy of fruits and flowers, the flourishing nations, and those pleasing contentions, that stream out themselves from all heroic virtues, are all brought in and glorified by peace. The drum and trumpet that in war sound terror and astonishment, in peace they only echo mirth and jollity. Peace helps the weak and indigent; and health and soundness too, to the sick endeavours. It takes hence only the unsound and languishing, and yet gives leave to them to place their wealth where they first placed their loves: that by it they gratify their friends, and slip from all those smartings that vex them. But, war kills men in health, preys only on the soundest; and, like the savage lion, does seize the valiant soonest, as thinking the old and impotent too mean to be his quarry. And though in war sometimes we wear the victor's wreath, yet, that is often purchased at much too dear a rate; and many times the conqueror's garland crowns the captive's head. In the same battle Hannibal confessed, though he first was conqueror, yet he, at last, did come off overcome. He had broken Minutius his forces; but was by Fabius forced to give up all his palms. Nor is it often better with those that are dependents on that general that yet commands the field. Victory not seldom does inlet severity. The haughtiness of the conqueror is often to his own, less tolerable than the triumphs of the enemy. Success does flame the blood to pride and boldened insolence; and often kindles new as it does conclude old wars. One world sufficed not Alexander. Nor could all the Roman territories set bounds to Cæsar's limitless ambition. For, when we once put off from the shore of peace, we launch into the sea that is bottomless. We swim on angry waves, and are carried then as the wind of fortune drives

us. The entrance into war is like to that of hell, it is gaping wide for any fool to enter at. But it will require a Hercules, with all his labours, to redeem one once engaged in it. They know not what they part withal, that wanton hence a jewel so invaluable. For, indeed, if we consider it, what price can be too dear to purchase it? We buy off all the open force, and fly designs of malice, and we entitle ourselves to all the good that ever was for man intended. When God would declare how he would reward and bless the good man, he finds out that which most may crown his happiness. He tells us, he will make his enemies at peace with him. Securely he enjoys himself and friends, whose life is guarded with the miss of enemies. The palace of the world stands open to him that hath no foes. Certainly it is peace that makes the world a paradise; while war, like sin, does turn it all to wilderness, and with wild beasts man's conversation makes. In war, the vexed earth abortives all her fruitfulness; but in an unstirred culture, ripens all her beauties."

W. G. C.

VERSATILITY OF GENIUS.

LAWRENCE EARNshaw, a native of Cheshire, was early apprenticed to a tailor, and afterwards to a clothier; but neither of these employments being congenial with his disposition, after serving both for eleven years, he placed himself for a short time with a clock-maker, of Stockport. With the very little instruction he obtained from this desultory education, he became one of the most universal mechanists and artists that ever was known. He could have taken wool from the sheeps' backs, manufactured it into cloth, and made every instrument necessary for the clipping, carding, spinning, reeling, weaving, fulling, dressing, and making it up for wear, with his own hands. He was an engraver, painter, and gilder; he could stain glass, and *foil mirrors*; was a blacksmith, whitesmith, coppersmith, gunsmith, bell founder, and coffin maker; made and erected sun-dials; mended fiddles; repaired, tuned, made, played upon, and taught the harpsichord and virginals; made and mended organs, and optical instruments; read and understood Euclid; and, in short, say his biographers, had a taste for all sorts of mechanics, and most of the fine arts. Clock-making was his favourite employment; and he carried so far his theory and practice of clock-work, as to be the inventor of a very curious astronomical and geographical machine, which was sold to the Earl of Bute for 150*l*. He possessed a singular degree of sobriety, not even drinking a gill of ale for many years after he was grown to manhood. He was intimate with the celebrated Brindley. The expense incurred through the maintenance of a sick wife and

a family prevented his attaining affluence. He died about the year 1764. (*See Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. 59.*)

P. T. W.

CHINESE REVOLUTION.

HISTORY has handed to us a few curious particulars of the last days of the last of the Chinese Emperors, Whey-tsung, who ascended the throne in 1628. He found himself at once engaged in a war with the Tartars, and attacked by a number of rebels in the different provinces of his empire. The former were soon vanquished; but the Emperor himself being next overpowered by the rebels, deserted by his subjects, betrayed by those in whom he placed the greatest confidence, and preferring death to the disgrace of falling into the hands of his enemies, retired with his Empress, whom he tenderly loved, and the Princess their daughter, into a garden. His grief was so great that he was unable to utter a single word. After a few silent embraces the Empress hanged herself on a tree. Her husband staid only to write these words on the border of his vest, viz. "I have been basely deserted by my subjects; do what you will with me, but spare my people." He then cut off the young Princess' head with one stroke of his scimitar and hanged himself on another tree, in the seventeenth year of his reign. And thus ended the Chinese monarchy to give place to that of the Tartars, which has continued ever since.

P. T. W.

STYLITES AND ROUND TOWERS.

In ecclesiastical history, *Stylites* are called *Sancti Columnares*, or *Pillar Saints*, a kind of solitaires, who stood motionless upon the tops of pillars, raised for the exercise of their patience, and remained there for several years, amidst the admiration and applause of the stupid populace.

The founder of the order was Saint Simeon, named *Stylites*, a famous anchorite of Sison, a town between Syria and Cilicia. He was the son of a shepherd, and distinguished in the annals of fanaticism. He adopted the strange fancy of fixing his habitation on the tops of pillars, and with the notion of climbing higher and higher towards heaven, he progressively migrated from a pillar of six cubits to one of twelve, twenty, thirty-six, and forty. Simeon passed forty-seven years upon his pillar, exposed to all the inclemency of the seasons. At length a terrible ulcer put an end to his life, at the age of sixty-nine, the year 461. His body, says his biographer, was taken down by the hands of bishops, and conveyed to Antioch, with an escort of six thousand soldiers, and he was interred with a pomp equal to any monarch. These honours produced imitators, whose performances sur-

passed the original. One of these inhabited his pillar sixty-eight years. The extremities of these columns were only three feet in diameter, with a kind of rail or ledge about that reached almost to the girdle, somewhat resembling a pulpit. There was no lying down in it. This fanaticism remained in vogue till the twelfth century, when it was suppressed. Ireland was full of these towers in the twelfth century, and there is reason (says an antiquarian,) to ascribe the erection of them to the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, viz. before the Danish invasions, and during the period of the Irish transmigration into various countries in quest of solitaires; therefore the idea and use of them in Ireland were evidently borrowed from the columns and stylires of the East.

P. T. W.

New Books.

SLADE'S TRAVELS IN TURKEY, &c.

(Continued from page 40.)

[Nor the least graphic portion of Mr. Slade's Records is his cruise with the Capitan Pasha in the Black Sea. The work is throughout a capital, picturesque narrative; but the following specimen is irresistible.]

The Capitan Pasha on his quarter-deck.

A crowd of boats waiting alongside the Selimier occasioned us delay. She was a noble first-rate without a poop. From her peak a large, crimson, silk ensign, pierced with three crescents, trailed in the water, and the pasha's burgee at the main, likewise crescented, spread to a southerly air. Her guns looked out of the ports in all directions; some were laid to strike top-gallant masts, some to sink boats, some to fire on the bows, some to hit the davits. Men in various costumes were seated on the port-sills smoking; the legs of others were dangling over the quarters; nor were the cat heads and bumpkins void of occupants. A steep accommodation ladder reaching from the water to the upper deck, we climbed up, and then stood a moment on the gangway, butts to curiosity, to observe a novel scene. Achmet Papuchi, capitan-pasha, reclined on a couch in the middle of the quarter deck; he was a sickly-looking man, with an ordinary countenance, solemnized but not dignified by a long grey beard, drest in vest, trousers, and anterior of orange-coloured silk, with a richly embroidered sash, and a slate-coloured cloth pelisse. He was smoking from the amber-mouthed snake of a porcelain narghiler. A semicircle of well-attired attendants was ranged before him, in ready submission to catch the slightest aspirations from his lips, or to move a limb, or to scratch his head if needful. A secretary was reading papers to him, he being deficient in

that vulgar accomplishment: his Greek dragoman stood obsequious beside him; and a dozen chavasses formed a line apart, armed with pistols, ataghans, and long staves of office, equally prepared at his nod to amputate or to hastinate. Between the guns, abaft the mizen-mast, and on the fore-castle, sailors were sleeping, or playing chess, or breaking their fast on bread and olives, or performing their monotonous devotions: the officers were scarcely distinguishable from them, at first sight, excepting one, an elderly, corpulent effendi (second captain,) who was sitting on the booms, his shirt half off, diligently seeking for the obnoxious disturbers of his morning's nap.

The pasha, rising from his couch, invited us to descend into his cabin. Two officers supported him under the arms, and a long train followed us. The cabin was plain, but elegant and scrupulously clean. The furniture consisted of a sofa, and half a dozen chairs, with gold embroidered suns and moons on the backs. In various frames were suspended the sultan's cipher, sentences of the koran, and two paintings of the ship. A manuscript chart of the Euxine, never used, with compasses and rulers, lay on a small table; and beautifully emblazoned copies of the koran and the sunna were placed on an ottoman. Damascus sabres, French pistols, and two Dollond's telescopes completed the decoration. Piles of lemons were in the windows to impart fragrance to the air, and the rails of the stern-gallery were interwoven with fresh-cut orange-branches.

[Night and supper on board are graphically told:]

The night set in balmy. I was standing on the gangway watching the gleaming tracks of fish, and musing on the probable issue of the engagement, to be expected next day, when the melodious words—"Allahou ekber; eshedou inne la illahe illa Allah; eshedou inné Mouhammed resoul Allah, hoëya aless-celat haya el-el fellah; Allahou ekber la illahe illa Allah,"* filled the air as from the voices of invisible spirits. They came from the mizen rigging of each ship, whence Imams were calling the faithful to prayers. Everywhere this appeal is beautiful; but thus on the sea, responding from ship to ship, it was divine.

The summons was promptly obeyed; every deck was covered with the prostrating crew, each man on his own capote, the officers on carpets spread under the half-deck, each person having previously washed his hands and feet. The pasha was equally devout in

* God is great. There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet—come to pray—come to the garden of prayer. God is great, &c.

† The early Mussulmans prayed in gardens for want of mosques; hence the expression.

his cabin, and on the whole it was a most impressive sight, even to a Christian.

The ceremony being concluded, his excellency and myself prepared to sup, for which task the Black Sea air had given me a keen appetite. A small carpet was spread between two guns on the main deck outside his cabin. It was not screened off. On it we sat down, cross-legged opposite to each other. Two *agas*—they were gentlemen of no less rank—knelt to us with ewers to wash our hands; then tied napkins round our necks, and placed between us a circular metal tray upon a low stool, provided with four saucers, containing as many kinds of preserves, slices of bread and of cake, salt, and a bowl of salad sauce, to be eaten at discretion. Our fingers were the operating instruments. The first dish was a pile of red mullet. The pasha of course had the first help; being a bit of an epicure, he pawed every one individually before choosing. I took one whose tail only had come in contact with his forceps. The next dish was a fowl. The pasha steadied it with the thumb of his left hand, and with his right hand pulled off a wing. I tried the same manoeuvre on a leg; but, owing to delicacy in not making free use of both hands, failed in dislocating it. The pasha perceiving my awkwardness, motioned to an officer to assist me. I would fain have declined his services, but it was too late. The fellow took it up in his brawney hands, ripped off the joints with surprising dexterity, peeled the breast with his thumb-nail, tore it in thin slices, and, thus dissected, laid the bird before me with an air of superiority, saying, "Eat." I was very hungry, or I should not have been able. The third dish was lamb stewed with olives. On this I showed that I had fully profited by my late lesson, and, dreading the intrusion of another person's fingers on so slippery a subject, dug my own in with unblushing effrontery. I followed precisely the pasha's motions, scooping the olives out of the dish, with a piece of bread and my thumb, as adroitly as though I had never seen a fork. The attendants winked at each other, and my host's unmeaning eyes faintly radiated at the rapidity with which I adapted myself to existing circumstances. I never fully understood before the point of the saying, "Do at Rome as Rome does." Various other meats followed, which I will not enumerate; they were all diminished by a similar process; suffice to say that they were excellent, the Turkish kitchen being in many points equal to the French kitchen, and in one article superior—the exquisiteness of lamb dressed in Turkey far, very far, surpasses my feeble praise. About twelve dishes, of which, in compliment, I was obliged to eat more than my inclination prompted, rendered still more irksome by the absence of wine, had been shifted with great dispatch, and a

pause ensuing, I began to breathe, thinking my repertory task over, when, to my utter dismay, a huge platter of pilaff, the standing last dish, was placed between us. Never having liked rice since I was at school, the sight of the pressed, greasy mess before me was positively revolting. However there it was, and had I only been required to eat a pound of it, I might have esteemed myself happy. A much severer trial awaited me. The pasha immersing his fingers deep into it, drew forth a tolerable quantity, with which he amused himself some minutes, rolling it into a ball, while I stared, simply supposing that the delicate morsel, when it should have received the last touch, was destined for *his* throat. It was lucky that I did not foresee its right destination, or the bare thought would infallibly have made me forget myself, which would have grieved me before so many witnesses, not to mention the insult of the restitution. When fairly reduced to the substance of a grape-shot, the pasha stretched his lean hand over the tray; I involuntarily shrunk back; he stretched further, and inserted it—O nausea!—into my mouth. I swallowed it with an effort of despair, but know not what power of nerves kept it down. The attendants arched the brows of wonder: a capitan pasha bestow such an exceeding mark of distinction on a stranger! Had there been then a gazette in Stamboul the circumstance would have been published, at our return, as the most notable event of the cruise. I was delighted to find that the honour was too great to be repeated.

The appetizers which came on with the tray were removed, and replaced by a bowl of *koshub*, a sweet liquid, composed of various preserved fruits, perfumed with rose; two tortoise-shell spoons were in it. This was very good, especially as we were not reduced to lap it up with the palms of our hands, as I might have reasonably expected after what had passed. A glass of sherbet assisted our deglutition, and *chibouques*, with coffee, assured its efficacy: while enjoying the latter, an Albanian bagpipe, harsher, if possible, than a Scotch one, supplied the absence of conversation.

I then went on deck, and, wrapping my cloak round me, lay down to rest on the planks, surrounded by snorers. There were no beds, not even one for the pasha; his excellency slept in a box, resembling a dog kennel in size and shape, placed abaft the mizen mast. I could not sleep much for the singing, or rather moaning, of some sailors, as monotonous and annoying as the buzzing of mosquitoes; and twice, at twelve and at four, I was startled out of a doze by a din loud enough to raise the dead—a dozen drummers were parading the decks fore and aft, beating with all their might to rouse the watch.

The Naturalist.

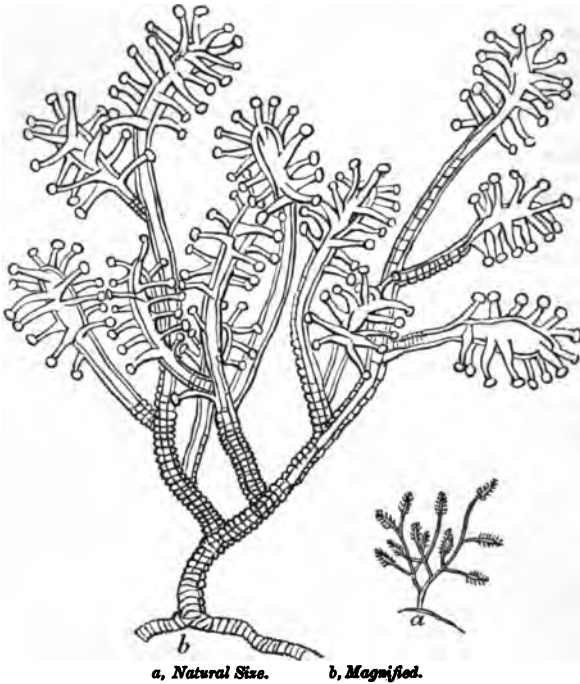
ZOOPHYTES.

ZOOPHYTES are an order of animals in the Linnæan system, under the class *Vermes*, or Worms, comprehending such as hold a medium between animals and vegetables: indeed, they are the connecting links between the animal and vegetable kingdoms; and, as the poet sings of various states of the human intellect,—

Thin partitions do their bounds divide.

The majority of Zoophytes, like plants, take root and grow up into stems; but they resemble plants only in form and colour, inasmuch as they are furnished with sensation and spontaneous motion. Such is the subjoined specimen, which, viewed with the

naked eye, resembles a fine piece of fern, or moss; but, when placed beneath a microscope, it is found to be, in reality, an animal. This pretty Zoophyte occurs abundantly in Berwick Bay, where it grows upon the sides of stones that are covered with a thin coating of fine mud, and lie in shallow pools near high-water mark. It is here invariably accompanied with another member of the same class, the *Campanularia gelatinosa* of Dr. Fleming; but both of them, “although interesting and even beautiful under the microscope, are naturally so diminutive, and so unattractive in appearance, that, like the flower of the desert, they might seem ‘born to blush unseen,’ were it not that the curious naturalist loves to search out, and to display to others, the designs in which Infinite Wisdom has moulded his animate creation.”



The above Zoophyte (*Coryne glandulosa*) is attached to its station by slender tubular fibres, that creep along the stone, and bind the whole little colony together. The upright shoots are somewhat less than an inch in height, and irregularly branched, each branch being terminated with a clubbed head, of a reddish colour, set round with globular-tipped tentacula, irregularly disposed. These tentacula can bend themselves at will, and they adhere tenaciously to bodies that come within

their reach, probably by suction. The stalk is horny, and filled with a softer pith, or medullary matter, that runs in a continuous line through all the branches, enlarges itself in the heads, and even seems to run up the centre of the tentacula, where it is distinguished by its greater opacity. There is, however, no opening on the ends of the branchlets, for the horny sheath covers in all. The food appears to be imbibed through the tops of what are called the tentacula, but

which are thought to be more properly reduced polypes; that is polypes without a circle of tentacula around the oral or mouth entrance. This conclusion is drawn from the irregularity of their disposition; their structure, which is not exactly similar to that of the tentacula of other polypes; and from the impossibility of their being at all serviceable in conducting food to a terminal mouth.

The relations of *Coryne* are imperfectly known. Lamarck and Cuvier place it amongst the naked Polypes, or such as have no sheath to cover the body; but *Coryne* has a horny, inverting sheath, altogether like that of the *Sertulariades*.

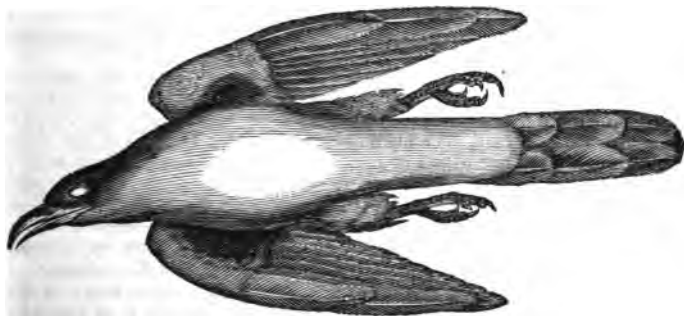
We quote the accompanying figure, and its description, from an interesting series of *Illustrations in British Zoology*, contributed by Dr. George Johnson, of Berwick-upon-Tweed, to the *Magazine of Natural History*. The details are somewhat abridged, by the omission of certain points of distinction which can only be appreciated by the scientific inquirer.

NEW BRITISH SPECIES OF CUCKOO.

PROFESSOR RENNIE has commenced a Journal of Observation, which he has not inappropriately named "The Field Naturalist's Magazine, and Review of Animals, Plants, Minerals, the Structure of the Earth, and Appearances of the Sky." We consider the title well chosen, if it be the Professor's intention to follow up the system of patient investigation which he has so laboriously developed in his entomological volumes of the

Library of Entertaining Knowledge. These certainly entitle him to rank among the field naturalists of the day.

Among the first-fruits of Mr. Rennie's Journal is the figure of a new British Species of Cuckoo, from Robert Ball, Esq., of Dublin Castle. The Bird was shot near Youghal, in the county of Cork; and Mr. Ball not finding more than one species of Cuckoo, and that unlike his, in Mr. Rennie's edition of Montagu's *Ornithological Dictionary*, was induced to consider his specimen as a *rara avis*. Mr. Ball continues—"Mr. Glenon, an intelligent professional mounter of birds, acquainted me that he had received a bird very like mine, recently shot at Old Connaught, near Bray, a short distance from Dublin. On comparison of our specimens, mine appears to be the larger and more highly coloured, in which particular it also excels a South American specimen, which Mr. Glenon is possessed of. The tail feathers of the latter, however, have the white somewhat more distinct at the points. The tail consists of ten feathers, the three outermost at each side tipped with white. The drawing conveys more distinctly than words can do the other peculiarities of colouring. The part not displayed in it is of uniform colour with the back of the head, except that the upper sides of the quill feathers have a warm reddish cast. My bird is much smaller than the common cuckoo; the bill rather larger; the feet smaller; the shank longer. The drawing is of the exact size of the original. The fact of a second instance of the bird being killed in this country, will, I conceive, entitle it to a place in the catalogue of our natives."



The annexed figure is reduced by one-third from the original drawing, coloured, the description of which is as follows:—"Total length, from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail, eleven inches. Bill longer and rather more curved than in the common cuckoo; the upper mandible of a dark-horn colour, black at the tip, and yellowish brown at the base; the lower, yellowish brown, tipped with

black. The head, back of the neck, and all the upper parts, of a uniform olive brown colour, inclining to red on the upper sides of the quill feathers; the whole under-parts of a pale ashy brown, darker about the breast, and inclining to buff on the thighs and under tail coverts. Under surface of the wings, pale buff, making a considerable contrast with the colour of the quill feathers, which are under-

neath of a brownish chestnut tint. The legs and feet of a dark ashy brown; the shank rather longer in proportion than in the common cuckoo. Tail, wedge-shaped, and about five inches in length; the outer feather but three inches; the second, four inches and a quarter; and the third, nearly five inches long; of an ash colour, edged and tipped with yellowish white underneath; the colour of the upper surface unknown; colour of the iris unknown; and, as in the common species, the third quill feather of the wing is the longest."

IMPROVEMENT ON THE POTATO.

AN intelligent Correspondent to the *Examiner* observes: "The *Oxalis Crenata* has lately been introduced into this country from South America, and is likely to be extensively cultivated, as decidedly preferable to the common potato. A root was brought over, in 1830, by Mr. David Douglas, and planted by Mr. Lambert: and a few small tubers were exhibited to the Linnæan Society. One of these was planted by Mrs. Hirst in the garden of Great Roper's Hall, near Brentwood, and has succeeded remarkably well. It was first put into a small pot in the end of April, and in the month of May the pot was placed in the flower-garden and broken, and the parts removed. This precaution appears to have been unnecessary, for it has stood the frost remarkably well, and on the 5th of this month, when it was dug up, the leaves were green. The root planted was about half an ounce in weight, and the roots produced were about ninety in number, in a space not exceeding nine inches in diameter and six inches deep. The aggregate weight was upwards of four pounds. A few of the roots were boiled, and, when eaten, were found to resemble the potato, but were unanimously admitted by all the party to have a more agreeable flavour. Such a result is very promising, and when we consider that the common potato (*Solanum Tuberosum*,) was, for a hundred years confined to gardens, and that its roots were for a long time not larger than beans, and were watery, we may reasonably expect that cultivation may do much to enlarge the size of the roots of the *Oxalis*, and perhaps improve the flavour beyond what it is at present. It has a fine yellow flower, and is ornamental in the garden. The time of flowering is August."

FOSSIL ICTHYOSAURUS.

AN antediluvian skeleton, of the *Ichthyosaurus* genus has recently been discovered near Bedford. It was found lying in a horizontal position, embedded in clay; and, in the opinion of our informant, was evidently a marine deposit. At present it is only partially uncovered, but the length of the whole may be judged

to be from about 12 to 14 feet. It is a curious fact, that in the immediate neighbourhood of the skeleton was found a number of small stones, although none are discovered in any other part of the same bed of clay.—*Northampton Mercury*.

Manners and Customs.

THE DIVINING ROD.

A CORRESPONDENT states that he has found written in an old edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, published in 1640, the following curious method for discovering gold under the earth:

"The finding of gold, which is under the earth, as of all other mines of metal, is almost miraculous. They cut up a ground-hazel, of a twelvemonth's growth, which divides above into a fork—holding the one branch in the right hand, and the other in the left, not held too slightly or too strictly. When passing over a mine, or any other place where gold or silver is hidden, it will discover the same, by bowing down violently;—a common experiment in Germany;—not proceeding from any incantation, but a natural sympathy, as iron is attracted by the loadstone."

WEDDING GARLANDS.*

THE old English custom of crowning the newly-married pair in church, lays claim to great antiquity. Garlands were used by both Heathens and Jews; from whom they appear to have descended to the first Christians; whence they were derived by the Anglo-Saxons. After the marriage of the Anglo-Saxons, and the benediction had been given, the bride and bridegroom were adorned with a chaplet of flowers, or with a crown of myrtle, both which were kept in the churches for that purpose.

In England, about the time of Henry VIII., the custom was altered by our "bold peasantry." The bridegroom was heretofore crowned; but this part of the ceremony was now abolished, and the bride wore a garland of flowers or corn-ears, which was blessed before being placed on her head.—E. J. H.

ANCIENT PRICE OF LABOUR.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE following extracts from "A Roll of the Expenses of Edward I., at Rhuddlan Castle, in Wales, in the 10th and 11th years of his reign," (1281 and 1282), may perhaps amuse the reader, as showing the rate of wages paid to different workmen, tradesmen, archers, &c., at that period. Rhuddlan Castle was the head-quarters of Edward, during the insurrection of the Welsh under Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, at which time it had many additions made to it:—

* See also Funeral Garlands, *Mirror*, vol. xx.

Paid to Master Peter de Brompton, for the wages of 100 carpenters, each receiving 4d. per day, and their constable receiving 8d. per day; of which five are overseers of twenty, and each receives 6d. per day for his wages, from Sunday, 23rd of August, for the seven following days	12 3 9	In the year 1352, 25th Edward III., wages paid to haymakers was but 1d. a-day. A mower of meadows, 3d. per day, or 5d. an acre. Reapers of corn, in the first week of August, 2d.; in the second, 4d. per day, and so on, till the end of August, without meat, drink, or other allowance, fuding their own tools. For thrashing a quarter of wheat or rye, 2½d.; a quarter of barley, beans, peas and oats, 1½d. A master carpenter, 3d. a-day, other carpenters, 2d. per day. A master mason, 4d. per day; other masons, 3d. a-day, and their servants 1½d. per day. Tilers, 3d., and their knaves 1½d. Thatchers, 3d. per day; their knaves, 1½d. Plasterers, and other workers of mud walls, and their knaves, in the like manner, without meat or drink, and this from Easter to Michaelmas; and from that time less, according to the direction of the justices.—By the 34th of Edward III., 1361, chief masters of carpenters and masons, 4d. a-day; and the others, 3d. or 2d. as they were worth.—By the 13th Richard II., 1389, the wages of a bailiff of husbandry, 13s. 4d. per year, and his clothing once a year at most; the master hind, 10s.; the carter, 10s.; shepherd, 10s.; oxherd, 6s. 8d.; cowherd, 6s. 8d.; swineherd, 6s.; a woman labourer, 6s.; a day labourer, 6s.; a driver of plough, 7s. From this time up to the time of 23rd Henry IV., the price of labour was fixed by the justices by proclamation.—In 1445, 23rd Henry IV., the wages of a bailiff of husbandry was 23s. 4d. per annum, and clothing of the price of 5s., with meat and drink; chief hind, carter, or shepherd, 20s.; clothing 4s.; common servant of husbandry, 15s.; clothing, 3s. 4d.; a woman servant, 10s.; clothing, 4s.; infant under fourteen years, 6s.; clothing, 3s.; Freemason or master carpenter, 4d. per day; without meat or drink, 5½d. Master tiler or slater, mason, or mean carpenter, and other artificers concerned in building, 3d. a-day, without meat and drink, 4½d.; every other labourer, 2d. a-day, without meat or drink, 3½d. a-day; after Michaelmas to abate in proportion. In time of harvest, a mower 4d. a-day; without meat and drink, 6d.; reaper or carter, 3d. a-day, without meat and drink, 5d.; woman labourer, and other labourers, 2d. a-day, without meat and drink, 4½d. per day. By the 11th Henry VII., 1496, there was a like rate of wages, only with a little advance; as, for instance, a freemason, master carpenter, rough mason, bricklayer, master tiler, plumber, glazier, carver, joiner, was allowed from Easter to Michaelmas to take 4d. a-day, without meat and drink, 6d.; from Michaelmas to Easter to abate 1d. A master having under him six men, was allowed 1d. a-day extra.—By the 6th of Henry VIII., 1515, the wages of shipwrights were fixed as follows: A master ship carpenter taking the charge of the work, having men under him, 5d. a-day in the summer season, with meat
To two smiths, one receiving 4d. per day, and the other 3d. for their wages, from Sunday 23rd of August, to Sunday 12th of September, each day being reckoned, for 21 days	0 12 8	
Two shoeing-smiths, by the day, at 3d.	4 14 6	
Paid to 47 sailors of the king, for their wages, seven days, each receiving per diem 3d., except seven, each of whom received 6d. per day	7 8 0	
Paid to Geoffrey le Chamberlin, for the wages of twelve crossbow-men, and thirteen archers, for twenty-four days, each crossbow-man receiving by the day 4d., and each archer 3d.	3 7 8	
Paid to one master-mason, receiving 6d. per diem, and five masons at 4d., and one workman at 3d., for 98 days	0 11 6	
Sunday next after the Feast of St. John the Baptist, paid to twenty-two mowers, each receiving three halfpence per day for four days	1 3 0	
Wednesday following paid to twenty-three mowers, each receiving 6d. per day, for their wages of two days	0 12 8	
Paid to fourscore and sixteen spreaders of hay, for one day's wages, whereof fourscore received each per day three halfpence, and each of the others twopence	0 16 6	
To 160 spreaders of hay, for their wages, Sunday and Monday	0 6 10	
Necessaries.—For six carts, each with three horses, hired to carry the hay from the meadows to the Castle of Rothelan, for one day	0 1 5	
For the carriage of turf, with which the house was covered, in which the hay was placed	0 0 3	
For an iron fork, bought to turn the hay	0 1 8	
For making a ditch about the house where the said hay was put	0 1 8	
For putting and piling up one rick of hay in the house	0 5 10	
Wages of two turf-cutters, seven days, at 5d. per day	0 7 6	
For the carriage of turves to cover the king's kitchen	0 18 4	
For twenty-two empty caaks, bought to make paling for the queen's courtyard	4 18 0	
To Wildbor, the fisherman, receiving 10d. per day, and his six companions, the queen's fishermen, at 3d. per day each, fishing in the sea—forty-two days	0 1 4	
Repairing a cart of the king's, conveying a pipe of honey from Aberconway to Rothelan	0 8 9	
To six men carrying shingles to cover the hall of the Castle, at twopence halfpenny each per day—seven days	0 1 0	
Gifts.—To a certain female spy, as a gift	1 0 0	
To a certain female spy, to purchase her a house, as a gift	5 0 0	
To Ralph le Vavassour, bringing news to the queen of the taking of Dolin Thaliea, as a gift	5 0 0	
To John de Moose, coming immediately after with the same news, with letters of the Earl of Gloucester, by way of gift	5 0 0	
To a certain player, as a gift	0 1 0	

In a recent number of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* we find the following page, which may form an appropriate pendant to our Correspondent's paper:—

and drink; other ship carpenter, called a hewer, 4*d.*; an able clincher, 3*d.*; holder, 2*d.*; master calker, 4*d.*; a mean calker, 3*d.*; a day labourer by the tide, 4*d.*

TITHE.

At Thornton, in Dorsetshire, an ancient custom exists among the tenants of lands, of depositing 5*s.* in a hole in a certain tombstone in the churchyard, which prevents the lord of the manor from taking tithe of hay. This must be done on St. Thomas's Day, before twelve o'clock, or the privilege is lost.

W. G. C.

The Public Journals.

CROCODILE ISLAND.

HERE the young man paused, and sighed deeply. I confess I was intensely interested by the manner in which he related his story; the traveller to whom he addressed himself, was apparently fascinated by the wild beauty of his eyes; for the beef still lay untasted before him, and he could not remove his looks, even for a moment, from the countenance of the Indian king. "The feast was at last prepared," he continued, "and Sisquo Dumfki and myself were placed in conspicuous situations, but still far enough removed from the spectators to have our conversation private. We drank, and every time the casine hoghead was replenished, the lovely Nemrooma flitted towards us with the cocoa bowl. I retained her hand in mine, and gazed upon her with an expression in my glances, that sufficiently betrayed the interest she excited in my heart. She did not seem displeased with my admiration, but hung down her head and blushed, with such bewitching innocence and beauty, as rendered her a thousand times more enchanting in my eyes than ever. When we had now drunk unceasingly for three days, I said to my opponent, 'It grieves me, O Sisquo Dumfki, that this contest must be carried on to the death. Even if you are victorious in this trial, as sixteen years ago you were with my illustrious parent, you have no chance of escaping with your life. I myself, till I became acquainted with your noble sentiments, thirsted for your blood; and now that I know you all that a chief should be, my soul is tortured with regret that it will be impossible to save you.' With an unmoved countenance the hero heard me declare, as it were, his condemnation to certain death. He drained off the bowl which he happened to have in his hand, and replied, 'Death comes only once—the Great Spirit rejoices in the actions of majestic men. There are casine and tobacco in Elysium.' But I was resolved, if possible, to preserve my friend from the destruction

prepared for him by my mother. 'Sisquo,' I said, 'let us delay the conclusion of our contest till some fitter opportunity. If you would save your life, and make me the happiest of kings and of mortals, pretend to be overcome by the casine, and ask to be left in this tent to sleep. I will place round it a body of my own guards, with orders to prevent all emissaries from the queen from entering it under pain of death. In the mean time I will wed your daughter, if it seems good to you; and when by this means you are connected with the royal house, your life will become sacred, even from the vengeance of an offended woman.' 'It seems good to me,' he replied, 'O mightiest potentate on Alatomaha's banks; and well pleased shall I resign the victory to you, in hopes of concluding a whole week with you on some future opportunity. With regard to Nemrooma—what is she but a silly flower, which will be too highly honoured by being transplanted into the gardens of the mighty Quinmolla?'

"In pursuance of this resolution, the noble Sisquo Dumfki assumed every appearance of total inebriety; he hiccuped, sang, roared, and finally sank down in a state of apparent insensibility. I confess I was astonished at the absence of Nemrooma on this interesting occasion. She came not near to cover her father with skins or leaves, and the duty was left to me of casting over him the royal mantle, and turning his feet towards the fire. With an expressive grasp of the hand, I left him to provide for his safety; for my mother, I was well aware, would take every means in her power to put him to death in revenge for his victory over her husband. On issuing from the tent, I was hailed victor by ten thousand voices; the whole combined nations which owned my sway, seemed delirious with the triumph I had achieved. No conqueror returning from a successful expedition, with the imperial robe purpled to a deeper die with the blood of thousands of his subjects, was ever received with such an enthusiasm of attachment. Calling aside the captain of my guard, I gave him the strictest injunctions to allow no one to enter the tent in which my illustrious competitor reposed, and proceeded to the wigwam of the queen. She was smoking when I entered; and the clouds which circled round her head, gave to her piercing, black eyes the likeness of two brilliant stars shining in a lowering heaven.

"'He is dead?' she said; 'my son would scarcely venture into the presence of his mother if the murderer of his father was left alive.'

"'No, my mother,' I replied, 'he is sunk in deep sleep, and we are sufficiently revenged by having conquered at his own weapons the hero of the Chicawas.'

"'He sleeps!—'tis well. It shall be my care to see that he never awakes—the toma-

hawk in a woman's hand, is as sure as a poisonous drug in the bowl—for, mark me, Quimmolla, no powers can persuade me, that the glorious Atta-kull-kulla met with fair treatment at the hand of his rival at the feast. Have I not seen him often and often drink not only for five days, but for weeks and months together, and start up from his debauch as fresh as if he had been bathing in the warrior's streams in the shadowy land? Tell me, my son, that Sisquo Dumfki has for the last time seen the light of day.'

" 'I cannot,' I replied; 'it goes against my soul. He trusts me—why should I be faithless as the hyena or the white men!—No, mother, let him live, for my spirit burns with admiration of the beautiful Nemrooma.'

" 'The feather in thy hair was torn surely from the pigeon's wing, and not the eagle's. What! hast thou no fear of the wrath of your father, whose form I often see gloomily reposing beneath the shadow of the stately palm-tree which he loved the most—fearest thou not, that rushing from the land of spirits he blasts thee to the earth, with the sight of those frowning brows, which no mortal can look upon and live? Away! thou art unworthy of the blood of a thousand forest kings, who, long ere we removed to these plains, reigned on the shores of the eternal Sire of Rivers;* and unworthier still, since you prefer your love to your revenge, of the ancestry of the Milesian lords, the O'Flaherties of the Tipperary wilds.'—I stood astonished at this torrent of indignation, but my rage was at length roused as she proceeded,—'Nemrooma! and what seest thou in that paltry girl to wean thee from the nobler passion of vengeance? But cease to cherish fantastic hopes—the setting sun of yesterday went down upon her death.'

" 'What! hast thou dared to blight the lily which I intended to carry in my bosom—how? when? where?'

" 'The Alatomaha is broad and deep,' replied my mother, 'a canoe is frail and slight—ill may a maiden's arm contend with an impetuous river. Alone in a fragile bark—unused to the paddle—she was floated down the stream.'

" 'Wretch,' I exclaimed, losing all respect for her dignity, in the rage that seized me on account of her cruelty, 'you shall dearly pay for this. Ere the palm-trees are gilded seven times with the morning and evening suns, expect my return, and to suffer for your crimes.'

" 'I rushed into the open air as I spoke, and leaving tents, wigwags, friends, and subjects far behind me, I darted into the thicket of the forest, and pursued my way to a winding of the river, where I kept a canoe constantly prepared for my fishing expeditions. In it I found a supply of provisions, my rods,

and lines; my war-club, and my bow with poisoned arrows. I embarked, and pushing out into the middle of the stream, I pursued my way as rapidly as I could, in hopes of overtaking the beautiful Nemrooma, or perhaps of seeing her on the bank, if she should have been fortunate enough to swim to land. I kept my eyes intently fixed on every bend of the stream, in case her canoe should have been stranded, but in vain. All that day I kept on my course, and began to fear that ere I could overtake her, she would be carried down to a bluff in the river, which we had called Crocodile Island, and in that case I knew there was no hope of her safety. How peacefully, O Alatomaha, glided thy glorious expanse of waters, bearing the vast shadows of the umbrageous oaks upon their bosom, while thy banks were made vocal by the music of unnumbered birds! Little did such a scene of placid beauty accord with the tumultuous throbings of Nemrooma's agonized breast. I thought what must have been her feelings while floating past those magnificent scenes, clothed with all the verdure of luxuriant nature, and enlivened with the glittering plumage of the various people of the skies, which glanced for a moment across her like glimpses of sunshine, and then flitted once more into the shadows of the woods. The banks were also ornamented with hanging garlands and bowers, formed, as it were, for the retreat of the river divinities, of the most beautiful shrubs and plants. And here and there the eye was delighted with the large white flowers of the ipomea, surrounded with its dark-green leaves.

" But all these enchanting sights were insufficient to divert my thoughts from the probable fate of the beautiful Nemrooma. All night I plied my course, and, on the morning, could still discover no trace either of the girl or her canoe. About noon, I was made aware, by the extraordinary sounds which saluted my ears from a distance, that I was approaching the Crocodile lagoon. Inspired by fresh anxiety to overtake her, if possible, before entering on that fearful scene, I plied my utmost strength, and, at a bending of the river, was rewarded for all my labours and anxiety, by a view of the tender bark only a short way in front. Before I could place myself at her side we had entered the dreadful lake, and the placid water was broken into a thousand ripples by the countless multitudes of the alligators which inhabited the place. The noise they made was of the most appalling description. Terrified at the perilous situation in which she was placed, the lovely girl uttered a scream of joy when she saw me, and had only self-possession enough to step from her own canoe into mine, when she fell down in a state of insensibility, from the violence of her contending feelings. No sooner was her frail

* Mississippí—Father of Rivers.

bark deserted, than it became the object of a fearful battle to the monsters of the deep. A crocodile of prodigious size rushed towards the canoe from the reeds and high grass at the bank. His enormous body swelled; his plaited tail, brandished high, floated upon the lagoon. The waters, like a cataract, descended from his open jaws. Clouds of smoke issued from his nostrils. The earth trembled with his thunder. But immediately from the opposite side a rival champion emerged from the deep. They suddenly darted upon each other. The boiling surface of the lake marked their rapid course, and a terrific conflict commenced. Sometimes they sank to the bottom, folded together in horrid wreaths. The water became thick and discoloured. Again they rose to the surface, and their jaws clapt together with a noise that echoed through the surrounding forest. Again they sank, and the contest ended at the bottom of the lake; the vanquished monster making his escape to the sedges at the shore. The conqueror now directed his course to the canoe. He raised his head and shoulders out of the water, and putting his little, short paws into the boat, he overturned it in an instant, and, in a few moments, fragments of it were swimming about in all directions. When Nemrooma saw the horrid scene, she clung convulsively to my arm, and in some degree impeded my efforts to effect our escape. I cautioned her to be still, and pushed with all my force towards the entrance of the river out of the lagoon. But, alas! fortune was here against us. It was the time at which myriads upon myriads of fish take their course up the river; and, as the stream is shallowest at this place, the crocodiles had chosen it as their position to intercept their prey. The whole water, for miles on each side, seemed alive with fish. The line of crocodiles extended from shore to shore; and it was the most horrific sight I ever witnessed, to see them dash into the broken ranks of the fish, and grind in their prodigious jaws a multitude of the largest trouts, whose tails flapped about their mouths and eyes, ere they had swallowed them. The horrid noise of their closing jaws—their rising with their prey some feet upright above the water—the floods of foam and blood rushing out of their mouths and the clouds of vapour issuing from their distended nostrils, were truly horrifying. Anxious to escape, I now began to paddle towards the shore of the lagoon, in order to land and wait till the army of fish had forced their passage, after which, I concluded, it would be easier for us to elude the satiated monsters; but ere we had got half way across the lake, I perceived we were pursued by two of an unusual size. From these escape by flight was impossible. They rapidly gained upon us, and at last one of them, raising himself out of the water, was just preparing to

lay his paw upon the canoe, when I discharged an arrow which luckily pierced his eye. With a roar of mingled rage and pain, he sank below the water, and left me to prepare for the assault of his companion. With a tremendous cry, he came up, and darted as swift as an arrow under my boat, emerging upright on my lee-quarter, with open jaws, and belching water and smoke, that fell upon me like rain in a hurricane. Leaving the bow to the skilful Nemrooma, I seized my club, and beat him about the head, and kept him for a few minutes at a distance. I saw, however, he was making preparations for his final spring, his mouth was opened to a fearful width, when an arrow struck him directly on the tongue, and pinned it to his jaw. He shouted as he felt the pain, and darted off, no doubt, in quest of assistance. I shot to the bank with the speed of lightning, lifted the almost fainting Nemrooma from the canoe, and led her to the foot of an immense magnolia, which I perceived at no great distance. Before we left the river, however, we saw a prodigious number of crocodiles gathered round the boat, and one of them even crawled into it, and we heard our last hope of safety take its leave in the crash of its breaking sides, as it crumbled into fragments beneath the unwieldy monster's weight. The shore, I was aware, was also the resort of incredible multitudes of bears. Our provisions were exhausted, our arrows left in the canoe, and we could see no possibility of avoiding an excruciating death." The narrator here stooped for a moment, and the traveller, breathless with interest, said to him, "For God's sake, tell me, sir, how you got safe off?"

Whilst the stranger prepared to reply, I took advantage of the pause to look round the room. The supper table was deserted. The passengers had all paid their reckoning, and the waiter was standing expectingly at the corner of the sideboard.

"How we got safe off?" replied the Indian chief; "that's just the thing that puzzles me, and I thought you might perhaps be able to assist me."

"I assist you!" said the traveller, "how is that possible?"

"Coach is quite ready, sir," interrupted the waiter.

"The fact is," rejoined the young man, "I have just got to that point, in a tale I am writing for next month's Blackwood, and curse me if I know how to get naturally away from the Crocodile Island."

"Coach can't wait another moment, sir," said the waiter, "supper, two and sixpence."

"Supper!" exclaimed the traveller, "this d—d fellow with his cock-and-a-bull story, about being king of the jackdaws, or kick-shaws, or Lord knows what, has kept me from eating a morsel."

"Coachman can't wait a moment, sir."

"I tell you I haven't tasted a mouthful since I left Birmingham."

"You can't help me to a plan for getting the young people off the island?" said the youth.

"May the devil catch both of them, and a hundred crocodiles eat every bone in their skins!"

"Two and sixpence for supper, sir," said the waiter.

"Two hundred and sixty devils first," cried the traveller in a prodigious passion, buttoning up his cloak and preparing to resume his journey—"let that infernal Indian king, who is only some lying scribbler in a magazine, pay for it himself, for I'm hanged if he hasn't cheated me out of my cold beef, and drank every drop of my porter to the bargain."

"All right, gentlemen," said the coachman in the yard.

"All right," replied the guard! "tsh! tsh; ya! hip—ts! ts!"—and the half-famished outside passenger was whirled along Corn Market, and over Magdalen Bridge, at the rate of eleven miles an hour.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

Extravagant Price of Printed Music in England.—There is nothing in which the folly of the herd of music-buyers in England is more strongly evinced, than in the expensive form, and consequently exorbitant price, at which they choose to have it provided for them. Think of 2s. being the regular charge for a trumpery ballad!—an advance of 200 per cent. within our own recollection. One of these German collections lies before us, called the *Arion*, published at Brunswick. Each part contains more than forty songs, with piano-forte accompaniment, by Mozart, Weber, Hummel, Spohr, Lindpainter, and other eminent writers; and the price is about half-a-crown. In London, it would be at least two guineas. But, in the one case, everything is produced with an extravagant waste of material; and in the other, with as much economy as is consistent with neatness and legibility. When music shall be cultivated more as a rational, social, and cheap pleasure, than as a vehicle for individual display,—whenever it shall become a less expensive, and therefore more general amusement,—when young misses shall be taught to sing, not to squall,—then will the ignorance and quackery of many an Italian Signor be detected, and, the game being up, the said Signor will betake himself home,—there again, probably, to reassume his former and more honest occupation of brushing clothes and dressing hair; then will songs cease to be admired for their defects,—then will lithographed titles disappear; and then

will forty good songs be sold in England for half-a-crown. Are there any symptoms of this silver age? We fear none at present. Well, it matters not—we must go on—and "Qui vult decipi, decipiatur."—*Spectator.*

The oldest Book.—Bartholomæus de Glanville, a writer, who flourished about the middle of the 14th century, wrote "*De Proprietatibus rerum*," which was first printed in folio by Caxton, 1480. It was translated into English by Trevisa, and printed by Wynkin de Worde, in 1507. Mr. Dibdin, in his *Typographical Antiquities* styles this "a volume of extraordinary typographical beauty and rarity." It is the first book printed on paper made in England. P. T. W.

Origin of Tea.—The Chinese have the following tradition, relating to the origin of Tea:—"Darma, a very religious prince, and son of an Indian king, came into China about the year 519, purely to promulgate his religion; and, with the hope of alluring others to virtue by his example, pursued a life of unvaried mortification and penance, eating only vegetables, and spending most of his time, unsheltered by any dwelling, in the exercise of prayer and devotion. After continuing this life for some years, he became worn out with fatigue, and at length closed his eyes, and fell asleep against his will; but, on awaking, such was his remorse and grief for having broken his vow, that, in order to prevent a relapse, he cut off his eyelids, as being the instruments of his crime, and threw them on the ground. Returning to the same spot on the ensuing day, he found them changed into two shrubs, now known by the name of Tea. Darma, eating some of the leaves, felt such vigour imparted to his mind, that his meditations became more exalted, and the lethargy which had previously overpowered him entirely disappeared. He acquainted his disciples with the wonderful properties of these shrubs, and in time the use of them became universal.

W. G. C.

A queer Royal Custom.—Stavorinus tells us, that the King of Bantam, frequently belched during his meals, and it was followed by all the company. This custom, which is an etiquette of the court of Bantam, was designed to show that each person's appetite was good and the food agreeable, which was pleasing to the King. P. T. W.

Road-making.—Marshal Wade, on account of his long and arduous services as a road-maker, was termed by the humorists of his day, the greatest highwayman in existence.

Gold Marks.—The Goldsmiths' Company, (whose New Hall is engraved in No. 585 of *The Mirror*), by 12 George II. c. 26, may take, for assaying and marking plate, as follows:—For gold watch-cases, or boxes, 10d. each; gold snuff-boxes, 1s. 3d. each; wrought

gold of thirty ounces, or under, 2s. 6d.; from thirty to fifty ounces, 3s. 9d., and so in proportion. For every parcel of wrought silver weighing four pounds troy, 5d.: if above, a diet of ten grains per pound shall be taken. Watch-cases, spurs, buckles, buttons, &c. are charged according to fixed rates each. The same rates are payable to the assayer at York, Exeter, Bristol, Chester, Norwich, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. But the company are not allowed to realize a profit by this part of their business; if any overplus arises after deducting the necessary expenses, it is to be applied to the reduction of the rates of assaying.

W. G. C.

When Lord Stormont lost his diamond insignia of the Order of St. Andrew, at St. James's, George Selwyn ran with the news to the Cocoa-tree, when Foote, who was there, instantly exclaimed, "Then it is the first time a Scotchman was ever known to lose any thing at Court!"

W. G. C.

Lord Kenyon, (father of the present Lord.)—Of his habits, when chief-justice, the following anecdote gives a remarkable trait:—A gentleman, who had sold Lord Kenyon a cottage at Richmond, going into the neighbourhood, had a mind to take a view of his old residence; and, on application, was readily admitted by the housekeeper. Entering the principal room, he saw on the table some books, which proved to be the Bible, Epictetus, and the Whole Duty of Man. "Does my lord read this?" said the gentleman, taking up the Bible. "No, sir," replied the woman; "he is always poring over this little book," pointing to Epictetus: "I don't know what it is," added she; "but my lady reads the other two. They come down here on a Saturday evening, bring a shoulder or leg of mutton with them, which serves for Sunday, and they leave me the remains, which serve me for the week."—*Georgian Era.*

Lord Thurlow.—In appearance he was stern of aspect, with harsh but regular and strongly marked features. His eyebrows were large and shaggy, protruding over his penetrating eyes which gleamed with intellect. Lavater said, on seeing one of his pictures, "whether this man be on earth or in hell, I know not; but wherever he is, he is a tyrant, and will rule if he can." The Duke of Norfolk kept owls, one of which was called Lord Thurlow, from its supposed resemblance to the chancellor; and once, while in close conference with his solicitor, the duke was interrupted by the exclamation, that, "Lord Thurlow had laid an egg," from his owl-keeper.

He had the most thorough contempt for hereditary honours, and always maintaining he was descended from Thurlow, a carrier, refused to acknowledge Secretary Thurlow as his ancestor. On attending to have his pa-

tent registered at the Herald's College, he gruffly thundered "I don't know," to the question of an officer, who inquired the name of his lordship's mother.—*Ibid.*

"Claw and Claw."—Lord Erskine and Dr. Parr, who were both remarkably conceited, were in the habit of conversing together, and complimenting each other on their respective abilities. On one of these occasions, Parr promised that he would write Erskine's epitaph; to which the other replied, that "such an intention on the doctor's part was almost a temptation to commit suicide.—*Ibid.*

Vanity.—Buffon, speaking on literary works, said—"Capital works are scarce; I know but five great geniuses, Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and myself!"

P. T. W.

Epigram.

"I'm very much surpris'd," quoth Harry,
"That Jane a Gambler should marry."
"I'm not at all," her sister says—
"You know he has such winning ways!"

W. H. H.

Epitaphs.—In Toddington church, Beds., is the monument of Henrietta, Lady Wentworth, who died in 1686: this memorial is stated to have cost 2,000*l.* Near it is another, equally magnificent, in memory of Lady Maria Wentworth, who died at the early age of 18, in the year 1632. It bears—

Maria Wentworth, illustris: Thomæ Comitissæ
Cleveland, Filiæ Præmortuæ Prima Animam
Virgineam Exhalavit Janver.
Anno. Dni. 1632. Ætat. suæ 18.

And here the pretious duste is layde,
Whose puerile tempered clay was made
So fine, that it the guest betray'd.

Else the soule grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of siume,
And so was hatch'd a cherubim.

In height it soar'd to God above;
In depth it did to knowledge move;
And spread in breadth in general love.

Before a pious dutye shin'd
To parents; curtesie behind;
On either side an equal mind.

Good to the poore, to the kindred deare,
To servants kinde, to friendship cleare,
To nothing but herself severe.

Soe, though a virgin, yet a bride,—
To every grace she justified
A chaste poligamie, and died.

One of the most beautiful epitaphs on record is that to the memory of the celebrated Mary, Countess of Pembroke, by Ben Jonson:

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;—
Death! ere thou hast slain another
Fair and wise, as good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

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The Mirror

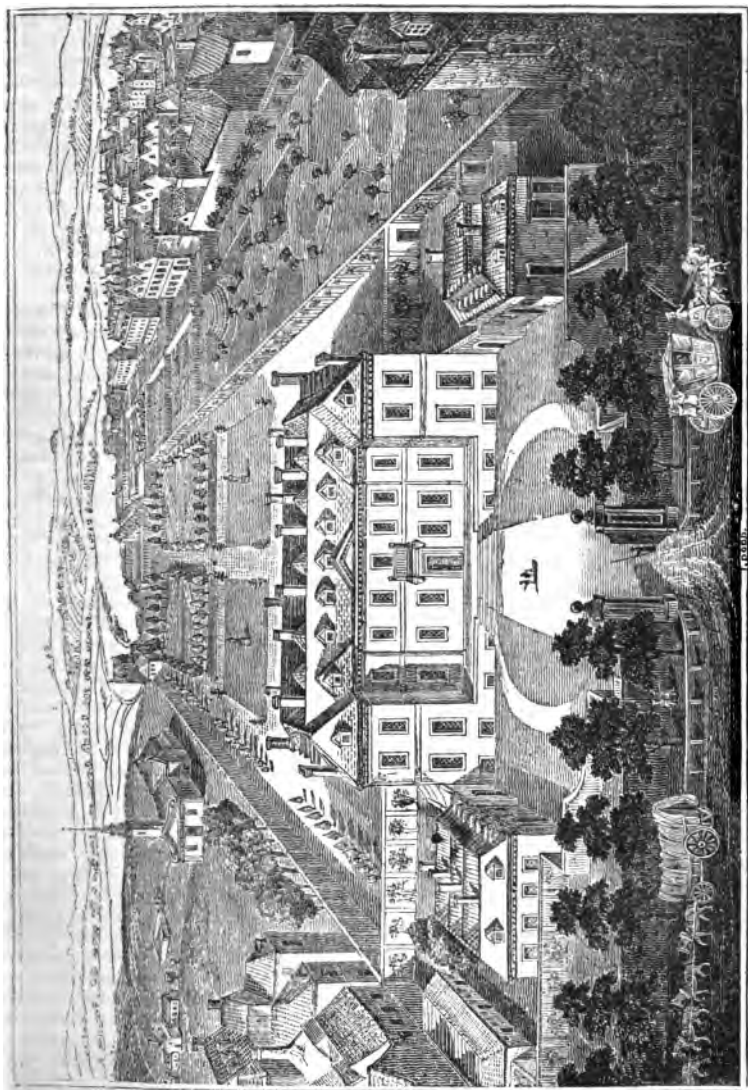
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 589.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.]



BURLINGTON HOUSE, PICCADILLY, IN 1700.

BURLINGTON HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

THE family mansion, on the annexed page, represents the first good house that was built in Piccadilly, the noble founder of which, upon being asked "why he built his house in Piccadilly, so far out of town?" replied, "Because I was determined to have no building beyond me." And certainly he has executed this design as firmly as bricks and mortar could make it. It is on the north side, eastward of Bond-street; and not many poles from it formerly stood Clarendon House, the front gate of which was precisely on the site of the present Albemarle-street.*

Before we describe the Burlington mansion, it may be interesting to note a few particulars of the early state of the district in which it is situate. Piccadilly is so called from Piccadilly House,† which stood on the site of Sackville-street, and was a sort of repository for piccadillas, or ruffs, when there were no other houses here. Ruffs were also called turn-overs and capes. Pennant says the *street* was completed as far as the present Berkeley-street, in the year 1642. The neighbourhood increased very rapidly after the Revolution, as appears from the following. Berkeley, or Devonshire House was among the early mansions erected here. The first structure, by Inigo Jones, was remarkable for the number of chimneys. It was destroyed by fire in 1733; and a few days after, a statue of Britannia, in white marble, which ornamented the front of the house, fell, and was dashed to pieces. The present Devonshire House is very inferior to the original mansion. "Sir Thomas Clarges held a large piece of ground situated on the road leading from Piccadilly to Hyde Park Corner, previous to 1700, which he conveyed to Thomas Neale, Esq. under the supposition that he intended to expend 10,000*l.* in buildings to be erected on it. The terms were 100*l.* per annum, with a power of re-entry in case of twenty-one days' arrears, and 5*s.* per diem, nomine pience, till the money was paid. Neale held the ground ten years waste, and then died insolvent,

* For an Engraving of Clarendon House, see *Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 239.

† Lord Clarendon thus mentions a house of the name of Piccadilly. "Mr. Hyde, (speaking of himself,) going to a house called Piccadilly, which was a fair house for entertainment and gaming, with handsome gravel walk and shade, and an upper and lower bowling-green, whither many of the nobility and gentry of the best quality resorted for exercise and recreation." The Rev. Mr. Nightingale, in his "London and Middlesex," says, "this seems to have been the same house with that mentioned by Garrard, in his letter to the Earl of Strafford, dated June, 1635; in which he says, that, 'since Spring Gardens was put down, we have, by a servant of the Lord Chamberlain, a new Spring Gardens erected in the fields beyond the Meuse; where is built a fair house, and two bowling-greens, made to entertain gamesters and bowlers, at an excessive rate, for I believe it hath cost him above £4000. A dear undertaking for a gentleman barber,' &c.—(From our obliging Correspondent, P. T. W.)"

indebted 800*l.* for rent to Sir Walter Clarges, son and heir of Sir Thomas, who applied to parliament to release his property from Neale's creditors. This ground is pointed out by Clarges-street, named from the above family." "It has been said that a brewer bought part of a field near Piccadilly for 30*l.*, which he used as a place to deposit his butts and lumber; and that the same ground was sold, in 1764, for 2,500*l.*† Great part of Piccadilly remained without a pavement till 1721, when the inhabitants obtained permission to erect the turnpike, which stood within these few years opposite Hyde Park gate. In the hollow of Piccadilly, the confluence of water after heavy rains was formerly very great; and the overflow was so serious, December 1726, that it had nearly overturned the coach of the Ambassador from Morocco; "but that of the Baron Hartoff, less fortunate, fell on its side, and his daughter, with others in the carriage, narrowly escaped with their lives, by being conveyed lying on a short ladder on men's shoulders to the high ground."‡

Proceeding towards Hyde Park Corner, a large tract of ground was leased, in 1757, to the Hon. George Hamilton, whence the name of Hamilton Place; on this ground stood a row of cottages, and beyond them, in 1742, nearly on the site of Apsley House, (built in 1772,) was a road-side inn, the Hercules' Pillars, where Squire Western, (in *Tom Jones*,) put up on his arrival in town in quest of his daughter. This line, from Devonshire House, was also, before 1740, remarkable for a succession of shops of statues, "where," says Malcolm, "numberless wretched figures were manufactured in lead for gardens."

The site of Burlington House was, we believe, originally occupied by a farm-house. The mansion was built by the second Earl of Burlington, father of Richard, the Earl of Burlington, whom Mr. Allan Cunningham has very properly ranked among the eminent British architects.|| The engraving represents the original mansion, with the gardens laid out in the quaint, formal taste of the seventeenth century. Beyond them is seen the *country*, now intersected by Regent-street and Portland-place. The adjoining gardens are now occupied by the Albany in suites of chambers; and the mansion in front was a short time possessed by the late Duke of York, from whom it has received its name.

Subsequently to the date of the print,¶ Burlington House was profusely embellished by Lord Burlington, the celebrated architect. He raised a new stone front to the mansion, and connected the centre with the wings by "a very graceful and classic colonnade" of the Doric order: "Lord Burlington," says

† Malcolm's *Londinum Redivivum*, vol. iv. p. 328.

‡ Ibid.

|| Lives, vol. iv. in the Family Library.

¶ Reduced from a print by Kip.

Mr. Cunningham, when the public praised it, "had no objection to claim it for his own; but, in truth, the design is almost all Palladio's, and was borrowed from the palace of Count Veiricati, at Vicenza."* Pennant rates the mansion lowly: "The interior," he observes, "built on the models of Palladio, and adapted more to the climate of Lombardy, and to the banks of the Adige, or the Brenta, than to the Thames, is gloomy and destitute of gaiety and cheerfulness."†

Lord Burlington will be remembered as the munificent patron of Kent, the ingenious architect and improver of landscape gardening, to whom the Earl was willing to assign the merit of the plan of the new front and colonnade. Horace Walpole, also the friend and admirer of Kent, was with him in Italy at the time of these embellishments being completed: "immediately on the return of the latter he was invited," says Cunningham, "to a ball by the Earl, and as he passed under the gate by night he could not perceive the consummate beauty of the design." "As we have few examples," says Horace, "of architecture more antique and imposing than the colonnade, I cannot help mentioning the effect it had upon myself. I had not only never seen it, but had never heard of it. At day-break, looking out of the window to see the sun rise, I was surprised with the vision of the colonnade that fronted me. It seemed one of those edifices in fairy tales that are raised by genii in a night time."‡ Kent had apartments in Burlington House, and here he died, aged 65, in 1748. Upon the death of Lord Burlington, in 1753,§ the mansion fell to the Devonshire family by the marriage of his only daughter, the then Duke. The express condition of the bequest was that the property should not be demolished; though Mr. Cunningham tells us that "this splendid mansion, the chief ornament of Piccadilly, was on the point of being sacrificed to the demon of street-building, then raging in its neighbourhood, when Lord George Cavendish, (the present Earl of Burlington,) had the generosity to purchase, and the taste to restore it in its original beauty." Un fortunately, the mansion is at present fronted by a lofty wall, though the central gateway is of highly embellished character: this screening is, nevertheless to be regretted, the mansion having been recently described by a competent judge, as "almost the only town residence which is really fit for a British nobleman."¶

In 1809, the Duke of Portland died at Burlington House, only a few days after he had resigned his seat in the cabinet.

THE ORPHAN.

Across the moor where sighing night-winds blew,
Chill'd by the blast, his sad heart void of joy;
There came—who *once* a mother's fondness knew,
But wander'd then a joyless orphan boy!
He stood, his aching eyes bedew'd with tears,
And through the misty gloom he sigh'd to gaze
On visions bright, on scenes of youthful years,
His fancied home, and views of former days,
But no kind taper shed its glimm'ring ray;
No once fond mother welcom'd home her child,
Then wandering friendless o'er the cheerless wild—
For she, alas! beneath the green sod lay!
But soon he thought of God—a parent mild—
And then with cheerful heart he pac'd his steps
away!

H. E. J.

EARLY POETRY OF LORD BYRON.

(To the Editor.)

Nor having observed the accompanying lines by Lord Byron in *The Mirror*, you will perhaps now deem them worthy of a place therein. I accidentally snatched them from the portfolio of a friend, from whom I understand they were copied from an old Magazine, and were no doubt among the earliest love effusions of the illustrious bard.

C. H.

THE TEAR. BY LORD BYRON.

O lachrymarum fons, tenere sacros
Ducentium ortus exanimis; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatenstem
Pectore te, pia nympha sensit.

GRAY.

WHEN friendship or love
Our sympathies move;
When truth, in a glance should appear,
The lips may beguile
With a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection's a tear.
Too oft is a smile
But the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation, or fear;
Give me the soft sigh,
Whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimm'd for a time, with a tear.
Mild Charity's glow,
To us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt,
Where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffus'd in a tear.

The man doom'd to sail
With the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer;
As he bends o'er the wave,
Which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a tear.

The soldier braves death
For a fanciful wreath,
In glory's romantic career;
But he raises the foe,
When in battle laid low,
And bathes ev'ry wound with a tear.

If, with high bounding pride,
He return to his bride,
Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear;
All his toils are repaid,
When embracing the maid,
From her eye-lid he kisses the tear.

Sweet scene of my youth,
Seat of friendship and truth,
Where love chas'd each fast-fleeing year;
Loth to leave thee I mourn'd,
For a last look I turn'd,
But thy spire was scarce seen through a tear,

* Ibid.

† London.

‡ The title of Burlington then became extinct, but it has been recently revived.

§ The writer of a paper on the Architecture of the Metropolis, read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool, in 1826.

Though my vows I can pour,
To my Mary no more,
My Mary, to love once so dear;
In the shade of her bow'r,
I remember the hour,
She rewarded those vows with a tear.

By another possest,
May she live ever blest,
Her name still my heart must revere;
With a sigh I resign,
What I once thought was mine,
And forgive her deceit with a tear.

Ye friends of my heart,
Ere from you I depart,
This hope to my breast is most near;
If again we shall meet,
In this rural retreat,
May we meet, as we part, with a tear.

When my soul wings her flight
To the regions of night,
And my corse shall recline on its bier;
As ye pass by the tomb,
Where my ashes consume,
Oh! moisten their dust with a tear.

May no marble bestow
The splendour of woe,
Which the children of vanity rear;
No fiction of fame
Shall emblazon my name
All I ask—all I wish—is a Tear!

FAIRIES.

By Miss M. L. Beevor.

The Fairies, alas! are for ever gone from us,
The joys of our childhood in age leave no trace;
But I cannot discover the raptures they promise
Our wisdom shall bring us, have yet filled their place.

Zarach.

WITH the dawn of refinement, and progress of education, many innocent creeds and sweet associations have passed away; and we are of those who deeply lament that this change, not for the better, has come over the spirit of nations. Amongst others, and chiefly from Great Britain, that domestic and pleasant belief has departed which gave "a local habitation and a name," to beings of a nature superior to man; so near to him in the scale of creation as ever to be most interested in him and his pursuits, yet so far removed as to be endued with miraculous powers, and immortal years. These "wanton sprites," attaching themselves to his mansions, fields, woods, and streams, either plagued him by their mischievous and reckless pranks, according to his deserts, and their own dispositions, or assisted and rewarded him, if both were benevolent and good. Alas! alas! woe for the age which has despoiled England of her Fairies! Alas! alas! though we are aware that our lamentation will entail upon ourselves the heavy anathemas of the august S. S. O. R. A.* England, we say, since, though aware that the belief in domestic spirits, is of high antiquity, and though the Orientals, as well as certain European nations, possess their Genii, Peris, and Fairies, we are not aware that these have ever taken, or been

expected to take, so very prominent a part in literal domestic cares, and affairs as those of Great Britain: we never hear of the frolic, antics of the Eastern Peri, of its changing children, helping in the labours of the farm and field, warning of death, and punishing or rewarding, the sluttish, and cleanly maid, as do the Pucks, Brownies, Benshees, and Fairies without a name, in the British Isles, or rather as they did, for fast is fading away this pleasant superstition. In the Green Isle, their once favoured haunt, the Good People are become scarce, not being perceived, as formerly, in every passing cloud of dust; and, in the wild parts of Scotland, Wales, and our stormy isles of the north, the belief in them, if still prevalent, is but a shadow of what it was. Almost all our Scandinavian popular mythologies and superstitions, may be traced to an Oriental origin, and the peri and fairy are virtually the same in nature, (being a sort of link between man and angel, or demon,) but different as climate and manners have rendered them so; for, like the natives of the East, the peri seems a delicate, luxurious, languishing, and indolent being, whilst our fairies, like the inhabitants of our country, are hardy, active, cheerful, and industrious. We have observed that the "faerie folk" are of two descriptions, benevolent, and malignant, and in this respect our fays assimilate with those of the East. The following are the names of a few noble beings of this description, who compose, according to an old authentic Fairy writer,

*The Fairy Court.**

Oberon, the Emperor.—Mab,† the Empress.

Courtiers.

Perriwiggin — Puck‡ — Tomallin — Perriwinckle —
Hobgoblin — Tom Thumb.

Maids of Honour.

Hop—Pip—Tub—Pink—Gill—Wap—Mop—Trip—
Tib—Pin—Im—Win—Drop—Skip—Fick—Quick—
Tit—Nit.

Mother of the Maids:—Nymphidia.

So far Master Poole; for other fays, at least as eminent as these, we must consult their own poet, and chronicler, one Shakspeare, in whose works are detailed some of those scandals and intrigues of the Elfin Court; which could not have been few, considering how many ladies composed it. By most writers on mythology, fairies are agreed to be a species of "devils,"§ we shall presently see how nearly connected they are with the fabulous deities of the classic nations. An old writer, John Heywood, says:

"In John Milesius, any man may read
Of devils, in Sarmatia honored,
Call'd Kotri, or Kobaldi, such as we
Pugs, and Hobgoblins call; their dwellings be

* Poole's Parnassus, Art. Fairies.

† Also Titania.

‡ Also Robin Goodfellow.

§ Demons; not in the worst sense, but in that of genii—spirits—angels.

* Society for Scrubbing Off the Rust of Ages. I opine. *Compositor.*

rt in
e of
lic,
ing,
rv
corners of old houses least frequented
beneath stacks of wood; and these convented
like fearful noise, in butt'ries and dairies.
Robin Goodfellow, some, some call them Fairies:
in solitary rooms these uproars keep,
And beat at doors, to wake men from their sleep
Seeming to force locks, be they ne'er so strong,
And keeping Christmasse gambols, all night long."

Mr. Hardiman, in his interesting and erudite "Bardic Remains of Ireland," thus accounts for the application of the name *MAB*, to the Fairy Queen:

"The paramount fairy queen of Ireland, was *Maidib*, that is, mortifying (suppressing) the *d*, *Maib*, pronounced *Maiv*, by a common metathesis of the *v*, for *b*, in Irish. From this country, the appellation was conveyed to Scotland, and thence to the north of England. There, Shakspeare found our *Maib*, and espoused her, *Mab*, to Oberon, as his fairy queen! This has escaped the poet's learned commentators."

Pug, or Puck, (or Robin Goodfellow, or Friar Rush,) so called from his monkey tricks, and his sometimes assuming the form of an ape, seems, from some acts attributed to him, to be the same as the Brownie of Scotland, the "drudging goblin," and the "lubber fiend," of Milton. Robin Goodfellow, Robin Hood, Red Cap, and Hoodedkin, are his synonymous titles, from the circumstance of his kind and useful labours, and from his appearing at times with a little red hood, or cap, on his head, as does, we believe, the Irish *Cluricanne*. Robin Hood, the outlawed Earl of Nottingham, has, we may observe, been thought to have been so termed from his wanderings in the woods, and from pranks, little less elvish than those of the unquiet and fiendish Puck. The ancients had their divinities of the elements, of the forest, house, and highway: the Germans have a wood king, or demon; the Swedes, a nickar, or fairy of rivers and lakes, where, like the Scotch kelpie, he raises storms and derives a savage satisfaction from the wreck of human life; the Germans, and we believe, the Danes also, have a water king, or sprite; the nixes, or undines, (water nymphs) of the same family, though fair and exquisite as the sirens of old, are yet devils, and tempt only to destroy. Does not our fabled mermaid, (for we would distinguish between her and sea-creatures bearing a remote resemblance to her descriptions,) originate from the Roman sea-maids, or Nereids, the tradition of which would be yet faintly preserved in our islands? In mountainous countries, which generally are those of mines, cobbolds, (Kobaldi, of course,) or "old men o' the mine," hold their redoubtable sway; these are always of diminutive figure, like their brother elfs and guardians of hidden treasures. The Bogle of Scotland, is an out-of-door spirit, haunting fields, heaths, and lanes; and of in-door familiars, Brownie is one, (though not always);

and the very remarkable Benshee, i. e. little, old fairy, may be reckoned another, though rather the boding spirit pertaining to a particular family, than an intruder upon the hospitality, in food and shelter, of the household to which she is attached. The old man, or old, or Tom Poker of our nurseries, is a domestic or house spirit, or fairy; a kind of Puck, whose origin has been satisfactorily traced, and history, written by the versed in goblin lore, who are wiser than ourselves. We have mentioned the belief, that fairies are evil spirits, (and mischievous and malignant towards man, the acts attributed to them, are indeed, with few exceptions,) but the popular creed, whilst it denies to them the blessing of salvation, also promulges, that as an expiatory sacrifice for sin, every fairy at stated times undergoes a metamorphosee into some creature, in whose form being obliged to remain for a certain term of days, he or she is liable to every danger, torment, and distress, incidental to such creature, beast, bird, fish, insect, or reptile. A creed, so repugnant to our own private tastes, and feelings, and so utterly destructive to the exquisite beauty of our greenwood elfin lore, can never find favour with us; therefore, proposing by way of compromise, the adoption by future fairy mythologists, of our own division of the elvish people into good and bad, benevolent and malevolent, we shall, in conclusion, present all interested in them,

"An Excellent Waie to Gette a Faerie.

"First, gett a broad square chrystall, or Venice glasse, in length and breadthe, three inches: then lay that glasse or chrystall, in the bloude of a white hen, three Wednesdayes or three Fridayes; then take it out, and wash it with holiog, and fumigate it; then take three hazel stikes, or wandes, of a year groth; pill them fair and white; and make so long as you write the spirit, or faerie's name, which you call three times, on everie stike. Then bury them under some hill, where as you suppose faeries haunt, and the Wednesdaye before you call them, and the Fridaye following, take them uppe, and call her at eight, or ten, or three, of the clock, which be good planetts and hours for that turne; but, when you call, be clean in life, and turn your face towards the East, and, WHEN YOU HAVE HER, bind her to that stone, or glasse."—*Ashmolean M. S. in the British Museum.*

Retrospective Gleanings.

SAXON RELICS.

PROBABLY no portion of history is more interesting to the English reader than that which chronicles the sway of the Saxons in this country; and, considering its remoteness, few periods have been so extensively illustrated, or have so successfully exercised

the diligence of antiquarian pens. With this epoch, indeed, our history may be said to begin: for, "we having nothing that can with propriety be called such before this period." Of the earliest contributions to these amusing records we spoke in the concluding sheet of our volume just completed, in a biographical sketch of the life and labours of Venerable Bede; * to whom "we owe all our knowledge of English history, from the landing of the Saxons in Kent to his time, (nearly three centuries,) and all our certain information respecting the various tribes who then inhabited the island." The relics before us are of a later date. Bede died in 735; and the illustration, first to be described, is a memorial of the year 871, or a record of the glorious times of ALFRED THE GREAT, "one," says an antiquarian writer of some note, "whom I shall never be afraid to compare with the greatest names of antiquity."

Fortunately for mankind, the character of Alfred received more than common attention from his contemporaries. It has been handed to posterity with all the sweet simplicity of truth, by his artless biographer, Asser, a monk of St. David's; and what renders this piece of writing the more valuable, is that Asser, being of Welsh birth, was considered one of the king's enemies, (for the Welsh must be regarded as a people of the most notorious hatred to the Saxon name,) and he was therefore not likely to overrate the virtues of Alfred. His portrait of the king is, in truth, beyond what might have been expected from the rudeness of the age; "for though it must be confessed that the colouring is mean, if compared with that of politer times, yet the lines are strong, and the likeness withal so well preserved, that they convey to us an image of the most perfect monarch that ever adorned the English throne."

Other memorials of Alfred exist; but they are almost invariably copied from Asser;—though Alfred, after the examples of Cæsar and Alexander, is said to have written *Commentaries* of his own wars in the Saxon language, if we may credit Caxton, who, in his *Chronicle*, says—"This King Alfred was a good clerk, and let make many bokes, and a boke he made in Englishe of adventures of kinges, and of batayles that had been done in the lond." John Fox, the martyrologist, gives more direct testimony: "he (Alfred) also himself compiled a story in the same (Saxon) speech, called the *Storie* of Alfred, which both books I have seen, though the language I do not understand." It is, however, time to enter into the details of the annexed engraving, especially as the whole of Alfred's history, even in the most condensed form, might lead us through the present sheet.

The cut represents the figure of a horse,

* See *Mirror*, vol. xx. p. 440. article, Bede's Chair.

by cutting away the turf of a chalk hill, in Berkshire, and thus causing the district below to be subsequently called the *Vale of the White Horse*. This naturo-artificial representation is received as a memorial of one of the earliest of Alfred's triumphs, or the battle of Ashdown. That such a record should be held sacred is not surprising, if we consider the patriotic renown of him whose youthful bravery it was intended to commemorate. What, even in our times, is more interesting, more consecrated in memory, than a field of battle; and let the reader only reflect on the thousands who have visited the field (literally) of Waterloo, and the enthusiastic impressions of the scene and story, if he be at all sceptical as to the identity of the Vale of the White Horse. Ten centuries have nearly elapsed since Alfred's victory, yet the site is still to be traced, aided as we are in the task by the copious memorials of the time and transaction; and, in like manner, a thousand years hence, the field of Waterloo may be tracked with equal accuracy. The scenes of Alfred's battles may, for the reasons we have just stated, be regarded as better authenticated than other relics of the same period—which conclusion has been entertained by successive historians. Among them, the evidence of William of Malmesbury, of the twelfth century, is plain: he says, in his time, "the people used to shew the places where he (Alfred) had been worsted and distressed." The scenes of his victories are still more treasureable in record.

Of all Alfred's military achievements, the battle of Ashdown seems to have been the most considerable. It was fought by him; in the year 871, the twenty-third of his age, when he was only lieutenant under his brother, King Ethelred. The account shows that it was a pitched field, and a complete victory on the side of the Saxons. Asser, in relating it, ascribes the success to the courageous conduct of Alfred, and to the prayers of the king; but the latter, from this historian's account, does not appear to have been present at the action, the whole army being led up by Alfred. Asser's account of the engagement will be found as interesting as it is important to our present purpose:—

"A.D. 871," says Asser, "the Pagans, leaving the East-Angles, came into West-Sax, and fixed their head-quarters at Reading, in Berkshire; where dividing themselves into two parties, one party rode out to plunder the country,—the other was employed in throwing up a fortification between the rivers Thames and Kennet. The former was met by Ethelwolf, the Earl of Berkshire, and, after an obstinate resistance, routed, near Englefield. Four days after, King Ethelred, with his brother Alfred, reinforced the Berkshire troops; and thinking them-

selves then strong enough to storm the fortress, made an attack, but were repulsed with loss, and the brave earl was killed in the engagement. Again, four days after this, the Pagans, flushed with success, came with a numerous army to Ashdown, under the command of two kings and several counts. King Ethelred and his brother, (who seem to have retired towards the western part of Berkshire, among their tenants and followers,) had rallied their troops, and came with an intention to meet them, and to make it a decisive battle. The Pagans divided their army into two bodies, the two kings having the command of one, the counts of the other: which made it necessary for the Saxons to divide themselves in the same manner.—Whilst King Ethelred was busied at his devotions, in his tent, and declared that he would not quit the Service of God for any worldly duty whatsoever, (which piety of the king was from the sequel judged not to have been without its effect,) Alfred found it necessary to begin the engagement, or to retire. He could not easily brook the latter; therefore, as had been before agreed, he led on the Christian forces, though the king was not come up. Asser is very particular in mentioning how the Pagans had got the higher ground, and how the battle was begun upon a spot where grew a single thorn-tree, which he himself had afterwards seen; the whole account having been given him by faithful eyewitnesses. After a bloody and obstinate dispute, one king and five counts were killed on the Pagan side, with many thousands of common men; and the rest were dispersed all over the wide plain of Ashdown, and pursued all that night and the next day, as far as to their castle at Reading.”

We should here note that some dispute has arisen respecting the precise situation of Ashdown. Asser says that it was a place called *Ærcerdune*, or *Ærcendune*, which he interprets *Mons Fraxini*—in English, Ashes-down, or Ashendown. Some make it Ashdown Forest, in Sussex;* and the learned Bishop Kennet supposes it Ashendown, in Buckinghamshire, in the forest of Bermwood, a town that gives name to the hundred; and Bishop Gibson at a town called Aston, near Wallingford, in Berkshire. Dr. Wise, a learned antiquary of the last century, has investigated these opinions with much labour and research, though without assenting to their accuracy. That Ashdown was a district, or country, rather than a town, would appear by its being called *Mons Fraxini*, by Asser, as well as its being the place of battle. Dr. Wise concludes it to mean a ridge of hills, extending from Letcombe into

Wiltshire, overlooking the vale, containing large tracts of down and sheep pasture, where the great western road passes at this day. The Doctor also presumes Ashdown to have been a well-known boundary: thus, it is said in the Saxon annals—“Wulfere, the son of Penda, laid waste all the country as far as *Æscsedune*,” which he supposes to convey, that he destroyed all the vale from Mercia to the foot of this ridge of hills. These downs seem likewise to have been formerly covered with woods of ash, whence the name of Ashdown. Dr. Wise further observes, that this district appears to have been the demesne lands of the West Saxon kings, as he finds by their granting it away to their favourites. In a charter of Ethelwolf, Alfred’s father, date 840, are grants in Aysshedoune. At length, a town was built on the western limits of the district, which town is now called Ashbury, but was formerly Aysshedoune, as may be seen in a charter of King Edred, dated 947; and to the same charter is annexed a memorandum, stating the name to be changed to Ayssehebury, which is only a more modern name for Ash-hill, or Down. But even the old name was preserved in the neighbourhood in the last century, the downs being called by the shepherds Ashdown; and about a mile southward from Ashbury is Ashdown Park, corruptly called Ashen Park. Here Dr. Wise looked for and found the identical field of battle. With glowing enthusiasm, the Doctor says—“Here my imagination painted the two armies extended over the wide plain, and engaged about the single thorn-tree, there being here and there to be seen one of this kind. Upon the highest hill of these parts, north-eastward, is a large Roman intrenchment, called Uffington Castle, from overlooking the town of Uffington, in the vale; and almost under this point is the White Horse, as in the cut. Here Dr. Wise supposes the Danes to have encamped; for Asser tells us they had the upper ground. About a mile and a half lower westward, on the brow of the hill, nearer to Ashbury, overlooking a farm-house called Hardwell, is a camp, seemingly fortified after the Saxon manner, with two ditches, and called Hardwell Camp, where Dr. Wise supposes King Ethelred lay the night before the engagement. About a mile or more from hence, behind the wood of Ashdown Park, is a slight, roundish intrenchment, called both Ashbury Camp and King Alfred’s Castle.—Aubrey’s account of this is—“From hence we come to White Horse Hill, the head of the river Ock; above which, by Ashbury Park, is a camp, of a figure as near round as square, the diameter above a hundred paces, and the works single, which seem to prove it Danish. But the works are now almost quite spoiled and defaced, by digging for the Sarsden stones, as they call them, to build my

* The borders of Ashdown Forest will be recollected as the scene of Mr. Horace Smith’s popular novel of “Brambletye House.”

Lord Craven's house in the (Ashdown) Park. Besides these camps, the barrows abundantly scattered over the downs are proofs of this part of the country having been formerly the scene of war and bloodshed."

The dimensions of the horse, according to Dr. Wise, are extended over an acre of ground, "or thereabouts." His head, neck, body, and tail, consist of one white line; as does also each of his four legs. This is done by cutting a trench into the chalk, of about two or three feet deep, and about ten broad;* and when the sun darts upon the chalk of the trench, which is of a brighter colour than the turf which surrounds it, the whole figure is visible. Dr. Wise was informed, "for ten or a dozen, nay fifteen miles distant." Some of our readers who have travelled along the great western road may judge of the veracity of this statement; and few of them can have passed this way without noticing "the White Horse," which is as great a wonder of the road as Herschel's gigantic telescope at Slough.

The figure of the horse is of surpassing beauty; or, to use Dr. Wise's words, "designed in so master-like a manner, that it may defy the painter's skill to give a more exact description of that animal." This excellence will be the more surprising, if we consider how little was known of the art of drawing in Alfred's time, as appears from the works of the best masters, the Saxon coins, and the jewel of Alfred, preserved in the Museum at Oxford. "Again," observes Dr. Wise, "if durability was intended, the in-

genuity of the artist will appear still greater; for, from its barren soil and steep situation, it has nothing to fear from the inroads of the plough, the grazing of larger cattle, or the stagnation of waters—all which contribute, more or less, to efface things of this sort."

The growth of the adjoining turf, we are told, somewhat interrupts the symmetry of the figure. "The supplies which nature is continually affording, occasion the turf on the upper verge of his body, for want of continuity to crumble, and fall off into the white trench, which, in many years time, produces small specks of turf, and not a little obscures the brightness of the horse. Though there is no danger from hence of the whole figure being obliterated, yet the neighbouring inhabitants have a custom of *scouring the horse*, as they call it; at which time a solemn festival is celebrated, and manlike games with prizes exhibited, which no doubt had their original in the Saxon times, in memory of the victory." It should here be recollected, that Dr. Wise wrote nearly a century since; whether any remains of this custom are traceable in the neighbourhood is not within our knowledge. The Doctor adds—"This falling of the turf into the trench is the reason likewise why the country people erroneously imagine that the horse, since his first fabrication, has shifted his quarters, and got higher upon the hill than formerly."

Here we must halt for the present; but our anxiety to do justice to this very interesting subject will ensure the completion of this summary view in our next number, together with a passing notice of some antiquarian remains of almost equal interest in the Vale of the White Horse.

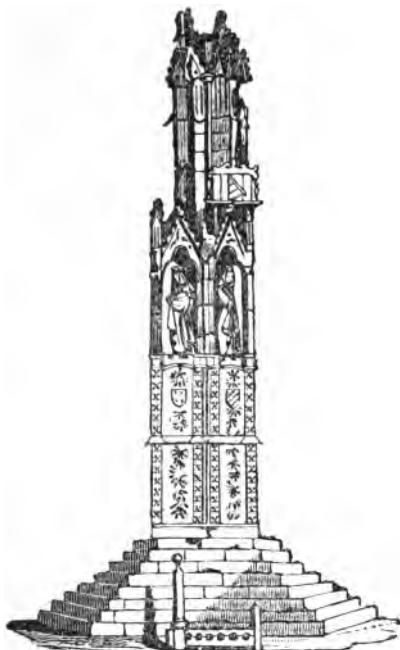
It may be as well, before we proceed further, to acquaint the reader that the substance of the preceding columns has been drawn from a somewhat close reading of a Letter "to Dr. Mead, concerning some Antiquities in Berkshire; by Francis Wise, B.D. &c." and "Further Observations" on the same subject, also by Dr. Wise: both are quarto pamphlets, printed at Oxford, in the years 1738 and 1742.

* Before the invention of books, and the use of sculpture upon stones and other smaller fragments, ancient nations were accustomed to represent "things great and noble upon entire rocks and mountains." Semiramis, to perpetuate her memory, is said to have cut a whole block into the form of herself. Hannibal, long after the invention of books, engraved characters upon the Alpine rocks, as a testimony of his passage over them, which, according to Paulus Jovius, were remaining about three centuries since. But, what is most to the present purpose is that it appears to have been especially the custom of the northern nations, from the remarkable inscription by Harold Hyltendrand to the memory of his father: it was cut on the side of a rock, in Runic characters, each letter being a quarter of an ell long, and the length of the whole inscription thirty four ells.—*Dr. Wise, 1738.*



(White Horse Hill, from a print by Vertue.)

GEDDINGTON CROSS.



THIS is one of the pious memorials of Edward I. to his affectionate queen, Elinor. It stands in a chase, about five miles long and two broad, on the small river Isle, in the centre of the village of Geddington, in the county of Northampton, just verging on that of Rutland. Our view is from a print of the year 1788. In the *Beauties of England and Wales*, dated 1810, we find Geddington Cross described as "the most perfect of the remaining crosses, unincumbered with modern additions, like the one near Northampton, and not so much injured by mutilation as that at Waltham. The base, on which it is raised, consists of a triangular pedestal, of eight steps. The first story is ornamented with a profusion of sculpture, of roses, and various foliage; and is also charged with shields of arms. The second contains three niches, with crocketed pinnacles, in which are female figures; and the upper story is decorated with various tabernacle work, pinnacles," &c. It is to be hoped that no ignorant or monied Vandal of the last twenty years has mutilated this originality. Above one of the niches is seen a sun-dial, which was a common appendage to ancient crosses: indeed, what could be a more appropriate one in the present: to show the fleetingness of time, as a lesson to the living, is surely fit accompaniment to a memorial of the dead. With the

gnomon of a sun-dial for pen, and "dust for paper," the affectionate survivor may

"Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth."

But, the village stocks at the base of the cross are unsightly enough: probably, in the lapse of five and forty years, since the date of the engraving, this nuisance has been removed—if not by the better feelings of the heart, by the more refined dictation of the head.

Geddington must be altogether a little knot of antiquarian associations. On what is still known under the name of Castle Close stood a royal palace, at which, in 1188, was held a parliament, for the purpose of raising money to carry on a crusade to the Holy Land. The church too contains some ancient relics: as, three curious stone seats, with a piscina in the south wall. The altar is raised on two steps, which bear inscriptions, in old letters, extending the whole width of the chancel. These matters are worth record, though they may be sneered at by the little hosts that are clubbing together to write down as well as pull down relics of the ingenuity of past ages, and write up hundreds of the silly conceits of the present century. But we must not be hard upon this party, seeing that architectural comparison is the least flourishing part of their vineyard and vine-dressing.

New Books.

THE GEORGIAN ERA.

[THE appearance of the second volume of this clever work affords us considerable pleasure and promise. It persuades us that the merits of the previous volume have been appreciated by the book-buying public; and we feel somewhat encouraged in our own good opinion of the work by this success.]

The present volume contains Military and Naval Commanders, Judges and Barristers, Physicians and Surgeons, who have flourished in Great Britain during the reigns of the four GEORGES. As we explained the plan and recommendations of the first volume, on its publication,* we shall here only observe that its successor has the same uniformity of purpose and perspicuity, and is distinguished by the same spirit of impartiality in the editor's summaries of character. We quote a specimen from the memoir of one of the illustrious of his time.]

The Duke of Wellington.

It will be observed to all who have watched the progress of his rise, that his successes were not the result of a chivalric spirit of martial, or even patriotic enthusiasm, but of plans deliberately adopted, cautiously and prudently matured, and vigorously and reso-

* See *Mirror*, vol. xix. p. 123.

lutely enforced. In fine, he was a general, not a hero; a commander, but not, in the generous and extended sense of the word, a warrior. In saying this, we by no means would be thought to impute to him a want of personal bravery; on the contrary, he possessed a degree of daring and courage, amounting almost to rashness, of which many more instances might be mentioned than those we have already related. But with the greatest courage, he was wanting in that warmth of feeling, and that individual sympathy and condescension of manner, which make a popular leader; and which won for Napoleon, despotically as his army was composed, a place in the heart of every soldier. The subject of our memoir was equally free from the virtues and the vices of those generals to whom he was opposed; he would neither, like one, revenge himself upon an obstinate foe in the hour of victory; nor, like another, after that hour had passed, erect a monument to a fallen foe. To have conquered Ney was no ordinary achievement, nor one unworthy the record of posterity; but when to him we add Massena, Soult, Victor, Marmont, we pause with admiration and surprise; and, as the name of Napoleon terminates the list, with wonder, almost akin to incredulity. The testimony of his vanquished rival is not wanting to his abilities:—"Wellington," said Napoleon, "is my equal as a general,—my superior in prudence." But again:—"Quelle difference, entre Wellington et Marlborough!" Whatever may have been the justice of this disparaging comparison, if we reflect only on the glorious termination of the peninsular war, no eulogy appears too high for the man under whom it was effected. Thwarted by the obstinacy, and deceived by the treachery of his foreign allies; reviled by his enemies in his own country; and not always trusted by his friends, he triumphed over all obstacles; causing, by his successes, the support of a tottering administration at home, and the revival of a fallen monarchy abroad. "It was the gigantic vigour," says Colonel Napier, "with which the Duke of Wellington resisted the fierceness of France, and sustained the weakness of three inefficient cabinets, that delivered the peninsula." And again:—"As a noble forest hides many noisome swamps and evil things, so the Duke of Wellington's laurels have covered the innumerable errors of the ministers." His military talents are ably delineated by Southey, in the concluding part of his *History of the Peninsular War*:—"Foresight and enterprise," says that author, "with our commander went hand-in-hand; he never advanced but so as to be sure of his retreat; and he never retreated, but in such an attitude as to impose upon a superior enemy. He never gave an opportunity, and never lost one. His move-

ments were so rapid, as to deceive and astonish the French, who prided themselves upon their own celerity. He foiled general after general, defeated army after army, captured fortress after fortress, and, in raising the military character of Great Britain to its old standard in the days of Marlborough, made the superiority of the British soldier over the Frenchman as incontestible as that of the British-seaman."

But although, for his military abilities, the Duke of Wellington has deservedly received the praises of the whole civilized world, he was by no means the idol of the soldiers, whom he so often led to victory. He had their confidence, but not their affection. They looked up to him in the field of battle, but turned from him in the camp with sentiments of dislike, if not of disgust. They followed him faithfully as a leader, and, at his word, pointed readily the cannon's mouth; but in their valour and obedience may be seen the triumph of discipline, and of native hardihood; not of devotion to a cause, nor of personal attachment to a chieftain. The oft-repeated "*Camarade*" of Napoleon to his soldiers, never escaped the lips of Wellington; and that he should have conquered such armies, with such a leader as the French could boast of, may well justify the historian in ascribing to the special interference of Providence the defeat of that nation. As a general, however, Wellington possessed some qualities superior to those of his great and last opponent; he would not condescend to talk with, or to look, individually, to the comfort of his men; but he would never stir upon a campaign until he had secured ample provisions for his army; nor venture upon a march, attended with hazard, against which he had not previously provided. He was, certainly, in some measure, compelled to act so, in consequence of the small number of his troops, and of the little dependence he could place upon the arrival of fresh supplies from England; but if his conduct were the result of policy alone, it was a policy of which humanity makes an ingredient, as well as considerable judgment and skill. The coolness and self-possession of the duke were seldom ruffled, either in the camp, or in the field; but his confidence in his own plans, sometimes inclined him to treat the suggestions of others with an indifference, bordering on disdain and contempt. Whilst giving his directions, on one occasion, to his officers, among whom was Sir Thomas Picton, that gallant general, of whose abilities, it is said, Wellington was somewhat jealous, ventured to differ from him: as to the judiciousness of some of his intended movements:—"Sir Thomas Picton," said the duke, in a tone equally unbecoming to himself, and undue to the individual addressed, "I sent for you to hear any orders, not to receive yours." Of

his imperturbable coolness in action, the following anecdote is related by Colonel Napier, in his account of the battle of Talavera:—"He was seated," says the colonel, "on the summit of a hill, intently watching the movements of the advancing enemy, when Sir Rufane Donkin came to inform him that the Spanish general, Cuesta, upon whom at that moment much depended, was betraying him. He listened to this somewhat startling message, without so much as turning his head, and then dryly answering, "Very well, you may return to your brigade," continued his survey of the French.

He disliked military pride, pomp, and bustle; was remarkably plain in dress, and hated all formality of manner. In 1809, while at Thomar, he avoided the honour and ceremonies intended for him by the Portuguese general, Miranda, who had come out in great pomp, with his staff, to meet the English hero; whom, in consequence of the extreme simplicity of his attire, he passed by unnoticed. He was eminently remarkable for the decision of character he, on all occasions, evinced; and he no sooner determined on the propriety of any action, but he invariably put it into execution. Like Napoleon, he passed through all his campaigns with scarcely a wound, though in battle he was generally in the thickest of the danger. At Waterloo, a tree near which he stood was shattered; at Salamanca, one of the first shots perforated his cloak, which was folded on his saddle; and, at the same place, with a ravine in his rear and a river in front, he escaped a party of French, by whom he might easily have been captured had he been recognised.

The Public Journals.

RUSSIAN SUPERSTITION.

WITH the disease of fever the Russians associate a most singular superstition. These people in general, not the vulgar only, regard the intermittent fever as a female, who prowls about in the silence of night, seeking the victims of her often very capricious humour. This personage is called Lichorotka, and the same name is given to the disease itself. To show the notions of the Russians concerning this spirit in a clearer light, the following account was given by the late archimandrite (bishop), Israel of Kasan, a man universally respected for his sound understanding and great integrity, in his own words:—

"I was twenty years old," said he, "and secretary to the convent of Simberak, the abbot of which had a particular partiality for me: it was he who decided me to adopt the ecclesiastical profession. One evening in the butter-week (at the commencement of Lent), I heard the loud sounds of music and dancing in the adjoining house, and though I was

strictly forbidden to leave the convent at night, still I found means to get out unobserved, and reach the window of the room where the ball was held. Though this apartment was on the ground-floor, the windows were too high to permit me to see the merry inmates, and to gratify my curiosity. With difficulty and great fear of detection I at length clambered high enough, and to my great delight obtained a view of the joyous party, among which I should so gladly have been. But my pleasure was not destined to last long: for scarcely had I taken a survey of the gay throng, when all at once a tall, slender, female figure, with a very beautiful face, came forth from the midst of it, with her eyes fixed upon me, and advanced towards the window where I was. An inward presentiment immediately told me that this was Lichorotka, who had so often been described to me by others. I was frightened, leaped down, and sneaked home. I went dejectedly to bed, and some time after midnight awoke in a fever. I was ill with it five weeks, during which my good old abbot visited me daily, and treated me with the greatest kindness. At the expiration of that time, I took it into my head to direct my attendant to bring my old wolf-skin pelisse, which I used to wear on my tours of inspection in winter, from the top of the house, and to spread it for the sake of warmth over my bed. The following night Lichorotka appeared to me in a dream, if however it were a dream, and not a real vision, in the very same dress in which I had seen her five weeks before. She entered my room, and slowly approached my bed. When she was quite close to me, she made a threatening motion with her hand, then raising it to her face, said, with a friendly smile, 'Faugh! how ill that pelisse smells! I shall not stay here any longer, but go to Jessipow.' This was the clerk of the convent, a robust young man, who, during my illness, had performed my duty with the abbot. Next morning, when the abbot came to see me, and I related my story, he told me that I was cured. Seeing me smile somewhat incredulously, he was almost angry, and solemnly protested that the fever would not return, adducing a great number of similar stories to confirm the assertion. Being at length convinced, and feeling more tranquil in consequence, I bethought me of poor Jessipow, who had probably been brought into the same scrape through me and my pelisse. The old gentleman cheered me up, and averred that he knew no instance of Lichorotka being so malicious. In further confirmation of what he said, he sent my attendant to summon the clerk to my room; but what was the astonishment of both, when he came back and told us that Jessipow could not come, because he was confined to his bed with a violent licherotka! The poor fellow lay ill with it

all the autumn, and at the beginning of the winter we buried him."

Hundreds of such stories may be heard in Russia in every family; and I advise foreigners to suppress a smile, or any other token of incredulity, if they would not wish to be taken for free-thinkers or madmen.—*United Service Journal*.

Notes of a Reader.

DEVASTATIONS OF LOCUSTS, AND HORRORS OF FAMINE.

[CAPTAIN J. R. CARNAC has communicated to the *Memoirs of the Literary Society of Bombay*, (vol. i.) the following painfully interesting account of the Famine in Guzerat, in the years 1812 and 1813.]

It is interesting to mark the harbinger of those calamities which fell upon Guzerat:—the superstitions of the natives attributed them to the sins of this quarter of India; while we cannot but lament that the danger which, in its origin was at the remotest extremity, should at last have fixed its influence in the western division of the peninsula. It has often been remarked, that the appearance of locusts is a prognostic of other evils. Flights of these destructive insects first appeared from the eastward, in the Bengal provinces, about the beginning of the year 1810, and taking their course in a northerly direction, passed through parts of the country designated by the southern people Hindostan; and, in the revolution of fifteen months, arrived at the province of Marwar, skirting the large western desert of India. In the year, 1811, the annual fall of rain failed in Marwar; and when every vestige of vegetation had disappeared, the locusts made way into the north-west district of Guzerat, named Puttun, and from thence scoured Kattiwar; on one occasion only, appearing as far south as the city of Baroach on the Nerbudda. Beyond this point the locusts were not known to extend; and by the commencement of the monsoon of 1812, this plague vanished from the face of the country.

The destruction committed by these insects in the western parts of Guzerat was deplorable. During the circuit of the subsidiary force at the latter end of 1811, extensive tracts were covered with cultivation; and, until examined, the spectator would have considered the harvest as being in a most flourishing condition. The locusts, however, had devoured the grain, and the stalks were left as unworthy of being cleared from the ground. The failure of grain in Marwar, and the ruin by the locusts of the products of the land during the preceding year, drove the inhabitants of that unfortunate country into the bosom of Guzerat, where their condition was comparatively im-

proved, though one of the causes which compelled them to seek refuge at a distance from home, had begun to operate also in that province. Miseries seemed to follow the footsteps of the Marwarees, and to mingle their neighbours in their untoward destiny; for it was in the year 1812 that Guzerat also experienced a failure of rain, when the demands on its resources had augmented in a twofold degree. The enhanced price of grain, added to the apprehensions of the inhabitants, which impelled them to store their individual resources in times of such danger, and the villanies practised by the higher classes to derive pecuniary advantage from the pressing wants of the people, soon reduced the half-famished emigrants to the greatest privations; the endurance of hunger was supported, however, by the Marwaree people with unaccountable pertinacity, which in some degree blunted the natural feelings of sympathy in their lot. Whether the ready assistance rendered to these people on their first entrance into Guzerat, had induced them to imagine, that under no circumstances the hand of charity would be withdrawn; or whether it was from the innate indolence of their character, or the infatuation which often accompanies the extremes of misfortune,—that they rejected the certain means of subsistence by labour,—it is notorious, that in all cases when the benevolent tendered employment to these people, it was uniformly declined, even with the certainty of death being the consequence of refusal. The diversity between the laudable energies of the Mahratta, when under the influence of similar misfortunes, and the apathy of the Marwaree, was strikingly evinced.

The mortality which ensued among the emigrants, who had sought refuge after the sufferings of a famine in their own country, covered with disease, regardless of every consideration but that promoted by the calls of hunger, almost surpasses my own belief, though an unhappy witness of such horrid events.

In the vicinity of every large town, you perceived suburbs surrounded by these creatures. Their residence was usually taken up on the main roads under the cover of trees; men, women, and children promiscuously scattered, some furnished with a scanty covering, others almost reduced to a state of nudity, while, at the same moment, the spectator witnessed, within the range of his own observation, the famished looks of a fellow creature, aggravated by the pain of sickness; the desponding cries of the multitude, mingled with the thoughtless playfulness of children, and the unavailing struggles of the infant to draw sustenance from the exhausted breasts of its parent. To consummate this scene of human misery, a lifeless corpse was at intervals brought to notice by the bewailings of a near relative; its immediate neighbourhood

displaying the impatience and wildness excited in the fortunate few who had obtained a pittance of grain, and were devouring it with desperate satisfaction. The hourly recurrence of miseries had familiarized the minds of these poor people, as well as of people in general, to every extremity which nature could inflict,—in a short time, these emanations of individual feeling among themselves, which distinguished the first commencement of their sufferings, gradually abated, and the utmost indifference universally predominated. I shall venture to give you a few examples, which came under my own eyes, and which, in spite of the painful sensation which they excite, I bring myself to describe, from the desire of elucidating the depression to which a rational being can be reduced.

During the progress of these miseries, I have seen a few Marwarees sitting in a cluster, denying a little water to sustain her drooping spirits, to a woman stretched beside them, with a dead infant reposing on her breast. In a few hours this woman had also expired, and her dead body as well as that of the child, remained close by them, situated as before described, without a single attempt to remove them, until the government-peons had performed that office. I have seen a child, not quite dead, torn away by a pack of dogs from its mother, who was unable to speak or move, but lay with anxious eyes directed to the object of its fond affection. It was pursued by its former little playmates, which had shared in its extreme adversity; but the ravenous animals (who had acquired an extraordinary degree of ferocity from before having fed on human bodies) turned upon the innocents, and displayed their mouths and teeth discoloured with the remains of the child; a rescue was attempted by ourselves, but the remains of life had been destroyed, and in struggling for its limbs, the dogs had actually carried off one of its arms. I have witnessed those animals watching the famished creatures, who were verging on the point of dissolution, to feast on their bodies; and this spectacle was repeated every successive day in the environs of this town. Lastly, to my knowledge, those feelings and prejudices “concentrating all their precious beams of sacred influence,” those which life in ease and affluence would only have resigned with itself, in the extremes of distress, seemed to have lost their power. Distinctions of cast were preserved until the moment when the hand of adversity bore heavy, then the Brahmin sold his wife, his child, sister, and connexions for the trifle of two or three rupees, to such as would receive them. With these individual cases, I will leave you to estimate the extent of mortality; but it is in my power to state as a fact, that the number of the Marwarees who died in a single day at Baroda, could scarcely be counted, and the

return of burials in twenty-four hours often exceeded 500 bodies. What reflections are not excited by the enumeration of such dreadful evils, and what gratitude has each of the living to cherish for the mercy shown to him! It would be doing an act of injustice, however, to the natives of opulence in Guzerat to pass over their exertions to alleviate the surrounding distress. The charity of the Hindoos is proverbial; it constitutes one of the primary tenets of their morality, and is generally unaffectedly dispensed. On the occurrence of the distress and famine, large subscriptions were made, aided by a liberal sum from the native government, and the objects of the institution were obtained by proper regulations devised for that purpose. I cannot say what numbers were relieved, but the monthly expense of feeding the poor in this town amounted to some thousands of rupees. It was a cruel sight to those possessed of sensibility, to witness the struggles when the doors were opened to apportion the victuals. Every sentiment of humanity appeared to have been absorbed by the crowds collected around; and it was no unusual thing to be informed, that such and such a number had fallen a sacrifice to their precipitate voracity. Many also whose wants had been supplied, continued to devour until the means intended for their relief proved in the end their destruction in a few hours. Children were often crushed to death, when attending for their pittance of food, under the feet of their own parents. The establishment of which I have been speaking was imitated in most of the principal towns in Guzerat, and added a few months of life to a class of beings reserved for greater miseries; indeed, subsequent events would seem to show that these people were marked for total annihilation, and that in their destruction the inhabitants of this country were to be deeply involved.

I have observed that the Marwarees had resorted to Guzerat covered by disease, the consequence of limited and unwholesome food. I shall not dwell on the spectacles which were furnished in this particular respect; but the object of adverting to it is to mention, that this misery was heightened by the confluent small-pox, which committed incalculable ravages.

The carelessness of the Indian in all matters which do not affect his immediate interests or his religion is well known to us; his conduct would hardly be supposed to be governed by rational principles. Of his indifference to the dying we have had abundance of evidence; but he is yet more callous to the dead. It was this kind of apathy which appeared to me to have chiefly occasioned the contagion experienced in 1812, and the consequent mortality. The bodies of the Marwarees during the famine were left unheeded on the spot where life expired, and their

putridity must doubtless have affected the atmosphere. As demonstrative that some influence was created by these circumstances, I beg your attention to the number of deaths, which will presently be specified, at Ahmedabad, where the sickness raged with the greatest violence, observing at the same time, that at Baroda the government had the precaution to bury the dead; while this act, so necessary for self-preservation and common decency, was not performed elsewhere in the Guicawar districts with uniform attention. The mortality at Ahmedabad is computed at a hundred thousand persons, a number nearly equal to one half of its population. The demand for wood to burn the Hindoos, called for the destruction of the houses; even this was barely sufficient for the performance of the rites required by the Hindoo faith, and the half-consumed bodies on the banks of the Pabaimuttee evince, at this hour, to what straits the Hindoos were reduced in fulfilling the last duties to their kindred. A description of the fury with which the contagion raged in that unhappy city would scarcely be credible. The disease pervaded every habitation, entire families fell victims to its unsparing hand; and, in many instances, the dead body of one person had no sooner been disposed of, than the party returned to repeat the same office to another. It is worthy of remark, that latterly the females were engaged in removing the dead and committing them to the pile; the urgency must have been extreme, to have induced this departure from usages in rites held in sacred estimation. It can be no question, that a part of the mortality is attributable to the peculiar insalubrity of the climate in this province after the rainy season; but as the mortality commonly exceeded the proportions of deaths in former years in the rate of ten to one,—to what can such excess be ascribed, but the cause I have ventured to assign? It is a curious fact, however, that, with the exception of Ahmedabad, the Mahomedan population did not suffer so severely as the Hindoos. The cause assigned among themselves I have heard to be the nature of their diet, and the support which animal food gave to the body. I am not qualified to form a judgment on such a subject, but the reason is certainly not unworthy of attention. At the same time, I am aware that the parallel case of mortality among the Europeans at Kaira can be adduced against the solidity of the reason assigned, though it is but fair to observe, that the Mahomedans suffered in a greater proportion than in former years, and that the regiment at Kaira were new-comers, and, of course, exposed to increased dangers, from the influence of climate and the prevailing causes of sickness.

The influx of a large proportion of the population of a country yielding an annual

revenue of 500,000*l.* cannot be accurately ascertained: the emigrants arrived in Guzerat in detached bodies, and, for the purpose of convenience, spread themselves over the face of Guzerat, from the borders of the Gulf of Kutch to Surat, in many instances, even flocking from ports on the coast to Bombay, which they were enabled to do, in consequence of native chiefs and opulent merchants granting them passage free of charge. It should, however, be observed, that the larger proportion of the people who resorted to the presidency were from the Kitiwar, which suffered, from the want of rain and ravages of locusts, in a much greater degree than the province of Guzerat. It is also out of my power to give any certain account of the number of Marwarrees who perished in the famine. I have seen, in an evening ride in the suburbs of this town, in which every practical means for saving them were benevolently exercised, not less than fifty bodies scattered around, which the servants of Government had not had time to inter. I would, therefore, from a review of all the circumstances related, be inclined to estimate, that not more than one in a hundred of these poor creatures ever returned to their native country.

MODERN CARRIAGES.

For country work nearly all the open vehicles have given place to the double-bodied phaeton and the britscka, both of which are much used in travelling post. The former is likewise in vogue with citizens and others who have families, and is now made so light, as to be drawn by one horse with four persons in it with ease, for a limited number of miles. Descending still lower in the scale, and only one remove from the donkey-cart, is what is called the pony-chaise, out of which more people have been killed than we should like to enumerate here. These vehicles, by far the most dangerous carriages of the whole family they belong to, are so light that an animal of little power can do what he pleases with them; they are also obliged to be made so short in the carriage, that the least thing upsets them, while the persons in them are not out of reach of heels. Should the animal be alarmed and endeavour to run away, the lowness and lightness of the vehicle nearly destroy all power of resistance; indeed, if he have much power, a carriage of this description may be compared to a canister tied to a dog's tail.

Accidents, by these carriages, frequently arise from apparently an unknown cause; it is by no means generally known, that horses frequently begin kicking or plunging in consequence of some part of their harness pinching them, but which their drivers are quite unconscious of at the time. Thus a coach-horse is frequently set kicking by merely a

twist in his trace. Many accidents, however, arise from using horses not properly broken to harness, as well as from the inexperience of drivers.

Already, like all other trades, coach-making is on the wane. Two years back, the town-coach could not be had under four hundred guineas. Three hundred is the price now. The travelling-chariot, with every thing complete, could not be purchased under three hundred and eighty guineas; three hundred will now suffice. The town-cabriolet, with patent boxes to the wheels, commenced at a hundred and fifty guineas: a hundred and twenty is now the figure, and so with all the rest of the tribe.—*Quarterly Review*.

“THE MARCH” OF MACHINERY.

THE vast additions made to human power by the employment of tools and machines, are, indeed, too obvious not to arrest the attention of every one. There is hardly a single branch of industry in which they do not add immensely to the energies of the labourer; and there are very many branches, and those too of the utmost importance, that could not be prosecuted without their assistance. The capacity to invent and contrive makes a part of the original constitution of man. He is at all times desirous to make the powers of nature minister to his purposes; and his well-being mainly depends on his success in this respect, or on the skill which he displays in pressing the powers of nature into his service, and making them perform a part of those tasks that would otherwise be either not performed at all, or performed by the hand only. We have been so long accustomed to make use of the most complicated and expensive machines, that we have in a great measure forgotten how much we owe to those that are simpler and cheaper, but not less powerful or useful. The truth is, that we hardly do any thing—that we cannot so much as make a pen, snuff a candle, mend a fire, or dress a beef-steak—without resorting to machinery. We are so much identified with it, that it has become, as it were, almost a part of ourselves. Agriculture could not be carried on, even in its rudest form, without spades and hoes; and the horse had to be domesticated, and iron smelted and forged, before the plough could be introduced. Civilized man is, in fact, indebted to tools and machines, not for an increase of power merely, but for almost every thing that he possesses. Perhaps not one in a thousand of the arts practised amongst us could be carried on by the hand only. Those who investigate the history of the human race, who trace their slow and gradual progress from their lowest and most abject to their highest and most polished state, will find that it has always been accompanied and chiefly promoted by

the invention and improvement of tools and engines. What, we ask, has falsified all the predictions of Hume and Smith, as to the increase of the public debt, and enables us to support without difficulty a load of taxes that would have crushed our fathers, as it would crush any other people? There cannot be the shadow of a doubt that it is to be wholly ascribed to the stupendous inventions and discoveries of Hargraves, Arkwright, Watt, Wedgwood, Crompton, Cartwright, and a few others. These added so prodigiously to our capacities of production, that we went on rapidly increasing in population and wealth, notwithstanding an expenditure of blood and treasure unparalleled in the history of the world. It is believed that an individual can at this moment, by means of the improved machinery now in use, produce about 200 times the quantity of cotton goods that an individual could have produced at the accession of George III. in 1760! The improvement in other branches, though for the most part less striking than in the cotton manufacture, is still very great; and in some, as in the lace manufacture, it is little if at all inferior. The high and conspicuous place we occupy among the nations of the earth, is not owing to our possessing a greater population, a finer climate, or a more fertile soil; but to the superior art we have evinced in availing ourselves of the powers of nature. This has multiplied our resources, and increased our power in a degree that was not previously conceivable. It is not going too far to say that we have, at the very least, derived ten times more advantage from the spinning-jenny and the steam-engine, than from all our conquests in India, though these have added nearly 100 millions of subjects to our empire.—*Edinburgh Review*.

The Gatherer.

Pompeii.—Among the discoveries at Pompeii, in 1827, was a very grand edifice, which the antiquarians denominate a Pantheon. Its form is a parallelogram. The entrance opens in one of the narrowest sides of the building. In the corners are three small rooms: in the middle one, in two niches, were found statues of Tiberius and Livia. Unfortunately, these statues, though very beautiful, are without arms. The principal wall is ornamented with paintings, very well preserved, which represent the history of Romulus and Remus, at the moment when they were suckled by the wife of the shepherd Faustulus. In the gallery which conducts to the Pantheon, and in the room which served as a robing room, are tablets of marble, with different numbers. In the numerous paintings of this edifice are representations of hunts, marine monsters, and different animals. Attached to the build-

ing is a court, surrounded by a portico, supported by elegant columns, whose pediments are of white marble. In the midst of this portico rise eight pedestals, which probably supported a small rotunda, similar to that which is seen at Puzzoli, in the temple of Serapis.

W. G. C.

Muddy Streets.—

"Cry havock, and let slip the scavengers."

Scavengers are officers chosen yearly in each parish, in London and the suburbs, by the constables, churchwardens, and other inhabitants, whose business it is to hire persons called *rakers*, with carts, to cleanse the streets, and carry away the dirt and filth thereof, under a penalty of forty shillings. The word scavenger is derived from the Saxon *scæfda*, or the Dutch *schaven*—to scrape, or shave away. It appears the present London scavengers *scrape*, but most assuredly do not shave away the mud; and libel the poet Gay, who says—

"For the scavenger bids kennels glide

Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside."

As the word scavenger is derived from the Dutch, the parish officers might import some of the Dutch prisoners, and make them useful in the science of *scaven*.

P. T. W.

Zoffany and George III.—The celebrated Zoffany, who resided a long time in England, was employed by George III. to paint a scene from Reynolds's *Speculation*, in which Quick, Munden, and Miss Wallis were introduced. The king called to see it in progress, and at last it was done, "all but the *coat*." The picture, however, was not sent, and the king repeated his visit to the artist. Zoffany, with some embarrassment, said, "It is all done but the *goat*."—"Don't tell me," said the impatient monarch, "this is always the way; you said it was done all but the coat the last time I was here."—"I said the goat, and please your majesty," answered the artist.—"Ay!" replied the king, "the goat or the coat, I care not which you call it; I say I will not have the picture,"—and was about to leave the room, when Zoffany, in agony, repeated, "It is the *goat* that is not finished," pointing to the picture of a goat that hung up in a frame, as an ornament to the scene at the theatre. The king laughed heartily at the blunder, and waited patiently till "the goat" was finished.

W. G. C.

Curran's Schoolmaster.—An account of his interview with Boyse, the friend and educator of his youth, is thus related by himself. "About five and thirty years after leaving the school at Middleton, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in parliament, on my return, one day, from court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in my drawing-room; his feet familiarly placed on each side of the chimney-

piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quit at home. He turned round—it was my friend of the Ball-alley. I rushed instinctively into his arms, and burst into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed: 'You are right, sir; you are right,' said I; 'the chimney-piece is yours—the pictures are yours—the house is yours. You gave me all I have—my friend—my father—my benefactor!' He dined with me; and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his eye, when he saw poor, little Jack, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honourable. Poor Boyse! he is now gone: and no suitor had a larger deposit of practical benevolence in the court above. 'This is his wine; let us drink to his memory.'—*Georgian Era.*

Origin of Vermin.—Eulia, in his book of travels, has recorded the following singular tradition of the origin of vermin, as preserved among a sect of Kurds, who dwell in his time at the foot of Mount Sindshar: "When Noah's ark sprung a leak, by striking against a rock, in the vicinity of Mount Sindshar, and Noah despaired altogether of safety, the serpent promised to help him out of his mishap, if he would engage to feed him upon human flesh after the deluge had subsided. Noah pledged himself to do so; and the serpent, coiling himself up, drove his body into the fracture, and stopped the leak. When the pluvius element was appeased, and all were making their way out of the ark, the serpent insisted upon the fulfilment of the pledge he had received; but Noah, by Gabriel's advice, committed the pledge to the flames; and scattering the ashes in the air, there arose out of them flies, fleas, lice, bugs, and all such sorts of vermin as prey upon human blood; and in this manner was Noah's pledge redeemed."

W. G. C.

The proprietor of an Irish journal states that he "is painfully obliged to suspend its publication for some time, in consequence of the gross neglect of some, and the *inebriety of others employed in his office.*"

Exeter 'Change, in its last state, is said to have been built by Dr. Barbon, a speculator in houses, about the time of William and Mary. In 1708, the lower story was occupied by milliners, and the upper by the Company of Upholsterers.

•• GUERNSEY.—Will the recent visiter P. B. authenticate his communication respecting the curious lantern custom in Guernsey?

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The Mirror

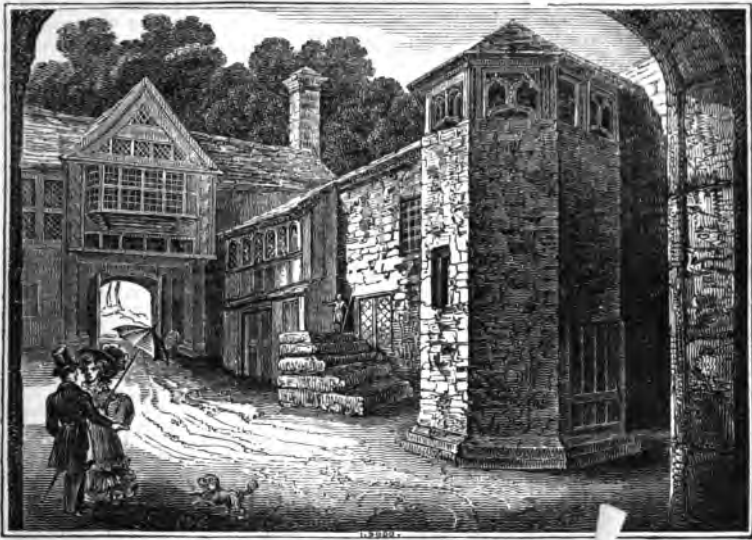
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GWYDIR HOUSE, CAERNARVONSHIRE

PENNANT derives the name of Gwydir from *gwaed-dur* (the bloody hand), in allusion to a battle fought here by Llywarch Hen, about the year 610. This ancient mansion was built in 1556, by John Wynne-ap-Merdydd. It was an extensive pile, in the quadrangular form, comprising an outer and inner court. What is left of the original structure exhibits, in some degree, a portion of the splendour of its former possessors. "The estate continued in the family of the Wynnes till about the year 1678, when it passed to that of Ancaster, by the marriage of Mary, the heiress of Sir Richard Wynne, to the Marquis of Lyndsey, and was afterwards possessed by Sir Peter Burrell, in right of his wife the Baroness of Willoughby, eldest sister of the late Duke of Ancaster, in which family it has since remained."⁷⁸

"The former residence of the Wynnes has witnessed several distinguished persons of that ancient family. Sir John, the founder, was a man of great abilities; he went early to London, where studying the law, he distinguished himself, and soon rose to eminence; his consequence in the profession attracted the notice of the court, of which he became a favourite and follower. He was an eccentric genius, haughty in his views and austere

* Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet, vol. i. 1817.

in his measures, as will appear by the injunctions for the regulation of one part of the establishment of his household contained in a formula, called Sir John Wynne of Gwydir's instructions to his chaplain John Price, how to govern himself in his service.

"First.—You shall have the chamber I shewed you in my gate, private to yourself with lock and key, and all necessaries. In the morning, I expect you should rise and say prayers in my hall to my household below, before they go to work, and when come in at nygt; that you call before you all the workmen especially the yowth, and take account of them of their belief, and of what sir Meredith taught them. I beg you to continue for the more part in the lower house, you are to have onely what is done there, that you may inform me of any disorder there. There is a baylyf of husbandry, and a porter, who will be commanded by you.

"The morninge after you be up, and have said prayers as afore, I would you to bestow in study or any commendable exercise of your body.

"Before dinner you are to com up and attend grace or prayers if there be any publicke, and to set up, if there be not greater strangers, above the chyldren who you are to teach in your own chamber.

"When the table from half downwards is taken up, then you are to rise and to walk in the alleys near at hand until grace time, and to come in then for that purpose. After dinner if I be busy, you may go to bowles, shuffel bord, or any other honest decent recreation, until I go abroad. If you see me void of business and go to ride abroad, you shall command a gelding to be made ready by the grooms of the stable, and to go with me. If I go to bowles, or shuffel bord, I shall lyke of your company if the place be not made up with strangers. I wold have you go every Sunday in the year to some church hereabouts to preache, giving warnynge to the parish to bring the yowths at afternoon to the church to be catekysed, in which point is my greatest care you should be painful and diligent.

"Avoid the alehouse to sytt, and keepe drunkards company, ther being the greatest discredit your function can have."

The neighbourhood of Gwydir House possesses considerable picturesque beauty. Immediately beyond the mansion the ground rises very rapidly to the foot of the cliffs, forming the westward boundary of the valley, all which space is occupied by luxuriant wood. Half-way up the rocks is an irregular plain of about five acres, containing the remains of an ancient house, consisting of a magnificent terrace and a chapel.

"The town of Llanwrst, which adjoins the Gwydir estate, is situated on the banks of the Conwy, just within the Denbighshire border; the streets are narrow and the houses generally ill built: the high road to Holyhead passes through this town, which contains nothing very remarkable, if you except its beautiful bridge, built by Inigo Jones."

Select Biography.

THE YOUNG NAPOLEON.

(Abridged from the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.)

THE life of the son of Napoleon, since he fell into Austrian hands when an infant, has been a perfect mystery: the people were scarcely kept in more complete ignorance of the daily life of the man with the Iron Mask: his death was almost the first certain news of his continued existence. Now that there is no motive for farther concealment, we are let into all the details of his short career, down even to the most trivial actions of hourly existence; not without some reservation certainly, produced by a perpetual consciousness of the position of the writer—a dependant of the Court of Vienna—but still with a sufficient abundance of particulars, flowing from the mouths of his friends, tutors, and household, to satisfy us altogether as to the character and disposition of a remarkable and most interesting personage.

Many unworthy suspicions have been entertained of the Court of Austria respecting the treatment of this young man; these suspicions will at once vanish before the perusal of M. de Montbel's *Life of the Young Napoleon*, while the truth of the intentions of the Emperor, or at least of his minister, will appear with tolerable plainness. It was resolved, first, that the young King of Rome should be made a German Prince;—next, that as every man who has passions and talents must have a pursuit, it was deemed safest, and perhaps most beneficial, that he should be indulged in his enthusiasm for the military profession.

The youth was in a moral prison, and his soul pined. It was deemed necessary that he should be cut off from all communication with the agitators and adventurers of France. To effect this object, he was kept in utter solitude; surrounded certainly by attendants and instructors, but still, in a social sense, buried in utter solitude. His orders were obeyed, his every wish anticipated; he had his books, his horses, and his equipages for promenade or the chase; but for all that the soul or the heart holds dear, he was, with slight exceptions, a solitary prisoner. This might be practicable to some extent with an Austrian archduke; but with a child in whose veins the quick blood of the Corsican Conqueror flowed, it was a species of lingering moral torture. To outward appearance, he was like Rasselas in the Happy Valley; but, like him, he was wearying for all that was beyond the range of the mountains that separated him from his fellow-men; in the one case, these mountains were physical obstacles; in the other moral ones. The spirit chafed against the prison bars: the victim, bruised and care-worn, refused its food, lost its substance, grew emaciated, and died. The mind all the while was developed, and grew apace, while the body became debilitated, nay, aged: the truth being, that intellectual food may always be found in prison, but moral and social isolation prey upon the physical state; the creature grows up a sapless weed, with the suspicions and distrust of long experience, and the reflection and calm profundity of thought peculiar to unclouded age. After his death, young Napoleon presented in his body the same anomaly he had done in his lifetime: his frame had all the slenderness and fragility of infancy stretched into unnatural length, while his vital organs bore the schirrhous and flaccid appearance of extreme old age: there was no part healthy or natural but the brain, which was wonderfully fine, with the exception, that it was more compact, and of firmer substance than is usually found. So it was in life. This boy had all the enthusiasm and passion of youth in extreme force, alternating with a distrust, a caution, and a rapidity in fathom-

ing the character and appreciating the talents of the persons with whom he was necessarily brought into contact, which are the usual qualities of age. His intellect chiefly exhibited itself in mastering the history of his father in all its voluminousness, in the soundness and acuteness of his criticism on the several authors he had read, and in the facility with which he acquired the theory of war, and all the studies which conduce to it. He seems to have known almost by instinct, that it was only through war that he could ever rise to more than a mere eunuch of the palace, and from the earliest age he took the deepest interest in every thing that partook of military movement. It was not, however, thought safe to intrust him abroad till he was nearly grown up; he felt that his entrance into a regiment was his first step to emancipation, as he called it, and he devoted himself to the practical duties of a soldier and a chief officer with an ardour which quickly devoured the pigmy body that had been frittered away and shaken by the silent struggles of solitude. The word pigmy must, however, be taken in the sense of feeble: in its sense of diminutive, it is wholly inapplicable; for the young Napoleon, in that respect, taking rather after the Austrian than the Corsican race, had shot up in his sunless nursery to the height of the tallest man. No story was ever replete with more painful interest than the account of the obstinate struggle which this unhappy youth kept up against physical decay; he never complained, never even would admit that he was ill; finding his voice fail him in manœuvring his corps, he would, after the exertion of a review, go and hide his weakness, fainting and sinking upon some secret sofa. He was terrified, poor fellow; lest he should be, on the very threshold of the world, driven back into his solitary splendour. At length, however, on the representation of a physician, whom he never would consult, he was sent to Schönbrunn, where he died. He had, however, nearly rallied, and if the disease had not advanced to the extent of producing severe organic change, would perhaps have recovered by a proposed tour to Naples, and other parts of Italy. The effect on the mind of the moral prisoner was electric, and to his dying hour, this journey was his chief hope and prospect in the world.

Before the little Napoleon came into Austrian hands, of course no regular attempt had been made to educate him; but it is not to be supposed that nearly five years of such a pregnant existence as his, were left without numerous and deep impressions. His was far from a communicative disposition, and consequently, he did not, like some children, talk himself out of his recollections. They sank in the mind of the forlorn boy, and if ever they were permitted to see the light, it

was in some little moment of excitement. One day, when he was playing with the imperial family, one of the archdukes showed him a little medal of silver, of which numbers had been struck in honour of his birth, and were distributed to the people after the ceremony of his baptism: his bust was upon it. He was asked, do you know who this represents? "C'est moi," answered he, without hesitation, "quand j'étais Roi de Rome." Ideas of his own former consequence, and the greatness of his father, says his early tutor, M. Foresti, were constantly present to his mind. Other impressions were not less deep; he had a love of truth which made him utterly intolerant even of fable, and probably contributed to his subsequent distaste for poetry. The word *trai* he used to pronounce, when a perfect child, with a solemnity and a movement of the hand, which showed that it had to him all the sacred character of an asseveration. And yet, child as he was, he had that force of character, or rather that sensitiveness mixed with vigour, that, on being ridiculed unintentionally for its use, he never again repeated the word.

The first instruction attempted to be communicated to him was a knowledge of the German language. To this he opposed a most determined resistance: not one word of German would he pronounce, and even resisted the endeavours to teach him as an insult and an injury; for his age he kept up this resolution a long time; when it was conquered by the mildness and persuasion of his teachers, he learned the language with a prodigious facility, and soon spoke it in the imperial family like one of themselves. Not only the rapidity with which he acquired this difficult tongue, but even his mistakes and misconceptions indicated a superior logical faculty, for they were generally founded on fancied analogies, and little etymological observations. M. Foresti, whose duty it was to teach him to read, found the difficulty insurmountable, until he introduced a rival and a fellow-pupil.

One of the youth's governors was a M. Collin, a poet and dramatist of Vienna of some celebrity. This gentleman could not help feeling that the young Napoleon's abhorrence of fiction was a sort of censure on his profession, and it is not to be wondered at that he endeavoured to dress up fiction in the garb likely to be most agreeable to the taste of the imperial pupil. In resorting to Robinson Crusoe for aid, may be perceived a tacit compliment to the youth's acuteness, for, assuredly, no other fiction was ever more like truth.

"The poetical genius of Collin," says M. Foresti, "appeared to triumph somewhat over this obstinate resolution to reject every thing which did not appear to be true in all the exactitude of truth. On the heights which

overlook Schönbrunn, on the right of the elegant arcades of La Gloriette, and at the bottom of a dark avenue of trees, may be found a spot, altogether shut out from a view of Vienna, by deep thickets, and an impervious mass of wood; a spot, from which nothing can be viewed save the cheerful but solitary aspect of mountain tops, smiling valleys, and rugged peaks, that go on ascending and ascending until they reach the lofty elevation of the summits of the Schneeberg. Here there is a hut constructed after the fashion of Switzerland, or rather of the Tyrolese mountains, whence it is called the Tyrol's House. In this rustic abode and its neighbourhood nothing there is to remind the spectator of the vicinity of the capital. To this wild and quiet spot Collin would often bring the young Duke. He there told him the story of Robinson Crusoe. The imagination of the child warmed to the tale. Solitude and silence completed the illusion: he fancied himself in a desert, and Collin suggested that he should set himself to fabricate the utensils that would be necessary to him, were he under the necessity of providing for his own subsistence in a similar spot. He acquitted himself of the task with much handiness. A collection has been made of these things: they are placed in the pavilion, which still goes by the name of the House of the Duke de Reichstadt. The governor and his pupil, by uniting their efforts and their industry, succeeded in scooping out a cavern resembling that described as the abode of Crusoe on his desert island."

Such is the immortality of genius. The creation of Defoe, the persecuted and unhappy, imagined in some garret, whether in Bristol or Whitechapel, becomes the 'factitious stimulus of a Prince's education; and that Prince the son of a banished ruler of France, far greater than the Grand Monarque, who in Defoe's day, seemed to have reached the *ne plus ultra* of earthly grandeur.

During the first period of the young Napoleon's instruction at Schönbrunn, his tutors were sadly perplexed by his extreme curiosity respecting his father, as to what had become of him, the causes of his fall, &c.: evasive answers did not satisfy him.

"It was," says M. Foresti, "for us a species of torture. Happily the Emperor came at length; we hastened to inform him of the perpetual questions that were put to us, and to request his instructions on this point. The Emperor answered:—'Truth should be the basis of the education of the Prince; answer all his questions freely; it is the best, indeed the only mode of calming his imagination, and of inspiring him with confidence, which will be necessary for you, who have to guide him.'

"At first, he overwhelmed us with questions, and exhibited an affluence of ideas

perfectly surprising. Finding that we were authorized, we answered him with perfect candour. That which the Emperor had foreseen came to pass. After a few days, he seemed satiated with this conversation, and thenceforward became more calm, more reserved on the subject. It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that at no time, under any circumstances, was he ever heard to utter one word of regret in connexion with it. Later in life, we saw that he was fully aware of the faults his father had committed, but it was a subject to which he never on any occasion alluded.

"The news of his father's death was brought to Vienna by one of the couriers of M.M. de Rothschild. At this moment the Comte de Dietrichstein (the superior governor) was absent from Vienna, and the Emperor charged me to communicate to the young Prince the melancholy intelligence. He was then just turned ten years of age. It was the 22nd of July, at Schönbrunn: in the same place, on the same day, on which he himself, eleven years after, was doomed to die, that I announced to him the death of his father. He wept bitterly, and his sadness endured for several days. 'M. de Foresti,' said he to me, one day, 'my father little thought that when he died you would be the person from whom I should receive such kindness and affection.'"

Every pains were taken with the Duke's education. The dead languages he was taught by M. Collin, and afterwards, when Collin died, by M. Obenaus, who had been classical preceptor to half the imperial family. To these instructions, however, he inclined but an indifferent ear, and, of all his Latin books, took heartily only to Cæsar's Commentaries. His military studies took the alternate days with his classical ones, and to them he gave himself up with all possible ardour. By way of a check upon the apathy of private instructions, the Emperor directed that from time to time a commission should proceed to inquire into the Prince's progress. These investigations were sedulously made, and greatly contributed to excite his attention and stimulate his ambition.

Among the voluminous papers written in Italian by the Prince, M. Foresti showed M. de Montbel a sketch of the life of Prince Schwarzenberg, in which there were various passages respecting Napoleon: they were written in a calm and candid tone. From the time that he attained his fifteenth year he had access to every book, without exception, relative to the history of his father and the French Revolution. He read them with avidity, and is said to have been a more perfect master of every thing that has been written on these subjects than any of the persons about him. His collections in French on history, chronology, and travels, are said

to be immense. His military enthusiasm showed itself in the ardour with which he pursued every thing which had any connexion with the accomplishments necessary to the soldier. "I wish him to have the education of a superior officer," said the emperor; but this was only seconding the taste he had demonstrated from his earliest years. At the age of seven, he was indulged with the uniform of a private;—after a time, in reward for the exactness with which he performed his exercise, he received the marks of the grade of sergeant, and his delight knew no bounds. He afterwards went through every other rank, and learned the duties of each in its minutest details. In his rank of private soldier, he used to stand sentinel at the door of the apartments of the Emperor. Whenever a member of the Court passed—if a man—he used to present arms with the utmost gravity; but never if a woman. Some one rallied him on the subject: his answer was much more French than German:—"I am ready," he answered, with much liveliness, "to present to the ladies—every thing but my arms." His respect for every thing military was remarkable. One day, when admitted to dine in company with the Emperor on a public day, he retreated from the place he usually occupied next to the Archdukes, and attempted to sit at the lower end of the table: when asked the reason, "I see generals here," said he; "they ought to precede me." The Empress one day at a *fête* wished him to sit among the ladies. He declined, saying, with the utmost gravity, "my place is among men." It was remarked by the people about him that he never was a child: he had scarcely ever associated with children and had adopted the reflective manners of those about him. Without being any thing extraordinary as a child, his intelligence was from the first precocious. His answers were as quick as judicious; he expressed himself with precision and exactness, and with great elegance of phrase. He was a perfect master of the theory of the French and German languages, and wrote them with remarkable purity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Spirit of Discovery.

IMPROVED MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.

(From the *Edinburgh Review*.)

CONSIDERING, indeed, the many important purposes to which paper is applied, its extraordinary cheapness, and the fact that without it the invention of printing would have been unknown, or of comparatively little value, it may be classed amongst the most useful of all the products to which human ingenuity has given birth. The interest attached to its manufacture is greatly increased from the knowledge that it is formed of the

most worthless materials. The inventor of the process for converting rags into paper, conferred an incomparably greater benefit on society, than if he had realized the fable of Midas, and transmuted them into gold. It was also particularly deserving of attention, from the circumstance of very great improvements having been recently made in the manufacture.

About the year 1800, Mr. Didot imported from France the model of a machine for the manufacture of paper, which was improved by the mechanical skill of English artists, and brought into an effective state about 1808. This machine, by superseding hand labour in the convulsion of pulp into paper, has been very generally adopted, and has materially promoted that extension of the manufacture which has recently taken place. Mr. Dickinson of Hertfordshire, one of the most ingenious and inventive of our practical mechanicians, has constructed another machine which performs the same operation by a different method; converting a stream of fluid pulp into a web of dry paper, completely finished and ready for the press, within a distance of about twenty-seven feet, and in about *three minutes'* time! The machinery by which this all but miraculous result is effected, is so ingeniously contrived and admirably adjusted that the continuous sheet of paper, which in its first stage appears like a wet cobweb, hardly capable of cohesion, is drawn forward over various rollers, from one stage of the process to another, at the rate of thirty feet per minute. We are not aware that much difference has taken place for a long period in the machinery for converting rags into pulp; but the present process, which is different from the original method of beating out the rags, has this drawback on its economy and despatch, that it breaks the fibre and renders the paper less tenacious and durable.

The introduction of the process of bleaching by chlorine, has, we understand, added largely to the supply of materials for paper-making; for, not only the waste of our cotton factories, but even the worn-out bags in which the cotton is imported, are now made to serve the same purposes as linen rags; so that neither the loss of the continental rags, for which the Americans outbid us, nor the daily increasing consumption of paper, have occasioned any increase of its price. Indeed it is not only of far superior quality, but fifty per cent cheaper than it was twenty-five years since.

Mr. Dickinson has very recently made an important improvement in the paper manufacture on the principle of veneering in cabinet-work. He makes two webs of paper, each by a separate process; but by laying them together while in an early stage, they are rendered inseparable by the pressure to

which they are subjected. This paper is used in copperplate printing; and by adopting a peculiar method of preparing the pulp, and selecting a finer rag for the web which forms the face of the paper, it is much better calculated for taking a fine impression. This admirable invention has put a total stop to the importation of French paper, which was formerly used in considerable quantities by copperplate printers.

Retrospective Gleanings

PARLIAMENTS.

Duration.—Parliaments began under the Saxon government. The first regular one was in King John's reign, 1204; the epoch of the House of Commons, January 23, 1263. In the year 1413, members were obliged to reside in the place they represented. Francis Russel, son of the Earl of Bedford, was the first peer's son who sat in the House of Commons.

In the reign of Henry VIII. there were nine parliaments—the average of which did not exceed one year and eight months; the longest being five years, five months, and one day; and the shortest, one month and two days.

During the reign of Edward VI. there were only two parliaments; one of which lasted four years, five months, and eleven days; the other only one month.

In the reign of Mary there were five parliaments, averaging little more than three months each.

In the reign of Elizabeth there were ten parliaments, each of which extended, upon an average, to little more than a year and a half; the longest being seven years, ten months, and ten days; the shortest, one month and twenty-five days.

James I. called only four parliaments.

Charles I. had five parliaments.

Charles II. had four parliaments; one of which extended to the length of *sixteen years, eight months, and sixteen days*; the others were of course very short—one indeed lasted only seven days.

James II. had authority over two parliaments only.

William III. had five parliaments.

Queen Anne had five parliaments, not one of which lasted three years.

George I., during whose reign the Septennial Act was passed, (1716,) had only two parliaments.

Since the year 1509, only four parliaments have existed beyond seven years, and only eight have had a septennial duration.

Parliamentary grants to the king were formerly in kind, 30,000 sacks of wheat being in the grant, 1340.

Speakers.—In 1377, Sir Peter de la More,

knight of the shire for Hereford, was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons. He is the first on record who bore that office.

Speaker drummed out.—On the 31st of May, 1610, the lord mayor, with the citizens in the liveries of their several companies, went to Putney, in their way to Richmond, and waited upon Prince Henry, coming down to Whitehall; the Duke of Brunswick, Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl of Pembroke, and Earl of Marne, in the barge with him. At nine o'clock in the morning they went. The drums and fifes were so loud, and the company so small, as Mr. Speaker thought not fit, after nine o'clock, to proceed in any business, but to arise and depart.—P. T. W.

SAXON RELICS—THE WHITE HORSE.

(Concluded from page 72.)

THE primitive simplicity of this trophy is referred by Dr. Wise to the never-failing genius of King Alfred; and the argument of the zealous antiquarian, is grounded upon the situation of Alfred's affairs, which "would not permit him to spend much time, nor his circumstances much cost," in raising a memorial of his victory. To chronicle the triumphs of war, on monumental trophies, is, we know, one of the earliest labours of glorious peace; but Alfred had few opportunities: "his troops, though victorious, were harassed, and diminished by continual duty; nor did the country afford, to any man's thinking, materials proper for a work of this kind. Though he had not, therefore, the opportunity of raising, like other conquerors, a stupendous monument of brass or marble, yet he has shown an admirable contrivance in erecting one, magnificent enough, though simple in its design, executed too with little labour and no expense, that may hereafter vie with the pyramids for duration, and perhaps exist when those shall be no more." The choice of the figure of a horse for this emblem of victory needs little explanation; "for," observes Dr. Wise, "no one can be ignorant, that the horse was the standard which the Saxons used, both before and after their coming hither. This is so well known and allowed, that the very names of the two first Saxon leaders are supposed by Bishop Nicholson, not to be proper, but typical, or emblematical only; and, that as the Emperor of Germany is sometimes styled the eagle, and the King of France the lily, from the arms they bear; so these were styled horses from their banner;" as in the Saxon names *Hengst* and *Horsa*. Antiquity would likewise warrant this choice, a White Horse being no improper emblem of victory and triumph, as we read in Ovid* and elsewhere.

The posture of the horse is not rampant or

* Ovid de Art. Amor. lib. i.

prancing, as represented by antiquarians in the arms of Savoy, whose princes are descended from those of Saxony; but current or galloping, as described in the arms of the House of Brunswick to this day. Dr. Wise says, "if any disputes should arise among heralds about these different bearings of the horse; as likewise whether he ought to be current for the dexter part or sinister, which I believe is a point not entirely settled: I think, till some other more ancient record shall be produced, they may be fairly determined from this authentic one, of eight hundred and thirty-seven years standing."

The origin of the Saxons bearing the White Horse is variously sought to be established. A legendary tale of the year 785, attributes it to "the white colt," being an emblem of the brightness of Christianity. This we need scarcely add, is a popular error. Besides, the veneration for White Horses amongst the Germans, seems to have had a much higher origin, even among the oldest pagan idolaters: Tacitus telling us that it was the custom of this people, to note carefully the presages of certain *White Horses*, kept for that purpose in their sacred groves free from any sort of labour, except when harnessed to the sacred chariot: at which time it was usual for the priest, and king, or chief man of the city, to accompany it and observe their neighings; and this with them is esteemed the most credible kind of augury; for they imagine that these horses know themselves to be the servants of the gods. "This, it is likely, was an ancient superstition derived from the eastern Asiatics; and perhaps may afford one more argument for the Germans being a Colony of the Persians; for we read that Cyrus had in his army, when he marched towards Babylon, 'certain White Horses, which the Persians accounted sacred.' This custom continued with the Germans long after the times of Tacitus, and of Witichind too. For the inhabitants of the Isle of Rugen, who speak the dialect of lower Saxony, and who were latest converted to Christianity, had a White Horse attending upon their idol *Zantvoit* or *Swant*, which was under the management of the Priest, and from whence they likewise took presages, agreeably to the above mentioned account of Tacitus. The reason for depicting the White Horse in their banners was idolatrous likewise, and owing at first to the great confidence which they put in these presages, and so was continued perhaps with other pagan customs, without inquiring into the reason of it, after the times of Christianity. In like manner the pagan Danes had their presaging Raven borne in their banner, which was taken from them at the battle of Kenwith, in Devonshire, A. D. 878. The Christians, on the other hand, who put their whole trust in the cross, and image of their Saviour, bore those

likewise as their banners: witness Augustine's procession, when he went to meet King Ethelbert.*

Leland, Camden, and Aubrey, take but passing notice of the White Horse, as does the author of a Tour through England, published in 1738; "though they," Dr. Wise observes, "leave us much in the dark about the antiquity and design of it, with the curiosity, but at the same time with the haste, of travellers." Dr. Wise expected better things of Camden, who might surely have inquired into the origin of the ceremony of *scouring the horse*, "which from time immemorial has been solemnized by a numerous concourse of people from all the villages round about." The Doctor is not, however, surprised at the custom being lost in the mazes of antiquity, though the festival was of a more general nature than wakes, or feasts of the dedication of churches, which are traced to be the origin of fairs: now, the latter are confined to single parishes, whereas, though the horse stands in the parish of Uffington, yet other towns claim, by ancient custom, a share of the duty upon this occasion; which distinction should render the White Horse Festival more important and memorable.

With the next relic the general reader is probably better acquainted, especially if he has enjoyed the splendid historical romance of Kenilworth, from the talismanic pen of Sir Walter Scott. It represents an assemblage of monumental stones on the field of Ashdown; the principal of which are called by the country-people Wayland Smith's Cave.† The scene will, doubtless, be recollected as the arena of some of the most picturesque incidents of Sir Walter's romance.

The person of greatest note slain at the battle of Ashdown was one of the Danish Kings; but Dr. Wise is "at a loss for this king's true name." He says, "I shall leave the name to shift for itself; and proceed to the place of his burial, which, I think, I have discovered upon the field of battle, distinguished by a parcel of stones set on edge, and enclosing a piece of ground, raised a few feet above the common level, which was the custom of the Danes and other northern nations:" and Wormius, a learned Danish writer, tells us that if any Danish chief was slain in a foreign country, they took care to bury him as pompously as if he had died in his own. Aubrey mentions these stones, "which though very confined, must yet be laid there on purpose. Some of them are

* Dr. Wise's pamphlet, 4to.

† An Engraving of the Cave, from a drawing by a Correspondent, in 1826, will be found at page 33 of vol. viii. of *The Mirror*. The interval of nearly 90 years between the dates of the representations may explain the growth of wood about the principal monument.



(Wayland Smith's Cave.)

placed edge-wise, but the rest are so disorderly, that one would imagine they were tumbled out of a cart;" which is explained by the people having thrown down some of the stones, and broken them to pieces to mend their highways. "Those that are left," says Dr. Wise, "enclose a piece of ground of an irregular figure at present, but which might formerly have been an oblong square, extending duly north and south."

"On the eastern side of the southern extremity stand three squarish, flat stones of about four or five feet over each way, set on edge, and supporting a fourth of much larger dimensions, lying flat upon them. These altogether form a cavern or sheltering place, resembling pretty exactly those described by Wormius, and others, except in the dimensions; for, whereas this may shelter only ten or a dozen sheep from a storm, Wormius mentions one in Denmark, that would shelter a hundred." Dr. Wise is not aware of the existence of any other monument of this sort in England; but in Wales and the Isle of Anglesea, there are several, not unlike it, called by the natives, *Cromlechs*, from the Hebrew *Cherem-luach*, i. e. the devoted, or altar-stone.* The Danish antiquaries likewise agree to call them altars, as well as the tombs bearing the names of the persons buried under them. In Denmark, three of these altars are commonly found together, designed, as is supposed, for the service of their three chief deities, Thor, Woden, and Frea; but Wormius lays it down as a rule, that where we meet with a single one, (as at Ashdown,) we are to look upon it, as a sepulchral altar, where sacrifices were to be annually performed in honour of the defunct. It should be added, that there seem to have been two approaches to the present altar, through rows of large stones set on edge, one from the south, the other from the west; the latter leading directly into the cavern.

All the accounts which Dr. Wise could collect from the country-people respecting these relics is—"At this place lived formerly an invisible smith; and, if a traveller's horse had lost a shoe upon the road, he had no more to do than to bring the horse to this place, with a piece of money, and leaving both there for some little time, he might come again and find the money gone, but the horse new shod." The Doctor then observes, "the stones standing upon the Rudge-way, as it is called, (which was the situation that they chose for burial-monuments,) I suppose, gave occasion to the whole being called *Wayland Smith*, which is the name it was always known by to the country-people." How pleasantly this strange tradition is introduced in the romance of *Kenilworth* must be in the memory of every reader of Sir Walter Scott's works.

Dr. Wise leaves the story to the lovers of the fancies of fiction, and concludes with this matter-of-fact remark: "these stones are, according to the best Danish antiquaries, a burial-altar; their being raised in the midst of a plain field, near the great road, seems to indicate some person there slain and buried; and this person was probably a chief, or king; there being no monument of this sort near that place, perhaps not in England beside. If it be allowed me likewise, that King Ethelred lay encamped at Hardwell, this will afford another argument for its being raised for the king slain, whose troops were opposed to King Ethelred's division, as those of the Counts were to Alfred's; for the stones are about half a mile from Hardwell Camp."—About a mile from "Wayland Smith," and nearer to Alfred's Castle, a succession of barrows have been traced, which Dr. Wise concludes to denote the burial-places of certain of the Danish Counts.

The relic to be noticed is Whiteleaf Cross, in Buckinghamshire, so called from the hamlet of Whiteleaf, at its base, in the parish of Monks-Risborough. It is of a similar description to the White Horse; being cut on

* See Engraving of a remarkable Cromlech, at Plas Newydd, Anglesea, at p. 121., vol. xii. of *The Mirror*, and origin of the word at that page, and at pages 227 and 338 of the same volume.

a high and steep chalky hill, facing the south-west. The perpendicular line of the Cross is nearly 100 feet in length, and about 50 in breadth at the bottom, but decreasing upwards to nearly 20 feet. The transverse line is about 70 feet in length, and 12 in breadth, and the trench cut into the chalk is from 2 to 3 feet deep. Dr. Wise thinks this Cross is visible from a greater distance than the White Horse, and that it is discernible for 30 miles. It may be seen from the White Horse, which he computes at that distance.

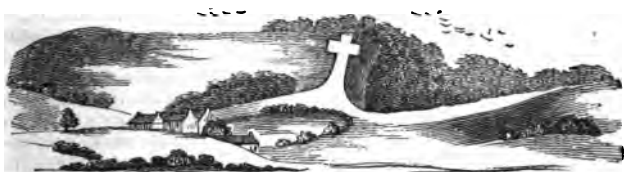
The Cross, like the Horse, is *scoured* up with a festival; and in Dr. Wise's time, the common people preserved some imperfect traditions of contributions raised on this occasion, and even from some of the colleges in Oxford; though, the Doctor observes, "if any estates have been formerly charged with the expense, time has long since made void the obligation; and the scouring is performed at the expense of the neighbourhood, but never without a merry-making." "From this similitude of fabric and custom, I think we may reasonably conclude, that both the Horse and the Cross are the work of the same age," if not of the same hands and times. Both are emblems of triumph: "the Horse denotes a victory gained by the Saxons over some other people; as the Cross some action in which the Christians prevailed over the Pagans; and since history began, if we except the Saxons themselves, we shall find none of the latter in this island besides the Danes." Again, "whatever may be the fate of the Horse, it is undeniable that the Cross was both an omen and a customary emblem of victory, as appears from the coins and other monuments of Christian emperors and

kings down from the time of Constantine the Great."

We gather from Dr. Wise's arguments, that when the White Horse ceased to be the Saxon standard, the Cross was adopted in its place. This change he ascribes to Alfred; and that king's singular piety and superstitious regard for relics encourage the probability that he should lay aside the old Pagan device, or White Horse, and assume that of the Cross; while there is unquestionable authority for believing the Cross to have been Alfred's arms,* and that it did not belong to any of his predecessors. Under Alfred, too, who was the restorer of the Saxon valour by land, and the founder of the nation's power by sea, Dr. Wise supposes "the Cross became the badge of the fleet as well as of the army; and is still preserved in the cognizance of the royal navy."

History does not, however, clearly bear out the Whiteleaf Cross to have been the work of Alfred himself; but Dr. Wise, with great show of reason, attributes it to Alfred's son and successor, Edward the Elder, in memory of a victory gained on or near the spot: for, to this day, about a mile or two from the Cross, is the village of Bledelawe, or Bledelow, implying the Bloody Hill; and this, our indefatigable antiquarian considers to have been the field of a sanguinary battle, in the year 905.

* See a MS. Roll in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, signed by Sir Gilbert Dethyck, Garter, and the other Kings of Arms, which gives him a Cross Fitchée. And, in a MS. of Mr. Bryau Twyne's, in the University Archives, is this note: "King Alfred's Arms sent unto me out of Ireland, by Mr. Usher. He beareth Azure, a Cross Patée Or."



(Whiteleaf Cross.)

New Books.

SLADE'S TRAVELS.

Enormous Turkish Cannons.

There were on the middle deck four guns carrying granite balls of seventy-five pounds; and on the lower deck, four others with one hundred and ten pound granite balls. Iron balls of similar size would have weighed upwards of three hundred pounds. A party of Comboradgi was embarked to serve these enormous pieces, or rather to look at them, as I shall show. Wishing to see one of them

fired, I came down on the lower deck for that purpose, which created instant commotion among the smokers and sleepers. Every man jumped on his legs. "What is the matter?" I said; but, getting no answer, passed on. Having ascertained that the piece was properly charged, I was retiring, to allow a Comboradgi to fire it, whilst I should observe the effect from the foremost port. No Comboradgi was there, nor indeed any one else within twelve yards; "Mashallah," some voices shouted to my inquiry, "that gun has never been fired."—"Is that a reason why it should not be fired now?" I asked. "It is

very old," was the reply, "and will burst." It was certainly antiquated, and this warning made it appear infinitely worse than it really was. But I was in for it. "Will no one fire it?" I asked; "then I will," brandishing the match in a mortal fright, (cowardice is so infectious.) "Delhi, delhi, Allah kerim! bakalum!" Away the rascals ran, holding their breeches up with one hand, their pipes with the other, up the ladders, and left me alone on the deck with the topchi bashi, who did not quite desert me, but remained on the opposite side peeping at me from behind the pumps. His head only was visible, and that, too, I dare say, he drew in when I touched the priming—but this he would not confess. I dropped the match, and hastily ran forward to escape the dreaded explosion. Our fear was unfounded. The ball broke in three or four pieces, and flew along a shower of grape, of which two of the pieces *recochéd*. We tried another with a reduced charge, and had the satisfaction of seeing the ball fly, whole, fully as far. The second time I had no occasion to fire the gun.

[Chess, as played on board the pasha's vessel, is thus referred to:—]

The men frequently amused themselves at drafts or chess: at the latter game they displayed considerable skill, making a temporary board with chalk lines, and taking bits of wood or pebbles for the pieces, were enabled to remember throughout the game their separate names.

The reception of the British Embassy by the Sultan.

The sultan received the embassy with great simplicity; his selictar and his serkiatib were the only individuals present. In person he was equally divested of sultanic pomp. Instead of robes of golden tissue, and a cashmere turban concealed by precious stones, he wore a plain blue military cloak and trousers, with no other ornaments than a diamond chelengk in his fax, and steel spurs on his Wellington boots. The dragoman translated the ambassador's speech, after it had been spoken in English, and the sultan replied in person, expressing satisfaction at the judicious and sensible choice of a representative made by the English king. I think it was Mr. Adair who, on a similar occasion, having forgotten his speech, repeated the Lord's Prayer. The gift of etiquette, most important of his credentials, since without it he would not have been welcome, presented at the same time by Sir R. Gordon, consisted of diamonds worth about three thousand pounds. The sultan then desired that the captain of the English frigate might be pointed out to him. He said nothing, but sent an aid-de-camp to him in the course of the day to know if he were sensible of the honour conferred on him by his having deigned to cast eyes on him. He was

in high spirits, and remained talking with his favourites, after the ceremony was over, apparently to let us admire him. One of our party, however, who was short-sighted, forgetting the decorum due to the presence, soon brought a change over his countenance by eying him through a glass as though he had been a lion every way; observing which the sultan rose, and retired in a huff, leaning on his favourites, to whom he had remarked, in the course of the interview, as a matter of great consequence as well as surprise, that the officiating dragoman of the embassy still wore his moustaches drooping *à la Janizaire*. This little observation was remarkable, as showing his abhorrence of that race, carried to such a degree that he could not endure the slightest point of coincidence with them: in consequence of which, long moustaches were entirely out of favour at Constantinople, and many courtiers found it prudent to sacrifice a cherished curl, the growth of years.

A fire in the suburbs of Constantinople.

While our political horizon was clouded, our natural one was enlivened by a conflagration of Galata. It was a splendid sight. When I approached it on the water before daylight all was blazing, pre-eminently the wooden summit of the great tower, illumining vast sheets of water on either side, and throwing broad refulgence on Stamboul. The tall white minarets, with their wooden spires in flames, resembled so many lighted wax tapers of Brobdignag. During many hours it burned, and for days after smoked a heap of cinders—a scene of wretchedness—in which groups of women with their children were seen squatting among the ruins, bewailing their lot, or raking up the ashes for valuables, or cooking a few victuals over the smoke. Yet, so accustomed are these people to such accidents, that ere a fortnight new streets were rising, and the old ones in progress of being forgotten. It is curious to walk about a burning Turkish town, and observe the perfect indifference of the men. I have seen them remain smoking on the floor till the flames actually turned them out, then gather up the skirts of their pelisses, and quietly walk away, as coolly as though leaving their house for an hour's stroll before supper. It is an extraordinary fact, that in those great fires people are rarely killed, or even hurt.

It has been the fashion to attribute the fires to the malice of the Janizaries. It is true, that when they wanted to gain an object, as the head of a vizir, or other trifle, they resorted to this measure; but it is an error to suppose that they always caused this mischief, unsupported by the common argument that the duration of a fire was proof that they prevented the people from extinguishing it. It is in vain to attempt to put out a wooden

house in flames. The only remedy is by removing down the wind, and making a large cut in the street by razing three or four houses; but the proprietors of such devoted houses (as I have witnessed) naturally oppose this salutary measure, in the hope that the flames will not reach so far, and never yield unless to force. If force be not employed, the flames continue until arrested by a mosque, or other stone edifice. It is not surprising that a wooden town often takes fire. In the winter of 1829-30, were seven great fires at Constantinople.

THE GEORGIAN ERA.

*Lord Brougham.**

THE character of this great man is acknowledged in all parts of the civilized world, as an ornament not only to his own country, but to the age in which he flourishes. Gifted in an extraordinary degree, with mental energy and acumen, which experience has taught him even to improve, as well as to apply, he stands forth amid his political contemporaries, a sun, by which, his followers are dazzled and his opponents confounded. The senate is his grand arena; he is there without a rival, although his eloquence is distinguished neither by imagination, nor even the common graces of rhetoric. Nevertheless, his forcible mode of reasoning, his overwhelming vehemence, his impressive and earnest manner of delivery, and his tremendous powers of sarcasm, gain him a degree of attention in the house which is accorded to no other member, and render him a fearful antagonist.

Indeed, either in or out of parliament, his powers of invective were, perhaps, never equalled, and wherever directed, have been most bitterly felt; of which the most remarkable instance on record, is the attack he made on Mr. Canning, in 1828. Upon that occasion, says the author of *Attic Fragments*, "he careered over the whole annals of the world, and collected every instance in which genius had degraded itself at the footstool of power, or principle had been sacrificed to the vanity or the lucre of place; but still there was no allusion to Canning, and no connexion that ordinary men could discover, with the business before the house. When, however, he had collected every material which suited his purpose; when the mass had become big and black, he bound it about and about with the cords of illustration and argument; and, when its union was secure, he swung it round and round with the strength of a giant and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus and effects might be more tremendous; and while doing this, he ever and anon glanced and pointed his finger to make the aim and direction sure."

* It will be perceived that the above was written upwards of two years since.—*Ed. M.*

There are, however, many faults in the oratory of Mr. Brougham. Labour is always visible in his efforts; his sentences are involved and tedious; his delivery, though forcible, is never rapid or impassioned; and his voice, agreeable at first, becomes unmusical when exerted. He has no persuasions, and is apt to be rude and personal; by which he often loses his senatorial dignity, and shows that he is better qualified to discuss questions than to deal with his fellow men. "To paint," says a writer in the *New Monthly Magazine*, "the hideous wrong of tyranny and oppression—to exalt the glory of resisting them—to scourge meanness and cruelty—to overwhelm ignorance and presumption with sarcastic scorn, were tasks perfectly congenial to Mr. Brougham's powers. But the softness of pity—the subduing power of gentleness and goodness—the fervency of affection, and the tenderness of love, either found no sympathy with him, or were not thought fit to be made use of in the exercise of his art:—

"Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer."

he seemed to desire to be borne along by the torrent of his indignation, and never stopped for a moment to watch by the fountain of human tears."

As an advocate, the subject of our memoir was less distinguished by his legal knowledge than by his skill in the examination of a witness and his subtlety in addressing a jury. He is, however, not among those who condescend to cajole a jury out of a verdict; on the contrary, his speech is rather the lecture of one in authority, than of him who seeks to persuade or allure. But though somewhat dictatorial in his arguments, he enforces them with such conscientious confidence, that the casual listener feels as much mortification as surprise, when he hears the efforts of so splendid an advocate nullified; in one word, by the judge on the bench, from whose mouth the letter of the law drops, like a dead, but destructive weight, on a fabric that, to all but the unimpassioned lawyer, seemed beyond the power of human ingenuity to shake. He usually commences his addresses in a subdued tone, gradually increasing in vehemence as he proceeds, till at last he has been known to arrive at a paroxysm of actual fury, in which he deals out some of those tremendous philippics, that have made him second only to Cicero in that branch of oratory.

As a writer, Mr. Brougham has evinced powers equally transcendent and versatile; he wrote his *Colonial Policy* in his twenty-third year; has shown his knowledge of natural philosophy, by several communications to *Nicholson's Journal*; and of ethics and literature, by his articles in the *Edinburgh Review*. "In this periodical," says a writer in the *Kaleidoscope*, "his papers were known

by their rough vigour; by the unmusical labour of his periods; and his constant effort to dip his ploughshare below the surface and turn a deep furrow." His ubiquity of mind is as remarkable as the ease with which he adapts it to particular occasions; he can make an oration in praise of Greek at Glasgow, and in praise of trade at Liverpool; has been known to retire at night, after a stormy election contest in the day, to write an elaborate article for the Edinburgh Review; and once, during the busiest period of a circuit, composed, whilst surrounded by his briefs, a treatise on sheep shearing, for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

In private life, he is highly respected, and sets an example of industry and activity to all within the sphere of his influence. He rises early and retires late, subdividing his time systematically, and devoting it to the various business he has to perform with scrupulous regularity. He once requested a gentleman, who wanted to see him on private business, to call on him at Hill Street, any morning between six and eight. "In the circle of society," says the writer in the National Portrait Gallery, "in which Mr. Brougham has moved and moves, his good humour, his playfulness, his many accomplishments, and his general acquaintance with all subjects, from the mere topic of the hour to the most profound investigation, have ever made him an especial ornament and favourite. In these periods of relaxation, the same versatility and strength of mind, disciplined by constant practice, which shine so brightly on public affairs, embellish and delight the narrower scene; the same readiness and acuteness which have enabled him to surmount all the complications of a court of law, render him, in a modified form, the idol of the dinner party or drawing-room company. In conversation, he is jocular and witty; and many of his bon-mots are repeated, to enliven other meetings than those in which they first raised the laugh of mirth and pleasantry. In what our neighbours, the French, esteem so much, the saying of clever things, and the uttering of pointed expressions which remain upon the memory, Mr. Brougham would bear away the palm of excellence, even in Paris; and were it worthy of our theme, or consistent with our limits, we might entertain the reader through many a page, with the *jeu d'esprit*, repeated from mouth to mouth, as the sallies of Mr. Brougham in his "hours of ease, or more playful contests of superiority." In his profession, also, he would sometimes condescend to make a pun. His opinion being, one day, required, whether an action would lie, "yes," he replied, "if the witnesses will lie too." It may finally be remarked of Mr. Brougham, that, even at this moment, he holds a conspicuous place, both in history and biography, which has al-

ready been awarded to him in more than one European work of celebrity. In the *Encyclopædia Americana*, he is spoken of as "a public benefactor," whose life, his biographer hopes, "will long be spared to his country;" and the writer of his life in the *Biographie des Contemporains* thus concludes:—"Versé dans les sciences physiques, profondément instruit dans le droit de son pays, habile dans la science de l'économie politique, Brougham est l'un des orateurs les plus distingués du siècle."

[The Frontispiece of the present volume is an exquisitely engraved Medallion portrait of George the Second.]

The Naturalist.

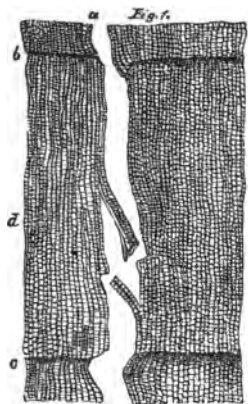
FOSSIL, OR PETRIFIED WOOD.

THE changes which organic bodies undergo, either upon or beneath the earth's surface, would form one of the most curious chapters in the broad volume of nature. Yet they are but parts of the whole system of change, which is her characteristic course: for "Change," in the language of a quaint old writer, "is the great lord of the universe, and Time is the agent which brings all things under his dominion."

Among these changes, the process of petrification is not the least interesting. It may be explained as follows. A vegetable substance is buried in the earth, and decomposition soon commences; and while the process is going on gradually and obviously, the substance is sometimes likewise surrounded and pressed on by a stony juice. As each vegetable particle dissolves and disappears, a stony particle replaces it. Thus, particle after particle, the stony substance gradually occupies the spaces left vacant by the progressive decay of the vegetable parts; and, by being moulded in these cavities, it copies, feature for feature, the texture of the organic body. This is the way in which it is usual to explain the formation of *petrified wood*, an imitation of the real wood so complete, that upon cutting it transversely, we distinguish the appearance of the concentric rings, which, in the living tree, arise from its annual growth. Sometimes it is even in a state from which we can ascertain by the lineaments of the texture the species to which the tree belonged. Yet, it is but within a comparatively short period, that the causes of these changes have been understood; and Tournefort, the celebrated botanist, (who died at the commencement of the last century,) from the regularity of form in many fossil or petrified remains, was induced to believe that they were stones that grew and vegetated from seeds.

The Cuts represent two specimens of Fossil Wood from the coal district, in the vicinity-

of Newcastle, New South Wales. They belong to the Coniferæ, or fir-tribe. The first specimen, Fig. 1, was found at the bottom of the cliff, about three miles south from Newcastle.

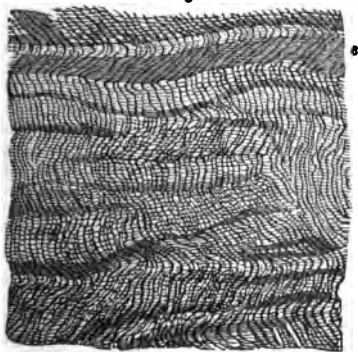


(Transverse section of a small portion of a petrified conifer, in which the natural structure is nearly as perfect as in any living tree of the pine or fir tribe. At *a* there is a rent filled with calcedony, showing a dislocation in some of the rows of pores. *b* is the outer, and *c* the inner edge of the annual layer *d*.)

There are several small rents in it, but these seldom extend through more than one of the annual layers or rings, and they are filled with white calcedony. The cut exhibits a portion of one of the rents or calcedonic veins.

Fig. 2 is a magnified representation of a portion of a specimen, in some few parts of

Fig. 2.



(Transverse section of another specimen of petrified conifer, in which the reticulated structure, though variously twisted from its natural position, is perceptible throughout the greatest part of the whole. At *a* the reticulated structure is quite obliterated, the medullary rays alone being preserved.)

which the medullary rays and concentric partitions preserve nearly their natural positions; but in the greater part of the whole, the medullary rays are bent into irregular curves. The uppermost layer has these rays bent into a zig-zag form; but it will be observed that however much they are contorted, they may be traced individually into the most perfect parts. This is a curious, interesting specimen from the vicinity of the Lake Macquarrie, about twelve miles from Paramatta.

Mr. William Nicol, Lecturer on Natural Philosophy, who has communicated these facts to Professor Jameson, concludes with the following remark, which must be interesting to those engaged in geological inquiries: "In the coal formation of New South Wales, as well as in the older and newer deposits of that mineral in this island, coniferous fossils are the only remains of ligneous bodies, retaining an organized structure, that have hitherto come under my observation. Various speculations might be indulged as to the cause of this prevalence of Coniferæ in coal deposits."

CURIOUS FISH, &c. IN JAMAICA.

In Port Royal harbour there are three long and slender fishes, that are seen in great numbers on the surface of the water, and may be ranked among the peculiarities of this place. They are known by the following names; the guardo or guard-fish (*Gar* fish, *Esox* major); the jack* (*sword-fish*, *Trichurus Lepturus*); and the ballahou (*piper*, *Esox* minor). The jack is the largest, and appears to be at eternal war with the two others, for which purpose it is armed with rows of sharp teeth, very formidable to its adversaries; it basks on the surface of the water during the heat of the day, in a sort of indolent, unguarded state; but this is merely an assumed position, the better to ensnare its enemies, and to be ready to catch the floating bodies that may happen to pass near it, for the moment anything is thrown into the sea from a ship, it darts with the rapidity of lightning upon it, and seizing it, as quickly retreats. This warrior fish is particularly possessed of a foresight or instinctive quality, which we sometimes see exemplified in different animals, amounting almost to second reason; I mean the sagacity which it displays in avoiding the hook when baited; although voracious in the extreme, it seems aware of the lure held out for its destruction, and avoids it with as much care as the generality of fishes show eagerness to devour it. The situation it takes, immediately in the wake of the ships at anchor, gives another instance of its sagacity; as whatever is thrown overboard passes astern, where he is ever on

* There are two fishes so called at Port Royal: the tail of the sword-fish tapers to a point in which it differs from the other jack.

the alert to glean from the miscellaneous articles such as is suited to his taste, and guards his treasured supply with the jealousy of a miser. No other fish of equal size dare approach; and they have obtained the popular name of *Jack* from the sailors, probably because those eccentric mortals would associate with the sobriquet fancy has bestowed upon themselves, the finny warrior of their own element. The jack is, however, sometimes enticed, no doubt, when hunger presses him, to swallow the treacherous bait; but this is rare, and he is more frequently struck with a barbed lance, or entrapped in a net. The guardo has similar habits with the jack, but yields the palm of victory to its stronger and more courageous opponent; and yet it tyrannizes with unrelenting vigour over the more delicate and less warlike associate, the ballahou. But whilst the various productions of nature in this clime—fertile to infinitude—have always claimed my attention, and been a source of interest and unfeigned delight to my mind, I have never ceased to regret my inability to take that philosophic view of their structures, qualities, and habits, so as to afford me a closer and more intimate acquaintance with them. The reader, however, who takes pleasure in these matters, will have nothing to regret, as minute scientific descriptions are to be found in books written for the express purpose.

The most extraordinary animal I have seen in this harbour is the sea-devil (*Lophius maximus*), which frequently weighs 3,000 lbs. No doubt it has obtained its name from its hideous appearance, so uncouth and strange, indeed, as to baffle all description. The water of the harbour is at times covered with the medusa, sea-blubber, and sea-nettle, as they are variously termed; some of these attain a great size, and have the appearance of animated pieces of jelly, the body being of an orbiculated convex figure; of a gelatinous substance, semi-transparent, and provided with fringed pieces tinged with a purple colour. These singular animals are very lively in the water, although their locomotion is heavy; and, from their numbers and constant movements, give an air of unusual animation to the waters of the harbour. They appear to derive their motion and to alter their situation by alternately expanding and contracting the tentacles and plicæ.

Thousands of these beautiful little marine animals, called by sailors "Portuguese men-of-war, (*Holothuria physalis*, or *Aretusa* of Brown,) are met with off Port Royal harbour studding the sea as far as the eye can trace them. The colour is a clear pink, in some parts bordering on lilac, but, from their motion in the water, the shades of the internal membranes often assume a darker purple. This little creature possesses, like the orbicular tribe of zoophytes, the power of deaden-

ing the flesh of persons who handle it; but it is very slight and gives no pain, a numbing sensation only being felt; and I believe either common salt or lime-juice applied to the part affected will entirely remove it. This little transparent bladder (which is said to be very like in shape to the human stomach) is so delicate and tender that it soon fades and dies away, when handled or cast upon the shore; it is, like the nautilus, provided with many tentacles, some of which are very small. I have been often amused at observing their movements, like a Lilliputian fleet, amidst the agitation of the waves: when the wind has freshened, I have remarked that they lay flat on the surface, and rise again when the gust has passed; but I know not whether this be voluntary or occasioned by the pressure of the wind.

That tiger of the ocean, the shark, is often seen cruising about the harbour; but I do not recollect any person having been injured or devoured by that animal here during the period I was on the station. At Kingston, however, such distressing events often occurred. Several years ago there was a well-known fish of this kind, considered in the light of a pet in Port Royal harbour; it was called "Old Tom of Port Royal," and was fed whenever it approached any of the ships, but was at last killed by the father of a child which it devoured. I was told that, whilst it remained here, no other of the equalus tribe dare venture on his domain; he reigned lord paramount in his watery empire; and had never committed any depredation but the one for which he suffered.—*United Service Journal*.

The Public Journals.

THE HARP OF SALEM.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem!

Thou wert of earth the fairest gem;
But who, alas! shall strive to tell
Thy starry splendours, ere they fell?
Who shall recall thy prophets' strain?
Wake, Harp of Salem, wake again!

Deserted Queen of Palestine!

What peerless beauty once was thine,
Ere on thy stately turrets came
The wrath of the avenger's flame?
Thy diadem was placed upon
The palm-crown'd top of Lebanon,
And Carmel, with her groves of bloom,
Around thy borders shed perfume.
All desolate and faded now
The dazzling lustre of thy brow;
Dimmed is the brilliance of thine eyes.—
Is there no gifted voice to rise
And bid the soul of rapture shed
A living halo round the dead?
Who shall recall thine ancient strain?
Wake, Harp of Salem, wake again!

Deserted city of the Lord,
That hearest the echo of His word!
To slay the victim at the shrine
Of the Invisible was thine,
And spread the pomp of sacrifice
Before the Ruler of the skies;

But now the harp is all unstrung,—
The censer on the earth is flung,
And silent now as Chilmnaar²
The prophets' raptured voices are
Who shall recall their parted strain?
Wake, Harp of Salem, wake again!

Deserted pride of Israel,
How beautiful are thy glories fell!
But they are furrow'd with a trace
Which dewy time may not efface.
Look to yon mountain,—is it thine,
Ill fated Queen of Palestine?
Look up, and blight thine azure eye,—
That mountain-ridge is Calvary!
Look up—then hang thy heavy head
Upon the spot where blood was shed,
And say if Salem's harp may deign
To chant thy glories o'er again!

Away, away! thy claim hath fled,
Its strain is all unmerited;
But, oh, if justice may not bring
One tone from thy enchanted string:
Yet, Harp of Salem, deign to wake
Thy choral voice, for pity's sake.
Thou wert not silent when the words
Of inspiration touched thy chords;
There is no inspiration nigh
To wake thee into ecstasy;
Yet, to the last and pitying cries
Of dying nature, deign to rise.
Time was when o'er Judea's land
The mountain smiled at thy command,
And sullen Jordan paused to hear
Thy plaintive spirit murmuring near.
Awake, as in that early hour
When nature owned thy siren power,
And shed upon the world again
One echo of thine ancient strain!
A Modern Pythagorean.—Fraser's Magazine.

WHO WILL FIGHT?

(From Tom Cringle's Log, in *Blackwood's Magazine*.)
PEGTOP, Mr. Bang's black valet, came up to me.

"Please, Massa Captain, can you spare me any muskets?"

"Any muskets?" said I; "why, half a dozen if you choose."

"De wery number my massa told me to hax for. Tank you, Massa Captain." And furthwith he and the other two black servants in attendance on Wagtail and Gelid, each seized his two muskets out of the arm-chest, with the corresponding ammunition, and, like so many sable Robin Crusoes, were stumping aft, when I again accosted the aforesaid Pegtop.

"I say, my man, now since you have got the muskets, does your master *really* intend to fight?" The negro stopped short, and faced right round, his countenance expressing very great surprise and wonderment. "Massa Bang fight? Massa Aaron Bang fight?" and he looked up in my face with the most serio-comic expression that could be imagined. "Ah, massa," continued the poor fellow,—"you is joking—surely you is joking—my massa Aaron Bang fight? Oh massa, surely you can't know he—surely you never see *him* shoot snipe, and wild-duck—oh dear, why him kill wild-duck on de wing

• Persepolis.

—ah, me often see him knock down teal wid single ball, one hundred—ah, one hundred and fifty yards—and man surely more big mark den teal?"

"Granted," I said; "but a teal has not a loaded musket in its claws, as a Spanish buccaneer may have—a small difference, Master Pegtop, in that?"

"None at all, master," chimed in Pegtop very energetically—"I myshet, Gabriel Pegtop, Christian man as me is, am one of de Falmouth black shot. Ah, I have been in de woods, wid Massa Aaron—one time particular, when dem wery debils, Sambo Moses, Corromantee Tom, and Eboe Peter, took to de bush, at Crabyaw estate—after breakfast—ten black shot—me was one—go out along wid our good massa, Massa Aaron. Oh, Lord, we walk troo de cool wood, and over de hot cleared ground, six hour, when every body say,—'Ne use dis, Massa Bang—all we tired too much—must stop here—kindle fire—cook wittal.' 'Ah, top dem who hab white liver,' said Massa Aaron; 'you, Pegtop, take you fusee and cutlass, and follow me, myshild'—Massa Aaron alway call me him *shild*, and troo enough, as parson Calaloo say, him family wery much like Joseph coat—many colour mong dem, Massa—though none quite so *deep* as mine eider"—and here the negro grinned at his own jest. "Well, I was follow him, or rader was go before him, opening up de pass wid me cutlass, troo de wery tangled underwood. We walk four hour—see no one—all still and quiet—no breeze shake de tree—oh, I sweat too much—dem hot, Massa—sun shine right down, when we could catch glimpse of him—yet no trace of de runaways. At length, on turning corner, perched on small platform of rock, overshadowed by plumes of bamboos, like ostrich feather lady wear at de ball, who shall we see but dem wery dividual dem rascal I was mention, standing all tree, each wid one carabine pointed at us, at him shoulder, and cutlass at him side? 'Pegtop, my boy,' said Massa Aaron, 'we is in for it—follow me, but don't fire.' So him pick off Sambo Moses—ch! cool as one cucumber. 'Now,' say he, 'man to man,'—and wid dat him tro him gun on de ground, and drawing him cutlass, we push up—in one moment him and Corromantee Tom close. Tom put up him hand to fend him head—whip—ah—massa cutlass shred de hand at de wrist, like one carrot—down Tom go—atop of him jump Massa Aaron. I master de leetle one, Eboe Peter, and we carry dem both prisoners into Falmouth—Massa Aaron fight? Ah, Massa, no hax dat question again."

"Well, but will Mr. Gelid fight?" said I. "I tink him will too—great friend of Massa Bang—good duck-shot too—oh yes, tink Massa Paul will fight."

"Why," said I, "your friends are all he-

roes, Pegtop—will Mr. Wagtail fight also?" He stole close up to me, and exchanged his smart Creole gibberish for a quiet sedate accent, as he whispered—

"Not so sure of he—nice little fat man, but too fond of him belly. When I wait behind Massa Aaron chair, Pegtop sometime hear funny ting. One gentleman say—'Ah! dat month we hear Lord Wellington take Saint Sebastian—when dat is, what time we hear dat news, Massa Wagtail?' him say.—'Eh,' say Massa Wagtail—'oh, we hear of dem news, dat wery day de first of de ringtail pigeon come to market.' Den again, 'Dat big fight dem had at soch anoder place, when we hear of dat, Massa Wagtail?'—say somebody else. 'Oh, oh, de wery day we hab dat beautiful grouper wid claret sauce at Massa Whiffle's.' Oh, make me laugh to hear white gentleman mark great fight in him memory by what him eat de day de news come; so Massa Captain Cringle, me no quite sure weder massa Wagtail will fight or no."

The Gatherer.

Whitehall.—Sir Robert Smirke tells us that Whitehall, built according to the intentions of its Royal founder, and the plan of Inigo Jones, would have occupied twenty-four acres. It was to have extended 874 feet along the side of the Thames, and the same length along the foot of St. James's Park, presenting one front to Charing Cross, of 1,200 feet long, and another, the principal, of similar dimensions, towards Westminster Abbey.—*Library of the Fine Arts.*

What are Coals?—Among the results of geological changes, those of vegetable bodies, or remains termed fossil, (from *fossus*, Lat. dug out of the earth,) are not the least interesting. Thus, coals are fossils produced from forests which have been overwhelmed by the earth, and subjected to certain influences, which philosophy has hitherto been perplexed in satisfactorily defining. That wood may be converted into coal is acknowledged, yet men do not so well agree in their explanation of the process by which this change is effected. Any person who has not considered the subject, will probably ask what resemblance does coal bear to wood: a ready answer to which may be given in the concise definition of Dr. Ure: "Coal is in fact to vegetable matter what adipocire is to animal matter; a complete chemical change, in which the fibrous structure disappears."

A Tight Shoe.—The wearer walked in the shoe as if he would walk on egg-shells without crushing them; his soul was in his foot, all his sensibilities seemed bundled up and crushed in calf-skin, his eyes were ready to weep for his toes, his blood rose against the maker, he cursed the last in his bitterness of

spirit, and resolved it should be no last, no final measure for him.—*Examiner.*

Crabbe's Poetry.—What has exploded Crabbe's poetry, in spite of its fidelity and beauty, but that it makes us conversant with those objects of our dislike—with peasants and paupers, with mendicants and mechanics.—*Monthly Magazine.*—(Too true.)

Interesting Announcement.—In a provincial print we find "Rye still keeps up, though daily in danger of a decline: but Barley remains in a most languid state!" Poor Barley!—very unkind of Rye!—*Monthly Magazine.*

Mathews.—Sir Walter Scott once observed to Lord Byron, that Mathews's imitations were of the *mind* to those who had the key; but, as the majority had it not, they were contented with admiring those of the person, and pronounced him a mimic who ought to be considered an accurate and philosophic observer of human nature, blessed with the rare talent of intuitively identifying himself with the minds of others. His imitation of Curran can hardly be so called—it is a continuation, and is inimitable.

The Zoological Gardens.—Workmen are now engaged in inclosing and fencing a part of the land lately added to these gardens on the east side, and we understand a bank is to be formed and planted for the purpose of sheltering the grounds, as much as possible, from the east wind. From the Report read at the last monthly meeting, it would appear that the council do not contemplate the erection of any buildings on the newly enclosed land at present, but intend forming two large ponds or reservoirs, one of which is to be appropriated to the use of those beautiful birds the mandarin ducks; and the other for the rest of the aquatic birds.—*Zoological Magazine.*

Literature and Art.—According to the supplement to "Bent's Literary Advertiser," which contains a list of the new books and principal engravings published in London during the year 1832; it appears that the number of books is about 1,180, exclusive of new editions, pamphlets or periodicals, being eighty more than in the year 1831. The number of engravings is 99 (including forty portraits), fifteen of which are engraved in the line manner, fifty-seven in mezzotint, seven in chalk, nine aquatint, and eleven in lithography. The number of engravings published in 1831 was ninety-two (including fifty portraits), viz. eighteen in line, fifty mezzotint, ten chalk, five lithograph, six aquatint, and three etchings.

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OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 591.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.



HEVER CASTLE AND QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN.

On the western border of the county of Kent, about four miles north-west of Penshurst, stand the remains of Hever Castle, the ancient seat of a family of that name, but more endeared to memory as the residence of the ill-fated Anne Boleyn.

This Castle was erected by William de Hever, a Norman baron, who, under Edward III., obtained the King's license to "embattle his manor-house," as well as to have liberty of free warren within this demesne. His two daughters and co-heiresses conveyed it in marriage to the families of Cobham and Brocas: the former, who had acquired the whole by purchase, afterwards sold the entire estate to Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, a wealthy mercer of London, lord-mayor of that city in the thirty-seventh of Henry VI., and great grandfather to Anne Boleyn, the unfortunate queen of Henry VIII. and mother of queen Elizabeth.* On the death of Sir Thomas Boleyn,

* The family of Boleyn, or Bullen, originally of French extraction, was transplanted to England soon after the Norman conquest, and settled in Norfolk, where they resided for three centuries, maintaining their rank and influence among the provincial gentry, till Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, amidst the conflicts of York and Lancaster, exchanged the pastimes of hawking and hunting, for the pursuits of commerce, amassed great wealth, and was invested with the titles of knighthood; while his children intermarried with noble families. The remains of Sir Geoffrey Boleyn are deposited in St. Leonard's Church, near the Old Jewry. From a record referred to in Bloomfield's *History of Norfolk*, it appears that he purchased the manor of Blickling, in Norfolk, of Sir John Falstaffe,



(From a rare print by Hollar, after Hulbein.)

K. G. Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, and father of Anne, Henry seized this estate in right of his late wife: and afterwards enlarged it by purchases from others of her family; or as Miss Benger, the accomplished biographer of Anne Boleyn, states, "Henry, with matchless rapidity, claimed it in right of a wife, from whom, previous to her being beheaded, he had been divorced." The next possessor was the lady Anne of Cleves; who, after her divorce, had settled on her this and other adjoining manors for life, or so long as she should remain in the kingdom, at the yearly rent of 93*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* She made Hever Castle her general place of residence; and died here in the fourth or fifth year of the reign of Philip and Mary, at which time these estates were sold by commissioners authorized by the Crown to Sir Edward Waldegrave, lord chamberlain to the queen's household; who, on the accession of Elizabeth, was divested of all his employments, and committed to the Tower, where he died in 1561. From his family, the manors passed to the Humphreys, and finally to the family of the Medleys, in Sussex. "The castle is now the property of Miss Waldo; and Mr. Robinson, architect of London, has fitted up some apartments for that lady's residence."†

Hever Castle is considered a fine specimen of the *domestic fortress*, a term applied to structures which are, as it were, midway between the castle and the mansion, or, for the purposes of warlike defence and peaceful enjoyment. Mr. Britton, who inspected the Castle about a year since, describes it as "a large mass of building, with buttresses, square towers, embrasures, square windows, and a watered moat;" the latter being supplied by the river Eden. The Engraving shows the entrance-gateway, which consists of a centre flanked by towers: it is embattled and strongly machicolated, and likewise defended by a portcullis. The great staircase communicates with various chambers, wainscoted with small oaken panels, and a long gallery with a curiously ornamented ceiling in stucco.

knight. Sir William Boleyn, the son of Sir Geoffrey, was equally fortunate and more aspiring than his predecessor: he proved a successful courtier, and his most sanguine expectations were more than realized by the subsequent union of his son Thomas with Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Surrey, a nobleman in whom high rank was exalted by chivalrous valour, munificent liberality, and refined taste. Sir Thomas did not, however, obtain preferment till the end of the reign of Henry VII.; and he appears to have spent that interval at Rochford Hall, in Essex, where, in 1507, his wife gave birth to the celebrated Anne, the scene of whose infancy is still shown to the curious inquirer, with many traditional observations.—We abridge this note from Miss Benger's *Memoirs*; but in vol. xviii. of *The Mirror*, p. 245, our Correspondent, James Sylvester, states Anne Boleyn to have been born at Blickling Hall, where the fact is recorded on a pedestal supporting Anne's statue. Miss Benger does not quote the authority for her statement; and the line on the pedestal may be traditional.

† Britton's *Sketches of Tunbridge Wells*, 1832.

The windows of the staircase display several shields in painted glass, collected from different parts of the Castle, charged with the arms and alliances of the Boleyns, &c. At the upper end of the gallery, part of the floor lifts up, and discovers a narrow, gloomy descent, leading as far as the moat, and called the dungeon.

Presuming the reader to be acquainted with an outline of the tragical story of Anne Boleyn, we may proceed to a few details of that period of her life which she passed at Hever. Thither Anne retired after Wolsey's malicious interference to annul her engagements with Lord Percy, son of the Earl of Northumberland. The crafty cardinal, having first prevailed on the earl to forbid his son's marriage with Anne, next succeeded in persuading Sir Thomas Boleyn to withdraw her from the court. Anne was little aware of the real source of her disappointment, which was, in truth, the unholy passion of Henry: she, on the other hand, attributed it exclusively to Wolsey's malice;—"and," observes Miss Benger, "she protested, with an impetuosity which, fatally for herself, she never learnt to control, that she would some day find the means to requite the injury." Anne's seclusion at Hever is thus touchingly referred to:

"The aspect of this edifice, which had been originally built in the reign of Edward the Third, was venerable and imposing. In its moated walls, its Gothic turrets, and military drawbridge, might be traced the same stern features of feudal rudeness and magnificence, which lowered in the majestic towers of Wresil Castle, that ancient seat of the Percies, of which she had so lately hoped to become the mistress. The entrance to Hever Castle was by a gateway, flanked with round towers, and protected by a portcullis; but hospitality reigned within that mansion, of which the approach was so formidable and uninviting. The lofty hall recalled the image of baronial festivity; and on the windows of the long, winding gallery, Anne Boleyn might trace a series of heraldic honours, sufficiently illustrious to challenge alliance with the house of Percy. In her mother's right, she beheld the four-coated shield of Howard, Brotherton, Warren, and Mowbray; whilst with still greater exultation she traced the eight quarters of Hoo, St. Omer, Malmains, Wickingham, St. Leger, Wallop, Ormond, that emblazoned her paternal escutcheon.—The wainscoted apartment which she occupied, with plain oaken panels, is still in existence. The long gallery she so often traversed with impatience, still seems to re-echo her steps; and after the vicissitudes of three centuries, the impression of her youth, her beauty, and singular destiny, is still fresh and vivid to the imagination."

Whilst Anne Boleyn was repining in exile, Henry contrived the marriage of her lover,

Lord Percy, to the daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury. "At this moment," says Miss Benger, "there is no reason to believe she divined the true source of her disappointment: even her father's sagacity appears not to have penetrated the mystery; and he probably attributed the royal interposition solely to that spirit of domination which he had long remarked in his sovereign, of whom it was too justly predicted, that he would not scruple to *strike off even a favourite's head, if it obstructed his views of advantage.*"

"According to tradition, however, the mist vanished from his eyes, when he suddenly saw the king arrive by stealth at Hever, on some frivolous pretext, which ill disguised his real errand, that he came but to steal a glimpse of the lovely Anne Boleyn.† Alarmed by this delicate attention, Sir Thomas is said to have sedulously withdrawn his daughter from the king's view, and during his visit, on the plea of indisposition, to have kept her confined to her chamber. Whatever credit be attached to this tale, it is certain that a considerable time intervened before Anne resumed her place at court; and that, during her absence, her father, created Lord Viscount Rochford, was advanced to the office of treasurer of the royal household."

The sequel of Anne's career must be in the recollection of the reader, since no event in our history has been more minutely illustrated: even the *love-letters* of the contracting parties are treasured to this day in our national archives.

The fall of the Boleyns must have been signally sudden; for Lambarde does not refer to them in his *Perambulations in Kent*, published towards the middle of the 17th century. Miss Benger has the following interesting "Supplementary Remarks" on this ill-fated family:

"To the Boleyns, no motto could have been so appropriate as that assumed by the House of Courtenoy, *ubi lapsus—quid feci?* Their rise had been slow and gradual; their fall was rapid and irretrievable; and after the death of Anne, they never recovered dignity and importance. The Earl of Wiltshire survived his ill-fated children but two years, and died, in 1538, at Hever, in whose parochial church his tomb is still pointed out to the curious visitor. For the countess, contrary to her daughter's predictions, was reserved a longer term of existence; and,

eventually, she lived to witness the death or disgrace of the majority of those peers who sat in judgment on her daughter. The Earl of Northumberland had soon followed the object of his juvenile affection to the grave, overwhelmed with shame and sorrow for the execution of his brother, Sir Thomas Percy, who had been involved in Aske's rebellion. Cromwell and Surry perished on the scaffold; and the Duke of Norfolk was immured in the Tower, ere the remains of Anne's mother were consigned to the tomb of her ancestors, in the chapel at Lambeth, with this brief monumental inscription—

Elizabeth Howard, sometime Countess of Wiltshire.

"Mary Boleyn, her younger daughter, died in 1546, at Rochford Hall, Essex, leaving two children: a daughter, afterwards married to Sir Francis Knollys; and a son, Henry Carey, created Baron of Hunsdon by Queen Elizabeth, in whose brilliant circle he was distinguished as the honest courtier.

"The sons of this gallant nobleman enjoyed favour and consideration with James the First; and some of his female descendants married into noble families; but the fortunes of their house declined, and the collateral branches of the Boleyns, in Kent and Norfolk, sank into quiet obscurity."

The Portrait of Anne Boleyn, prefixed to this paper, is from a rare print by Hollar, in the British Museum; from a picture by Holbein.

THE ADIEU.

The idea from a Persian Translation.

In vain thine eyes sparkle, thou beautiful slave!
For a spirit more lovely has summon'd the brave;
And the lips that now rival the rose's deep hue,
Respond to the bosom which sighs its adieu.

The palm-shaded hills of Zardir exchange,
O'er the wild pathless sands of the desert to range;
But the symbol that marshals our host on the plain
Must lead us to triumph, or ne'er lead again!

For thy rich silver voice which I wholly resign,
The thunder announcing the onset is mine:
For the lute whose strings warble like birds of the sky,

The heart-stirring trumpet its song will supply.
The fountain, awaked from its sleep by the Spring,
Its dew on the roses may playfully fling;
Thou wilt mark its rills gush with a fairy-like tone,
But their music will fail to entrance thee alone.

Thou lovely and loved one! the hall, the Serai,
Will slide from my visions as phantoms decay;
But thine image shall never depart from the shrine
Of the bosom so truly devoted to thine!

G. R. C.

* A saying of Sir Thomas More, in reply to the congratulation of his son-in-law, Roper, on his having received a visit from the king, who walked with him in his garden at Chelsea, putting his arm round his neck, and leaning familiarly on his shoulder: "I thank the king's grace," said More; "but albeit he is a gracious prince, if my head could win him a castle in France, it would not long be on these shoulders."

† A small recess, or apartment, opening from the gallery at Hever, is said to have been occasionally used by Henry as a council chamber.—*Antiq. and Topog. Cabinet*, vol. i.

THE HOMEWARD-BOUND SHIP.

With the white sail given
To the breath of heaven,
And the pennon waving free;
The brave ship glides
O'er the foaming tides,
Like a bride of the stormy sea.

There are friends to meet,
And lips to greet,

Where the shores of Albion gleam;
And bright forms pass
In Memory's glass
Like phantoms of a dream.

The palmy grove
Where Indians love
To watch the fire-flies' light;
And the eastern skies,
With gorgeous dyes,
Have charm'd the wanderer's sight.

But lovelier far
Their green haunts are,
With the vernal hum of bees;
And their hills more rise
With joy and life
Than the music of the seas.

Then give the sail
To the ocean-gale,
Which wantons with the foam;
Till thoughts extend,
And feelings blend
In one sweet dream of home.

G. R. C.

Manners and Customs.

EARLY INHABITANTS OF BRITAIN.

IN your No. 579, page 371, a Correspondent, in the course of a very well-founded attempt to vindicate the national civilization of the Britons, at and before the era of the invasion of Cæsar, has happened to mention the Bardic song of "Unbennaeth Prydian, or the Monarchy of Britain." The subject of this song, and that of the "Unbennaeth Prydian" itself, have before met my eye; but I was indulging a wish to recur to them, to recollect in what particular quarter I had seen them, and to know still more about them, at the very moment your Correspondent's letter fell in my way. I should be glad, therefore, if you would give me an opportunity of asking your Correspondent whether he can give me any further information upon either point, or refer me to authorities. Are the words of the "song" believed to be extant?—and where can I find the best and fullest accounts of the institutions of government among the ancient Britons? K.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ORIGINAL LETTERS OF AN OFFICER IN INDIA.

Guard at Madras.—"I have been on guard at the Wallaja and St. George's Gates. The guard-rooms and keeps are in the walls, and shell-proof—arched, and, of course, without windows: all the light and air we receive is through the low, arched doors, which are well supplied with bolts, bars, and padlocks. In one or other of these agreeable dungeons, the officer on guard remains for twenty-four hours."

Native Servants.—"Palaveram, 1823.—Nothing can exceed the filth of the people here; and, instead of being master, I am become nurse to two lubberly fellows, whom I am obliged to see wash themselves every morning, ere I can allow them to do anything for me!"

Serai.—"You have read of a Dervish, who, entering the king's palace, mistook it for an inn, or caravanserai. There are no caravanserais in this part of the world, only serais; nor am I surprised at the pious man's mistake, as the serai is usually the handsomest house in the village."

Courtship in India.—"In this country, such affairs are effected by a *coup-de-main*, or rather, a *coup d'œil*:—look at a lady, and marry her you must, as the world considers it 'a settled thing.' All unknown in India are your tender courtships of nine or ten years, or as many months. Two or three days suffice to put everything *en train* for a wedding; and the ceremony, dinner, calls, return-calls, and ball, by the officers of the regiment, (given on the occasion,) are all got over in a fortnight."

After a March.—"I confess I like moving: a camp looks fine when things are unpacked, after a march; everybody being all bustle, and nobody, in fact, doing a thing; and the interior of a sub.'s tent is chaos and confusion personified. Fancy a chair in this place—perhaps minus a leg—intimating the future misfortune of its owner; a rickety table in that, vibrating with a touch, like the pendulum of a clock, and but too plainly foreboding the crazy state to which years of service will reduce its master; three or four boxes, and a bed, with some half-dozen of cups, saucers, plates, knives, forks, shoes, &c.: not one of these articles matching with another, strewed about in elegant disorder, by chance, or the laziness of a servant; a gun in one corner; a pair or two of boots in another; a fishing-rod, sprawling at length, athwart all the miscellaneous items with which the ground is covered; a boar-spear tied to the tent-pole; and Master Sub. himself, weary with his walk, and this hopeless confusion, leaning back in the three-legged chair, his feet resting against the tent-pole, on a level with his forehead, wondering 'how long it wants to dinner?' and 'what there will be' for him. When the much-desired meal is ready, and all the hungry officers seated round the mess-table, it is ludicrous to hear them grumbling about the hardships and fatigues they have undergone, (in a ride of perhaps twelve miles,) protesting that it is *shameful* to order a regiment to march during the wet, or dry, season, (as it may be,) death being in either case inevitable, by drowning or suffocation! Now, I am quite ready to allow that the climate of this country entails upon the Indian officers, at all times, hardships, distresses, and sufferings, unknown to his happier European brother; but since everybody is aware that there are but the two seasons—*wet and dry*—in India, I should be glad to know when a regiment is to march?"

A Moonshree.—"Secunderabad, 1827.—I

lately engaged a moonshee to attend me, for a couple of hours per day, at ten rupees *per mensem*; but have since discharged him for laziness and incapacity. Frequently, when I have been writing, and in the full confidence that my sage tutor was looking over me, a loud snoring at my elbow has startled me! and behold—my moonshee fast asleep! Upon requiring the other day the explanation of something, he contradicted himself about it; and when I requested to know what he really meant, and which of his two *contrary* interpretations was the correct one, he said that *both* were right; then, suddenly starting up, (I never saw him so active before,) he exclaimed—‘What for? how can teach, when master make trouble business himself?’ So, as he could not teach, I discharged him. But they are, I believe, all alike; and they are only useful in being a sort of oral dictionaries, to whom reference is easier than to the written ones.”

Indian Roguery.—“Wallajabad, 1825.—Ever since my arrival here, and encampment on the beach, I have been pestered out of my life, by jugglers, hawkers, slaves, beggars, merchants, faquirs, thieves, &c.,—some of whom have contrived to steal from me my travelling set of silver forks and spoons, consisting of two of each size; but being now pretty well acquainted with the Indian system of roguery, I acquit these gentry, and pounce upon my own servant, with whom, until the articles be restored, I deal according to his deserts.”* H. C. B.

TITHES.

(From various Authorities.)

IN the first five ages, the Church had no other income than that proceeding from landed property and offerings. It is true that some made offerings to God of the tenth of the produce of their lands, but this act was entirely voluntary. The bishops of that time repeatedly demanded of the faithful to offer their tenths to God, but without issuing any precepts to oblige them—satisfied with persuading them to offer this freely, and whatever they chose besides, for the priests, worship, and the poor. They were exhorted to pay tithes after the manner of the Jews; but at the same time it was intimated, that, being sons of Christ, they were more highly favoured than the Jews, and should therefore exceed them in liberality. Until the sixth century,

* More than once was the writer robbed, and even in some instances his desk broken open, and money and other property taken from it. Sometimes he recovered all, or nearly all, his lost possessions; and in almost every case was able to trace these thefts to his servants. A recent writer on India states, that it is only officers who have been long enough settled in India to have obtained a little wealth and consequence, that can get good and honest servants—such not choosing to hire themselves to raw youths just “come out”; the rest are mere riff-raff.

the fathers issued no precepts for paying tithes. At that epoch, the charity of the Christians was so cool, that they did not offer even necessities for supporting the priests. The zeal of the bishops could not allow them to behold with indifference the decline of worship, nor the poor neglected. To remedy the evil, it was requisite to change the old discipline of the church on that point, and to adopt ecclesiastical punishments to compel Christians to pay tithes. The first council that adopted this plan was that of Maçon, in France, 585: whose fathers gave, as a reason, that the offering of tithes was the custom in former times, although it had latterly been abolished. Almost at the same period, similar means were put in practice by the oriental bishops, for the establishment of this tax in their dioceses; but being disapproved by the emperors, it was relinquished till the crusades, when it was endeavoured to be introduced in some places. This old custom of the faithful in the first ages was the cause of the Greek and Latin bishops, after the sixth century, inflicting penalties on those who did not pay tithes. In consequence of the reluctance of the Christians, in making offerings for the above-mentioned pious purposes, the bishops made use of the arms of the church to compel them to pay, under the circumstances, so just a debt. On custom, too, other councils, celebrated in the following ages, found fair reasons for commanding the payment of tithes. To it, also, is attributed its origin by our laws, and by many ancient and modern doctors; and lastly, we find that, for want of custom, such a tax is not paid in different Catholic provinces of Germany, Italy, and France.

About 855, Ethelwolf conferred a donation on the clergy, for which they had been contending during several ages. The Jewish law, which bestowed on the Levites the tenth of all the produce of the land, was universally regarded by the clergy as obligatory on Christians; and, notwithstanding the obvious absurdity of this application of the law of Moses, they were inclined to extend it to a tenth of all merchandise, industry, wages of labourers, and pay of soldiers. They preached with great warmth and sincerity this indispensable duty; but the interests of the laity had hitherto been too powerful for their eloquence. At length, Ethelwolf granted their request; and the states of the kingdom consented to the establishment of tithes.

In 1152, Pope Eugene III., instigated by the advances made to the Court of Rome by St. Malachie O'Morgair, sent to Ireland a legate, John Paparo, with four palls. (The acceptance of the pall from the pope by bishops, is equivalent to the kissing of hands in England.) For the ceremony of distributing these palls, Paparo convened a council, famous in Irish ecclesiastical history as the

"National Council of Kells." There were present at it the Bishop of Lismore, as colegate, and twenty-two other bishops. The palls were conferred on the Archbishop of Armagh, and the Bishops of Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam; these bishoprics being at the same time erected into metropolitan seats. Many other matters of church discipline were regulated; and among other rules, the payment of tithes was ordained by apostolical authority. Thus, it appears, that in 1152, tithes were established in Ireland, by an Irish national council, convened by a pope's legate. But it was not until 1155, that the bull of Adrian IV. appeared, which empowered, or affected to empower Henry II. of England to possess himself of that country; nor was it, at the earliest, before 1160, that the first hostile landing in Ireland was attempted by the English.

At the first institution of spiritual benefices, there was no such custom in existence as parochial tithes. The original dowry of churches, at the time of their foundation, consisted of house and glebe. The assignment of these was of such absolute necessity, that without them no church could be regularly consecrated;—and, properly, no rectory can be without glebe; for although the glebe may have been in fact alienated from the church, the law will always decide that a rectory has glebe belonging to it. But it was not requisite that a rectory should be endowed with tithes, as well as house and glebe. In some cases, churches were endowed with particular parcels of tithes, before the establishment of the parochial right; but the law has always made a distinction between these particular endowments, which are termed arbitrary consecration of tithes, and parochial tithes; and it will be seen that this distinction affords the strongest possible evidence of the different sources from which they respectively derive their origin.

In Archbishop Egbert's Excerptions, it is directed—That the priests themselves receive the tithes from the people, and keep a written account of the names of all that have paid them, and divide them in the presence of such as fear God, according to canonical authority: that they choose the first part for the ornament of the church, and distribute the second part for the use of the poor and strangers, with their own hands, with mercy and all humility; and that the priests reserve the third part to themselves. In the Canons of Elfric, made in the time of Alfred, it is said—The holy fathers have decreed that tithes be paid into God's church, and that the priests go to them, and divide them into three parts: one for the reparation of the church, a second to the poor, and a third to God's servants who attend the church.

By the statutes of 3 William and Mary, c. 3., and 11 and 12 of William III. c. 16,

the sum of five shillings per acre is substituted for tithes in kind of hemp and flax; and by the statute of 2 and 3 Edward VI., c. 13, all barren heath and waste grounds are exempted from tithes of corn and hay, for seven years after their improvement and conversion into arable and meadow land. It was enacted by the Irish statute of 40 George III., c. 23, that no suit should be entertained in any court of civil or ecclesiastical jurisdiction, for the tithe of agistment for dry and barren cattle, except in those places where such tithe then was or had been usually paid within the last ten years. W. G. C.

Select Biography.

THE YOUNG NAPOLEON.

(Concluded from page 85.)

Up to a certain age, the young Prince had been permitted to store his memory with facts, and to interpret them according to his own judgment. At length, however, it was deemed right that the Austrian version of the European story should be made known to the young prince. No fitter person could be found for the due execution of this task than the Prince de Metternich, who, under the name of lectures on history, gave him at length, and in a series of interviews, the whole theory of imperial politics. The leading views are given by M. de Montbel: they are very ingenious. Under the pretence of a sketch of his father's history, he points out to the young man the danger of rising above the station in which he is placed, and proves, in fact, that the very qualities which enable an individual to rise are precisely those which must afterwards ensure his fall. These lectures are described as having had the happiest results. The young Napoleon, or François, as he had been re-christened, eagerly accepted Metternich's instructions, and, in cases of any difficulty or doubt, always resorted to him for their solution. Both the Emperor and his minister, in short, seem to have succeeded in thoroughly winning the entire confidence of the youth: the practical result of which was, that no communication was ever made to him that he did not feel it a point of duty instantly to communicate. The youth is reported to have said to the Emperor and Metternich:—"The essential object of my life ought to be to make myself not unworthy of the glory of my father. I shall hope to reach this point of my ambition, if I can appropriate to myself any of his high qualities, taking care to avoid the rocks on which he split. I should be lost to a proper sense of his memory, if I became the plaything of faction, and the instrument of intrigue. Never ought the son of Napoleon to condescend to play the miserable part of an adventurer." This was of course the point desired.

It is said the young Prince was surrounded with intrigues, and the utmost vigilance, which he knew and approved of, was necessary to protect him from attempts to draw him into them.

One of the very few friends whom the Duke of Reichstadt made for himself (it was probably, however, arranged by the Metternich policy,) was a very deserving young officer, M. Prokesch, who had distinguished himself by his travels in the East, and several military publications. The manner in which the acquaintance was formed is thus described by M. Prokesch:

"After my long travels and my numerous missions, I had gone to visit my family at Gratz. The Emperor, who at that time was traversing Styria, stopped at this town. Pleased with my conduct, and the documents I had been able to lay before him, his Majesty testified his satisfaction by inviting me to his table. I found myself placed next the Duke of Reichstadt, whom I had often regarded with the interest generally inspired by him; but up to that moment I had never spoken to him, or heard him speak.

"'I have known you long,' said he to me; 'I have been taken up a great deal by you.'

"'How, Monseigneur,' said I, 'have I acquired this distinction?'

"'I have read, I have studied your work on the Battle of Waterloo, and I have been so pleased with it, that I have translated it into both French and Italian.'

This was the commencement of an intimacy which appears to have afforded the young Prince a vast source of consolation in his peculiar circumstances. To have a friend, not of his suite, appeared as if he were putting one foot at least in the world.

The epoch of the revolution of July may be supposed to have produced a startling effect on the mind of a young Prince, so deeply interested in the fortunes of his father, and so devoured himself with military ambition. All that we are told on this subject, and, perhaps, all that he expressed, is of a description that comes upon us, at least, with some surprise. "I wish that the Emperor would permit me to march with his troops to the succor of Charles X." Nevertheless, one who knew him well, tells us that his hope and aim was the throne of France, on which he expected to be placed, not by a party in France, but by the general demand of the country, backed by the consent of the monarchs of Europe. To this secret idea, working in the recesses of his heart, must be attributed his restless labours, his continued studies, his fatiguing exercises, his rage for riding, and his passion for military information. He dreaded to be taken unprepared; he as it were slept in his arms. He read all the journals and the pamphlets attentively, watched the play of parties, and shrewdly

predicted their duration. It was about this time that he was agitated by an attempt on the part of the Countess Camerata, a daughter of Eliza Bacciochi, and consequently his cousin, married to a wealthy Italian noble, to involve him in a correspondence. A letter of hers has been published, written in a style of considerable exaltation, with the view of exciting his ambition, and probably urging him to some movement respecting France. The letter was laid on his table by some secret agency. One evening, in disguise, she laid wait for him on entering the Imperial Palace, seized his hand, and kissed it with an expression of the utmost tenderness. Obenaus, the duke's tutor, who was alone with him, and had been struck with surprise as well as the duke, stepped forward and asked her what she meant. "Who," cried she, in a tone of enthusiasm, "will refuse me the boon of kissing the hand of the son of my sovereign?" At the time, the duke was ignorant who it was that had tendered him this sort of equivocal homage, but her subsequent letters enlightened him on the subject. Napoleone Camerata is a lady whose personal and mental traits are said more nearly to resemble those of Napoleon than any other member of her family.

The French revolution, and the prospect of war which it opened upon the different armies of Europe, added fresh excitement to the duke's military studies. He took M. Prokesch for his fellow student and friendly instructor. "We read, at this epoch, with much application, Vaudoncourt, Ségur, Norvins, the aphorisms of Montécuculli, the memoirs of Prince Eugene of Savoy, and the voluminous works of Jomini: all these works were in succession compared, discussed: they are covered with the prince's marks and marginal notes." About this time, also, he put into M. Prokesch's hands a manuscript of singular interest.

"It was a course of conduct traced by himself, in which he laid down the line prescribed to him by his duty. In this composition, interspersed with shrewd general views, he considered his position in relation to France and Austria, he pointed out the rocks which surrounded him, the means of avoiding these dangers, the influences to which his mind was subject, and by which it could be regulated, how his defects might be supplied, his ambition moderated, its movements governed, and in what way useful results might be extracted from tendencies which, if left to themselves, might be mischievous—to, in short, prepare for an honourable life, such as accorded with the rank in which he had been placed by providence. Particular circumstances, which gave to this memoir a remarkable character, induced the Prince to destroy it a few days after he had shown it to me. I now deeply regret it; it

would have been a document of lasting interest. He had formed a judgment of himself of extreme sagacity; it was a portrait of an exact moral likeness, in which he had forgotten neither his faults nor his good qualities." *

This intense self-occupation is not healthy; it is, however, frequently the morbidness of genius. The young Napoleon was, however, in a false position: there was no natural vent by which such diseased action, might be carried off.

The first appearance of the young man in society was on the 25th of January, 1831, at a grand party at the house of the British Ambassador, Lord Cowley. He was exceedingly struck with the strange mixture of remarkable persons, the representatives of the various changes that have lately taken place in Europe.

"How painful and wearisome," he said to a friend the next morning, "are parties of this sort to me. What striking contrasts were assembled in the same apartment! I saw about me (himself by the way, a monument of political change) two princes of the House of Bourbon, Baron de Kentzinger, the representative of Charles X., *Maréchal Maison*, the ambassador of Louis Philip, the Prince Gustavus Vasa, the natural heir of the throne of Sweden, and Count Lowenheim, minister of Charles John. For the first time, I spoke with *Maréchal Marmont*: my father quoted him as a man of talent, and I found his conversation correspond with this character. I am to receive him to day. I am glad to find myself in communication with Frenchmen. I do not wish to remain absolutely unknown in France, or that so many erroneous ideas respecting my situation should continue to be entertained there."

This interview with *Marmont*, the only survivor of his father's early aide-de-camps, had for some time been passionately desired by him. *Metternich's* permission was obtained: the marshal and his ancient master's son were mutually inclined. The young Napoleon had a thousand questions to ask, a thousand points to clear up. *Marmont* is a man of education, agreeable conversation, and quite capable of giving all the advantage of language and expression to his experience. It ended in *Marmont* being engaged to give the duke a whole course of military lectures; the text being Napoleon's campaigns. They were continued until the subject was exhausted, or until, as is not improbable, their frequency had begun to give umbrage. *Marmont* retired, promising, at least, to see his pupil every fortnight.

The 15th of June, 1831, the prince was named lieutenant-colonel, and took the command of a battalion of Hungarian infantry, there in garrison at Vienna. His exertions

* *Le Duc de Reichstadt*. Par M. Montbel.

in the discharge of his new duties, in addition to his previous occupations, appear to have made the progress of his malady, which had till now proceeded secretly, visible both in his appearance and in his inability to bear fatigue. His voice became hoarse, he was subject to coughs and attacks of fever; he had shot up to a prodigious height, and his appearance bore many marks of the germs of the terrible phthisis, now breaking out into activity.

"Frequently," says his physician, *Dr. Malfatti*, "I have surprised him in the barracks in a state of dreadful lassitude. One day, amongst others, I found him stretched on a sofa, exhausted, powerless, and almost fainting. Not being able to conceal the wretched state in which I found him, he said, 'I abominate this wretched body that sinks under my will in this manner.' 'It is indeed provoking,' I answered, 'that your Highness cannot change your person, as you do your horses when they are tired; but permit me Monseigneur, I conjure you, to remember, that you have set a will of iron in a body of glass, and that the indulgence of your will cannot prove otherwise than fatal.'

"His life was, in fact, at that time undergoing a process of combustion; he slept scarcely four hours, though, by nature, he required a great quantity of sleep: he scarcely ate at all. His soul was entirely concentrated in the routine of the manège and the different kinds of military exercises; he was, in fact, never at rest; he continued to increase in height, grew wretchedly thin, and his complexion gradually became thoroughly livid. To all my questions he answered, 'I am perfectly well.'"

Malfatti at length considered it necessary to present a representation to the Emperor on the state of the Duke's health. Both the patient and the physician were summoned to the imperial presence. *Malfatti* repeated his statement. The Emperor then turned to the young prince, and said, "You have heard *Dr. Malfatti*; you will repair immediately to *Schönbrunn*." The Duke bowed respectfully, and, as he was raising his head, he gave *Malfatti* a glance of excessive indignation. "It is you, then, that have put me under arrest," he said to him in an angry tone, and hurried away. He was placable, however, and soon forgave his amiable physician. The air and quiet of *Schönbrunn* were extremely beneficial: he began again to sleep and to eat; the first return of vigour was the signal for exertion. He commenced hunting, as the next best thing to war, in all weathers, and with a recklessness that, joined to similar exposure in visiting neighbouring military stations, soon re-established the malady. Phthisis assumed all its horrible power; he gradually sank, and after dreadful suffering, and all the rallying and resistance which a

strong will can sometimes effect against disease, he fell a victim to it on the 22nd of July, 1832, at Schönbrunn, on the same bed, in the same apartment that his father had occupied as the conqueror of Vienna.

His mother was present during his latter days, and seems to have suffered all a mother's pains. The emperor, whom all agree in describing as an excellent and amiable old man, was greatly affected; a very strong affection subsisted between them; and, on the part of the Duke, it was evident, that the honest, straight-forward character of the Emperor, joined with his paternal kindness and evidently honest intentions, had made a profound impression on the mind and heart of his grandson. On the opening of the body, the opinions of the Duke's physicians were fully confirmed! one lobe of the lungs was nearly gone; and, while the sternum was that of a mere child, the intestines presented all the appearance of decrepit age.

As he laid on his bier, his resemblance to his father, that resemblance so striking in the cradle, became once more remarkable. It might have been detected in life, but the flowing blond hair of his Austrian mother, and his tall form, would naturally mask the resemblance. His manner was graceful and elegant—the expression of his countenance somewhat sad; he was reserved till he fancied he had found a friend, when he became confidential, communicative, and even enthusiastic. He appears to have been universally beloved: no one can recollect an offence—much less an injury; he was full of kindness and consideration for every one about him. But one passion appears to have been developed—that of military ambition. The present with him was but a preparation; in fact, he lived in a future, which for him was never to arrive.

Domestic Hints.

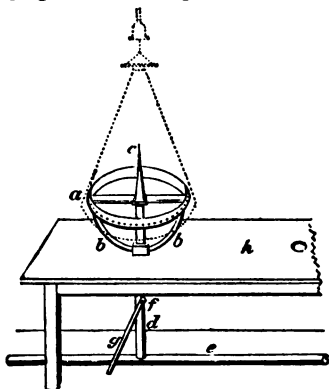
ROASTING BY GAS.

(Abridged from London's *Encyclopædia of Cottage and Villa Architecture and Furniture*.)

AN apparatus for roasting Meat of every Kind by Gas has been recently invented by Mr. Hicks, the patentee of the improved iron oven, by which spirit is obtained from the exhalations of fermented bread while baking. This apparatus is so extremely simple and beautiful, that a very few words will suffice to explain it.

The gas is admitted to a metallic circle *a*, in the figure, through a very narrow continuous opening, round the outside of which the gas issues, and forms a ring of blue flame. In the centre, supported by two lateral gas tubes joined to the circle, is an upright spike, *c*, serving as a spit on which the meat to be roasted is stuck. From the centre of the circle the pipe, *d*, which supplies the gas, passes

down to the gas main, *e*; having a cock, *f*, with a regulating lever, *g*, by which the gas can be turned on or off, and the degree of flame produced can be regulated with the greatest nicety. The circle is raised a few inches above a bench or table, *h*, so as to admit of the introduction of a convex tin dish, furnished with a spout for receiving the dripping, under each spit. From this dish



the dripping runs off by the spout, and is collected in any common dish placed under it. Over the bench, at the height of three or four feet, is a projecting boarded canopy or hood, for receiving the heated air and smell from the gas and meat, and conducting them to a flue, so as to prevent them from accumulating in the kitchen. Directly above the gas circle is a cone of polished copper, suspended by a weight. This cone is two inches wider in diameter at the base than the gas circle, and it has a small orifice at the top. When the operation of roasting is to be performed, all that is necessary is to spit the meat, and light the gas, regulating it so as to produce only a blue flame, closely resembling a blue riband round the base of a black turban; and then to bring down the copper cone, until its lower edge is on a level with the base of the gas circle. A vessel to receive the dripping is then placed under the spout of the tin dripping-dish, and the process of roasting goes on, without basting or any other operation whatever being requisite. The heat produced by the gas is radiated from the copper cone on the meat, and, this being done equally on all sides, the latter never requires turning, while the heat not being so intense as that from an open fire, the meat is neither dried nor burned; and, consequently, does not need basting. It is, in fact, roasted by heated air, but air which is constantly renewed; and, therefore, this operation has no affinity with baking. The time required for roasting in this manner is shorter than that before an open fire, in the proportion of about twelve to fifteen; it re-

quiring fifteen minutes for roasting every pound of meat before an open fire, and only twelve minutes for roasting the same quantity by gas. As the cones are nicely balanced, in the manner of chandeliers suspended from lofty ceilings, the cook, when she wishes to look at the meat, can raise and lower the cone hanging over it, with the greatest ease. The fat drops slowly, and as pure as water, into the dish placed to receive it; and when the period of dressing is nearly completed, it is indicated by the appearance of gravy being mixed with the fat. For different joints, and for fowls of different kinds, and game, there are rims and covers of different sizes; and for a sirloin of beef, the cone approaches to the form of a cylinder with a domical top. The operation, when the meat is once spitted, and the gas properly adjusted, is conducted or rather goes on of itself, with all the quiet precision of a chemical process in a laboratory; and, in short, with so much cleanliness, neatness, and absence of smell and heat, that it would not be offensive in a drawing-room.

On the evening of January 5, 1833, we were present, along with a number of gentlemen, in Mr. Hicks's kitchen, in Wimpole-street, when a part of a sirloin of beef, a leg of mutton, two fowls, and a pigeon, were roasted in this manner and afterwards tasted by the company, when they were found to be in all respects equal, if not superior, to meat and fowls roasted in the common way. Mr. Hicks's apparatus had been only erected a few weeks, and was, at the time we saw it, not made known to the public. The expense of gas is much less than might be imagined, the effect being produced not so much by intensity of heat as by its concentration. Mr. Hicks has found sixteen cubical feet of gas, which cost 2½d., sufficient for roasting twelve or fourteen pounds of meat; which is considerably less than a farthing per pound. When it is considered that bread is baked and browned at from 280° to 300° Fahr., and that meat is roasted in bakers' ovens after the bread is removed, the circumstance of gas affording a sufficient degree of heat for roasting will not occasion surprise.

The whole business, therefore, of the preparation of human food by the application of heat, may be performed by gas, and that with great economy, in all families who roast and bake at home. This is only realizing what was long ago anticipated by the late William Strutt, Esq. of Derby. There can be no doubt that oil, or any liquid fat burned in the same manner, would effect the same end; and, indeed this is proved by the portable machine for the use of ships and ambulatory cottages. How far the art of cooking by gas will be suitable for country inns, may be considered uncertain in the present infancy of the invention; but as, on calculation, it is found in London to be much cheaper than

roasting by open fires of coal, and, for small joints, equally cheap with sending meat to be cooked in a baker's oven, it appears highly probable that, wherever gas is used for lighting, it will answer to employ it also for cooking.

The Public Journals.

LIKES AND BELIEFS.

A Sketch.

I LIKE to think, because it shows that one is independent; and I like idleness because it shows that one can afford it. I like to read a good book, because there is some chance of getting at plunder; and I like a bad book because it shows one one's own superiority: and I like fat and ignorant people for the same reason.

"You Cassius has a lean and hungry look."

He thinks too much—such men are dangerous."

I like exclusiveness, because it is a proof, that cannot be gainsayed, of a genteel education; and I like liberality, particularly if it be at the expense of others. I like orthodoxy, because I am not given to blunders; and I like Dissenters, because they furnish matter for controversy, as well as an opportunity for showing a charitable disposition. I like persecution, because I have a tolerable quantity of spleen to vent upon its advocates; and I like "civil and religious liberty all over the world," because it is generally toasted in full chorus, and is accompanied with cordials for the stomach. I like metaphysics, because they are mysterious—because the unintelligible and the absurd *seem* to me marching somewhither with a vengeance! and I like political economy, because it talks about wealth, "about it and about it." And why should I like it because it talks about wealth? Just in the same manner, and just for the same reason, as I should like to see the comet. It is to me, at least, who am but a fraction of the British community—"the illustrious stranger."

Pass we now from likes to beliefs, and I still feel myself, gentle reader, to be the "Proteus" of your creeds, as well as your talents. I believe, with the author of the article "Antiquities," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that the ancient religion was well adapted to satisfy the cravings of the imagination; and I believe with Plato, in his poetical republic, that its gods were such as could not with decency be admitted into a virtuous community. I believe with the ancient philosophers, who drew up nothing but quicksand, that Truth is to be found at the bottom of a well; and I believe, with the modern retailers of wisdom, that she crieth in the streets and proclaimeth herself from the house-tops. I believe with Bentham, that it is far more important that other people.

should know what I think, than that I should know what other people think; and I believe with all modern professors of the critical art,

"That index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of Science by the tail."

I believe with Hobbes that all government is nothing but coercion; and I believe with Bentham that all law is an infraction of liberty, and that they who preach independence are sure of being listened to. I believe with the same writer, that legislation, as a science, is based upon an accurate and extensive knowledge of human nature; and I believe with his translator, Dumont, that it is difficult to teach it in any country where you can find masters sooner than disciples.

Finally, I believe with all the modern *illuminati*, that reason is gradually perfecting itself, and that the world is approximating to its grand climacteric; and, on the other hand, I believe with Sir Thomas Carlyle, of the "Edinburgh Review," that wisdom is not of yesterday, that the ancients invented glass which the moderns find hard enough to grind into spectacles, and that the march of intellect is like that of a spavined horse, "all action and no go."—*Metropolitan*.

BLUEBEARD AND OTHELLO.

A Parallel.

We are persuaded, for our own part, that the character of Bluebeard, like that of Richard III., has been much misunderstood. Superior to his age, he has suffered by the ignorance of those who were incapable of appreciating the grandeur of his character. In the eyes of the vulgar, he appears a mere ogre, a monster like Dzezzar Pacha, cutting off heads, merely with the view of giving a stimulus to the nerves, and promoting the circulation; he is considered as a pure incarnation of the Spirit of Evil, rendered ludicrous as well as hideous by personal deformity.

To us, on the contrary, he appears in a very different light—in fact, very closely resembling Othello. Nature has framed him with the quickest and deepest sensibilities; of a generous, noble nature, as the liberality of his establishment attests. Where he loves, he embarks his all upon the venture, and his enthusiastic temperament demands a corresponding return. Like Achilles, he foresees his fate in the fatal curiosity of his wife, yet he is prepared to stand the hazard of the die. In return for his love, he asks implicit obedience in one point, yet that's not much—the test is not a severe one. He only begs that his wife will keep clear of the Blue Parlour.

It is the very humility of the demand that aggravates her crime. Had he refused her a suitable pin-money, her guilt would have been intelligible. We would wish to speak

mildly of the character of the first Mrs. Bluebeard. Her domestic cookery was unexceptionable, and we never heard a whisper against her character; in the ordinary relations of life she may have been a good sort of woman. But the black ingratitude of her conduct towards her trusting husband admits of no defence. He would not even permit the winds of heaven to visit her too roughly; for he kept her snug within four walls at his country-house. But the keys are at her disposal in his absence; with one exception she has been allowed "the run of the house," yet she sacrifices her duty and her love to the demon of curiosity. She violates the sanctity of the Blue Parlour.

Probably she found nothing there—no secrets to disclose. But the attempt confounds her as much as the deed. Bluebeard feels at once that all confidence between them is at an end; that his occupation is gone. His own flesh and blood to rebel against him—his wife to be the first to set the example of breaking open lockfast places in her own house—his own private retreat to be invaded in this way—it is a consummation too severe for his fiery nature. All his fond love he blows to heaven; insulted love demands an awful sacrifice on the altar of eternal justice.

Yet with deep relenting and fearful struggles is the deed accomplished. Like Othello, we doubt not, he kissed her ere he killed her, handled her gently as if he loved her, and, instead of blundering the business with a dagger and pillow, performed the unpleasant ceremony at once, "civilly by the sword." And when his painful task was done, he shows his tenderness by having the body handsomely embalmed, or preserved in spirits, in that Blue Parlour which had been the scene of her crime and its atonement.

For a time, doubtless, all his affections slept in the tomb of the first Mrs. Bluebeard. The fountain, from the which his current ran, seemed dried up. Never more would he trust his happiness with the too curious daughters of Eve; man is nothing to him henceforth, nor woman either. But there is no armour against fate. His destiny impels him, like Mrs. Norton's wandering Jew, into the snare of another attachment. He forgets his vows, his convictions of the depravity of human nature; he loves again, and is again undone.

Six times already has the awful sacrifice been exacted of him. He has now lost all hope; he sees that it is his destiny to go on marrying and murdering to the end. This conviction surrounds his character with a shade of soft melancholy; at times it tinges his conversation with an air of misanthropy. Grief turns other men's beards white, or perhaps a sable silvered; but the fearful agonies he has undergone have changed his to blue. At this period of his history, he bears a close

resemblance to Sir Edward Mortimer. The mystery that rests over his establishment gives a strange interest to all his proceedings. Yet it is evident, that at bottom Bluebeard was a man of the finest feelings. If he had not been one of the mildest of men, could that housekeeper of his, with her pestilent temper, have kept her place during the successive reigns of seven Mrs. Bluebeards? Could any man suspect Bluebeard of being stingy? Is it not evident, on the contrary, that he scatters his money about him like a prince? Is not his conduct in regard to marriage settlements that of a perfect gentleman? Is not his wife indulged with every thing her heart could desire at his chateau, bating always her admission into the forbidden chamber? And then how liberal to her sister Anne! Yes—Bluebeard must have been a man of the noblest nature—the victim, in fact, of a too deep and lively sensibility.

This is our conception of the character of Bluebeard—a man by nature noble, loving not wisely, but too well; and when deceived, avenging the outrage with the calm dignity of a destroying angel. Viewed in this light, the character is profoundly tragical. The injured husband tearing his (blue) beard over the body of his last wife, is a situation as terrible as that of Ugolino in the Tower of Hunger.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE FAT GENTLEMAN'S COMPLAINT.

A MOURNFUL DITTY.

"Ah me! that I was rather thin!"

How oft I utter that!

Surely quadrilles I would begin,

If I were not so fat.

Down country dances I can go,

(Things heavy can go down,)

Regardless of each lady's toe,

Unheeding lady's frown.

But sooth to say, I'd rather stand

A happy gazer by,

And view the light and cheerful band

Through their quick mazes fly.

And so I stood—the music rang—

The fair looked doubly fair;

As on elastic feet they sprang,

They seem'd embodied air.

To me the gracious hostess came

Smiling with treach'rous glance,

Led me, unwilling, to a dame,

Who wilfully would dance.

Her age was that mysterious one

That never yet was told,

Which smiling sees years onward run—

Years make not ladies old.

Her face was that on which was writ

In rather a strong trace,

So many lines of sense and wit,

That wrinkles found no place.

Her figure was that goodly size

That the well-favour'd kine

Show'd to king Pharaoh's close shut eyes;

In fact, 'twas just like mine.

I led my prize in triumph forth,

What transports then were mine!

As east and west, and south and north,

Our bodies we incline.

The Spanish dance I think 'twas called,

The dance my partner lov'd,

She heel'd, I reel'd—she crawl'd, I sprawl'd—

As waltzing down we mov'd.

As through the whirling dance we haste,

Her waist t' encircle round,

My precious time I did not waste—

No waist on her was found.

If mirth t' excite and merriment

By dancing is t' excel,

None can my belle and I prevent,

From bearing off the bell.

Metropolitan.

New Books.

TREATISE ON HEAT.

[DR. LARDNER has contributed this volume to the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*; and without taking for granted that an editor will execute his own plan better than his *collaborateurs*, we are inclined to consider this as one of the most successful portions. Most persons know the value of the master's eye; and those who do not, may look to the production of this volume as an illustration, especially of the motto which Dr. Lardner has chosen from a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*: "the most obvious remedy (for the declining taste for science) is to provide the educated classes with a series of works on popular and practical science, freed from mathematical symbols and technical terms, written in simple and perspicuous language, and illustrated by facts and experiments which are level to the capacity of ordinary minds." Of the latter part of this sentence, the subjoined extracts are excellent specimens: they are, indeed, so familiar, as to be appreciable in nearly every kitchen, pantry, hall, and cellar in the empire.]

Ice-houses.—In the construction of an ice-house, the walls, roof, and floor should be surrounded with some substance which conducts heat imperfectly. A lining of straw-matting, or of woollen blankets, will answer this purpose. Air being a bad conductor of heat, the building is sometimes constructed with double walls, having a space between them. The ice is thus surrounded by a wall of air, as it were, which is, in a great degree, impenetrable by heat, provided no source of radiation be present. Furnaces intended to heat apartments should be surrounded with non-conducting substances, to prevent the waste of heat.

Summer and Winter Clothing.—If several pieces of cloth, of the same size and quality, but of different colours, black, blue, green, yellow, and white, be thrown on the surface of snow in clear daylight, but especially in sunshine, it will be found that the black cloth will quickly melt the snow beneath it, and sink downwards. The blue will do the same, but less rapidly; the green still less so; the yellow slightly; and the white not

at all. We see, therefore, that the warmth or coolness of clothing depends as well on its colour as its quality. A white dress, or one of a light colour, will always be cooler than one of the same quality of a dark colour, and especially so in clear weather, when there is much sunshine. A white and light colour reflects heat copiously, and absorbs little; while a black and dark colour absorbs copiously, and reflects little. From this we see that experience has supplied the place of science in directing the choice of clothing. The use of light colours always prevails in summer, and that of dark colours in winter.

Effect of Heat on Ornamental Furniture.

—When ornamental furniture is inlaid with metal, care should be taken to provide some means for allowing the metal to expand, since its dilatability is considerably greater than that of the wood in which it is inlaid. Inattention to this circumstance frequently causes the inlaid metal to start from its seat; and this is particularly the case when it is inlaid upon a curved surface, such as the back of a chair. The metal, being more dilatible than the wood, becomes in a warm room too large for the seat in which it is inserted, and therefore starts out.

To cool Wine.—When ice cannot be obtained, wine may be cooled in various ways by the process of evaporation. If a moist towel be wrapped round a decanter of wine, and exposed to the sun, the towel in the process of drying will cool the wine; for the wine must supply a part of the latent heat carried off by the vapour in the process of drying the towel. Wine-coolers constructed of porous earthenware act on a similar principle. The evaporation of water from the porous material reduces the temperature of the liquid immediately surrounding the wine. Travellers in the Arabian deserts keep the water cool by wrapping the jars with linen cloths, which are kept constantly moist. Historians mention that the Egyptians applied the same principle to cool water for domestic purposes. Pitchers containing the water were kept constantly wet on the exterior surface during the night, and in the morning were surrounded by straw, to intercept the communication of heat from the external air. In India, the curtains which surround beds are sprinkled with water, by the evaporation of which the air within the curtain is cooled.

Cold from damp Clothes.—If the clothes which cover the body are damp, the moisture which they contain has a tendency to evaporate by the heat communicated to it by the body. The heat absorbed in the evaporation of the moisture contained in clothes must be in part supplied by the body, and will have a tendency to reduce the temperature of the body in an undue degree, and thereby to produce cold. The effect of violent labour or

exercise is to cause the body to generate heat must faster than it would do in a state of rest. Hence we see why, when the clothes have been rendered wet by rain or by perspiration, the taking of cold may be avoided by keeping the body in a state of exercise or labour until the clothes can be changed, or till they dry on the person; for in this case, the heat carried off by the moisture in evaporating is amply supplied by the redundant heat generated by labour or exercise.

Damp Beds.—The object of bed-clothes being to check the escape of heat from the body, so as to supply at night that warmth which may be obtained by exercise or labour during the day, this end is not only defeated, but the contrary effect produced, when the clothes by which the body is surrounded contain moisture in them. The heat supplied by the body is immediately absorbed by this moisture, and passes off in vapour; and this effect would continue until the clothes were actually dried by the heat of the body. A damp bed may be frequently detected by the use of a warming-pan. The introduction of the hot metal causes the moisture of the bed-clothes to be immediately converted into steam, which issues into the open space in which the warming-pan is introduced. When the warming-pan is withdrawn, this vapour is again partially condensed, and deposited on the surface of the sheets. If the hand be introduced between the sheets, the dampness will be then distinctly felt, a film of water being in fact deposited on their surface.

Danger of drying Clothes in an inhabited Room.—The danger of leaving clothes to dry in an inhabited apartment, and more especially in a sleeping-room, will be readily understood. The evaporation which takes place in the process of drying, causes an absorption of heat, and produces a corresponding depression of temperature in the apartment.

Hints to Housewives.—Vessels intended to contain a liquid at a higher temperature than the surrounding medium, and to keep that liquid as long as possible at the highest temperature, should be constructed of materials which are the worst radiators of heat. Thus, tea-urns and tea-pots are best adapted for their purpose when constructed of polished metal, and worst when constructed of black porcelain. A black porcelain tea-pot is the worst conceivable material for that vessel, for both its material and colour are good radiators of heat, and the liquid contained in it cools with the greatest possible rapidity. On the other hand, a bright metal tea-pot is best adapted for the purpose, because it is the worst radiator of heat, and, therefore, cools as slowly as possible. A polished silver or brass tea-urn is better adapted to retain the heat of the water than one of a dull brown colour,

such as is most commonly used. A tin kettle retains the heat of water boiled in it more effectually, if it be kept clean and polished, than if it be allowed to collect the smoke and soot, to which it is exposed from the action of the fire. When coated with this, its surface becomes rough and black and is a powerful radiator of heat. A set of polished fire-irons may remain for a long time in front of a hot fire without receiving from it any increase of temperature beyond that of the chamber, because the heat radiated by the fire is all reflected by the polished surface of the irons, and none of it is absorbed; but if a set of rough, unpolished irons, were similarly placed, they would become speedily hot, so that they could not be used without inconvenience. The polish of fire-irons is, therefore, not merely a matter of ornament, but of use and convenience. The rough, unpolished poker, sometimes used in a kitchen, becomes speedily so hot that it cannot be held without pain. A close stove, intended to warm an apartment, should not have a polished surface, for in that case it is one of the worst radiators of heat, and nothing could be contrived more unfit for the purpose to which it is applied. On the other hand, a rough, unpolished surface of cast-iron, is favourable to radiation; and a fire in such a stove will always produce a most powerful effect.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

(*Abridged from Stuart's Three Years in North America.*)

I HAD heard much of the beauty of the approach to New York from the sea; but the reality altogether exceeded any expectation: it is undoubtedly one of the most magnificent scenes in the world. I know of no more happy disposition of land and water, nor such variety of marked and pleasing features anywhere on the shores or rivers of the British Islands. Neither the Bay of Dublin, nor the Isle of Wight, nor the Firths of Forth or Clyde, present the works of nature on a grander scale, or in more varied and interesting aspects. That boldness of character which lofty hills and mountains produce is alone wanting. The hills which bound the prospect in three or four directions are no where above four or five hundred feet in height.

Much of the city itself is not visible from the water—the island on which it is built consisting of undulating, but not in any part of it of elevated, ground. Still the spires of the churches make a brilliant appearance; gilded by the setting sun, and towering among the trees which shade the streets, and amongst the masts of the ships, surrounding the city on all sides but the north. The situation of the city projected into the bay, on the southern part of the island, is a very

remarkable one. The island, which is twelve or thirteen miles long, by one and a half broad, has all the appearance of a narrow promontory, open to the sea on all sides but the north, on which it is separated from the adjoining country by the Haerlem river, over which there are long, wooden bridges.

As soon as we reached the wharf on the east side of the city, several gentlemen from the Custom-house stepped on board, to seal up the doors of the cabins, until the baggage be examined, and to see that the necessary articles to be taken on shore immediately, contain nothing for which any duty is chargeable. Hackney coaches, here called hacks, were in waiting, and conveyed us—i.e. the party in the ladies' cabin, who had agreed to remain together for a few days, and our friend who accompanied us—to the city hotel, situated in Broadway, the principal street of New York. There are two entrances to this great hotel—the one for the American, and the other for the European side of the house. We are accommodated in the latter, which we find well attended to by an English waiter, formerly at Brookes's Club House, London.

We had hardly got out of the ship, when we were sensible of a prodigious change of temperature. In the ship, the thermometer had seldom been higher than 70 of Fahrenheit. Here it had been for some days at 90: a degree of heat which is uncommon at any time in this part of the United States, and more especially so late in the season. We were anxious, in so fine an evening, to see something of New York, and sallied forth. But our enjoyment was not of long duration, for the heat was so overpowering, that we were soon forced to return. Nothing could be more gay than the appearance of the streets, especially Broadway, the favourite promenade, which is what Queen-street formerly was in Edinburgh in summer evenings, and what Bond-street or Regent-street now is in London; and the shops, here called stores, many of them very handsome, and lighted with gas, crowded with the population, whom the excessive warmth had kept in the house during the day, also arrested our attention.

The situation of this metropolis of the New World has been most happily chosen; in nearly the most central position of the shores of this great continent, with a harbour safe and deep, and of unlimited capacity, comprehending, as it does, the mouth of the Hudson itself,—unrivalled in its facilities of intercourse with the interior parts of the country, not merely by means of its sounds and rivers, but of its recently constructed canals, which, by the exertions of the late governor of this state, De Witt Clinton, were completed and brought into full operation three years ago. The Erie Canal, which will

immortalize the name of Clinton, begins at that point in the river Hudson, about 160 miles to the northward of New York, where the river becomes no longer navigable for vessels of great size. The canal is above 360 miles long, affording communication to Lake Erie, which is elevated 568 feet above the Hudson at low water, and of course to Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior, the most extensive repository of fresh water on the globe. The successful execution of this great work has led to splendid continuations of the system of water communication, especially to the canal, now far advanced, from Lake Erie to the Ohio, which continues the internal navigation from New York to the Ohio, Missouri, and Mississippi, and of course to Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans, and the Gulf of Mexico,—a line of internal water communication unparalleled in length in the world. The Champlain Canal connects New York by Lake Champlain with Canada.

Independent of canals, New York enjoys prodigious advantages from her internal seas and rivers. Long Island Sound affords a second channel to the Atlantic, and a safe course to the steam-boats and shipping to the whole of Long Island, and to the states of Connecticut, and Rhode Island, to New-haven, Hartford, and Providence. New York Sound and the contiguous rivers open the way to the coasts of New Jersey and Staten Island, and, by means of steam navigation, bring Philadelphia within a short day's journey of New York. It is not then to be wondered at, that with such a situation, the population and trade of New York should have increased in a degree unexampled, since all restrictions were removed at the peace of 1783. The population was then 22,000, and what is worthy of notice, had been pretty stationary for a dozen of years preceding. In 1790, seven years after the peace, it had increased to 33,000; in 1800 to 60,000; in 1820 to 123,900; in 1825 to 166,000; and is now about 200,000, besides the population of 10,000 or 12,000 in the village of Brooklyn, on Long Island, at the distance of a quarter of a mile. No other city in the United States has increased in a corresponding proportion.

Fine Arts.

A ROMAN VILLA.

THE Roman villa was divided into three parts: the *Urbana*, for the master and family; the *rustica*, for the farmer and husbandman; and the *fructuaria*, or storehouse for corn, wine, and oil. The servants, who were immediately attendant upon the master, and belonged to the *Villa Urbana*, were the *Atrientes*, or what the Italians call *Sala*,

in speaking of the livery-servants collectively; the valets, *cubicularii*, who, it is presumed, were usually freedmen; the secretary, styled *Notarius*; the gardeners for the pleasure-grounds, *Topiarii*; and the musicians and comedians, and persons for entertainment, during repast. This *Villa Urbana*, also denominated *Pseudo Urbana*, and *Pretorium*, from obvious distinction, had a peristyle or court, surrounded by a portico, at the further extremity of which, opposite to the gate of the entrance, was the *Atrium*, or hall, with a portico on each side, looking towards the place of exercise—as lawns, galleries for wrestling, and other smaller buildings. The baths were also annexed to this part of the building, and were always so situated as to enjoy the winter's setting sun. Besides the sitting-rooms, chambers, library, and eating-room, they would often have one of the latter kind in the midst of the park, as we should call it, and sometimes a bed-room, for the sake of quiet and retirement. In the *Villa Rustica*, or farm-house, in apartments over the gateway, lived the Procurator, or steward, that he might know who went in or out; on one side of this, the *Villicus*, bailiff or chief of the husbandmen, and near the *Fructuaria*, or store-rooms, the *Villica*, or house-keeper, under whose order were the female servants, employed in providing food and clothing for the family. The inferior slaves lodged in one great room, and the sick in an apartment called the *Valetudinarium*. The lodgings of the freedmen had a southern aspect. The *Aviarius* had the care of the poultry; and in considerable villas, far from a town, was a master of the workmen, *Ergastularius*, with smiths and carpenters under him. Horses and mules were kept for the use of the master, and asses and oxen for that of the farm, which had yards, much resembling the modern. Particular care was taken of the geese, hens, pigeons, peacocks, and other birds, who had also separate dwellings assigned to them; and not only deer, hares, and every kind of game was attended to, but there can scarcely be named an animal which was not kept by the more opulent Romans at their country seats. The villa was also divided into a winter and summer-house, because it had a suite of rooms adapted to either season. The parts which composed the summer residence were nearly the same as those of the town, except that the dwelling apartments, which did not commonly exceed one story, were always surmounted by a tower, on the top of which was a room pierced with windows on every side, uniformly destined for meals, so that they could add to the pleasures of the table, those of light and prospect. They nearly always built their villas along the high roads, for two reasons, one to get to them more easily, the other to place them more in sight. In

the Pompeian paintings we have villas of this kind. One on the sea-shore, of *two* stories, has trees planted on the roof. Winckelman says, that the architecture of the villas of Herculaneum is the same as that of the large houses of towns, so that the plan and elevation of the one is the same as that of the other.—*Fosbroke's Encyclopædia*.

The Gatherer.

A Warning.—Holles, Lord Denzil, second son of the first Holles, Karl of Clare, was born in the year 1597. He sat in parliament, as member for St. Michael's, Cornwall, and sided with the opposition party. At the accession of Charles I., he refused the offer of a knighthood of the Bath; and in the parliament of 1627, he was, owing to the interest which he had acquired by his marriage, returned for Dorchester, and took a leading part in favour of liberty. When the three resolutions of the Commons against Popery, Arminianism, and the levying of tonnage and poundage by the king's prerogative, were drawn up, he was one of the two who forcibly held the Speaker in his chair till they were passed. For his conduct on this occasion he was prosecuted, and condemned to a fine and imprisonment in the Tower, where he remained twelve months. No man, says his biographer, had a more disinterested love of his country. When offered by parliament 5,000*l.* as a reparation for the losses which he had sustained in the civil war, "I will not," said he, "receive a penny till the public debts are paid." He died in 1679, in the 82nd year of his age.

P. T. W.

Hissing in the House of Commons.—In the year 1604, Mr. Hext moved against hissing, to the interruption and hindrance of the speech of any man in the house; taking an occasion from an abuse of that kind offered on *Sunday* before: a thing, he said, derogating from the dignity, not becoming the gravity, as much crossing and abusing the honour and privilege of the house, as any other abuse whatsoever. A motion well approved.

Upstarts.—An officer, the son of a courier, thinking that he was not known, passed himself off for a man of quality. Some one, with the design of taking down his ridiculous pride, said to him: "I have heard your father spoken of: he was a *man of letters*, whose progress was always rapid." A wit likewise humorously satirized the conceited son of an innkeeper, by observing to him, "That his father was a very obliging man, that he always gave people an hospitable reception, and that his house was open to every body."

Vindication of Innocence.—A young marquis in indifferent circumstances, married a very rich old countess of whose wealth he got

entire possession, and he therefore did not hesitate to laugh at her expense among his friends. She too late discovered her fault; but she was less mortified by the contempt of her husband, than tormented by the fear that he might wish to get rid of her; and finding herself ill one day, she exclaimed that she was poisoned. "Poisoned!" said the marquis, in the presence of several individuals, "how can that possibly be? Whom do you accuse of the crime?" "You," replied the old woman. "Gentlemen," said the marquis, "it is perfectly false. You are quite welcome to open her at once, and you will then discover the calumny."

Two Mirabeaus.—The two Mirabeaus were frequently mistaken for one another; the elder, the count, was the celebrated orator, courageous in speech, but a very coward in action; the viscount was brave, but a drunkard. Being wounded in a duel, the count went to pay him a visit. "Well, brother," said the viscount, "this is really kind and generous in you to visit me now; for you will never give me an opportunity of visiting you on a similar occasion."

The count one day reproached his brother with his habits of intoxication. "Why, brother," replied the viscount, "why do you envy me this vice, being the only one you have left me? and as I abandon all the rest of the catalogue to you, pray let me enjoy this solitary one in peace."

The title of Esquire.—A German nobleman asked the late lord Barrington what was the English title of esquire. "I cannot well define it, because in Germany you have nothing correspondent to it; but it is considerably higher than a German baron, and something lower than a German prince."

Palaces.—The palace of the King of Naples stands on 10½ acres; Hampton Court on 8 or 9; St. James's on 4; and Buckingham House on about 2½.

The Living taken in by the Dead.—John de Meun, the satirical French poet, who died in the year 1364, directed in his will that his body should be interred in the church of the Dominicans, at Paris, bequeathing to them, in the way of recompense, a heavy chest, which was not to be opened till after the funeral. The contents proved to be of no value whatever; which so enraged the holy fathers, that they ordered the dead body to be disinterred. This coming to the knowledge of the parliament, an order was issued to insist upon their giving it an honourable burial in their cloister.

P. T. W.

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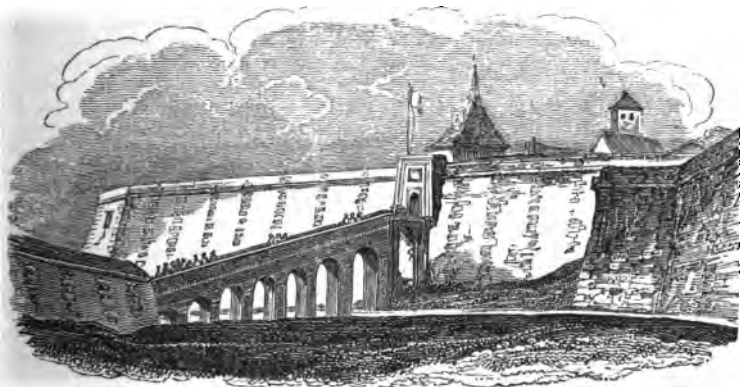
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.]

THE DUCHESS OF BERRI.



CITADEL OF BLAYE,
Showing the exterior of the Apartment wherein the Duchess is imprisoned.



ENTRANCE TO THE CITADEL,
With the arrival of the Duchess.

THE DUCHESS OF BERRI.

THREE Engravings illustrate an interesting page of last year's history. They show the prison-house of an ill-starred victim of misguided ambition, whose heroic enthusiasm must at least excite sympathy for her misfortunes.

The reader of "the folio of four pages" need only be reminded of the capture of the Duchess of Berri, in November last. He may recollect her previous ill-advised attempts to secure the throne of France for her son, the young Duke of Bordeaux, and the flying partisan war that such efforts excited in Vendée, one of the western departments of France. These exertions proving fruitless, the cry of "To arms!" was no longer echoed by her party; and the peasantry, who were her loudest friends, full of hope from the abundant harvest, became anxious for tranquillity. To this complexion had matters come, when the Duchess betook to travelling in disguise, as the only means of escaping from those who were on the alert to apprehend her. Wandering in the environs of Nantes, she sometimes wore the dress of a shepherd; at others she appeared as a miller; then as the *femme de chambre* of some wealthy house; and afterwards as a peasant's wife. Not unfrequently she eluded pursuit by being carried in a large bundle of hay upon the shoulders of some sturdy driver of oxen. The anecdotes of her last days of liberty are full of romantic incident, as we find them detailed in Galignani's well-conducted *Messenger*.* She was betrayed by Etienne Gonzague, who had once been her confidential servant, and who is stated to have received a large sum of money from the French government for his breach of trust.

"To carry his plan into execution, he went to Nantes, and requested an interview. The persons to whom he applied having some suspicion, at first refused his request, but, as he declined to communicate his dispatches or the result of his journey to any other person than the Duchess, they were at last forced to comply. The Duchess had formerly resided in the house of the Demoiselles Duguigny, at Nantes, and she returned thither on the afternoon of the 6th. Deutz was admitted to an interview just as the Duchess was about to sit down to dinner. After a few minutes' conversation he left the house, and gave the police officers the signal which had been agreed on for her arrest. The house was immediately surrounded, and the adjoining streets were filled with troops. Admission was at first refused to the soldiers, but, on a threat that the door would be broken open, they were at length permitted to enter. It was now about half past four in the afternoon, but, although the most minute search was

made, the Duchess could not be found. Various places of concealment were found in the house. In one of them, a considerable sum, in five franc pieces, with the effigy of Henry V., as well as some medals, bearing the representation of a car, which the Duke holds in one hand, while in the other he wields a trident, with which he subdues the demon of revolution. Like St. Michael, he is represented trampling it under foot. Notwithstanding the bad success which had hitherto attended the search, the municipal authorities did not despair; but it was resolved to desist until the following morning. Three *gens d'armes* were therefore placed in each room, and the house was carefully surrounded with troops. In order to discover whether any person was concealed in the chimneys, fires had been lit in all the fire places. In the third story of the house there was a small room, and towards morning it occurred to the soldiers, stationed in it, that the fuel had been disturbed, and, shortly afterwards, one of them remarked, that he heard a noise. To ascertain, if possible, the cause, the fire, which had fallen low, was increased by means of turfs, and some newspapers; and the smoke, which had penetrated to the place of concealment, together with the heat, rendered remaining there longer impossible. The place of concealment was very small, and had no window; and, during the whole sixteen hours in which the Duchess and her three companions had been in it, they were forced to remain in a standing posture. The back of the chimney, which consisted of an iron plate, turned on its centre, thus forming a door to the concealed apartment. Her attendant Mademoiselle Kersabice, in the costume of a peasant girl, came out first; then the Duchess, who was followed by the Count de Messnars, and M. Guibourg. The Duchess, in coming into the room, immediately said, "It is unnecessary for you to continue your search; I am the Duchess de Berri." She was completely disfigured, by the dust and dirt of the hole in which she had been confined; but, though much exhausted, retained her presence of mind. After a process verbal of the circumstances had been drawn up, and the Duchess had been formally identified, she was removed along with her companions, to the Chateau de Nantes, where the apartments of the governor were assigned to her; and she was shown every attention. The French Government, which had, sometime previously, anticipated the probability of apprehending the Duchess, had prepared for her reception the Citadel of Blaye, whither she was removed shortly after her apprehension."

Of Blaye, an active Correspondent, *W. G. C.* has furnished an outline in a recent Number (585) of *The Mirror*. It is a town of some importance, on the banks of the Gironde,

* And well abridged in Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, December, 1832.

about nine leagues from the mouth of that river, and seven leagues from Bordeaux. It was known to the Romans, and is noted in French history, as the temporary residence of Louis XII. after his marriage with the widow of Charles VIII., to whom, as Anne of Brittany, he had formerly paid court.

The place is divided by a small river into two parts one of which is called the upper, the other the lower town. The upper district is principally represented in the first Engraving on the annexed page: it shows the bastions, enclosing the tower, and forming altogether a very strong citadel. The port, as is shown in the right-hand distance of the Cut, is but an open roadstead, in which the vessels that ascend and descend the Gironde come to anchor.

The environs of the town were formerly marshes; but they have been drained, and are now fertile in corn and vines, and wine is one of the principal articles of the trade of the place. The banks of the Gironde here have not, however, that verdant and picturesque character which they present in the environs of Bordeaux.

In the *first* view is seen the citadel, that portion of the building nearest the windmill being the apartments occupied by the Duchess of Berri; the chimneys and cross-barred windows being shown. Beneath the adjoining trees, the Duchess occasionally promenades; and it is in contemplation to form another walk for the royal captive amid the trees within the extreme bastion, to the right of the Engraving.

The *second* Cut shows the principal gate of the citadel, with the captive Duchess and her little suite proceeding across the bridge, after leaving their carriage at the outer gate. The tricoloured flag floats triumphantly on the walls, whilst the scene beneath presents the close of a sad chapter of blighted hopes and miscalculating ambition.

Chateaubriand, a master-mind in the politics as well as literature of France, has written an eloquent pamphlet on the captivity of the Duchess of Berri, at Blaye. It abounds with pathetic apostrophe, and those vivid bursts of feeling in which Chateaubriand may be said to rank with any writer of his day; but it is altogether too intimately mixed up with stormy politics to suit our pages.

THE FOREST STREAM.

Like a spirit from its bower,
Forth its sunny waters gush,
Filling all the leaves around
With a gentle hush.

Softly on the lucid air
Its responsive echoes die;
And its cadence seems to hold
Commune with the sky!

With the dream-like hum of bees
How it blends its tuneful voice—
Calling on each thing that breathes
With it to rejoice!

I 2

It imparts the violet's eye
With its bells of silver foam,
And bedews the whispering leaves
Of the cuckoo's home.

Thus may life pursue its course,
From the clouds of sorrow free—
Gliding, like a forest stream,
To eternity

G. R. C.

SLEEP.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PASSERONI.

"Già molte cose, e molte sopra 'l Sonno."

How many things have oft been sung or said
Concerning Sleep, in poetry and prose,—
There's scarce an author worthy to be read
But something on the subject can disclose;
While some declare it good, with nodding head,
Others its torpid influence oppose;—
And thus its good or evil each enhances,
As it may chance to suit their different faucies.

He who extols its worth, we always find
Loves frequent naps, and after dinner snoozes;
But he who is not drowsily inclin'd,
Old Morpheus, for the vilest god, abuses;

As one who tow'rs the lady of his mind
The honied terms of admiration uses,—
Yet those who do not care a farthing for her,
Despise her charms, or mention her with horror.

By some, in terms of glowing praise address'd,
As rest to wearied mortals sent from heav'n—
Of all its gracious gifts esteem'd the best—
A brief oblivion to our sorrows given!
Others deny its virtues, and protest
Somnus from earth has ev'ry virtue driven:

One calls him Son of Erebus,—another
Swears he is nothing better than Death's brother.
Some say it keeps us healthy,—and again,
For sickness 'tis a soothing remedy;

Others declare it stagnates every vein,
Making us, like the blood, creep lazily.
All this may be, or not; but I maintain,
When I am snoring, that I feel quite free
From trouble or annoyance; and I hate
A blockhead who disturbs that tranquil state.

Sleep can at least a truce to sorrow bring,
Altho' it may not conquer miseries,
For o'er our couch he spreads his dusky wing,
And grief before its mighty power flies;
And, as I somewhere heard a poet sing,
"Beggars and kings sleep soon can equalize,"
So, when asleep, perchance I am as good
As any lord, or prince of royal blood!

Nay, I am happier still, for I must own
My sleep is not disturb'd by constant fear
That others may attack my wife, or throne.

Or that the threatening Sultan marches near;
I am not rous'd by the shrill trumpet's tone—
Indeed, no startling sound disturbs my ear,
Unless it be the neighb'ring abbey's chime,
With noisy zeal proclaiming matin time.

And if in visions phantom shades arise,
Invoking midnight terrors—what of them?
How oft on soaring wings we range the skies—
At banquets sit—or find some costly gem—
Discover where a hoarded treasure lies—
Or wear a monarch's jewell'd diadem?

For many such adventures we may meet,
Rais'd by Sleep's magic-wand, with kind deceit.

Moreover, I am wedded to no mate,
Thinking my holy slumber she might break;
I am no doctor—thief—or advocate—
For they must ever keep both eyes awake.

Oh! when I take a hearty supper, late,
How sweetly sleep creeps o'er me! I betake
My wearied limbs to bed; and when once there,
Why the dog barks I neither know nor care!

LUIGI.

THE FIRST SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

(To the Editor.)

THERE is an inaccuracy in the "Retrospective Gleanings" of your Correspondent *P. T. W.*, which is probably worth correcting.—(See *Mirror*, No. 590, page 86.)

SIR Peter de la Mare* is not the first Speaker of the House of Commons on record: the mistake is to be traced, I believe, to Hume. A *Speaker* is directly mentioned in the Rolls of Parliament, 51 Edward III. No. 87. "The last day of parliament," says the record, "Sir Thomas Hungerford, Kt., *speaker*, declared to the lords that he had moved the king to pardon all such as were unjustly convicted in the last parliament," &c.

While on the subject, I may observe that there is no doubt the Commons *always* have had a speaker. At a parliament held at Rockingham, in the time of William Rufus, mentioned in the history of Eadmerus, it is said, "a certain knight came forth and stood before the people, and spake in the name and on behalf of them all," &c.

Peter de Montfort also is mentioned in the book or register of St. Albans, fol. 207, (44 Henry III.) as conveying, on behalf of the Commons, (*voce totius communitalis*), their answer touching the banishment of Adomer, Bishop of Winchester; whereas the answer of the Lords was signed and sealed by them individually.

C. P.

* Not *More*, as written by your Correspondent.

The Public Journals.

ASMODEUS AT LARGE.

[WE noticed the commencement of this interesting, nay fascinating, series of papers in the *New Monthly Magazine*, about a year since. Our commendation was then bestowed upon their fine execution, rather than the novelty of their outline or framework. The design, or under-current, is a metaphysical curiosity, and is shown in the head to the portion we are about to quote, as *Passion—its History and its Termination*. The incidents are simple and natural, but they are not commonplace; nevertheless, in common hands they would be trite and unamusing, whereas, as they are here treated, they have an enchainment hold upon our finest feelings, while they illustrate some of the most perplexing points in the grand problem of life; and, all but the dullest of the dull must perceive the higher aim of the writer than that of a mere novelist: he reads us a sound moral lesson in the tale of a love adventure; in short, he gives us the metaphysics of May Fair as tastefully as Gunter could sugar a bitter almond. But, as we intend to quote the author's own note at the conclusion, it may be as well to turn to the *story* at once: it being only necessary to remind the reader of *The*

Mirror that the "Night Adventure," at page 26 of the present volume, merges into the introduction of Julia.]

My adventures now become of a more grave and earnest character than they have been wont to be. The reader must be prepared to confine his interest solely to sublimary sources—the supernatural has vanished from my life—unless indeed, as at times I believe, nothing is so marvellous or so alien to our earthly and common nature as the spirit that animates and transforms us when we love.

It was evening, clear and frosty—I stood in one of the small deserted streets that intersect Mayfair, waiting for Julia. Yes! our attachment had now progressed to that point; we met—alone and in secret. From the hour Julia first consented to these interviews, Asmodeus left me; I have not seen him since.

I was waiting then, in this lonely street, for the coming of Julia: I heard the clock strike eight, the appointed hour, but I saw not her dark mantle and graceful form emerging from the cross street which led her to our *rendezvous*. And who was Julia, and what? She was a relation of the gaming adventurer at whose house and with whose daughter I had first seen her—and she lived at somewhat a distant part of the town with a sister who was a widow and much older than herself. Occupied in the business of an extensive trade, and the cares of a growing family, this sister left Julia to the guidance of her own susceptible fancy and youthful inexperience—left her to reflect—to imagine—to act as she would, and the consequence was that she fell in love. She was thoroughly guileless, and almost thoroughly ignorant. She could read indeed, but only novels, and those not of the gravest; she could write—but in no fluent hand, and if her heart taught her the sentiment that supplies skill, her diffidence forbade her to express it. She was quiet, melancholy, yet quickly moved to mirth—sensitive, and yet pure. I afterwards discovered that pride was her prevailing characteristic, but at first it lay concealed. I already loved her even for her deficiencies, for they were not of Nature but of Education.

And who and what is her lover? Long as I have been relating these adventures, I have not yet communicated that secret. Writing about myself, I have not yet disclosed myself. I will now do so:—I am then an idle, wandering, unmarried man—rich, well-born, still young—who have read much, written somewhat, and lived for pleasure, action, and the Hour—keeping thought for study, but excluding it from enterprise, and ready to plunge into any plan or any pursuit, so that it promised the excitement of something new. Such a life engenders more of remem-

brance than of hope; it flings our dreams back upon the past, instead of urging them to the future—it gives us excitement in retrospection, but satiety when we turn towards the years to come; the pleasure of youth is a costly draught, in which the pearl that should enrich our manhood is dissolved. And so much for Julia's lover; the best thing in his favour is that she loves him. The half hour has passed—will she come? How my heart beats!—the night is clear and bright, what can have delayed her? I hear feet—Ah, Julia, it is you indeed!

Julia took my arm, and pressed it silently; I drew aside her veil, and beneath the lamp, looked into her face; she was weeping.

[Her sister has discovered her correspondence with Asmodeus, and Julia has promised to suspend it. Our hero grows cool. Julia replies:—]

"Pray, pray do not speak so coldly; you must, you must own it was very wrong in me ever to see you: and how could this end—God knows, but not to my good and my family's honour. I never thought much about it before, and went on, and on, till I got entangled, and did not dare look much back or much forward; but now you see, when my sister began to show me all the folly I have committed, I was frightened, and—and—in short it is no use talking, I can meet you no more."

[He importunes her for a meeting.]

Julia wept on without answering; my heart softened to her, and my conscience smote myself. Was not the sister right? Had I not been selfishly reckless of consequences? Was it not now my duty to be generous? "And even if generous," answered Passion, "will Julia be happy? Have not matters already gone so far that her heart is implicated without recall? To leave her, is to leave her to be wretched." We walked quietly on, neither speaking. Never before had I felt how dearly I loved this innocent and charming girl; and loving her so dearly, a feeling for *her* began to preponderate over the angry and bitter mortification I had first experienced for myself. My mind was confused and bewildered—I knew not which course to pursue. We had gone on thus mute for several minutes, when at the corner of a street which led her homewards, Julia turned, and said in a faltering voice,—
"Farewell, sir, God bless you—let us part here; I must go home now!" The street was utterly empty—the lamps few, and at long intervals, left the place where we stood in shade. I saw her countenance only imperfectly through the low, long bonnet which modestly, as it were, shrouded its tearful loveliness; I drew my arm round her, kissed her lips, and said, "Be it as you think best for yourself—go and be happy—think no more of me."

Julia paused—hesitated, as about to speak—then shook her head gently, and, still silent (as if the voice were choked within) lowered her veil, and walked away. When she had got a few paces, she turned back, and seeing that I still stood in the same spot, gazing upon her, her courage seemed to desert her; she returned, placed her hand in mine, and said in a soft whisper,

"You are not angry with me—you will not hate me?"

"Julia, to the last hour of my life I shall adore you; that I do not reproach you—that I do not tamper with your determination, is the greatest proof of the real and deep love I bear to you; but go—go—or I shall not be so generous long."

Now Julia was quite a child in mind more than years, and her impulses were childlike, and after a little pause, and a little evident embarrassment, she drew from her finger a pretty though plain ring, that I had once admired, and she said very timidly,

"If, sir, you will condescend to accept this —"

I heard no more; I vow that my heart melted within me at once, and the tears ran down my cheek almost as fast as they did down Julia's; the incident was so simple—the sentiment it veiled was so touching and so youthful. I took the ring and kissed it—Julia yet lingered—I saw what was at her heart, though she dared not say it. She wished also for some little remembrance of the link that had been between us, but she would not take the chain I pressed upon her; it was too costly; and the only gift that pleased her, and she at last accepted, was a ring not half the value even of her own. This little interchange, and the more gentle and less passionate feelings to which it gave birth, seemed to console her; and when she left me, it was with a steadier step and a less drooping air. Poor Julia! I staid in that desolate spot till the last glimpse of thy light form vanished from my gaze.

[He resolves to travel, but just before the day fixed for his departure, he meets with Anne, the eldest of the damsels to whom he had played the sorcerer, and by her connivance, and the cunning of his servant, Louis, he conveys a letter to Julia, which she returns unopened.]

In Louis's account there was no clue to the apartment which belonged to Julia, and that it was now my main object to discover. I trusted, however, greatly to the ingenuity and wit of my *confidant*, and a little to my own. It was a corner house—large, rambling, old-fashioned; one side of the house ran down a dark and narrow street, the other faced a broad and public thoroughfare. In walking to and fro the former street, I at length saw a sudden light in a window of the second floor, and Julia herself—yes, herself! appear,

ed for one moment at the window. I recognised her gentle profile—her parted hair—and then she drew down the curtain; all was darkness and a blank. That, then, was her apartment; at least I had some right to conjecture so. How to gain it was still the question. Rope-ladders exist only in romances; besides, the policemen and the passengers. The maid-servant flashed across me—might she not, bought over to the minor indulgence, (of delivering the letter to Julia,) be purchased also to the greater one? I called my servant, and bade him attempt the task. After a little deliberation he rang at the bell—luck favoured me—the same servant as before answered the summons. I remained at a distance, shrouded in my cloak. At length the door closed—Louis joined me—the servant had consented to admit me two hours hence; I might then see Julia undetected. The girl, according to Louis, was more won over by compassion for Julia's distress, whom she imagined *compelled* by her sister to reject the addresses of a true lover, than even by the bribe. In two hours the sister would have retired to rest—the house would be still! Oh, heaven! what a variety of burning emotions worked upon me—and stifled remorse, nay, even fear. Lest we should attract observation, by lingering for so long a time about the spot, I retired from the place at present. I returned at the appointed hour. I was admitted—all was dark—the servant, who was a very young girl herself, conducted me up the narrow stairs. We came to Julia's door—a light broke through the chinks and under the threshold; and now, for the first time, I faltered, I trembled, the colour fled my cheeks, my knees knocked together. By a violent effort I conquered my emotion. What was to be done? If I entered without premeditation, Julia, in her sudden alarm, might rouse the house; if I sent in the servant to acknowledge that I was there, she might yet refuse to see me—No! this one interview I would insist upon! This latter course was the best, the only one. I bade the girl then prepare her young mistress for my presence. She entered and shut the door; I sat down at the threshold. Conceive all I felt as I sat there listening to the loud beating of my own heart! The girl did not come out—time passed—I heard Julia's voice within, and there seemed fear, agony, in its tone. I could wait no more. I opened her door gently, and stood before her. The fire burnt low and clear in the grate—one candle assisted its partial light; there was a visible air of purity—of maidenhood about the whole apartment that struck an instant reverence into my heart. Books in small shelves hung upon the wall; Julia's work lay upon a table near the fire; the bed stood at a little distance with its white simple drapery;—in all was that quiet and spotless neatness which is as a type of

the inmate's mind. My eye took the whole scene at a glance. And Julia herself—reclined on a chair—her head buried in her hands—sobbing violently—and the maid pale and terrified before her, having lost all presence of mind, all attempt to cheer her mistress, much less to persuade! I threw myself at Julia's feet, and attempted to seize her hand; she started up with a faint cry of terror.

"You!" she said, with keen reproach. "I did not expect this from you! Go—go! What would you have? What could you think of me—at this hour—in this room?" and as she said the last words, she again hid her face with her hands, but only for a moment. "Go!" she exclaimed, in a sterner voice.

* * * * *

"Hush, hush! Well, then," said I, "come down stairs; doubtless the sitting-room, below is vacant enough; there, then, let me see you only for a few minutes, and I will leave you contented, and blessing your name." [She promises to join him.]

Once more I descended the stairs, and sat myself quietly on the last step. I did not wait many moments. Shading the light with her hand, Julia stole down, opened a door in the passage. We were in a little parlour;—the gaping servant was about also to enter;—I whispered her to stay without. Julia did not seem to observe or to heed this. Perhaps in this apartment—connected with all the associations of daylight and safety—she felt herself secure. She appeared, too, to look round the little room with a satisfied air, and her face, though very pale, had lost its aspect of fear.

The room was cold, and looked desolate enough, God knows;—the furniture all disarranged and scattered, the tables strewed with litter, the rug turned up, the ashes in the grate. But Julia here suffered me to take her hand,—and Julia here leant upon my bosom, and I kissed away the tears from her eyes, and she confessed she had been very, very unhappy.

Then with all the power that Love gives us over the one beloved—that soft despotism which melts away the will—I urged my suit to Julia, and implored her to let us become the world to each other. And Julia had yet the virtue to refuse; and her frank simplicity had already half restored my own better angel to myself, when I heard a slight, alarmed scream from the servant without—an angry voice—the door opened;—I saw a female whom I was at no loss to conjecture must be Julia's sister. What a picture it made! The good lady with her *bonnet de nuit*, and her—but, alas! the story is too serious for jest; yet imagine how the small things of life interfere with its great events: the widow had come down to look for her keys that she

had left behind. The pathetic—the passionate—all marred by a bunch of keys! She looked hard at me before she even deigned to regard my companion; and then, approaching us, she took Julia roughly enough by the arm.

“Go up stairs; go!” she said. “How have you deceived me! And you, sir; what do you here? Who are you?”

“My dear lady, take a chair, and let us have some rational conversation.”

[She refuses, but at length consents.]

The mistress of the house mechanically took a chair. We conversed together for more than an hour. And I found that Julia had been courted the year before by a man in excellent circumstances, of her own age, and her own station in life; that she had once appeared disposed to favour his suit, and that, since she had known me, she had rejected it. The sister was very anxious she should now accept it. She appealed to me whether I should persevere in a suit that could not end honourably to Julia—to the exclusion of one that would secure to her affluence, respectability—a station, and a home. I was struck by this appeal. The widow was, like most of her class, a shrewd and worldly woman enough: she followed up the advantage she had gained; and at length, emboldened by my silence, and depending greatly on my evident passion for Julia, she threw out a pretty broad hint that the only way to finish the dispute fairly was to marry Julia myself. Now, if there be any propensity common to a sensible man of the world, it is suspicion. I immediately suspected that I was to be “*taken in!*” Could Julia connive at this? Had her reserve so great, yet her love so acknowledged, been lures to fascinate me into the snare? I did not yield to the suspicion, but, somehow or other, it remained half unconsciously on my mind. So great was my love for Julia, that, had it been less *suddenly* formed, I might have sacrificed all, and married her; but in sudden passions there is *no esteem*. You are ashamed, you are afraid of indulging them to their full extent;—you feel that as yet you are the dupe, if not of others, at least of your own senses, and the very knowledge of the excess of your passion puts you on your guard lest you should be betrayed by it. I said, nothing in answer to the widow’s suggestion, but I suffered her to suppose from my manner that it *might* have its effect. I left the house, after an amicable compromise. On my part I engaged not to address Julia herself any more. On the widow’s part she promised that, on applying to *her*, she would suffer me at any time to see Julia, even alone.

[He consults a friend, who advises him to renounce Julia; but he resolves to pay her honourable courtship.]

The next day I called on the sister, whose

dark, shrewd eye sparkled at my proposition. All was arranged! I saw Julia! What delight beamed in her face! With what smiles and tears she threw herself in my arms! I was satisfied and happy!

And now I called every day, and every day saw Julia: but after the first interview, the charm was broken! I saw with new eyes! The sister, commercial to the back-bone of her soul, was delighted indeed, at the thought of the step in life her sister was to make. Julia was evidently impressed by the widow’s joy, and visions of splendour evidently mingled with those of love. What more natural? Love, perhaps, predominated over all; but was it possible that, in a young and imaginative mind, the worldly vanities should be wholly dormant? Yet it was natural, also, that my suspicion should be roused,—that I should fear I was deceived,—that I might have been designedly led on to this step,—that what had seemed nature in Julia was in reality art.

I looked in her face, and its sunny and beautiful candour reassured me—but the moment afterwards the thought forced itself upon me again—I recalled also the instances I had ever known of unequal marriages, and I fancied I saw unhappiness in all—it seemed to me, in all, that the superior had been palpably duped. Thus a coldness insensibly crept over the wonted ardour of my manner, and instead of that blessed thoughtlessness, that Elysian credulity, with which lovers should give themselves up to the transport of the hour, and imagine that each is the centre of all perfection, I became restless and vigilant—for ever sifting motives, and diving deeper than the sweet surface of the present time. My mind thus influenced—the delusion that conceals all faults and uncongenialities gradually evaporated—I noted a thousand things in Julia that made me start at the notion of seeing her become my wife. So long as marriage had not entered into my views—so long those faults had not touched me—had passed unheeded;—I saw her now with other eyes.

* * * * *

It was easy to perceive that from taking pleasure in each other’s society we grew by degrees to find embarrassment;—the fear of a quarrel, discontent, and a certain pain supplying the place of eager and all-absorbing rapture; and when I looked to the future I trembled. In a word—I repeat once more—“THE CHARM WAS GONE!”

(To be concluded in our next.)

Mild Reproof.—Some ambassadors of Taragona informed Augustus that a palm-tree had sprung up on the altar which they had erected in honour of him. *It is a proof,* replied the prince, *of your assiduity in performing sacrifices there!*

Retrospective Cleanings.



BISHOP TRELLICK'S CROSIER, AND POPE'S BULL.

THESE curious relics were discovered a few years since, in a rude wooden coffin, near the altar, in the cathedral church of Hereford, about 2 feet 8 inches below the marble flooring. The coffin contained likewise the vestiges of a body, almost mouldering to dust, the back part of the skull only remaining entire; on its left side lay a lock of red hair. The Crosier traversed the body from the right breast to the left foot; the leaden seal, or Pope's Bull, with the letters CLEMENS PP VI. *i. e.* pope Clement VI. was attached to it by a silken cord or skein in perfect preservation. About four inches below the top of the crozier lay a gold ring, with an amethyst stone near it; the stone has been replaced in the ring, which it perfectly fits. Some pieces of silken stuff were found among the dust, but so decayed that they could not be removed. The coffin, or oblong box was seven feet long and about two wide, composed of oak-boards, rough, and about an inch thick, but so uneven as to vary half an inch; a lid had been laid over it, but no nail-holes could be observed.

The leaden Bull is represented above, according with its real size; the vestige of the crozier is about 9 inches long, its breadth across the Crook, six inches, and diameter of the staff, one inch and a half.

Bishop Trellick died in 1360; so that, allowing these relics to have been found twenty years since, they must have laid in the bishop's coffin upwards of 450 years.

A Crosier will be remembered as the pastoral staff or emblematical crook of a bishop.

Du Cange accounts for its peculiar shape by observing, somewhat oddly, that it would persuade the meek, and punish the contumacious; though crosiers were also made in other than crooked forms, to resemble maces and constables' staves. The crosiers of many of the Catholic bishops were of costly materials and elegant workmanship. The greatest artists of Italy, such as Benvenuto Cellini, Giovanni da Bologna, &c. have been employed in their execution.

The origin of the term Bull has been disputed. Some derive it from *bul*la, a seal; and that from *bul*la, a drop, or bubble; while others obtain it from a Greek word signifying a council; or from the Celtic *buil*, or *bul*, a bubble.

Fosbroke tells us that the Papal Bull is a term taken from the seals, but not confined to deeds of popes. It extended to those of emperors, princes, bishops, &c., who, till the thirteenth century, used seals of metal, which the popes continued with lead in common acts, gold in more important. These seals varied in form till Urban II., about 1088, since which they have been much alike, viz. portraits of Paul and Peter, supported by a cross: on the reverse the Pope's name; after the two letters PP is the number in Roman numerals, which distinguishes such pope from his predecessor of the same name. Bulls of grace and favour had strings of red and yellow silk; of punishment, hempen cords. The most ancient are written in Roman running hand; in Lombardick, from the eighth to

the middle of the twelfth century, though small Roman characters were occasionally used. A mixture of the two kinds obtained so late as the fifteenth century." Du Cange says that "*Brief* was the term applied to the papal acts sealed with *wax*, bulls to those with lead."

PRIVY AND CABINET COUNCILS.

CHAMBERLAYNE, in his *Magna Britannia Notitia*, says—"The *primum mobile* of the civil government of England, from whence all the inferior orbs derive their motion, is that noble, honourable, and reverend assembly, called the Privy Council, which is a court of great antiquity and honour."

"The primitive and ordinary way of government in England was by the king and his privy council; and all our kings have acted much by it, determining controversies of great importance—sometimes touching lands and rights between party and party, whereof there are very many precedents; and the judges of England, in some difficult cases, were not wont to give judgment until they had first consulted the king or his privy council. Moreover, the lords and commons assembled in parliament have oftentimes left matters of high moment to the king and his privy council, as by long experience better able to judge of, and by secrecy and experience better able to transact some state affairs, than all the lords and commons together."

"In the first of Henry VI., the parliament provides that the quorum for the privy council be six or four, at least; and, that in all weighty considerations, the Dukes of Bedford and Gloucester, the king's uncles, should be present."

Anciently, to strike in the house of a privy counsellor, or elsewhere in his presence, was grievously punished.

"At present, the king and his council take cognizance of few or no matters that may well be determined by the known laws, and ordinary courts of justice,—not meddling with matters that concern freeholds, but matters of complaint and sudden emergencies."

Some have charged King Charles I. with first establishing Cabinet Councils. Besides his Privy Council, that prince erected a kind of cabinet council, or junto, under the denomination of a council of state: composed of Archbishop Laud, the Earl of Stafford, and Lord Collington, with the secretaries of state. Others have attributed them to higher antiquity, and even allowed by parliament, who anciently settled a quorum of persons most confided in, without whose presence no arduous matter was to be determined, giving them power to act without consulting the rest of the council. As long since as the 28th of Henry III., (according to Matthew Paris,) a

charter was passed, in affirmance of the ancient rights of the kingdom; which provided that four great men, chosen by common consent, who were to be conservators of the kingdom, among other things, should see to the disposing of moneys given by parliament, and appropriated to particular uses; and parliaments were to be summoned as they should advise. But, even of these four, any two made a quorum; and generally, the chief justice of England and the lord chancellor were of the numbers of conservators.

P. T. W.

Notes of a Reader.

THE COMPANION TO THE ALMANAC

For the present year is, as usual, rife with valuable and in many respects well-timed information. Among the latter is a chapter on Comets, in which idle theories of times long past are exploded, and the profound views of men of science entertained with becoming respect. Of the prognostications respecting comets it is aptly observed, "if any, or all of them, should be hereafter proved to be true, it will be no excuse for those, who first made them; for a result produced on insufficient evidence is bad, whether true or false." A laboriously constructed table of the heights of mountains in Europe has been translated for this manual, from a work published by the Geographical Society of Paris: it occupies 28 pages. Statistics of the European States, from the Almanac de Gotha, exhibit the surface, number of inhabitants, and military force of each state: an Abstract of the Population Report of 1831 occupies upwards of 30 pages; and this is followed by chapters on the East India Trade and the Bank of England, two of the main points of the King's last speech. The Parliamentary Abstracts are copious and satisfactory, especially a Chronicle of the late session. Among the Public Improvements, we notice, with much pleasure, the erection of a Free Grammar School at Stockport, the cost being defrayed from the coffers of the Goldsmiths' Company; it must be a more gratifying object than the magnificent hall which the Company are also building in London. The foundation of the new school was laid in 1830, has been completed, and was opened on the 30th of April, 1832. It is situated a little west of the town, and forms an interesting object to those who pass between London and Manchester. The school-room is upwards of sixty feet long by thirty feet wide. The head-master's residence immediately adjoins, and has a communication with the school-room. The whole is from the designs of P. Hardwicke, Esq. architect of the Goldsmiths' Company, at whose expense it has been built, and who have liberally endowed it for the support of the respective

masters. The endowment is for the education of 150 pupils, free of all expense, in classical and scientific learning.

Among the New Bridges, the bow and string suspension over the river Aire, near Leeds, is striking. Under the Roads is the following treasurable fact:—"It is perhaps worthy of remark that the first mile of road from Shoreditch towards Newington has been kept in good and substantial repair by a supply of 'that best of all road materials,' the black porphyry stone brought from China as ballast in the tea ships, and that the next half mile has been repaired with granite from Bombay. A valuable fact is also communicated by the surveyor, who states that the demand for hard stone has produced an increased supply, and, at the same time, has *lowered the price of that material.*"

Under details which might be headed **Taxes on Knowledge**, we learn that the number of stamps (*4d.*) issued for newspapers in 1830, was 30,158,741: of stamps at *2d.* for newspapers 335,200; and for almanacs, 444,474: the duty on foreign books imported into this country in 1830, was £11,865.4s.4d.; and, hear and remember, the stamp duty on a daily newspaper for one year is £4 3s. 5½d. 4!

EMINENT EARLY RISERS.*

If the practice of early rising require any other recommendation than the simple fact of its being favourable to health, to study, and to business, it may be found, perhaps, in the circumstance of nearly all the individuals whose names have been handed down to us as illustrious in history, being early risers.

Sir Thomas More, in his preface to the *Utopia*, remarks that he completed the work by stealing time from his sleep and meals. He made it his invariable practice to rise at four; and he appeared so well convinced of the excellence of the habit, that he represents the Utopians as attending public lectures every morning before day-break.

The well-known Bishop Burnet was an habitual early riser. When at college his father aroused him to his studies every morning at four o'clock, and he continued the practice during the remainder of his life.

Bishop Horne, at the close of his very excellent version of the *Psalms*, declares that during its composition, "he arose, invariably, fresh as the morning to his task."

The celebrated Dr. Doddridge mentions, in his *Family Expositor*, that it is to his habit of early rising that the world is indebted for nearly the whole of his valuable works.

Fabricius, a student of Linnæus, in his notice of that celebrated naturalist, observes

as follows:—"Our habitation, that of the writer, the late Dr. Kulin, of Philadelphia, and another student, was about one-eighth of a league distant from the residence of Linnæus, at Hammarby, in a farm-house where we kept our own furniture and other requisites for housekeeping. Linnæus arose very early in summer, mostly about four o'clock; at six he came and breakfasted with us, and gave lectures upon the natural orders of plants, which generally lasted until ten.

Dr. Tissot, in his life of Zimmerman, author of the *Treatise on Solitude*, states that the latter was accustomed to rise very early in the morning, and wrote several hours before he began his professional visits.

Paley, who in the early part of his college career led an indolent life, and mixed much in society of an idle and expensive kind, was one morning awakened, at five, by one of his companions, who reproached him with the waste of his time and of his strong faculties of mind. Struck with the justice of the reproach, Paley, from that time forward, rose at five o'clock every morning, and continued ever after the practice. It is easy to imagine how much such a course must have contributed to the celebrity of the author of the *Moral Philosophy*, *Horæ Paulinæ*, and *Evidences of Christianity*.

A volume might, indeed, be filled with notices of early risers. Bishop Jewell rose regularly at four; Dr. Franklin was an early riser; Priestley was an early riser; the great and learned lawyer Sir Matthew Hale studied sixteen hours a day, and was an early riser; Dr. Parkhurst, the philologist, rose regularly at five in the summer and six in winter, and in the latter season always made his own fire. It is to the hours gained by early rising that the world is indebted for the numerous volumes which, within a few years have issued from the pen of Sir Walter Scott.

Among the ancients, the names of Homer, Horace, Virgil, and of numerous other poets, may be inscribed upon the list of early risers.

It is recorded of Buffon, that wishing to acquire the habit of early rising, he promised to reward his servant with half-a-crown for every morning on which he should prevail on him to leave his bed by a certain hour. The servant went resolutely to work, under a commission that authorized him to drag his master out of bed rather than fail; and, notwithstanding he had often to endure abuse, and even threats, so powerfully did the Count's long continued habits of indulgence oppose his own desires to break through them, he, nevertheless, succeeded finally in rousing his master regularly by the stipulated hour. And Buffon informs us, that to the unwearied perseverance of his servant the world is indebted for his well-known work on *Natural History*.

* Condensed from the Philadelphia Journal of Health, and quoted in the Medical Gazette.

New Books.

THE CHAMELEON.

[THIS is a delightful book; full of fine feeling and ingenuous fancies. It has scarcely the highly-wrought finish of a first-rate hand; its points are not of the most startling character, nor are its periods rounded off with the polish of an elaborating pen. It has more agreeable merits than these: its pages are not tricked out with the tinsel of art and affectation, or that most repulsive of all affectation—fine or stylish writing, which the literary spiders of our time spin over thousands of sheets, to the annoyance of all lovers of sober truth; but the Chameleon tells of the perpetual changes of men and manners, with just as much of romance as there is in real life. Its pretensions are prettily set forth in the motto from Chapman Byron's *Conspiracy*:

Things here

Have all their price set down from men's conceits,
Which make all terms and actions good or bad.

The present is the second series of the Chameleon. We lent our little meed of praise, by way of extract and otherwise, to the first volume. The concurrent commendations of the critics, (for their unanimity is wonderful,) has encouraged the author to weave another web of facts and fancies: so he gives us tales and sketches, scraps worth storing, songs with lithographed music, (perchance, enough to move a heart of stone,) sonnets, and pieces for music, sketches of history, and scenes of yesterday and to-day; to the number of more than a hundred.

We are not at a loss for extracts of every extent. One from a very pleasing paper, *A Day in Balquidder*, will certainly be welcome to the reader; it must, however, be with some abridgment.]

Traditions of Rob Roy.

The space whereon were inscribed the "simple annals of the poor" of this remote valley was very limited, the whole churchyard not being more than thirty or forty yards in circuit, after allowing for the room occupied by the church itself. It was prettily situated on a little knoll that stood out from the hill behind it, and above the road and village that lay below; and was reverently enclosed by a wall, which could not be needed for any purpose of security, as it was so diminutive in height as to make the office of the hinges to its little gate a sinecure one. Indeed, there was a regular stone stile which superseded the breaches of the wall, and over it we passed. The two dignitaries of the clachan who were my guides, led me, all at once, with a mysterious and knowing air, to a point of the enclosure no way distinguished, as I could see, from the rest, but on which lay a long, flat, and irregularly fashioned

slaty kind of stone, nearly overgrown with high grass and nettles, and after bidding me direct my attention to it, both said in a breath, "You are now standing beside the grave of Rob Roy!" I gave an involuntary start at this unlooked for information, which seemed mightily to increase the self-important good humour of the twain who stood beside me, as they both evidently expected some such indications of surprise. Their complacency, however, experienced some abatement, on my recollecting a moment after, that I had long ago read that M'Gregor lay buried here, and adding some other particulars from *my memory*, which they evidently had calculated upon a monopoly in furnishing from their "legendary lore." As I stooped to decipher the rude legend—a sword—which symbolically told that the redoubtable "Robert M'Gregor Campbell" was as safe from the persecutions of his enemies, as he was now unconscious of his recently revived celebrity, they began to overwhelm me with traditionary gossip, rightly calculating that it was a commodity I would be glad to obtain; but erroneously thinking that I could not begin too soon to receive it. To the tombstones of Rob's children and relatives, which they pointed out, lying around, among those of other "cattle-dealers," "farmers," "portioners," and "shepherds," I gave a hasty glance, and then requested that my worthy friends would await me in the room of the inn, where, by the time they had another half-mutchkin called in, I would join them, and comfortably talk over all the incidents in the life of their hero and of his descendants, with which they might be acquainted. I was therefore left alone on a spot, solitary indeed, but yet peopled with many singular associations, particularly at the moment when twilight had given way to the fast deepening shades of night, and the stars were appearing and brightening one by one in the blue vault above me.

"And this," said I to myself, "is the resting place of the most unquiet and turbulent spirit of the time when, and the place where he lived, agitated as were both. Pursued by his enemies—betrayed by his pretended friends—a party in a hundred combats, yet near this, though by law he was proclaimed a banished and a broken man, he died of *old age*; and unmolested his ashes moulder amid his native scenes. Hunted like a wild beast, to yield him shelter was to share his curse; yet, after a century has elapsed, and many a titled captain and then favourite of fortune, is utterly forgotten, the possession of this man's dust is a pride to the descendants of his very persecutors, as well as the offspring of his own clan; and his memory is cherished—nay, even his most ordinary actions carefully remembered, and handed down from father to son. The very

name, of which it was idly attempted to strip him, and which the acts of a legislature prevented from being placed on his tombstone, survives, and is restored to his memory; and the magic power of transcendent genius has married the illegal sound to song, and high romance, and made it the favourite of the fair, till it speaks like music to the ears of fashion; and his grave, far away among the hills though it be, has become a place to travel to—a spot to sit upon—and a theme for musings such as mine! What a lesson to rulers; what a proud, though long deferred triumph of justice and immortal right!" As these and other thoughts of a similar nature passed through my mind, I felt, that if I were a poet—here was indeed a theme. Few, even of these, however, actually compose while seated on the spot whose influences yield the inspiration; and none of them, that I have ever heard of, can write in the dark, so, as it was now quite sombre enough to have prevented me from using my pencil, had I felt the impulse, I determined to hoard up the ore of thought till I was alone and had a candle beside me, and then to coin it into verse as I best could. This I did before I slept—and here is the mintage:—

ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

Here hath the houseless found at length a home,—
The Outlaw refuge, and the Wanderer rest!

The sleuth-hound's bay—the near pursuer's yell—
The hissing rush of Death, on leaden wings,
Will stir no more the sleeper of the rocks,
Nor rouse the nestler from his bracken bed.
Fixed is the fleetest—fallen the stoutest, here!

And he—the Deer, Oppression's ban-dogs chased—
Anon the Wolf, the hunters who pursued—
Finds covert, and, for once, such startless sleep,
The very echo of his name—trump-pealed,
That rings throughout, even to this lonely glen—
Can waken not!

And this—and this is Fame!
Who says 'tis cheaply bought, let him come here.
Oblivion hides, with nameless stone, this spot
From all but the wild hind, whose legend rude,
Which tells its hero's darlings, points his home.

True, the two words, both euphonously short,
That were his name—and Terror's sternest sounds—
Have now a music, when pealed forth in song,
Or rung in memory's changes, or sent back,
By wizard echoes, from Romance's halls;
But sufferings and wrongs in sentient life
Paid for these trumpetings o'er senseless death!

Well may this sign—a rudely-fashioned sword—
Be all the inscription on the Outlaw's tomb!
It speaks his life—nay, images his death,
For moss and mildew half its outlines hide;
Yet fit, it seems, to guard his lonely grave,
As brand and buckler were, in life, his ward.

Needless the symbol! for this tranquil spot,
Tradition centinelled, is safe from aught
The ashes of the Troubler that could stir,
Since *Sorrow* and *Justice* hallow both the ground!

See! where aloft the mountain bird of prey
Wheels his proud flight across the sheep-speckled
glen,

Where thou, by slavery made a tyrant, oft,
Like him, sought plunder where there was no foe.
Yet would I sorrow now to see the wing
He flaps so proudly broken by a shaft;
And thus the blood, thy wrongs once made thee pour,
—Tenant of dust, I ne'er again shall tread,—
Lie not at thine, but thy oppressors' compt.

Be ever this Posterity's behest!
Not what slaves *do*—but *SUFFER* is their test.

When, however, I had got to the end of this train of thought, I hastened down to seek the warmth of the fire, the inspiration of the whisky, and the gossip of my guests.

The name of M'Gregor became a doomed one, and the clan whose patronymic it was an outlawed body, in revenge or in punishment of some real or alleged excesses committed by its leading members, so early as the commencement of the fifteenth century; and, while their possessors were marked out for the vengeance of the law or of the court—the same thing then—the lands were gifted away to the prevailing minions of power, and their favourites and dependants. A natural son of the duke of Albany laid hold of the district called Balquidder for his share of the spoil, while a decree of the Council of State, in which body his father's influence was all-powerful, with eastern *sung froid* proclaimed a reward for every head of a M'Gregor, "properly authenticated," that was forwarded to its president. While the state condescends to be paymasters, the cutting off the heads of defenceless men is always too profitable a traffic, not to have many followers. A certain laird of Drumsrag cultivated this commerce of exchanging heads for "marks" with so much success, that he soon got a title from a people, whose language has more nicknames than any other ever spoken, expressive of his skill in the vocation. Like an industrious man, he always carried his own goods to market. On one occasion, while he was proceeding on horseback with a sackful, and their certificates, he was met or overtaken by a brother Highlander, who civilly inquired, in the course of conversation, what he had got in his bag. "Duncan of the Heads," boasted, pedlar-like, of his commodities—but must have felt rather astonished at the speed with which his incensed fellow-traveller set about adding the owner's own precious one to the number. This man had purposely waylaid him. He was a M'Gregor, and the bloody heads of his namesakes found a decent grave, and Drumsrag a deserved death on the spot.

When kings and councils think of ornamenting gateways, towers, and scaffolds, with human heads, it might be worth their while to reflect for a moment on the powerful influence which their example has in inducing imitation, even on the part of those who can have no love of the fashion, merely because such great authority introduced it. The descendants of men, whom the law made a head shorter, on purpose to embellish a barrier, with what would have looked as well upon shoulders as spikes, will sometimes carry *La Mode* still farther. Revenge is never more delighted than when it can inflict

its payment of wrong by the use of the very weapon that first roused it into action. Many years after this atrocious decree some of the M'Gregors cut off the head of Drummond of Ardvorlich, whom they had slain in combat, and placing it on the altar at the chapel of Balquidder, vowed an insulting and cruel vengeance on all who aided and abetted in oppressing them, and even upon their innocent connexions. Those who have read the Legend of Montrose, need not to be reminded of the striking use its gifted author made of an incident which had its counterpart in the first result of this impious vow. The infuriated wretches proceeded to the house of the dead man, where they were hospitably received by the unsuspecting widow; and during her momentary absence from the table, on which she had placed refreshments for their use, they fixed the head of her husband, with, in mockery, bread within his bloody lips, so as to be the first object she might notice on her return. Madness was the not unnatural consequence to her,—terrible retribution and renewed oppression to them;—an oppression which continued in the shape of systematic persecution for long and bitter years, during which the members of this ill-fated clan lived the precarious and violent life of outcasts and wanderers, seldom dying of old age, or being laid beside the bones of their forefathers, in their paternal territory; yet amid all their sufferings, leaving behind them descendants, whose first knowledge of existence came in the shape of privation, and the earliest lesson given to whom was vengeance.

Certainly none of these, throughout a long and varied life, suffered more of the one, was the instrument of inflicting more of the other, or, in either condition, better displayed the native hardihood and valour of his race, than the celebrated Robert M'Gregor, familiarly, and, at first, endearingly denominated *Rob Roy*,—the latter appellation being derived from his florid complexion, as well as the reddish colour of his hair. It was not, however, till he came to the years of manhood, that he became a victim and an avenger. His father had conformed to the laws, and, under the name of Campbell, and protection of the chief of that clan, Argyle, held a lieutenant-colonel's commission, as my worthy informants would insist, in the king's service. He was a collector of *black mail* at all events; that is, he levied a sort of half-legalized spoil, in the shape of money, from the peaceful inhabitants of the Lowland parishes, bordering upon the western Highlands, as a reward for the protection which he and his clansmen and followers afforded them from the more daring attacks of the remoter tribes upon their goods and cattle. Rob, while yet a stripling, distinguished himself in the expeditions this tenure of his father's often ren-

dered necessary for the recovery of the stolen or "carried" herds; and, after tiring of the more monotonous occupation of farming, when the increasing security of property, arising from times of greater peace, superseded his earliest vocation, he took to driving or "droving" herds again, and had for his partner, to dignify the traffic, and make it worthy of a warrior, no less a personage than the chief of Montrose. His Grace was, however, disposed only to participate in the profits of business, without at all thinking himself liable for its losses. Rob and he quarrelled—and, of course, the richer and more powerful man first out-quibbled, and next out-bullied the other of his money, his estate, and his reputation; and at once contrived to make of M'Gregor a "broken" and a desperate man, and, for himself, an active and unwearied, if not implacable enemy. His factor and relative, Graham of Killearn, imitating, while he aggravated his master's invasion of law and justice, was supposed to be privy to a wanton and brutal degradation inflicted on Rob's wife, that almost justified every measure of retaliation the insulted husband afterwards pursued. Mrs. M'Gregor, by the way, the miller took care to inform me, was named Margaret, and not Helen, "as Sir Walter Scott had called her,"—such were his words.

[We must break off here for the present.]

THREE YEARS IN NORTH AMERICA.

By James Stuart, Esq.

[THIS is a sensible and unprejudiced account of life and manners in the United States—written neither in the tempting tropes of eulogy, nor in the spirit of detraction and disappointment, but in the right temper of fairness and trustworthiness. It is, therefore, just the *medium* work to correct the misrepresentations of a host of English travellers in America—from Fearon to Trollope. The author has not such affection for the silken cords of civilization as to exaggerate the crudities of American society; and he is too well versed in the sound philosophy of life and its every-day practice, to give himself the airs of a conceited, fine gentleman, upon comparisons of national refinement, or advances in the sphere of human improvement. He has chosen his motto from Dr. Johnson: "the true state of every nation is the state of common life;" and few authors have so successfully written after their text as has Mr. Stuart. His "likes" are not for any especial class of society; but he writes in a rare spirit of candour respecting all.

Mr. Stuart's work occupies two bulky volumes, the first of which is chiefly occupied with details of the city and state of New York; journeys from thence to Boston and Philadelphia, and sundry excursions by stage and steam; the second volume, being de-

votes to the southern and western states;— and the details are arranged in chapters, to which the date of the occurrences is prefixed, after the journal fashion. We intend to quote discursively from each of the volumes, upon the most interesting topics.]

Streets of New York.

We have seen little of the manners of the people, the great heat of the weather having forced us at present to decline invitations, which were very hospitably given us by some of our fellow-passengers, whose good offices towards us on our arrival we can never recollect without grateful feelings. The dress of the people differs little from our own. Ladies seem to dress more smartly, when shopping or walking out in the forenoon, than in British cities; and their bonnets and head-dress are probably more according to the Parisian than the London fashion. Shopkeepers, or rather storekeepers—for a shop is uniformly called a store here, are less obsequious in their manners than in Britain; but I have observed no want of civility any where.

The number of foreigners from all countries is great. One hears the French and Spanish languages almost in every street. Smoking of cigars seems universal now during the warm weather in the open air, the inhabitants being seated on the street, near the doors of their houses, or in their porticos or verandas. The noise of a grasshopper called the *Catydid*, from the trees, in the evening, is quite overpowering: it is a beautiful insect, of a bright green colour, constantly chirping *catydid, catydid*, or something very like it.

In point of language, we could not perceive any very perceptible difference between that in general use at New York and in many parts of England—certainly not so great as between that spoken in the west end of the town and in parts of the city of London. The people are not so ruddy complexioned, nor so stout, as in Britain; but we thought them, especially those of the fair sex, very good-looking. The immense number of people of colour—many of them as well dressed as the whites—was one of the greatest novelties to us. Perhaps nothing struck us more than the style of the commencement of their legal writings, which we observed in the last page of the first newspaper put into our hands. Instead of the British form of "George the Fourth, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King," it runs—"The People of the State of New York, by the Grace of God, free and independent." Newspapers innumerable are seen everywhere. In going out early in the morning, you find them lying at the doors of almost every house before the inmates are out of bed.

We were puzzled with a sign at No. 321,

Broadway:—"Intelligence Office. Male and female help can be obtained by applying at this office." Servants do not like the name, and are frequently called Helps: so that the meaning of the notice is, that servants can be obtained there. Signs are universally more neatly painted than with us. Goods in large quantities are exhibited at the doors of the stores. The pavement of the streets is generally covered with awnings, so that passengers are well protected from the effects of the bright sunshine.

One cry in the streets at this season surprised us: "Corn, piping hot." This is the Indian corn boiled—and very good it is—often produced at table: one sort of it particularly so. A more musical cry, to our ears, in this hot weather, was "Ice," by carters driving carts of ice for sale, in small quantities, all over the city.

Republican customs are observable in the plainness of the address on the door-plates, on which *Mr.*, before the name, is always omitted. The governor of the state, the merchant worth a million, and the mechanic, have their names engraved on the door-plates in the very same style.

We have not been accosted by a beggar in New York. The streets seem to be well watered.

Stage-coach Travelling.

A huge coach, of elliptical shape, hung low on strong leathern belts, and drawn by four horses, awaited us at the door of the hotel, on the morning of 30th of August. The coach is somewhat wider than a six-seated English stage-coach, and is much longer—so that there is sufficient space for a seat in the middle, and accommodation for nine inside passengers. The door is placed as in English coaches. The driver's seat is so low, that his head is pretty much on a level with the top of the coach. There is only room for one outside passenger, who sits on the same seat with the driver. The baggage is placed, not very securely, at the back of the coach, within leathern aprons, which are buckled or tied up with ropes or chains. The top of the coach is fixed on a frame; but the leathern curtains all around the carriage may be rolled up in fine weather, to afford air, and allow the country to be seen. The old-fashioned stages, of which some are even yet in use, contained four seats, the driver having his place on the front bench, and all the passengers entering in a very inconvenient way by the fore-part of the carriage, and sitting with their faces to the front, which was open.

The Chancellor of the State was the first passenger, after we set out, for whom we called. He placed himself in the most distant seat, but gave it up to a family, consisting of two ladies and children, whom we

picked up at Cruttenden's, in the upper part of the town, which is the chief hotel at Albany.

There is no such thing as post-chaise travelling in any part of the United States. Journeys are usually performed either in the four-horse stages, or in steam-boats; but on most of the roads of very great resort, extra stages may be obtained, which may be regulated, as the passengers incline, as to the time they are to be on the road. In general, however, the travelling of this country by land is performed in the regular stages, it being the ordinary custom of the country for all descriptions of persons to travel by the same conveyance, and, while travelling, to eat together. The present President of the United States, Mr. Adams, whose private residence is near Boston, travels to Washington, the seat of the government, by steam-boat and the regular stage.

[Mr. Stuart is minutely pains-taking in all matters of travelling comfort. We may instance the

Hotel at Geneva.

The hotel is large, and well kept, and the people disposed to be obliging; but it is every where, we find, rather difficult to get the waiter or chambermaid to come to the bed-chamber door for the shoes to clean, and to bring them back, and to bring hot water for shaving in the morning. The custom is in the evening to exchange your shoes, which are left in a corner of the bar-room, for a pair of not very nice-looking slippers, which again you exchange next morning in the bar-room for your cleaned shoes. As to shaving, it is a very general practice for travellers to shave in public in the bar-rooms, where there is always a looking-glass. Male persons do frequently wash close to the pump-well, where there are basins placed on a wooden bench: this practice is not uncommon in France. The people in this house seem very attentive to every request; but you have no redress any where if the waiters forget or refuse to attend to requests which are considered unusual; and if they be Americans, and not of colour, they will seldom receive money from a passenger; and so generally consider it an insult to have it offered, that it is not advisable to make the proposal. On the other hand, whenever the waiters are people of colour, or Irish, or, generally speaking, European, they will not object to receive a ducat; but let the traveller, if he intends to give one, do it in private; and let him take an opportunity to let the waiter know his intention in due time, because he will not otherwise expect anything, and may perhaps, in that case, turn out less attentive to your requests than the American, who will seldom refuse if your application be made as a matter of favour in civil terms. Civility, as Lady

Mary Montague truly observes, costs nothing, and buys everything. There is so much truth and good sense in the instructions which Professor Silliman, of Newhaven, in his tour from Connecticut to Quebec, gives on this subject to English travellers, that my pen cannot, I believe, be better employed than in transcribing them. "We were attended," (Dr. S. alludes to an inn in Connecticut,) "by one of those comely, respectable, young women, (a daughter of the landlord,) who so often in our public-houses perform these services, without departing from the most correct, respectable, and amiable deportment."

While noticing the custom of inns in this country, I ought not to omit to notice that we have found bells altogether dispensed with since leaving Albany. We understand that American waiters are not fond of being called by the sound of a bell, and that, unless in the large towns, we shall hardly see them any where. Bells, however, are not in universal use over Europe: they are more frequent in England than in any other country; even in France they are very far from being general. In Turkey there are none, as Lord Byron tells us, "Turkey contains no bells, and yet men dine." There are neither posts nor curtains to beds in that part of the country where we are travelling, nor even the means of putting up a canopy or covering to exclude light.

Going to Church at Avon.

We proposed attending divine service in the Congregational Church at some distance from the hotel, and were told the carriage would be ready to take us. We gladly availed ourselves of the conveyance, the day being very hot, and had not proceeded two hundred yards on our way, when the driver stopped, and took up a little girl, of about eleven years old, who came from a house we were passing. We looked, I presume, somewhat surprised, as if we had said, "who are you?" or, "we have not the pleasure of your acquaintance;" for she lost no time, without, however, appearing in the least degree abashed, in telling us, "I am the captain's driver's girl:" letting us know, in short, that she conceived she had as good a right to a seat in the carriage going to church as we had, if there was room. The captain and our landlord are the same person, he being, or having, I suppose, been captain of militia. Military designations are those alone which the people seem to care for;—waiters and drivers, in addressing strangers with respect, address them as major or captain. I have been addressed as captain again and again in this journey. The great number, and the variety of carriages, gigs, and dearborns at the church-door was quite new to us, who now for the first time were at a country church-door in the United States. No one, who does not live in the

village, walks to church on foot. All have conveyances of some sort or other, and come in them. Indeed, such a thing as a human being walking any where on the public roads out of the villages is rarely seen. The earnings of the labourers enable them to travel in the stages; and the custom of the country is for all to ride in some sort of carriage. The horses and carriages were tied up in great sheds near the church doors, during the time of service. There was nothing remarkable in the first part of the service. The day was hot, and the precentor, as usual, in the centre of the front gallery, opposite to the minister, officiated not only without a gown, but without a coat on his back. There was some sort of instrumental music,—hautboys and and bassoons, I think,—against which there are, as we hear, no prejudices in this country. The clergyman, a very unaffected, sincere-looking person, delivered a plain, sensible discourse, in which he introduced the names of Dr. Erskine and Dr. Chalmers, which sounded strange to us, considering where we were, on the western side of the Atlantic, not very far from the Falls of Niagara. At the close of the sermon, he addressed his hearers in some such terms as these:—"My Friends, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is to be dispensed here this evening. This is a free church, open to all—Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and other denominations of Christians. This is according to our belief. All are invited; the risk is theirs." Such liberality is, we find on inquiry, not unusual among clergymen, and congregations of different sects, with the exception, in general, of Unitarians.

The Naturalist.

ANGLING.

CAPTAIN HEAVISIDE, of Egham Hythe, fishing for perch, with Paternoster, at the Old Bridge, at Staines, on January the 26th, hooked a heavy fish, which he conceived at first to be a jack; but it proved to be a fine trout, about 8 lbs. weight, and in the best condition, being as bright as silver, and cut a beautiful colour. Bait, live gudgeon; No. 6 hook; measured 2 ft. 2 in. in length, and 1 ft. 2 in. in girth. This is a remarkable circumstance so early in the season, and is a proof of the mildness of the winter.

C. H.

The Gatherer.

Don Juan.—The celebrated *Don Juan*, so familiar on every European stage, is a modernized morality. Moliere says, that the original is a Spanish piece, entitled, *El comedido de Piedra*, from which he drew his *Festin de Pierre*. There are other accounts, but to the same purpose as to its being originally a *Morality*.

The Confession.—A lady at confession, amongst other heinous crimes, accused herself of using rouge. "What is the use of it?" asked the confessor. "I do it to make myself handsomer." "And does it produce that effect?" "At least I think so, father." The confessor on this took his penitent out of the confessional, and having looked at her attentively in the light, said, "Well, madam, you may use rouge, for you are ugly enough even with it."

Vendible Justice.—An attorney, who had just purchased the charge of seneschal for his son, advised him always to work usefully, and to make those who had need of his services contribute liberally. "What, father," cried the astonished son, "would you wish me to sell justice?" "Doubtless," replied the father, "a thing so rare ought not to be given gratis."

Lex Talionis.—A bishop travelling in his coach, met a caupuchin who was riding on horseback. He asked the monk, with a sarcastic smile, "How long has St. Francis been in the habit of travelling on horseback?" "Since St. Peter has been accustomed to ride in a coach," was the reply.

Clerical Linguist.—A curé of a large city in France was obliged, upon a certain festival day, to reply to a Latin discourse, but as he did not understand that language, he managed to get out of the scrape by observing, "The apostles, sir, spoke many languages; you have just addressed me in Latin, and I am going to answer you in French."

The Physician par excellence.—A physician boasted of the eminence of his profession, and spoke loudly against the injustice of the world, which was so satirical against it; "but thank God," said he, "I have escaped, for no one ever complained of me." "That is more than you can tell, doctor," said a lady present, "unless you know the subjects of conversation in the next world."

When Lord G. Germain requested George III. to confer the title of Baronet on Dr. Elliot, who had never been a favourite of his majesty, the king manifested much unwillingness—saying, at length, "But if I do, he shall not be my physician."—"No, sire," replied his lordship, "he shall be your majesty's baronet, and my physician." This excited the royal smile, and the title was conferred.

W. G. C.

Justice.—In a court of justice, where a great noise was made, the judge ordered silence, and urged, in demand of his request, that he had already judged of a number of cases without hearing them.

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OF

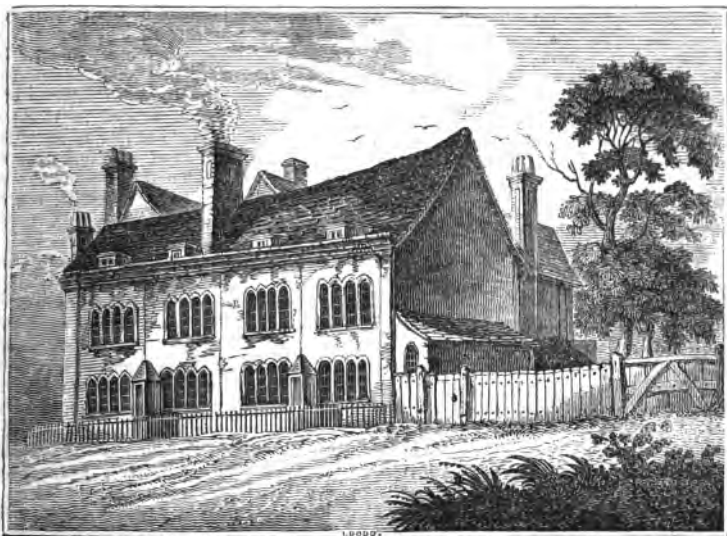
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.]

COTTAGE OF SHELLEY, THE POET,



AT GREAT MARLOW, BUCKS.

From a Sketch by a Correspondent.

In West-street, Great Marlow, stands the above unostentatious cottage, which was the last residence in England of Percy Bysshe Shelley. He settled here after his marriage with the daughter of Mr. Godwin, and continued to reside at Marlow till he left England for Italy, the bourn whence, alas! he never returned.

At Marlow, Shelley is said to have "passed his days like a hermit. He rose early in the morning, walked and read before breakfast, took that meal sparingly, wrote and studied the greater part of the morning, walked and read again, dined on vegetables, (for he took neither meat nor wine,) conversed with his friends, to whom his house was ever open, again walked out, and usually finished with reading to his wife till ten o'clock, when he went to bed. This was his daily existence. His book was generally Plato or Homer, or one of the Greek tragedians, or the Bible—in which last he took a great, though peculiar, and often admiring interest."* Captain Medwin, who knew Shelley from a child, tells us that at Marlow "he led a quiet, retired, domestic life, and has left behind him a cha-

racter for benevolence and charity, that still endears him to its inhabitants."† "His charity, though liberal, was not weak. He inquired personally into the circumstances of the petitioners, visited the sick in their beds, (for he had gone the round of the hospitals on purpose to be able to practise on occasion,) and kept a regular list of industrious poor, whom he assisted with small sums to make up their accounts."‡ To these records of Shelley's benevolence we are enabled to add the testimony of the Correspondent who has obligingly furnished us with the original of the above Engraving of the poet's residence. He writes from High Wycombe, a few miles from Marlow: "It was poor Shelley's misfortune to leave Marlow with considerable claims from his creditors. Shelley's dependencies were anything but tangible. Notwithstanding he was heir to several thousand pounds, his unbounded charity left him at an early age in extreme destitution. He, however, sold some reversionary property in fee, to his father, for an annuity of 1,000*l.*, which provision enabled him to reside at Marlow."

Among Shelley's literary labours at Marlow were the *Revolt of Islam*; and our Corres-

* Memoir of Shelley prefixed to "Beauties" of his Poetry, and stated to be chiefly obtained by the editor from Mrs. Shelley and Mr. Leigh Hunt.

† Memoir of Shelley, in the Athenæum, 1832.

‡ First quoted Memoir.

pendent states *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude*, to have been also written here. Capt. Medwin mentions a pamphlet, under the name of the *Hermit of Marlow*, written on the occasion of the Princess Charlotte's death, though the title was only a masque for politics: under the lament of the princess, he typified liberty, and rang her knell. While at Marlow, Shelley likewise published *A Proposal for putting Reform to the Vote throughout England*, for which purpose, as an earnest of his sincerity, he offered to contribute a hundred pounds, which sum, though, owing to his liberal habits, he could very ill spare at the time, he would have done his best to supply by economizing.*

The cottage at Marlow has been but slightly altered since the poet's residence there. It is now the property of Lieut.-Colonel Clayton.

"UNBENNAETH PRYDAIN."

(To the Editor.)

YOUR Correspondent K., in page 100 of the present volume of *The Mirror*, will find some interesting accounts of the Ancient Britons, in a translation of the *Triads of the Isle of Britain*, inserted in the first volume of the *Cambro-Briton*, page 5, &c. &c.; and of the monarchical song of the Britons, in Jones's *Relics of the Welsh Bards*, vol. i. page 27, (notes 8 and 9,)—also vol. ii. page 6; and in Dr. Wotton's, *Laus of Howel Dda*, (Howel the Good.)

The following song, by Mrs. Hemans, to a very old Welsh air, was written after the manner of the "Unbennaeth Prydain;" and supposed to be sung by a bard, at the head of a body of warriors, whom he was inspiring to

"Valorous deeds in battle." I. P.

Sons of the Fair Isle !† forget not the time
Ere spoilers had breathed the free air of your clime;
All that its eagles behold in their flight
Was yours, from the deep to each storm-mantled height,

Though from your race that proud birthright be torn,
Unquenched is the spirit for monarchy born.
Darkly though clouds may hang o'er us awhile,
The Crown shall not pass from the Beautiful Isle.

Ages may roll ere your children regain
The land for which heroes have perished in vain;
Yet in the sound of your names shall be power,
Around her still gathering till Glory's full hour!
Strong in the fame of the mighty that sleep,
Your Britain shall sit on the Throne of the Deep.

* In this brief notice we have merely touched upon Shelley's residence at Marlow. Every admirer of genius must have been gratified at the many recent attempts to do justice to the moral as well as poetical character of Shelley. Among these honourable labours are the Memoir prefixed to a compilation from his Poetry; that by Captain Medwin, worthy of the *Athenæum*; the clever papers entitled *Shelley at Oxford*, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, written we believe by a young barrister; the able analyses of Shelley's Life and Works, in recent numbers of *Fraser's* and *Tait's Magazines*; and a Memoir from the graceful pen of Mr. Leigh Hunt, prefixed to the *Masque of Anarchy*, lately published.

† YNS PRYDAIN was the ancient name of Britain, and signifies the Fair or Beautiful Isle.

Then shall their spirit rejoice in her smile
Who died for the Crown of the Beautiful Isle.

Manners and Customs.

EARLY HISTORY OF VEGETABLES IN ENGLAND.

Potatoes.—The Potato is a native of America, and was familiar to the Indians before the conquest of Mexico and Peru. It was called by them, amongst other names, "Opauk;" and, in the history of the new-found-land Virginia, by Heriot, (a follower of Sir Walter Raleigh, and printed in 1588,) it is described as "a kinde of root, of round form, some of the bigness of walnuts, some farre greater, which are found in moist and marish grounds, growing many together, one with the other, in ropes, as if they were fastened by a string. Being boyled," he says, "or sodden, they are verie good meate." Gerard, in his *Herbal*, is the first author who gives the figure of a potato-plant. He calls it by the name of *solanum tuberosum*, which name has been followed by Linnæus and his disciples. Sir Walter Raleigh, after returning from America, in 1586, is said to have first given the potato to his gardener, in Ireland, as a fine fruit from America, and which he desired him to plant in his kitchen-garden in the spring. In August this plant flourished, and in September produced a fruit; but so different to the gardener's expectation, that in an ill-humour he carried the potato-apple to his master. "Is this," said he, "the fine fruit from America you prized so highly?" Sir Walter either was, or pretended to be, ignorant of the matter, and told the gardener, since that was the case, to dig up the weed, and throw it away. The gardener soon returned with a good parcel of potatoes. The plant was cultivated in the gardens of the nobility and gentry early in the 17th century, as a curious exotic; and towards the close of it, (1684,) it was planted out in the fields, in small patches, in Lancashire—whence it was gradually propagated all over this kingdom, as well as in France. Though tolerably common, potatoes were in the time of James I. considered as a great delicacy, and are noticed among various other articles to be provided for the queen's household. The quantity of them was at that time, however, extremely small; and the price would now be thought excessive—viz. 2s. per pound.

Cabbages.—According to Evelyn, in his *Syva*, even so ordinary, but useful a *legume* as a cabbage, was, in 1539, first imported from the Netherlands. Many years after this, it seems, that England was still supplied with cabbages from Flanders. Bullein, in his *Boke of Simples*, written in 1562, observes of this vegetable, that "it is good to make pottage withall, and is a profitable herbe in the common wealthe, which the Fleminges

sell deare; but we have it growinge in our owne gardens, if we would prefere our owne commodities," &c. He adds, "There be greates plenty growinge between Albrought and Horthworth, in Suffolk, upon the sea shore." Cauliflowers were as uncommon about the same time, and were sold then and afterwards at a high price. As late as 1619, two cauliflowers cost 3s., and sixteen artichokes 3s. 4d.—prices which would now be deemed extravagant.

Radishes and Pot Herbs.—Bullein says, in 1562, "Of radish rootes, there be no small store growing about the famous citie of London, though they be more plentiful than profitable, and more noysome than nourishing to man's nature." Of garden productions, mentioned in a manuscript of the steward of Sir Edward Coke, while attorney-general, between 1596-7, onions, leeks, carrots, and radishes seem to have been chiefly used to make pottage for the poor. Holinshed tells us, in his *Chronicle*, written about this time, "Such herbes, fruites, and rootes also as growe yearlie out of the ground of seed had become verie plentifull in this land in the time of the first Edward, and after his daies; but, in procresse of time, they grew also to be neglected; so that from Henrie the Fourth till the latter end of Henrie the Seventh and beginninge of Henry the Eighth, there was little or no use of them in England; but they remained either unknowne, or supposed as food more meete for hogs and savage beasts to feed upon them, than mankind; whereas, in mytime, their use is not only resumed among the poor commons—I mean melons, pompons, gourds, cucumbers, radishes, &c., she-rats, parsnips, carrots, cabbages, newewes, turnips, and all kindes of herbes—but also fed upon as daintie dishes at the table of delicate merchants, gentlemen, and the nobilitie, who make their provisions yearlie for new seeds out of strange countries, from whence they have them abundantlie."—D. P.

LONDON JURORS.

PERJURY in Jurors of the ancient city of London is greatly complained of. Stow informs us, that in the year 1468, many jurors of that city were punished, and papers fixed on their heads, declaring their offence of being corrupted by the parties to the suit. He complains of that corruption as flagrant in the reign of Elizabeth, when he wrote his account of London.

Fuller, in his *English Worthies*, mentions it as a proverbial saying, that "London jurors hang half and save half."

Grafton, in his *Chronicle*, mentions that the Chancellor of the Bishop of London being indicted for murder, the Bishop wrote a letter to Cardinal Wolsey, begging his interposition for having the prosecution stopped,

"because London juries were so corrupted, that they would find Abel guilty of the murder of Cain."
D. P.

The Public Journals.

ASMODEUS AT LARGE.

(Concluded from page 119.)

ONE evening after one of our usual quarrels and reconciliations, Julia's spirits seemed raised into more than usual reaction. There were three or four of her friends present—a sort of party—her cousins (the fortune-seekers) among the rest—and she was the life of the circle. In proportion to her gaiety was my discontent; I fancied she combined with the confounded widow, who evidently wanted to "show me off," in her own damnable phrase, as her sister's wooer; and this is a position in which no tolerably fastidious man likes to be placed: add to this, my readers very well know that people who have no inelegance when subdued, throw off a thousand little *grossierities* when they are elated. No ordeal is harder for a young and lovely woman, who has not been brought up *conventionally*, to pass with grace, than that of her own unrestrained merriment. Levity requires polish in proportion to your interest in the person who indulges it; and levity in his mistress is almost always displeasing to a passionate lover. Love is so very grave and so very refined a deity. In short every instant added to my secret vexation. I absolutely coloured with rage at every jest bandied between poor Julia and her companions. I swear I think I could have beat her, with a safe conscience. The party went; now came my turn. I remonstrated—Julia replied—we both lost our temper. I fancied then I was entirely in the right; but now, alas! I will believe myself wrong; it is some sacrifice to a dread memory to own it.

"You always repine at my happiness," said Julia; "to be merry is always in your eyes a crime; I cannot bear this tyranny; I am not your wife, and if I were, I would not bear it. If I displease you now, what shall I do hereafter?"

"But, my dear Julia, you can so easily avoid the little peculiarities I dislike. Believe me unreasonable—perhaps I am so. It is some pleasure to a generous mind to sacrifice to the unreasonableness of one we love. In a word, I own it frankly, if you meet all my wishes with this obstinacy, we cannot be happy, and—and—"

"I see," interrupted Julia, with unwonted vehemence, "I see what you would say; you are tired of me; you feel that I do not suit your ideal notions. You thought me all perfect when you designed me for your victim; but now that you think something is to be sacrificed on *your* part, you think only of that

paltry sacrifice, and demand of me an impossible perfection in return !”

There was so much truth in this reproach that it stung me to the quick. It was indelicate, perhaps, in Julia to use it—it was certainly unwise.

I turned pale with anger.

“Madam,” I began, with that courtesy which conveys all reproach.

“Madam !” repeated Julia, turning suddenly round—her lips parted—her eyes flashing through her tears—alarm—grief—but also indignation quivering in every muscle—“Is it come to this ?—Go !—Let us part—my love ceases since I see yours is over ! Were you twice as wealthy—twice as proud—I would not humble myself to be beholden to your justice instead of your affection.—Rather—rather—oh, God !—rather would I have sacrificed myself—given up all to you—than accept one advantage from the man who considers it an honour.—Let us part.”

Julia had evidently conceived the word I had used in cold and bitter respect, as an irony on her station as well as a proof of coldness ; but I did not stop to consider whether or not she was reasonably provoked ; her disdain for the sacrifice I thought so great galled me—the violence of her passion revolted. I thought only of the escape she offered me—“Let us part”—rang in my ear like a reprieve to a convict. I rose at once—took my hat calmly—and not till I reached the door did I reply.

“Enough, Julia—we part for ever.—You will hear from me to-morrow for the last time !”

I left the house and trod as on air. My love for Julia long decreasing seemed crushed at once. I imagined her former gentleness all hypocrisy ;—I thought only of the tergitant I had escaped. I congratulated myself that she having broken the chain I was free and with honour. I did not then—no—nor till it was too late—recall the despair printed on her hueless face, when the calm, low voice of my resolution broke upon her ear, and she saw that she had indeed lost me for ever. That image rises before me now ; it will haunt me to my grave. Her features pale and locked—the pride, the resentment, all sunk,—merged in one incredulous, wild, stony aspect of deserted love. Alas !—alas !—could I but have believed that she felt so deeply ! I wrote to her the next day kindly and temperately, but such a tone made the wound deeper—I bade her farewell for ever. To her sister I wrote more fully.

It is almost incredible to think in how short a time the whole of these events had been crowded—within how few weeks I had concentrated the whole history of Love !—its first mysterious sentiment—its ardent passion—its dissension—its coolness—its breach—its everlasting farewell !

In four days I received a letter from Julia’s sister—(none from Julia.) It was written in a tone of pert and flippant insolence, which made me more than ever reconciled to the turn of events ; but it contained one piece of news I did not hear with indifference,—Julia had accepted the offer of her former suitor, and was to be married next week. “She bids me say (wrote the widow) that she sees at once through your pretence, under an affected wish for her happiness, to prevent her forming this respectable connexion ;—she sees that you still assume the right to dictate to her, and that your offers of generosity are merely the condescensions of a fancied superiority ;—she assures you, however, that your wish for her happiness is already realized.”

This undeserved and insulting message completed my conquest over any lurking remorse or regret ; and I did not, in my resentment at Julia’s injustice, perceive how much it was the operation of a wounded vanity upon a despairing heart.

I still lingered in town ; and, some days afterwards, I went to dine in the neighbourhood of Westminster, at the house of one of the most jovial of boon companions. I had for some weeks avoided society : the temporary cessation gave a new edge to my zest for its pleasures. The hours flew rapidly,—my spirits rose,—and I enjoyed the present with a gust that had been long denied to me.

On leaving the house on foot, the fineness of the night, with its frosty air and clear stars, tempted me to turn from my direct way homeward, and I wandered mechanically towards a scene which has always possessed to me, at night, a great attraction, viz.—the bridge which divides the suburb from the very focus of the capital, with its proud Abbey and gloomy Senate ! I walked to and fro the bridge,—gazing at times on the dark waters, reflecting the lights from the half-seen houses and the stars of the solemn Heavens. My mind was filled with shadowy and vague presentiments : I felt awed and saddened, without a palpable cause ; the late excitement of my spirits was succeeded by a melancholy reaction. I mused over the various disappointments of my life, and the Ixion-like delusion with which I had so often wooed a deity and clasped a cloud. My history with Julia made a principal part of these meditations ; her image returned to me irresistibly, and with renewed charms. In vain I endeavoured to recur to the feelings of self-acquittal and gratulation, which a few hours ago had actuated me ; my heart was softened, and my memory refused to recall all harsher retrospection—her love, her innocence only obtruded themselves upon me, and I sighed to think that perhaps by this time she was irrevocably another’s. I retraced my steps, and was now at the end of the

bridge, when, just by the stairs, I perceived a crowd, and heard a vague and gathering clamour. A secret impulse hurried me to the place: I heard a policeman speaking with the eagerness which characterizes the excitement of narration.

"My suspicions were aroused," quoth he, "as I passed, and saw a female standing by the bridge. So, you see, I kept loitering there, and a minute after I went gently up, and I heard the young woman groan; and she turned round as I came up, for I frightened her; and I never shall forget her face,—it was so woe-begone,—and yet she was so young and handsome. And so, you see, I spoke to her, and I said, says I, 'Young woman, what do you do here at this hour?' And she said, 'I am waiting for a boat: I expect my mother from Richmond.' And, somehow or other, I was foolish enough to believe what she said—she looked so quiet and respectable like;—and I went away, you understand; and in about a minute after (for I kept near the spot) I heard a heavy splash in the water, and then I knew what it all was. I ran up, and I just saw her once rise; and so, as I could not swim, I gave the alarm, and we got the boat—but it was too late."

"Poor girl!" lisped an old coster-woman; "I dare say she was crossed in love."

"What is this?" said I, mixing with the crowd.

"A young woman as has drowned herself, sir."

"Where? I do not see the body."

"It be taken to the watch-house, and the doctors are trying to recover it."

A horrible idea had crossed my mind;—unfounded, improbable as it seemed, I felt as if compelled to confirm or remove it. I made the policeman go with me to the watch-house;—I pushed away the crowd—I approached the body. Oh, God!—that white face—the heavy, dripping hair—the swollen form—and all that decent and maiden beauty, with the coarse cover half thrown over it!—and the unsympathizing surgeons standing by! and the unfamiliar faces of the women!—What a scene!—what a death-bed! Julia, Julia! thou art avenged!

It was her, then, whom I beheld; her—the victim—the self-destroyer. I hurry over the awful record. I am writing my own condemnation—stamping my own curse. They found upon the corpse a letter: drenched as it was, I yet could decipher its characters;—it was to me. It ran thus:—

"I believe now that I have been much to blame; for I am writing calmly, with a fixed determination not to live; and I see how much I have thrown away the love you once gave me. Yet I have loved you always,—how dearly, I never told you, and never can tell! But when you seemed to think so much

of your—what shall I say?—your condescension in marrying—perhaps loving—me, it maddened me to the brain; and though I would have given worlds to please you, I could not bear to see the difference in your manner, after you came to see me daily, and to think of me as a woman ought to be thought of; and this, I know, made me seem cross, and peevish, and unamiable,—but I could not help it,—and so you ceased to love me; and I felt that, and longed madly to release you from a tie you repented. The moment came for me to do so, and—we parted. Then you wrote to me, and my sister made me see in the letter what, perhaps, you did not intend; but, indeed, I was only sensible to the thought that I had lost you for ever, and that you scorned me. And then my vanity was roused,—and I knew you still loved me,—and I fancied I could revenge myself upon you by marrying another. But when I came to see, and meet, and smile upon that other,—and to feel the day approach,—and to reflect that *you* had been all in all to me,—and that I was about to pass my whole life with one I loathed, after having loved so well and so entirely,—I felt I had reckoned too much on my own strength, and that I could not sustain my courage any longer. Nothing is left to me in life: the anguish I suffer is intolerable; and I have at length made up my mind to die. But think not I am a poor love-sick girl only. I am more;—I am still a revengeful woman. You have deserted me, and I know myself to blame; but I cannot bear that you should forget and despise me, as you would if I were to marry. I am about to force you to remember me for ever,—to be sorry for me—to forgive me—to love me better than you have done yet, even when you loved me most. It is in this that I shall be revenged!"

And with this wild turmoil of contending feelings,—the pride of womanhood wrestling with the softness—forgiveness with revenge—high emotions with erring principles—agonies, led on to death by one hope to be remembered and deplored;—with this contest at thy heart didst thou go down to thy watery grave!

What must have passed within thee in those brief and terrible moments, when thou stoodest by the dark waters,—hesitating—lingering—fearing—yet resolved! And I was near thee in that hour, and knew thee not—at hand, and saved not! Oh! bitter was the revenge—lasting is the remembrance! Henceforth, I ask no more of Human Affections: I stand alone on the Earth!

[Previous to this adventure, Asmodeus left the narrator: "My gratitude stops here," said he; "it was my task to amuse, to interest you, but no more. I deal not with the passions—I can do nothing for you in this affair. You are in love, and in the hands

of a stronger demon than myself. Adieu!—when the spell is broken we may meet again.” What fine, cutting sarcasm in these few lines. In the concluding note, after alluding to the incidents of the story, which are real and temporary, he observes, “a metaphysical meaning runs throughout the characters and the story. In the narrator is embodied the satiety which is of the world; in Asmodeus is the principle of vague excitement in which satiety always seeks for relief. The extravagant adventures,—the rambling from the ideal to the commonplace—from the flights of the imagination to the trite affairs and petty pleasures of the day—are the natural results of Excitement without an object. A fervid, though hasty, Passion succeeds at last, and Asmodeus appears no more, because, in Love, all vague excitement is merged in absorbing and earnest emotion. The passion is ill-fated; but in its progress it is attempted to be shown, that, *however* it might have terminated, it *could* not have been productive of happiness. It was begun without prudence, and continued without foresight. The heart, once jaded, rushes even into love, from a principle of despair; and exacting too much from novelty, relapses into its former weariness, when the novelty is no more. No flowers can live long on a soil thoroughly exhausted. The doom of satiety is to hate self, yet ever to be alone.”

All this is too true: often, as we love,

So children cutting teeth, receive a coral.

But satiety ensues, and the child throws aside the toy-like aid. We feel that our praise can add but little to the celebrity of Asmodeus at Large, by the author of *Eugene Aram*. We took some pains to give our readers the best words of that clever novel “by way of abstract,” and, in like manner we have dealt with Asmodeus, in compressing the narrative by half. The task required careful handling, and such we have attempted in giving it our best attention to its best points.]

THE SLAVE SHIP ON FIRE.

(From Tom Cringle's Log.)

THE firing from below continued.

“Cast loose that carronade there; clap in a canister of grape—so—now run it forward, and fire down the hatchway.” It was done, and taking effect amongst the pent up slaves, such a yell arose—oh, God! oh, God!—I never can forget it. Still the maniacs continued firing up the hatchway.

“Load and fire again.” My people were now furious, and fought more like incarnate fiends broke loose from hell, than human beings.

“Run the gun up to the hatchway once more.” They ran the carronade so furiously forward, that the coaming or ledge round the hatchway was split off, and down went the

gun, carriage and all, with a crash, into the hold. Presently smoke appeared rising up the fore hatchway.

“They have set fire to the brig; overboard!—regain the schooner, or we shall all be blown into the air like peels of onions!” sung out little Jigmaree. But where was the Wave? She had broken away, and was now a cable's length ahead, apparently fast leaving us, with Paul Gelid and Wagtail, and poor little Reefpoint, who, badly wounded as he was, had left his hammock, and come on deck in the emergency, making signs of their inability to cut away the halyards; and the tiller being shot away, the schooner was utterly unmanageable.

“Let fall the foresail, men—down with the foretack—cheerily now—get way on the brig, and overhaul the Wave promptly, or we are lost,” cried I. It was done with all the coolness of desperate men. I took the helm, and presently we were once more alongside of our own vessel. Time we were so, for about one hundred and fifty of the slaves, whose shackles had been knocked off, now scrambled up the fore hatchway, and we had only time to jump overboard, when they made a rush aft; and no doubt, exhausted as we were, they would have massacred us on the spot, frantic and furious as they evidently were from the murderous fire of grape that had been directed down the hatchway.

But the fire was as quick as they were. The cloud of smouldering smoke that was rising like a pillar of cloud from the fore-hatchway, was now streaked with tongues of red flame, which licking the masts and spars, ran up and caught the sails and rigging. In an instant, the flames spread to every part of the gear aloft, while the other element, the sea, was also striving for the mastery in the destruction of the doomed vessel; for our shot, or the fall of the carronade into the hold, had started some of the bottom planks, and she was fast settling down by the head. We could hear the water rushing in like a mill stream. The fire increased—her guns went off as they became heated—she gave a sudden heel—and while five hundred human beings, pent up in her noisome hold, split the heavens with their piercing death-yells, down she went with a heavy lurch, head foremost, right in the wake of the setting sun, whose level rays made the thick dun wreaths that burst from her as she disappeared, glow with the hue of the amethyst; and while the whirling clouds, gilded by his dying radiance, curled up into the blue sky, in rolling masses, growing thinner and thinner, until they vanished away, even like the wreck whereout they arose,—and the circling eddies, created by her sinking, no longer sparkled and flashed in the red light,—and the stilled waters where she had gone down, as if oil had been cast on them, were spread out like

polished silver, shining like a mirror, while all around was dark blue ripple,—a puff of fat black smoke, denser than any we had yet seen, suddenly emerged with a loud gurgling noise, from out the deep bosom of the calmed sea, and rose like a balloon, rolling slowly upwards, until it reached a little way above our mast-heads, where it melted and spread out into a dark pall, that overhung the scene of death, as if the incense of such a horrible and polluted sacrifice could not ascend into the pure heaven, but had been again crushed back upon our devoted heads, as a palpable manifestation of the wrath of *Him* who hath said—"Thou shalt not kill."

For a few moments all was silent as the grave, and I felt as if the air had become too thick for breathing, while I looked up like another Cain.

Presently, about one hundred and fifty of the slaves, *men, women, and children*, who had been drawn down by the vortex, rose amidst numberless pieces of smoking wreck, to the surface of the sea; the strongest yelling like fiends in their despair, while the weaker, the women, and the helpless, gasping little ones, were choking, and gurgling, and sinking all around. Yea, the small thin expiring cry of the innocent sucking infant torn from its sinking mother's breast, as she held it for a brief moment above the waters, which had already for ever closed over herself, was there.—But we could not perceive one single individual of her white crew; like desperate men, they had all gone down with the brig. We picked up about one half of the miserable Africans, and—my pen trembles as I write it—fell necessity compelled us to fire on the remainder, as it was utterly impossible for us to take them on board. Oh that I could erase such a scene for ever from my memory! One incident I cannot help relating. We had saved a woman, a handsome clear-skinned girl, of about sixteen years of age. She was very faint when we got her in, and was lying with her head over a port-sill, when a strong athletic young negro swam to the part of the schooner where she was. She held down her hand to him: he was in the act of grasping it, when he was shot through the heart from above. She instantly jumped overboard, and, clasping him in her arms, they sank, and disappeared together. "Oh, woman, whatever may be the colour of your skin, your heart is of one only!" said Aaron.

Soon all was quiet; a wounded black here and there was shrieking in his great agony, and struggling for a moment before he sank into his watery grave for ever; a few pieces of wreck were floating and sparkling on the surface of the deep in the blood-red sunbeams, which streamed in a flood of glorious light on the bloody deck, and shattered hull, and torn rigging of the *Wave*, and on the dead bodies

and mangled limbs of those who had fallen; while a few heavy scattering drops of rain fell sparkling from a passing cloud, as if Nature had wept in pity over the dismal scene; or as if they had been blessed tears, shed by an angel, in his heavenward course, as he hovered for a moment, and looked down in pity on the fantastic tricks played by the worm of a day—by weak man, in his little moment of power and ferocity.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Topographer.

BIRR CASTLE.

BIRR, sometimes called *Parsonstown*, is a neat and flourishing town, sixty-four miles distant from Dublin. This place formerly constituted the chief seat of O'Carroll, dynast of Ely O'Carroll, but was lost to the proprietor among the numerous forfeitures in the year 1641. The family of Parsons, (now Earl of Rosse and Baron Oxmantown,) have held this estate, and resided at Birr, from the restoration of Charles II. to the present time. To this family the town is stated to be entirely indebted for its improvements and prosperity.

The Castle of Birr is pleasantly situate, hanging boldly over the Birr, or Comcor River. It was formerly the residence of the O'Carrolls, and the theatre of some decisive military transactions. It was, however, almost rebuilt by the Parsons family, and about the year 1825 was much enlarged and improved, and the former back of the house was converted into the principal front, and ornamented in imitation of castellated architecture. On the eastern side, part of the original fabric was retained, and showed the marks of the unsuccessful cannonading of General Sarsfield, in 1690.

The interior of the Castle was elegantly fitted up and arranged. The entrance was by a handsome flight of stone steps under a fine vestibule, in front of which were the family arms in high relief. The hall was a magnificent apartment, with painted windows; and the walls, (as well as those of other rooms of the castle,) were hung with rich tapestry, the lower part being panelled in oak. The tapestry of the hall represented the life and death of Quintus Sertorius, the Roman general. Among the other principal apartments were the saloon, an octagonal room, overhanging the river; the drawing-room; and a dining-parlour, hung with the family portraits.

We regret to add, that the whole of this splendid mansion was destroyed by fire a short time since. Its last noble proprietor was Lawrence Parsons, Earl of Rosse, and Baron Oxmantown,* the author of several

* Better known as Sir Lawrence Parsons.



Birr Castle, from a Sketch by a Correspondent.

useful tracts respecting Ireland, and who has directed his studies with equal ardour and good taste, towards the history and antiquities of the island.”*

* Brewer's Beauties of Ireland, vol. ii. p. 155.

The Naturalist.

THE YELLOW-HEADED INDIAN SPARROW.

“THIS bird,” says Sir William Jones, “is exceedingly common in Hindoostan: he is astonishingly sensible, faithful, and docile; never voluntarily deserting the place where his young are hatched, but not averse, like most other birds, to the society of mankind, and easily taught to perch on the hand of his master. In a state of nature, he generally builds his nest on the highest tree he can find—especially on the Palmyra, or on the Indian fig-tree; and he prefers that which happens to overhang a well, or a rivulet. He makes it of grass, which he weaves like cloth, and shapes like a bottle, suspending it firmly on the branches, but so as to rock with the wind, and placing it with its entrance downward, to secure it from the birds of prey. Its nest usually consists of two or three chambers; and it is popularly believed that he lights them with fire-flies, which he is said to catch alive at night, and confine with moist clay, or with cow-dung. That such flies are often found in his nest, where pieces of cow-dung are also stuck, is indubitable; but as their light could be of little use to him, it seems probable that he only feeds on them. He may be taught to fetch with ease a piece of paper, or any small thing that his master points out to him. It is an attested fact, that if a ring be dropped into a deep well, and a signal be given to him, he will fly down with amazing celerity, catch the ring before it touches the water, and bring it up to his master with apparent exultation; and it is confidently asserted, that if a house, or any other place, be shown to him once or twice, he will carry a note thither immediately on a pro-

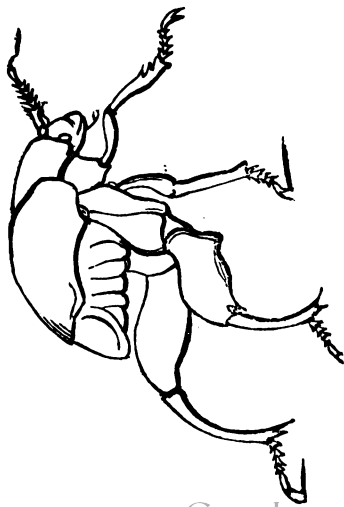
per signal being made. The young Hindoo women at Benares, and other places, wear very thin plates of gold, called *ticas*, slightly fixed, by way of ornament, between their eyebrows; and when they pass through the streets, it is not uncommon for the youthful libertines, who amuse themselves with training these birds, to give them a signal, which they understand, and send them to pluck the pieces of gold from the foreheads of their mistresses, which they bring in triumph to their lovers.”

P. T. W.

CURIOUS INSECTS.

THE annexed figures are comparatively little known to students of entomology, and must, therefore, be new to the general reader. Not the least striking of their forms is their resemblance to well-known quadrupeds, and a vegetable product.

The first figure represents a splendid

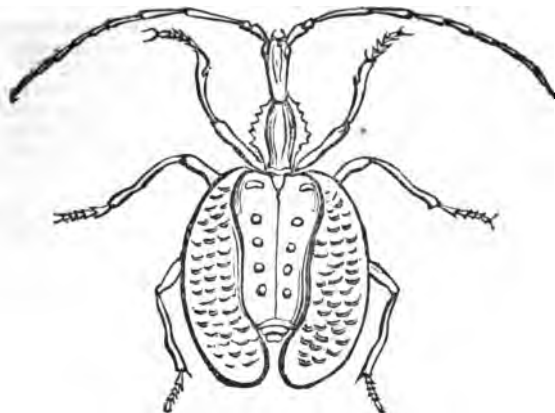


Kangaroo Beetle.

Scarabæus macropus, (*makros*, long, *pous*, a foot,) which is supposed to be a native of Potosi in South America. Its resemblance to the Kangaroo, in the disproportionate length of the hind legs explains its name;

and the grotesque appearance of the insect is shown in the sketch, which is about two-thirds of the natural size.

The next subject is the



Spectre Leaf,

Marmolyce Phyllodes, (*marmolyce*, a hideous spectre, *phyllodes*, resembling or abounding in leaves). This is a Javanese species of Coleoptera, (first order, with four wings,) belonging to, but totally unlike every known form comprised in, the Linnæan genus *Carabus*; and remarkable for its flatness, and the great dilatation and posterior production of the sides of the elytra, or wing-cases. The

insect, indeed, at first sight, looks more like a piece of rolled gingerbread (Italian jumbles,) such as we now see in the London biscuit-bakers' windows, than an animal. Upwards of thirty specimens of this extraordinary insect have recently been brought from Java to England.

The remaining specimen is a superb



Stag Beetle,

Chiasognathus, (*chiaso*, to run down, *gnathos*, a jaw; *Grantii*, from Dr. George Grant, who imported the insect. It is figured and described at some length in the *Cambridge*

Philosophical Transactions for 1831, by J. F. Stephens, F. L. S. The annexed outline is two-thirds of the natural size, omitting a portion of two of the limbs rather than les-

sensing the effect of the object by further reducing the size of the figure. This genus, as interesting from its structure, as it is remarkable for its splendour and colouring, belongs to the family of stag-beetles, *Lucanidæ*. The specimen here figured, was given to Dr. Grant by a native of South America, who informed him that he found it on a resinous shrubby plant, in the Island of Chiloe, which is separated from the main land at Valparaiso by a very narrow channel. Mr. Stephens observes:—"The golden bronze upon the elytra, the burnished golden green of the raised centre of the thorax, and the varying colours of its sides and of the lateral spines, together form an assemblage of tints exceeding in intensity every thing which I have hitherto met with in entomology. In the structure of many of its organs, equally striking peculiarities present themselves. The spines which arm the hinder margins of the thorax, and the whorl of hairs at the tip of the long basal joint of the antennæ, are characters which we look for in vain amongst the known genera of *Lucanidæ*," or stag-beetles. Again, the shield-like part of the head, the distinct existence of four eyes; the great strength of the fore-legs, the extraordinarily long antennæ, and the whorl of hairs which ornament their tips, (for Mr. Stephens cannot imagine of what service they can be to the animal,) are all characters of a very interesting kind. "But it is in the structure of the mouth that the entomologist will derive the greatest interest. The upper jaws, or mandibles, (which, in our common powerful stag beetle, are scarcely longer than the head and thorax,) here acquire the length of the whole body; but, although they are very strong, and evidently capable of biting very sharply at their base, towards the middle they become flattened, and at the tip they are deflexed and incurved, crossing over each other, so that this portion of the jaws can scarcely be of much service to the insect, when employed in the ordinary use of mandibles. Their very tips are also bent backwards; and here again we are at a loss to imagine for what purpose this last peculiarity has been bestowed upon the animal, since we can scarcely imagine (as a celebrated French entomologist has done respecting the hooks of the antennæ of certain other beetles,) that they are for the purpose of enabling this insect to suspend itself from the twigs of trees when asleep. On examining the jaws of the stag beetle, we externally perceive a tubercle as its base, which, in this new insect is greatly developed into an additional pair of lower horns similarly crossing each other, and furnished along their edge with short spines.

"The upper lip is very distinct, being composed of a pocket-shaped leathery plate, with a strong rib down the centre. The terminal portion of the lower jaws is very long,

delicate, and fringed with very slender hairs. The food of the stag beetles consists of the flowing sap of decaying trees, which is lapped up in the typical genera by the terminal plates of these lower jaws, and of the lower lip; but in this insect a difficulty appears to exist, from the very arched form of the upper jaws; since it is impossible for it, when standing upon the trunk of a tree, to apply these fine terminal plates to the tree, so as to collect the sap, without opening the jaws very wide. A similar difficulty exists in a mammalious animal, the giraffe; the singularly awkward position of which, when feeding from the ground, is well known. The case is not, however, exactly parallel, since the situation of the natural food of the giraffe does not require such an extraordinary exertion; whereas, in this insect there appears no other manner of avoiding the difficulty, from the natural situation of its food."

These are, probably, the most interesting of Mr. Stephens's details of the structure of this curious creature: though the remainder of the paper will be acceptable to the professed naturalist, it can scarcely be appreciable by the reader who is unaccustomed to technicalities. The specimen here figured is a male; "the female, when discovered, will doubtless be found to possess short jaws, and the club of the antennæ" is shorter.

Our acknowledgement for the substance of these notes is due to the *Magazine of Natural History*; it being chiefly condensed from a paper therein, by J. O. Westwood, Esq. F. L. S.

Spirit of Discovery.

NEW MICROSCOPE.

ABOUT six years since, Lieutenant Drummond engaged in a series of experiments upon the light of lime and other earths, when highly ignited; the most interesting application of which was in the light emitted from lime, to the purpose of trigonometrical surveys, and subsequently, in substituting for the Argand burners in a lighthouse, a small ball of lime, ignited by the combustion of hydrogen and oxygen. From this small ball, only three-eighths of an inch in diameter, so brilliant a light was emitted, that it equalled in quantity about thirteen Argand lamps, or 120 wax candles; while, in intensity, or intrinsic brightness, it could not be less than 260 times that of an Argand lamp.*

A novel and extraordinary application of this light to microscopic purposes has recently been exhibited in the metropolis, in an instrument constructed under the superin-

* For the details of this application, see the *Philosophical Transactions*, 1830; or, an abstract of the Paper in the *Arcana of Science and Art*, Fourth Year, 1831.

tendence of Mr. Cooper, professor of chemistry, and of Mr. Cary, the optician. It is appropriately named the *Hydro-oxygen Microscope*. A stream of oxygen gas, and another of hydrogen gas, are brought into union, and projected in an ignited state upon a ball of lime, the intense light of which passing through a lens, throws the images of objects magnified from 10,000 to 500,000 times, in the manner of a solar microscope, upon a disk of 14 feet diameter. The inanimate objects exhibited at the private view of the instrument, consisted of fragments of insects' wings, of *fuci*, sea-weeds, woods, &c., all the minute external properties of which were shown upon an exaggerated scale. A few hairs of an infant appeared like tubes two inches in diameter. A small portion of the fine skin of the human *pericardium*, (the double membrane which surrounds the whole compass of the heart,) exhibited the courses of the arteries and veins. The penetrating nature of the light revealed the interior conformation of fleas and spiders in the object-glasses. The sting of a bee was a monstrous barbed weapon, four feet long. The lancets of the horsefly were sabres about two feet in length. The next curious part of the exhibition consisted of the small animalcules in a drop of water, some of which were seen preying on each other. Some skeleton larvæ were, from their diaphanous texture, beautifully developed, exhibited even the vesicle of air, which enabled them to rise or descend in the water; and some of the worms found in stagnant ditches, the natural size of which is that of a thread, appeared like the largest sized boar-constrictor.

We abridge these details of the exhibition from *The Times* of the 21st.

New Books.

THE SUPPRESSED DEDICATION OF DON JUAN.
BY LORD BYRON.*

(From Vol. XV. of the new Edition of the *Poet's Life and Works*.)

Bos SOUTHEY! You're a poet—poet-laureate,
And representative of all the race,
Although 'tis true that you turn'd out a Tory at
Last—yours has lately been a common case—
And now, my epic renegade! what are ye at?
With all the lakers, in and out of place?

A nest of tuneless persons, to my eye
Like "four-and-twenty blackbirds in a pie;

"Which pie being open'd they began to sing,"
(This old song and new simile holds good),
"A dainty dish to set before the king,"

Or regent, who admires such kind of food;—
And Coleridge, too, has lately taken wing.

But like a hawk encumber'd with his hood—

* "This 'Dedication' was suppressed in 1819, with Lord Byron's reluctant consent; but shortly after his death its existence became notorious, in consequence of an article in the *Westminster Review*, generally ascribed to Sir John Hobhouse; and, for several years, the verses have been selling in the streets as a broadside. It could, therefore, serve no purpose to exclude them on the present occasion.—E."

Explaining metaphysics to the nation—
I wish he would explain his Explanation.

You, Bob! are rather insolent, you know,

At being disappointed in your wish
To supersede all warblers here below,
And be the only blackbird in the dish;
And then you overstrain yourself, or so,
And tumble downward like the flying fish,
Gasping on deck, because you soar too high, Bob,
And fall, for lack of moisture, quite a-dry. Bob!

And Wordsworth, in a rather long "Excursion"

(I think the quarto holds five hundred pages),

Has given a sample from the vasty version

Of his new system to perplex the sages;

'Tis poetry—at least by his assertion,

And may appear so when the dog-star rages—

And he who understands it would be able

To add a story to the Tower of Babel.

You—Gentlemen! by dint of long seclusion

From better company, have kept your own

At Keswick, and through still continued fusion

Of one another's minds, at last have grown

To deem, as a most logical conclusion,

That poesy has wreaths for you alone,

There is a narrowness in such a notion,

Which makes me wish you'd change your lakes for ocean.

I would not imitate the petty thought,

Nor coin my self-love to so base a vice,

For all the glory your conversion brought,

Since gold alone should not have been its price.

You have your salary; was't for that you wrought?

And Wordsworth has his place in the excise-†

You're shabby fellows; true—but poets still,

And duly seated on the immortal hill.

Your bays may hide the boldness of your brows—

Perhaps some virtuous blushes; let them go—

To you I envy neither fruit nor boughs;

And for the fame you would engross below,

The field is universal, and allows

Scope to all such as feel the inherent glow;

Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and Crabbe, will

try

'Gainst you the question with posterity.

For me, who wandering with pedestrian muses,

Content not with you on the winged steed;

I wish your fate may yield ye, when she chooses,

The fame you envy, and the skill you need;

And recollect a poet nothing loses

In giving to his brethren their full meed

Of merit, and complaint of present days

Is not the certain path to future praise.

He that reserves his laurels for posterity

(Who does not often claim the bright reversion)

Has generally no great crop to spare it, he

Being only injured by his own assertion;

And although here and there some glorious rarity

Arise like Titan from the sea's immersion,

The major part of such appellants go

To—God knows where—for no one else can know.

If, fallen in evil days on evil tongues,

Milton appeal'd to the avenger Time,

If Time, the avenger, execrates his wrongs,

And makes the word "Miltonic" mean "sublime,"

He deign'd not to belie his soul in songs,

Nor turn his very talent to a crime;

He did not loathe the sire to laud the son,

But closed the tyrant-hater he begun.

Think'st thou, could he—the blind old man—arise

Like Samuel from the grave, to freeze once more

The blood of monarchs with his prophecies,

Or be alive again—again all hoar

† "Wordsworth's place may be in the customs; it is, I think, in that or the excise—besides another at Lord Lansdale's table, where this poetical charlatan and political parasite licks up the crumbs with a hardened alacrity; the converted Jacobin having long subsided into the clownish sycophant of the worst prejudices of the aristocracy."

With time and trials, and those helpless eyes,
 And heartless daughters, worn and pale,* and
 poor;
 Would *he* adore a sultan? *he* obey
 The intellectual enuch Castlereagh?
 Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid miscreant!
 Dabbling its sleek young hands in Erin's gore,
 And thus for wider carnage taught to pant,
 Transferred to gorge upon a sister shore,
 The vilest tool that tyranny could want,
 With just enough of talent, and no more,
 To lengthen fetters by another fixed,
 And offer poison long already mixed.
 An orator of such set trash of phrase,
 Ineffably—legitimately vile,
 That even its grossest flatterers dare not praise,
 Nor foes—all nations—condescend to smile,—
 Not even a sprightly blunder's spark can blaze
 From that Ixion grindstone's ceaseless toil,
 That turns and turns to give the world a notion
 Of endless torments and perpetual motion.
 A bungler even in its disgusting trade,
 And botching, patching, leaving still behind
 Something of which its masters are afraid,
 States to be curbed, and thoughts to be confined,
 Conspiracy or congress to be made—
 Cobbling at manacles for all mankind—
 A tinkering slave-maker, who mends old chains,
 With God and man's abhorrence for its gains.
 If we may judge of matter by the mind,
 Emaculated to the marrow *It*
 Hath but two objects, how to serve, and bind,
 Deeming the chain it wears even men may fit,
 Eutropius of its many masters—blind
 To worth as freedom, wisdom as to wit,
 Fearless—because no feeling dwells in ice,
 Its very courage stagnates to a vice.
 Where shall I turn me not to *view* its bonds,
 For I will never *feel* them;—Italy!
 Thy late reviving Roman soul desponds
 Beneath the lie this state-thing breathed 'o'er
 thee—
 Thy clanking chain, and Erin's yet green wounds,
 Have voices—tongues to cry aloud for me.
 Europe has slaves—allies—kings—armies still,—
 And Southey lives to sing them very ill.
 Meantime, Sir Laureate, I proceed to dedicate,
 In honest simple verse, this song to you.
 And, if in flattering strains I do not predicate,
 "Tis that I still retain my "buff and blue;"
 My politics as yet are all to educate:
 Apostasy's so fashionable, too.
 To keep *one* creed's a task grown quite Herculean;
 Is it not so, my Tory, ultra-Julian?†

STUART'S NORTH AMERICA.

(Continued from page 128.)

Washerwoman.

Both at Ballston and at Saratoga springs,
 (the great watering-place of the United
 States,) doors are very generally left unlocked
 during the night. Shutters to the windows
 are not common. Clothes are left out to
 bleach during the night on the unclosed
 greens in the villages. On my wife applying

* "Pale, but not cadaverous."—Milton's two
 elder daughters are said to have robbed him of his
 books, besides cheating and plaguing him in the
 economy of his house, &c. &c. His feelings on such
 an outrage, both as a parent and a scholar, must
 have been singularly painful. Hayley compares him
 to Lear. See part third, *Life of Milton*, by W. Hay-
 ley (or Hailey, as spelt in the edition before me)."

† "I allude not to our friend Landor's hero, the
 traitor Count Julian; but to Gibbon's hero, vulgarly
 cyleped 'The Apostate.'"

for a washerwoman two or three days ago, to
 wash some clothes, our landlady said that
 they should be washed in the house, and that
 she would get in a *lady* to assist. The lady,
 when she appeared, turned out to be a *lady* of
 colour. It will not at all do here to talk of
 the lower classes;—"Send for that fellow!—
 Order such a woman to come here!" Lan-
 guage of that kind will not be tolerated by
 any part of the community in this country.
 The feeling of self-respect exists here almost
 universally.

Soap and candles are very generally manu-
 factured at home. Wax candles are much
 used, even in ordinary boarding-houses, and
 said to be almost as cheap. Much use is
 made in washing of water run off wood-ashes.
 When tallow candles are not made at home,
 it is usual to exchange the wood ashes, and
 the fat offals from meat used in the family,
 for soap and candles, with the manufacturer,
 for sale.

Prices of Labour.

It is difficult to give any precise informa-
 tion as to the wages of labour. A hired ser-
 vant gets from ten to twelve dollars a month
 besides his board, which he very frequently
 has at table with his master, consisting of
 animal food three times a-day. Labourers
 hired by the day for those sorts of farm work
 in which women are employed in Britain,
 such as hoeing, assisting in cleaning grain,
 and even milking of cows, get about three
 quarters of a dollar per day,—in time of hay-
 making or harvest-work, frequently a dollar
 besides their board. The workmen work, or
 are said to work, from daylight to sunset;
 but I doubt, from any thing I have seen,
 whether the ordinary plan of keeping work-
 men employed for ten hours a-day be not as
 profitable for the employer as well as the
 workman. The days are never so long in
 summer, nor so short in winter, as in Brit-
 tain. The sun rises on 21st June about
 half-past four, and sets at half-past seven; on
 21st December rises at half-past seven, and
 sets at half-past four.

Culture of Silk.

After crossing the Hudson in a horse
 ferry-boat, we passed at a little distance
 Greenbush, where barracks were formerly
 erected for the soldiery, attached to which is
 a considerable tract of land, consisting of
 between 200 and 300 acres, peculiarly adapt-
 ed to the culture of the mulberry, and
 which is now very properly about to be ap-
 propriated by the general congress to that
 purpose. It has been well ascertained that
 the soil and climate of the United States are
 suitable for the culture of silk; in particular,
 by means of pretty extensive trials success-
 fully made in Virginia and Georgia, and as
 far north as Connecticut. The mulberry has
 been proved to thrive well, even at Burling-

ton, in the State of Vermont, and in the 45th degree of north latitude. What should recommend the culture of silk, wherever practicable, is, that it is added to the ordinary and accustomed productions without essentially diminishing any of them, and that it gives employment to old men, women, and children, incapable of the severe labour of the field. The mulberry beautifies and embellishes the country, being a fine tree for shade. One acre of full-grown mulberry trees will, according to the present prices, produce, as it is estimated, 200 dollars worth of silk; but it would require ten acres of the best land to produce the same value of wheat in this part of the United States. Neither is there any comparison in the quantity and quality of the labour required. The most robust are necessarily employed for the production of wheat; but women and children are competent to the manufacture of silk. The general government are, therefore, acting most wisely in encouraging its production; more especially as the annual value of the silks, even now imported into the United States, exceeds six millions of dollars. It is not consistent with the enterprising character of this people that they have hitherto so little attended to the silk trade. The mulberry thrives equally well in those states as in France and Italy, in which, ever since the introduction of silk worms from India in 1455, the culture of silk has been an important branch of industry. The growth of silk was in these countries promoted, not only in consequence of premiums offered for its cultivation, but of various laws which were passed with that view, until at length the Europeans became successful competitors in this manufacture with the Chinese and the people of the East Indies. It has now been completely ascertained by a report in Congress, founded on correct information, that the American silk is superior in quality to that produced in any other country. In France and Italy, twelve pounds of cocoons are required to produce one pound of raw silk: whilst eight pounds of American cocoons will produce one pound. The market for silk has always been a ready one. Even France, which produces much silk, pays annually more than twenty millions of dollars for imported silk. England pays a large sum; and the United States pay above seven millions of dollars.

Hotels.

The hotels at the New Lebanon springs are upon a great scale, one of them affording accommodation for about 300 people. We lodged at one of the minor houses, which was recommended by the driver, and had every reason to be satisfied, as the landlord and landlady, both Americans, were at great pains to make our rooms warm and comfortable in a very stormy night. From New

Lebanon, we passed through a very hilly country to Pittsfield, a clean-looking village, where the meetings of the Berkshire agricultural society, incorporated by the legislature of Vermont, are held, and reached Peru, a small village, where we spent the night in a very good country hotel. The hotels on this road seemed to us faultless. We were not shown into a parlour in any of the stage-houses where we stopped, in which there was not a very tolerable library in history, philosophy, religion, and novels. Paley, Rollin, Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Robertson, and Cooper, are almost always on the shelves of a book-case, and there is a piano in the room much oftener than in Britain.

Boston.

The situation of Boston is very remarkable, placed on a small peninsula in the inmost part of the great Bay of Massachusetts, about eight or ten miles from the ocean.—In this bay there are about 100 islands, many of them of a very picturesque appearance; some of them strongly fortified. The peninsula, on which the city is built, is between two and three miles long, and a mile broad, joined to the continent by a narrow isthmus, or neck of land, which has been formerly overflowed by the tide. The name of the city was given to it by Mr. Cotton, its first minister, who came from Boston in England. Two of its suburbs South Boston and Charlestown, are also placed on peninsulas; and there are no less than six great wooden bridges of considerable length, one of them nearly two miles long, to connect the city with the suburbs and adjoining continent.

The streets of Boston are generally narrow; but many of the private houses in the best streets, and many of the churches, are handsome and massive, built of a light grey granite; and, upon the whole, there is no feeling of disappointment on a near inspection of the whole town. The market-place which has been lately erected, is a very well-managed building, by far the best of that description in the United States. Indeed, I am not sure whether, in reference to the respective populations of the cities, it be at all inferior to the market place at Liverpool. Boston is distinguished from all the other American cities by its pleasure grounds, called the Common, consisting of seventy-five acres in the heart of the city. It is well laid out, and contains many fine trees; and, being reserved for public purposes, tends greatly to the comfort and health of the inhabitants. The State-House, and the handsome houses in the city, surround it on three sides.

There is more wealth, in proportion to the population, in Boston than in any of the other cities of this continent. There are at Boston about 100 distinct lines of stages; a greater number than in any other part of the United

States,—owing to the natural facilities for steam travelling being fewer here than elsewhere. The stage-register, which is quite a volume, is published every two months.

The city is clean and well paved, and seems to be not only entirely free of beggars, but of any population that is not apparently living comfortably. I did not observe a single individual in the streets of the city who was not well apparelled, nor an individual of what we call the lower orders. Even at New York, during the few days I was there, I observed some small districts of the city where cleanliness was less attended to than in others, and where there were indications, especially among the coloured people, that dissolute habits prevailed in some degree: but at Boston there is not the semblance of idleness or filth among the people any where. All are, or seem to be, in the full enjoyment of the necessities of life, and all busy, active, and employed. What a contrast in these respects between this city and the city of Dublin, which in the month of July 1827, I saw crowded with beggars almost naked, even in the heart of it; and on the arrival of a mail coach in Sackville-street, scrambling for the few halfpence which the passengers threw among them.

The population of Boston is now reckoned at nearly 70,000. Until the period of the revolution it contained as many inhabitants as any other of the American cities; but now not only New York and Philadelphia are nearly three times as large as Boston, but Baltimore, altogether created since the revolution, surpasses Boston in population. This is to be chiefly attributed, as I understand, to the superiority of internal communication enjoyed by those cities over Boston. Still the population of Boston, when joined to that of its suburbs and the neighbouring villages, is very great. The population of the State of Massachusetts is rapidly increasing: and the quantity of shipping at Boston is greater than that of any of the American sea-ports except New York.

The peninsula, on which Boston is situated being almost altogether covered with houses, excepting the common reserved for the recreation of the inhabitants, the value of real property, and sites for houses is of course great. I was told that the house, and bit of garden ground in the centre, and best situation of the city, consisting of an acre or an acre and a-half of ground, and belonging to Mr. Green, a banker, married to a sister of Lord Lyndhurst, were worth 200,000 dollars.

Retrospective Cleanings.

IDLENESS.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—"The idle man is the barrenest piece of earth in the orb. There

is no creature that hath life, but is busied in some action for the benefit of the restless world. Even the most venomous and ravenous that are, have their commodities as well as their annoyances: and they are ever engaged in some action, which both profiteth the world, and continues them in their natures' courses. Even the vegetables, wherein calm nature dwells, have their turns and times in fructifying: they leaf, they flower, they seed. Nay, some creatures quite inanimate are the most laborious in their motion. With what a cheerly face the golden sun chariots through the rounding sky! How perpetual is the maiden moon in her just and horned mutations! The fire, how restless in his quick and catching flames! In the air, what transitions! and how fluctuous are the salted waves! Nor is the teeming earth weary, after so many thousand years production. All which may tutor the couch-stretched man, and raise the modest red to shewing through his unwashed face. Idleness is the most corrupting fly, that can blow in any human mind. That ignorance is the most miserable which knows not what to do. The idle man is like the dumb jack in a virginal: while all the other dance out a winning music, this, like a member out of joint, sullen the whole body, with an ill disturbing laziness. It is action that does keep the soul both sweet and sound: while lying still does rot it to an ordured noisomeness. Augustine imputes Esau's loss of the blessing, partly to his slothfulness, that had rather receive meat, than seek it. Surely exercise is the fattening food of the soul, without which she grows lank, and thinly parted. It is true, men learn to do ill, by doing what is next to it, nothing. I believe Solomon meant the field of the sluggard as well for the emblem of the mind as the certain index of his outward state. As one is overgrown with thorns and briars, so is the other with vices and enormities. When one would brag the blessings of the Roman state, that since Carthage was razed, and Greece subjected, they might now be happy, as having nothing to fear: says the best Scipio, we now are most in danger, for while we want business, and have no foe to awe us, we are ready to drown in the mud of vice and slothfulness. How bright does the soul grow with use and negotiation! With what proportioned sweetness does that family flourish, where but one laborious guide steereth in an ordered course! When Cleanthes had labored, and got some coin, he shewed it his companions, and told them, that he then could, if he would, nourish another Cleanthes. Believe it, industry is never wholly unfruitful. If it bring not joy with the incoming profit, it will yet banish mischief from thy busied gates. There is a kind of good angel awaiting upon diligence, that ever carries a laurel in his hand, to crown

her. Fortune, they said of old, should not be pryed into, but with the hands in motion. The bosomed fist beckons the approach of poverty, and leaves beside, the noble head unguarded: but the lifted arm does frighten want, and is ever a shield to that noble director. How unworthy was that man of the world, that never did aught, but only lived and dyed. Though Epaminondas was severe, he was yet exemplary, when he found a soldier sleeping in his watch, and ran him through with his sword; as if he would bring the two brothers, death and sleep, to a meeting: and when he was blamed for that, as cruelty, he said, he did but leave him as he found him, dead. It is none of the meanest happiness, to have a mind that loves a virtuous exercise: it is daily rising to blessedness and contentation. They are idle divines, that are not heavened in their lives, above the unstudious man. Every one shall smell of that he is busied in: as those that stir among perfumes and spices, shall, when they are gone, have still a grateful odor with them; so they, that turn the leaves of the worthy writer, cannot but retain a smack of their long-lived author. They converse with virtue's soul, which he that writ, did spread upon his lasting paper. Every good line adds sinew to the virtuous mind: and withal heals that vice, which would be springing in it. That I have liberty to do any thing, I account it from the favoring heavens. That I have a mind sometimes inclining to use that liberty well, I think I may, without ostentation, be thankful for it as a bounty of the Deity. Sure, I should be miserable, if I did not love this business in my vacancy. I am glad of that leisure, which gives me leisure to employ myself." W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

Curious Grecian Relic.—Among the rare ancient inscriptions and Mosaics of the late Adam Clarke, L.L.D., F.R.S., &c., lately sold by Mr. Evans, Pall Mall, there was a very curious relic of Grecian antiquity, which was seen at Eleusis in the year 1676, by Spon and Wheeler, who have described it in the account of their travels. It is also described by Meursius in his tract de Pagis Atticus, at the conclusion of his Theseus. It is supposed to have been brought into this country by Wheeler; it afterwards passed into the collection of the celebrated antiquary, J. Kempe. From the intermixture of Greek and Roman names, Porson was of opinion that this Elusian stone was erected posterior to the subjugation of Greece by the Romans. Dr. Adam Clarke supposed the inscription to have been executed during the reign of Claudius, and consequently in the first century of the Christian era. Dr. Chandler, about one hundred years after the time of Wheeler,

could not meet with it, though he made diligent search after it. By some accident or other, it fell into the hands of a person, who, ignorant of its value as a relic of Grecian antiquity, put it down in the back kitchen of a house in North-green, Worship-street, London, where it long served the purpose of a paving-stone and chopping-block; and in the year 1807 it was discovered and rescued from its forlorn condition. Dr. Adam Clarke published a *fac simile* of it in 1808.—P.T.W.

Fraternal Generosity.—Bishop Burnet, in his Life of Sir Mathew Hale, relates the following anecdote of the celebrated lawyer Sergeant Glanvill, from whom Hale derived great assistance in his professional studies: "Glanvill's father had a fair estate, which he intended to settle on his elder brother; but he being a vicious young man, and there appearing no hopes of his recovery, he settled it on him that was his second son. Upon his death, his eldest son, finding that what he had before looked upon as the threatenings of an angry father, was now but too certain, became melancholy; and that by degrees wrought so great a change on him, that what his father could not prevail in while he lived, was now effected by the severity of his last will, so that it was now too late for him to change in hopes of an estate that was gone from him. But his brother, observing the reality of the change, resolved within himself what to do; so he called him, with many of his friends, together to a feast; and after other dishes had been served up to the dinner, he ordered one that was covered to be set before his brother, and desired him to uncover it; which he doing, the company was surprised to find it full of writings. So he told them that he was now to do what he was sure his father would have done if he had lived to see that happy change which they now all saw in his brother, and therefore he freely restored to him the whole estate." W. L. D.

Ephesus.—The following description of Ephesus is given by a recent traveller in Greece:—"A more thorough change can scarcely be conceived than that which has actually occurred at Ephesus. Once the seat of active commerce, the very sea has shrunk from its solitary shores; its streets, once populous with the devotees of Diana, are now ploughed over by the Ottoman serf, or browsed by the sheep of the peasant. It was early the stronghold of Christianity, and stands at the head of the apostolic churches of Asia. It was there that, as St. Paul says, the word of God grew mightily and prevailed. Not a single Christian now dwells within it. Its mouldering ashes and dilapidated walls merely whisper the tale of its glory; and it requires the acumen of the geographer, and the active scrutiny of the exploring traveller,

to form a probable conjecture as to the very site of the 'first wonder of the world;'—nothing remains unaltered save the 'eternal hills,' and the mazy Cayster, the stream of which rolls on changeless and the same."

W. G. C.

Autograph Letters.—In the recent sale of the autographs of John Anderdon, Esq., the following valuable literary relics were included:—The noble and spirited letter of Luther to Charles V. brought 29*l.*: it was purchased by Longman and Co. Some letters of the Duke of Marlborough were bought by Thorpe for 55 guineas. An undoubted original letter of Milton to his friend Diodati, sold for 14*l.*; and several interesting letters produced 14*l.* likewise. An autograph of Ariosto was knocked down for 8 guineas. A letter, accompanied by a beautiful original architectural drawing, by Michael Angelo, was bought by Thorpe, for 19*l.* A letter of Lord Byron, originally addressed to Mr. Murray, in which the noble poet says of his infant daughter, "Ada, all but her mouth, is the picture of her mother, and I am glad of it," was very properly again secured by Mr. Murray, (out of whose possession it had most unaccountably escaped,) for 10*l.* 15*s.*: it will be added to the current edition of Lord Byron's works. The Duke of Bedford most wisely secured the autograph copy of Mr. Fox's celebrated speech on moving for a new writ for Tavistock, when the late Duke Francis died; the price 25 guineas. The Galerie Historique brought 76 guineas. The three days' sale produced nearly 1,500*l.*—*Times*.

Ancient Coronation Ceremony.—At the ancient coronation of a king of Scotland, tradition says, "Every man who assisted at that ceremony brought so much earth in his boots, that every man might see the king crowned standing on his own land." The spot where the kings were usually crowned is vulgarly called Boot-hill.

P. T. W.

Holbein.—A nobleman of the first quality came one day to see Holbein, when he was drawing a figure after the life. Holbein begged his lordship to defer the honour of his visit to another day; which this nobleman taking as an affront, broke open the door, and very rudely went up stairs. Holbein hearing a noise, came out of his chamber, and meeting his lordship at the door, fell into a violent passion, and pushed him backwards from the top of the stairs to the bottom. However, reflecting immediately on what he had done, he made the best of his way to the king. The nobleman, who was much hurt, though not so much as he pretended, was there soon after him; and upon stating his complaint, the king ordered Holbein to ask pardon for his offence. This, however, only irritated the nobleman the more, who would be satisfied with nothing

less than his life; upon which the king firmly replied, "My lord, you have not now to do with Holbein, but with me; whatever punishment you may contrive by way of revenge against him, shall assuredly be inflicted upon yourself. Remember, pray, my lord, that I can, whenever I please, make seven lords of seven ploughmen, but I cannot make one Holbein of even seven lords."—G. K.

Flattery.—A lady of high ton, complimented Frederick the Great so extravagantly, that he was rather distressed at it, saying, "That he was covered with glory, was the paragon of Europe, and in short the greatest monarch and man on earth." "Madam," replied the king, "you are as handsome as an angel, witty, elegant, and agreeable, in short, you possess all the amiable qualities: *but you paint.*"

Contentment.—Malherbe dined one day with the bishop of Rouen who was a dull preacher;—dinner was scarce over before the poet fell asleep, but was awaked by the prelate, and asked to go with him to church where he was to preach; he begged to be excused, saying, "He could sleep very well where he was."

True Nobility.—Lord Melcombe, when his name was Bubb, was appointed ambassador to Spain. Lord Chesterfield told him it would not do, as the Spaniards cannot suppose a man to possess any dignity whose name is a monosyllable—"You must make an addition to it—I can help you to one, suppose you make it *Silly Bubb*."

Familiarity and Reserve.—Curran once observing a very pompous and solemn blockhead, who endeavoured, with a most ludicrous gravity, to conceal his insignificance, suddenly stopped short—"Observe that fellow," said he, "if you dined and breakfasted with him for a hundred years, you could not be intimate with him.—By heavens he wouldn't even be seen to smile, lest the world should think he was *too familiar with himself*."

Calamities of Authorship.—There are three difficulties in authorship; to write any thing worth the publishing—to find honest men to publish it—and to get sensible men to read it. Literature has now become a game; in which the booksellers are the kings; the critics, the knaves; the public, the pack; and the poor author, the mere table, or *thing played upon*.—*Lacon*.

The only Truth.—A buffoon once boasted that in all his life he never spoke truth. "Except," replied another, "*at this present moment.*"

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FURNESS ABBEY, LANCASHIRE.

FURNESS is the name given to that irregularly shaped district of Lancashire, which is separated from the rest of the county by the interposition of an arm of the Irish Sea, which laves the western borders of the main county. The scenery partakes of the romantic character of the adjoining northern counties. It is a wild and rugged region, stored with iron ore and slate, and covered with a growth of underwood, which is cut down in succession, and made into charcoal, for the use of the iron furnaces. Near the sea, and in the vicinity of the above ruins, the land is moderately fertile. The estuary which separates this portion from the rest of Lancashire is continually crossed by horses and carriages at low water. In this detached district, about seven centuries since, was built the Abbey of Furness: in subsequent ages it rose high in rank and power; and the ruins of its architectural splendour are to this day entitled to the first place among the relics of antiquity in the county.

The abbey owes its origin to King Stephen, who founded it whilst Earl of Montaign and Bulloign, in 1127, and endowed it with rich domains; the foundation being afterwards confirmed and secured by the charters of twelve successive monarchs, and the bulls of divers popes. The abbot of Furness was invested with extraordinary privileges, and exercised jurisdiction over the whole district; even the military were, in some degree, de-

pendent upon him. A singular custom prevailed in this abbey, distinct from every other of the same order—which was that of registering the names of such of their abbots only as, after presiding ten years, continued and died abbots there; this register was called the Abbots' Mortuary: such of the abbots as died before the expiration of the term of ten years, or were after it translated or deposed, were not entered in this book. Thus, in the space of 277 years, the names of only ten abbots were recorded, though, according to some authors, the real number was thirty-two, or more; but, though many of them, for the reason abovenamed, were omitted in the register, they received, in other respects, the honour due to their rank.

The situation of the abbey being formidable by nature, gave something of a warlike consequence to the monks: they erected a watch-tower on the summit of a commanding hill, which commences its rise near the walls of the monastery, overlooking all Low Furness, and the arm of the sea immediately beneath it: thus, they were enabled to prevent surprise by alarming the adjacent coast with signals on the approach of an enemy. The abbey was dedicated to St. Mary, and received its monks from the monastery of Savigny, in Normandy, who, for some time, conformed to the regulations of their order, wearing the habit of gray; but, embracing St. Bernard's rigid rules, they changed their habit, and

became Cistercians: thus they continued till the final dissolution of the monastery.

The entrance to these romantic ruins is through a light pointed arch, festooned with ivy hanging gracefully down its crumbling sides: hence the path, spread with fragments of desolation, which are intermingled with richly-tinted foliage, leads through ruinous isles and cloisters, while the sounds of a gurgling brook, hard by, contribute to lull the mind into solemn contemplation:

Amid yon leafy elm no turtle wails;
No early minstrels wake the winding vales;
No choral anthem floats the lawn along;
For sunk in slumber lie the hermit throng.
There each alike, the long, the lately dead,
The monk, the swain, the minstrel, make their bed;
While o'er the graves, and from the rifts on high,
The chattering daw, the hoarser raven cry.

On approaching the ruin, the first object that attracts attention is the great window in the north transept: it was formerly enriched with handsome stone mullions. Beneath this window, considerably on one side, is the principal entrance, which is worthy of remark, as there appears nothing to prevent its being placed in the middle. A still greater inconsistency is seen in the pillars that once supported the lantern: three of them are composed of fine clustered shafts, the fourth is square and plain. The east window was filled with painted glass, which has been removed, and preserved in the east window of Bowless Church, in Westmoreland. The design represents the Crucifixion, with St. George on one side, and the Virgin Mary on the other; beneath are figures of a knight and his lady kneeling, surrounded by monks; at the top are the arms of England, quartered with those of France. The chapter-house was a fine, rectangular apartment, the roof being supported by two rows of pillars; a few years since it fell to the ground. In the south wall of the chancel are four canopied stalls, supposed to be for the priests during the service of mass: in the middle space were interred the first barons of Kendal, and some mutilated effigies were a few years since to be traced, nearly overgrown with weeds. Connected with the south-boundary wall is a building roofed with a groined arch, the only one remaining entire: this is called the school-house. Towards the west-end of the church are two prodigious masses of stone-work;—these were the sides of a vast tower, which, by its fall, choked up the intermediate space with an immense heap of rubbish, now covered with earth and overgrown with grass. Along the nave of the church are the bases of circular pillars, which were of ponderous size; in other parts are seen the remains of clustered columns. The Norman circular arch, and the elegant pointed one, are equally conspicuous throughout the building, forming an interesting combination of strength and beauty: the whole exhibits an impressive

picture of venerable decay, and a last sad scene of fallen greatness, with its mouldering ruins dismantled, shattered, and spread abroad by the desolating hand of time.

The dimensions of the principal parts of the abbey will give the reader an idea of its importance; they were as follow: the length of the interior of the church, from east to west, 287 feet 5 in.; thickness of the wall at the east end, 4 ft. 10 in.; at the west end, 10 ft.; width of the interior of the choir, 28 ft.; and of the nave, 70 ft.; height of the side walls, 54 ft.; interior length of the transept, 130 ft.; width, 18 ft. 6 in. The chapter-house was 60 ft. long, 45 ft. 6 in. wide, and the thickness of the walls 3 ft. 6 in. The cloisters were 31 ft. 6 in. wide, forming a quadrangle of 334 ft. 6 in. by 102 ft. 6 in. The church and cloisters were encompassed with a wall, which commenced at the east side of the great door; and a space of ground containing 65 acres was surrounded by another wall which inclosed the abbey mills, together with the kilns and ovens, and stews for receiving fish.

This abbey had nine other dependents on it. At the Dissolution, its revenues, according to Dugdale, were valued at 805*l.* 16*s.*; according to Speed, at 966*l.* 7*s.*; but, as early as the reign of King Edward I. the rents were, as stated in a manuscript in the Manchester library, 1,599*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.* The abbey was surrendered by Roger Pyle, the then abbot, 28 Henry VIII., who, for his compliance, received the rectory of Dalton; and the monks, to the number of twenty-nine, had among them a grant equal to 300*l.* *per annum*. The dissolution of the abbey greatly affected both the civil and domestic state of Low Furness, which for several centuries had been improving in consequence. The large demand for provisions of all kinds occasioned by abundant hospitality, and the frequent concourse of company resorting to the abbey, dropped at once; the boons and rents were no longer paid in kind, and agriculture became proportionally depressed.

The Abbey of Furness must, in its pristine perfection, have been one of the most extensive and important monastic establishments in the kingdom; although much of this completeness must be referred to a period subsequent to the foundation of the building, and to the accumulating wealth and power of successive abbots. Altogether, it accords with the received definition of the Abbey, which "properly means a series of buildings adapted for the accommodation and religious ceremonies of a fraternity of persons subject to the government of an abbot or abbess."

The annexed Engraving, and the substance of its architectural details, have been derived from the *Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet*, vol. i.

Manners and Customs.

THE BRAHMINS.

THE origin of the institution of castes was probably the same every where. From the Druids of Britain to the Priests of the Sun in Peru, the sacerdotal class appears in the rude ages of society, to have undertaken exclusively the task of legislation. In India the fact is strikingly evident: extraordinary provisions are made by the Indian legislature for the advantage, honour, and glory, of the priests or philosophers, who are called Brahmins, from their god Brahma, to whose worship they devote themselves from their infancy. Their history is extremely curious.

Parents are accustomed to nominate their offspring for a Brahmin before the birth of the child. Four months after conception, a burnt sacrifice is offered; and other ceremonies performed, which consist in the worship of certain gods. In two or three months more, the following scene takes place. The husband, sitting before the house, offers a burnt sacrifice, and presents offerings to the manes; while the wife, after anointing herself with turmeric, plaiting her hair, having her nails cut, and the sides of her feet painted, bathes and clothes herself in new apparel. Being seated on wooden seats, previously painted by the female guests, the husband, under the direction of a Brahmin, repeats a number of incantations; while water, clarified butter, &c. are offered before the shalogramoo. A curtain is then hung before the wedded pair, behind which the husband feeds his wife with milk and vutu sprouts, praying the meanwhile. When the curtain is removed, he repeats new prayers, accompanying them with the imposition of his right hand on various parts of her body; and the ceremony is concluded by his being led into the house by a female guest, pouring out water from a jug as she walks: his wife follows, and the officiating Brahmin receives his fee.

When the child makes its appearance, a burnt sacrifice is offered, and prayers are repeated for the newly-born. On the tenth or eleventh day, when the name is given, burnt offerings, and offerings to the manes, are presented; and the husband sitting by the side of his wife, who holds the child in her arms, prays after the priest, and mentions the baptismal name. When six months old, a ceremony of nearly the same kind distinguishes the period of first feeding with rice. The hands and mouth of the child are afterwards washed, a turban placed on its head, and before retiring, the company make presents of money.

At two years of age, after offerings to the manes, the barber shaves its head, cuts its nails, and bores its ears. The child is then rubbed with turmeric and oil, bathed and

dressed, and brought to the altar, where a burnt sacrifice is offered.

At eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, or fifteen years, the most important ceremony of the whole, and to which the others may be considered only as preparatory, takes place. This is the investiture with the poita. The lad is anointed with turmeric five days before, and each day feasted at the house of some friend. The day before the investiture, the female inhabitants of the village are invited by the parents to a feast, where female barbers pare their nails and paint the sides of their feet red. Their bodies are anointed, their foreheads painted, oil rubbed into their hair, and presents made to them of betel, perfumes, turmeric, oil, and sometimes when the parties are rich, of pieces of cloth. In the evening, the Brahmins of the neighbourhood assemble, and the master of the feast presents them with betel, adorns their foreheads with red paint, and decorates them with garlands of flowers. Early next morning the females of the family parade through the village, and at a late hour partake with the boy, of some curds, sweetmeats, plantains, &c., mixed together. About six o'clock the whole family bathe, and on the arrival of the priest, the music strikes up. The ceremony of investment then takes place under an awning before the house, supported by plantain trees and hung with branches of the mango. The priest presents offerings to the manes, for the father; and the latter repeating certain formulae, takes each of them up and touches with them the shalogramoo, the earth, and his son's forehead. The boy then having his head shaved, and being anointed, bathed, and dressed in new garments, the priest offers a burnt sacrifice, and worships the shalogramoo, repeating a number of prayers. The boy's garments are then changed from white to red and a cloth is drawn over his head, that no Sudra* may see his face. A poita† of three threads is suspended upon the boy's left shoulder, and after some incantation, the father, speaking in a low tone of voice, lest any Sudra should hear, says to his son, "Let us meditate on the adorable light of the divine ruler: may it guide our intellects!" The first poita is then taken off, and the boy is invested in form with the real poita, consisting of six or more threads of cotton, prepared by the wives or daughters of Brahmins. Shoes are now put upon his feet, and an umbrella in his hand; a staff rests upon his shoulder, and an alms-pouch hangs by his side. Thus privileged and equipped as a brahmachari,‡ he commences his profession of beggary and imposture, by

* An inferior labourer or artificer: it is the lowest grade of the four original castes.

† From oopu and veetai, pure.

‡ From Brahma, and chur, to move. A pilgrim of Brahma.

asking alms of his parents and the company, and declaring he will leave his home, and seek a subsistence by begging. The relations, however, seizing him by the arm, prevail upon him to embrace a secular life. He goes into the house, a female pouring out water before him as he walks, and the ceremony ends by his partaking of the rice which had been offered in the burnt sacrifice. For twelve days after the investiture, all the austerities of the mendicant life must be observed; but at the end of this period, the boy throws his pilgrim's staff into the Ganges, and becomes a secular Brahmin.

A living deity is thus added to the thirty-three millions of Hindoo mythology; for the succession of Brahmins, is, according to the Laws of Menu,* a perpetual incarnation of Dharma, the god of justice. The race sprang originally from the mouth of Brahma, that by their holy rites and offerings they might effect the salvation of the world. They are the most excellent of created beings, the chief of mankind, the guardians of the faith and conduct of the world. To them belongs the whole universe, by the ancient and legitimate rights of primogeniture and nobility. Their power is almost illimitable, extending in some cases even over the gods themselves. They once created, says the Mahabharata, a new Indra, the king of heaven. A Brahmin also lectured Brahma and Siva with much unction, and struck Vishnu with his foot. Another reduced to ashes, by his curse, the sixty thousand sons of king Sagara, and another swallowed the sea, with all its contents. These, with many stories of the kind are to be found in the most popular Hindoo books.

Such is the progress of one of the multifarious objects of Hindoo superstition, that, like a mighty incubus, presses on the moral and intellectual energies of a hundred millions of human beings. It is not necessary here to trace its baneful influence; we speak

* Menu, Menou, Manou, Munoo, otherwise Swayambhooava, is said in the pooranas to be the son of Brahma, and one of the progenitors of mankind. He is identified with Noah by Sir William Jones. He was saved, according to Hindoo writers, from the universal deluge in a Bahitra, or Yanapatra, (*paltra*, a vase; *yasa*, a swimming object.) It is curious that many ancient nations designate their founder, or at least one of their early and celebrated kings, by names which are apparently nothing more than modifications of the above. The Phrygians, says Plutarch, called great actions *manic*, from Manis, the name of a powerful and virtuous king. The founder and first king of Egypt is supposed to be Menes, who built Memphis, and changed the course of the Nile near that city. By Manethon, he is called Menes Thinites; by Herodotus, Men; by Diodorus Siculus Menas; and by Josephus, Menaïos. Tacitus states, that Mannus was the founder of the German nation, and Signor de la Vega, says that Manco Capac was the first legislator of Peru. This personage, who appears to have possessed the power of ubiquity, was also called Mencheres, from cheres, the sun. He is still called by the Hindoos the son of the Sun, and by this title, the Pagans understood Noah, the first god who rose in their horizon after the deluge.

only of its prevalence, which, independent of the descendants of the Mahomedan conquerors, extends, according to Hamilton, over the inhabitants of one million two hundred and eighty thousand square miles, of the finest portion of Asia. W. G. C.

New Books.

THE CHAMELEON.

[We conclude our extracts from this amusing volume:—]

Traditions of Rob Roy.

Rob's gigantic strength, dauntless bravery, and the skill with which he had learned to handle the national weapons—gun, dirk, and broadsword, enabled him to make these terrible when he pleased. But he seems to have had some gentle feelings still left within him, and is hardly ever known to have let an opportunity slip of doing a benevolent action, when the oppressed required his assistance, and, to afford it, called forth the exercise of his peculiar powers. Numerous enough, if not very rigidly authenticated, were the instances of this, which my garrulous and inexhaustible friends adduced. Among these, the following told prettily enough for his generosity, and—what they dwell upon with far more pride,—his strength. Near the borders of England, on one occasion, during the religious persecutions of Charles the Second's time,—regarding which the apathy or absolute ignorance of the *Highlanders* of Scotland, presents a singular contrast to the deep and fervent enthusiasm of abhorrence and of triumph with which they are still spoken of by the peasantry of the low country—he observed a detachment of military, executing with brutal violence the arbitrary mandate of the subaltern, whom tyranny had gifted with power over life and death. The ordeal of water has been one which the martyrs of all early ages, and all faiths, have been doomed to suffer. On this occasion, Rob's prowess, if I can trust my informants, or rather the voice of tradition, made that element the grave of more of the persecutors than I choose to commit my veracity by naming.

In another contest with the *sidiere roy*, or red soldiers, he was no less successful in saving life on the one hand, though at the expense of sacrificing it on the other. The discontented chiefs of the west had signed a bond, at one of the meetings they held, under pretence of assembling to hunt, the object of which was to secure their fidelity to each other in the attempts they projected for restoring the dynasty of the Stuarts. One of their number who had been excluded, or sent to Coventry, as we should now say, obtained possession of this deed, and after holding it *in terrorem* over the subscribers for a time, sought at once to gratify his re-

venge, and make his peace with the reigning family, by forwarding the document to government, under the care of a well armed escort. Rob heard of the project—waylaid the detachment—politely requested the delivery of the papers, which were, after a skirmish and a death or two, as courteously given up;—and the officer in command, and the fearless Outlaw—for by this time such he was, by name—personally, as well as patronymically,—bade each other a very good morning!

Amid these vicissitudes, but at length in a state of quiet, Rob felt old age creeping apace upon him, and, with it, bringing diminished vigour at least, if not a broken spirit, that still, however, prompted towards attempts to which the relics of youthful strength were not able to secure success. Having met with the laird of Boquhan on some merry occasion, the two sat up a whole night drinking in a paltry inn at Arnprior, in Perthshire; but towards morning they quarreled, the influence of the native beverage of their country having overpowered their reason. Boquhan had no sword with him, but he found an old rapier in a corner, and they fought. M'Gregor, from age and considerable inebriety, was then unfit for the combat, and, dropping his weapon, he made his peace with his adversary, and they continued drinking together during the following day. On a trial of strength also with Stewart of Ardsheal, at a later period, he was worsted; and he then threw down his claymore, and vowed that he would never take it up again, for by this time his sight was greatly impaired.

I was assured, that when nearly exhausted, and worn out by the laborious vicissitudes of his restless life, and confined to bed in a state approaching to dissolution, a person with whom in former times he had a dispute called upon him, and wished to see him. "Raise me up," said he to his attendants with Roman fortitude, "dress me in my best clothes, bind on my arms, and place me in my great chair: that fellow shall never see me on a death-bed." With these requests they complied, and he received his visitor with cold civility. When the stranger had taken his leave, Rob Roy exclaimed, "It is all over now; put me to bed. Call in the piper. Let him play 'Cha teill mi tuille,* as long as I breathe." He was faithfully obeyed;—and thus he calmly met his death at the farm of Inverlochlarigbeg, among the Braes of Balquidder, in 1736.

While the closing scene of their clansman's life was dwelt upon with an emotion of tenderness by the old men, who, themselves, experiencing the ravages of time, could not but have a sympathy for the weakness with which these infect the most stalwart and brave—(and that such they felt, the moisture glittering in their rheumy eyes evinced)—

* I will never return.

they, however, could not altogether conceal the sort of undefined satisfaction with which they told that, at this very time when inability for strife made the father *per force* peaceable, the sons were "out upon the hill,"—in other words, leading a roving and little better than a predatory life, with companions not much removed from banditti, and, if they had other excitement than the love of warfare and its plunder, with motives scarcely elevated above a sort of treason. A very decent man, of the name of M'Laren, and related to the family who had succeeded to the lease of the farm, which the widow of Rob was unable, and these sons unwilling to manage, was savagely shot, when engaged in peaceful and useful labour, between the stils of his plough, by the youngest of them, then a boy not yet of the years of puberty. The young ruffian fled to France, where he remained till, a man and a rebel, he returned ten years after with the followers of the Young Chevalier. Two of his brothers were, in the meanwhile, tried as accessories in the crime, and acquitted. Robert, the murderer, afterwards joined the successful party, and served King George for sometime, under the command of Argyle, his father's old protector. On retiring from military life, he did not, however, cease to be a desperado. The fortune of a Miss Kay, the heiress of an estate called Edinbelly, attracted his notice, and, with the assistance of his brothers, he forcibly seized upon her, and she was compelled to marry him; however, the old man asserted, he treated her "very gently." At all events, she became content to live with him as his wife, on the very farm where he had shot her relative; but this was only for a short period, for she soon died, and justice, with a long and not very graceful stride, overtook him three years after her decease. In those days the means were not very nicely cared for, if the state thought that the end was good, so Rob the second was illegally punished for an unlawful act. "When he was on his trial," said Angus, "my lord asked at him, when the jury were switherin to bring him in guilty, 'd'ye min' M'Laren killed in the furrow, Rob?'—and every body saw that his doom was fixed. They hanged him; and I have spoken wi' mony that saw his corpse when it came hame in a cart to be buried beside his father." This was in 1754.

Another of the sons, James, was seized in arms when following the Pretender, imprisoned in Edinburgh jail, and would certainly have suffered, but for the affectionate devotion and address of his daughter, who, disguised as a cobbler, introduced herself into the prison, and, exchanging clothes with the prisoner, he escaped and fled to France. There he remained for many years in a state of poverty, which could not, however, shake his fidelity to the chief of his clan, though he

was not unwilling to purchase his pardon at home, by endeavouring to secure the person of a murderer,—another Stewart of Ardsheal than the one with whom his father had fought,—who was a fellow exile. Many of the letters he wrote from France are still preserved by different gentlemen of his name throughout the Highlands. From what I could gather of their tenor from my now almost exhausted guests, they must, indeed, afford singular instances of the degree of fond devotion, nay, almost unmanly prostration, which the system of clanship often gave opportunities of exhibiting on the part of men, stubborn, stern, and untractable to all other ties and affections. He died in Paris.

With the last of Rob's sons, and M'Gregor of Glengyle, called *Ghluu Dhu* or Black Knee—a nephew of the hero's, the name of M'Gregor almost ceased to be known as that of any man of influence in the whole district which had once been called their "country." Balquidder passed into alien hands; but has not continued in their possession, though it is feared, if I rightly translate the old miller's winks and shrugs, that it will again become the property of some one, without the magic name, even although it was the proud triumph of the father of the present gallant landlord to redeem the rude hills of his forefathers with gold, won in eastern climes, and to add "of Balquidder" again as an appendage to the name of "M'Gregor." It was, I found, this restorer of the honours of the long injured and almost forgotten clan, who had, with a feeling for which I believe he hardly got credit when alive, built, as a family mausoleum, amid the wilds and solitudes of his native glen, the little gothic edifice which I deemed a chapel and fancied of much more remote origin. He sleeps there.

[We need not repeat our commendation of this attractive miscellany.]

STUART'S NORTH AMERICA.

(Concluded from page 142.)

Itinerant Lecturer.

[The anxiety for acquiring useful knowledge, observable among *all classes* of the Americans, is one of the most promising features of transatlantic character. Mr. Stuart relates the following illustrative anecdote.]

While we were at New Rochelle, Mr. Dennys, an itinerant lecturer on astronomy and the popular branches of natural philosophy, became an inmate of the house. He issued a prospectus for a course of lectures; and the charge not being great, one shilling sterling per lecture, we procured tickets. We told Hannah, on the first evening of the course, not to prepare tea for us until we returned from lecture. The lecture-room was, we found, tolerably well filled; and Mr. Dennys explained his subject with very toler-

able clearness. He very properly abstained from all attempts to illustrate those parts of his subject which the great majority of his audience, composed of boys at the academies, and females, could not have comprehended. When we returned from the first lecture, we found that tea, which we had desired to be delayed till our return, was not prepared; but in a very short time Hannah, in her holiday dress, appeared, expressing her regret that we should have had to wait a little while for her; but she had been attending lecture, Mr. Dennys having made her a present of tickets for the course, and her mistress having allowed her to attend. Many of the people came two or three miles in their wagons or carriages to attend these lectures; and I really believe, from what I heard, that there were few people in the village who had not attended a course of these lectures at some time or other, and who were not tolerably well acquainted with the history of the solar system. Mr. Dennys travels with his wife in his own carriage, conveying his oratory of his own construction, his magic lantern, &c.

Hannah at one time left us for a few days to see her relations in the neighbouring state. When she was equipped for her journey, she opened our door before stepping into the stage, to say, "Good bye, good bye,—I'll have you both in my mind till I return." When she came back, she took my wife in her arms and kissed her, saying, "I can't help kissing you, for I am so happy to see you again." A fact like this proves, to a certain extent, the equality of footing that prevails; but I do not mean to infer that a servant would generally consider herself as on so familiar a footing.

A strange incident, as it appeared to us, happened at the beginning of one of Mr. Dennys' lectures. A man of colour, perfectly well apparelled, entered the room, and was coming forward with a view to hear the lecture, which had commenced. Mr. Dennys addressing him, told him to go out, saying, "we want no people of colour here; they are very well in their own way, but we don't mean to make them astronomers." The poor fellow was obliged to comply. After the lecture, I ventured to remonstrate with Mr. Dennys upon the gross impropriety of his conduct; but his answer was quite satisfactory, as far as he was concerned,—the fact being, as he stated, that he had no alternative. The people connected with the schools, and his audience generally, would have left the room if he had allowed a man of colour to remain. Nothing can be more disgraceful to the people of the United States, nor more inconsistent with their professed principles of equality, than their treatment of the free people of colour. They constantly subject them to indignities of every kind, and refuse altogether to eat or drink with them.

If you have black servants and white servants in the same house, they never upon any occasion eat together; and this circumstance very often obliges people to have servants of colour altogether.

The Tomb of Thomas Paine.

Not far from New Rochelle is the property which the government of the United States presented to Thomas Paine after his return to the United States, subsequent to the French revolution. The author of *Common Sense*,—a pamphlet of no ordinary ability, and which contributed essentially to make the people of the United States of one mind at the period of the declaration of independence, was well entitled to this mark of gratitude from Congress. We frequently passed his tomb on the road-side, inclosed within a bit of circular stone wall. The surface of the interior looks very much as if Mr. Cobbett had actually carried off Mr. Paine's bones; for it is in an uneven and disordered state, though now producing very beautiful wild flowers. It happens strangely, that, on the part of the high road immediately opposite to this burying-ground, there is a Methodist meeting-house. The first time that we passed the burying-ground on the 27th October, we went within the inclosure to look at it. When we came out of it again, we were accosted by Mr. Bonnel, a neighbouring proprietor, who had been out with his gun. He presumed, from his having seen us make so close an inspection of the burying-ground, that we were admirers of Mr. Paine's religious sentiments, for he immediately spoke of them, and told us, that he rather inclined to approve of them himself. He afterwards asked us to dine with him, which, however, it was not in my power to do.

Paine was first known by the celebrated song which he composed after Wolfe's fall before Quebec, beginning, "In a mouldering cave, where the wretched retreat," &c.; but it was not until about the year 1775 or 1776 that he became celebrated. It does not appear that he ever received in money from the United States more than 500*l.*, the gift of the State of Pennsylvania, and 5,000 dollars from Congress. Congress also presented him with the land near New Rochelle, which was the confiscated estate of Frederick Davoe, a loyalist, consisting of above 300 acres of well-cultivated soil, with a good stone house. He was seventy-two years old when he died, on the 8th June, 1809.

It is a singular fact, that a person of the same name, Thomas Paine, to whom a prize had been adjudged, about the beginning of this century, for writing a prologue at the opening of the Boston Theatre, afterwards obtained an act of the legislature of Massachusetts, authorizing him to change his name to Robert Treat Paine, "because he

was unwilling any longer to bear that of a certain noted infidel, and reviler of religion."

Language of the Americans.

[Mr. Stuart thus briefly corrects an erroneous impression respecting the dialect of the United States:]

I have never been able to observe either here, or in other parts of the United States where we have yet been, any ground for an observation which I have heard again and again made by British writers, viz. that it is difficult to understand the language which the Americans use, and that an American does not at once understand what an Englishman says. On the contrary, I think it much more difficult, in travelling in Britain, to comprehend the various dialects that are used by the lower classes in different parts of the country. Even in the city of London, the language is very different in the city and in the west end of the town. The style of speaking is very much the same all over this country. The only difference seems to me to consist in the different signification which is given to a few words in America, such as the following:—A lady calling on us when there were some melons on the table, we asked her to partake of one as soon as the servant brought a plate. She was in a hurry, and took up a little bit in her hand, saying, allow me to take it "friendly,"—meaning unceremoniously. Of such words as this there is a considerable number, but there is generally no difficulty in finding out the sense in which they are used.

Again, Mr. Stuart speaking of a Somersetshire family settled near Hoboken, says: "Their Somersetshire dialect made their language more unintelligible to us than that of any other persons whom we had seen in the United States."

Marketing Chief Justice.

[Mrs. Trollope mentions the smart gentlemen of Cincinnati marketing for the household. Mr. Stuart narrates a laughable incident.]

It is much more the fashion at New York for gentlemen to go to market than ladies, and gentlemen very frequently carry home their purchase, especially if it be poultry, in their own hands. I have again and again met a man of considerable property carrying home a turkey in his hand. I afterwards heard at Richmond of Chief-Justice Marshall, the head of the law courts of this country, frequently carrying home his dinner from market.

A Shoe-black's Dinner.

Not long after we came to Hoboken, I was asked to dine with a friend at a boarding-house in New York, and finding, after I had crossed the ferry, that it was necessary for me to have the dust wiped off my shoes, I

went into a shoe-black's apartment for that purpose, and there I found him and his wife, both persons of colour, (No. 32, Lennard-street,) at dinner, consisting of one of the fattest roast geese I had ever seen, with potatoes, and apple-pie.

New Year's Day at New York.

On our return through New York we were surprised to observe the streets more crowded than at any former period. We afterwards found, that it is usual for people of all descriptions to call at each other's houses, were it but for a moment, on the first day of the year. Cold meat, cake, confectionaries, and wines, are laid out upon a table, that all who call may partake; and it seems the general understanding, that such a one's friends as do not call upon him on the first day of the year are not very anxious to continue his acquaintance. There must be limitations to the rule, but I never could get them well explained; and there is no doubt, that the practice, as I have stated it, is very general. The confectioners make great seed-cakes at the period of Christmas and new year. They are thought such curiosities, that advertisements are issued, and people go to see them on the day before they are cut. One of them at Palmer's, the confectioner, weighed 1,500 pounds.

Retrospective Cleanings.

PAMPHLETS.

The following curious rhapsody upon the use of pamphlets is from the preface of an old book, entitled *Davies' History of Pamphlets*: "From pamphlets may be learned the genius of the age, the debates of the learned, the follies of the ignorant, the oversights of statesmen, and the mistakes of courtiers. In pamphlets, merchants may read their profit and loss, shopkeepers their bills of parcels, sailors their longitude, soldiers their camps and enemies, scholars their studies, and ministers their sermons. Pamphlets furnish beaux with their airs, and coquets with their charms. They are to gentlemen's pockets as modish ornaments to gentlewomen's toilets. Pamphlets become more and more daily amusements to the curious, idle, and inquisitive, pastime to gallants and coquets, chat to the talkative, stories for nurses, toys for children, fans for misses, food to the needy, practicing to newsmongers, ketch words to informers, instructions to the ignorant, help to the wise, fuel to the envious, weapons to the revengeful, poison to the unfortunate, balsam to the wounded, employment to the lazy, condemnation to the wicked, speculations to the godly, trials of skill to the quarrelsome and proud, a comfort to the afflicted, gain to the lucky, fatal to the unlucky, poverty to their authors, a satisfaction to the oppressed, a

vent to melancholiness, hearts ease to censurers, and fabulous materials to romancers and novelists. In a word, pamphlets literally unite contradictions, and are occasional conformists in all manner of acceptations and capacities."

W. G. C.

"QUEEN MARY'S DIAL" AT HOLYROOD.

(From a Correspondent.)



In the centre of the garden attached to the palace of Holyrood, in Edinburgh, is a beautiful sun dial, which is attributed to the days of Queen Mary, and is still in excellent preservation. It is usually denominated "Queen Mary's dial," and forms the apex of a richly ornamented pedestal, which rests upon a hexagonal base, consisting of three steps. The form of the horologe is multangular; for though its two principal sections are pentagonal, yet from these terminating in pyramidal forms, and being diametrically opposed to each other, again connected by triangular spaces, it presents no fewer than twenty sides, on which are placed twenty-two dials, inserted into circular, semicircular, and triangular cavities. Between the dials are the royal arms of Scotland with the initials M. R. (Maria Regina), St. Andrew, St. George, Fleurs-de-lis, and numerous other devices.

It is about ten feet in height, and altogether presents a curious specimen of workmanship, deserving attentive examination.

The Naturalist.

EVE'S APPLE TREE.



This curious tree is the *Tabernaemontana alternifolia* of botanists, and the *Devi Ladder* or Eve's Apple of the descendants of the Portuguese in Ceylon. The latter name originates in the tradition which prevailed in former days, among the Mahometans and the Portuguese, that Ceylon was the paradise described in the Scripture; that the garden of Eden was situated in it; and that the fruit of this tree was the forbidden fruit of which Eve ate a piece. In confirmation of this tradition, they referred to the beauty of the fruit, and the fine scent of its flowers, which are most tempting: and to the circumstance of the fruit having been excellent before Eve tasted it. The shape gives it the appearance of a fruit, a piece of which had been bitten off: and its effects are so poisonous, that two European soldiers, shortly after the capture of Colombo in 1795, being unaware of the nature of the fruit, were tempted by its appearance to taste it, and very soon after sickened and died.

The woodcut has been executed from a drawing sent to the *Magazine of Natural History* by Sir Alexander Johnston; and although it in all probability accurately exhibits the general character and aspect of the tree, the Editor is apprehensive, from what botanical references he has been able to make, that the peduncles of the pendulous clusters of fruit are represented of a length exceeding their natural one.

Another species of *Tabernaemontana* is the

Milk Tree, called *Hya-Hya*, in Demarara. It is described by Mr. Smith, its European discoverer, to yield a copious stream of thick, rich, milky fluid, destitute of all acrimony, and only leaving a slight clamminess on the lips. A tree which was felled on the banks of a small stream had completely whitened the water in an hour or two. The milk has been analyzed by Dr. Christison, who finds it to consist of a small portion of caoutchouc, and a large proportion of a substance possessing in some respects peculiar properties, which appear to place it intermediate between caoutchouc and the resins; it probably, therefore, has no nutritive qualities. Mr. Arnott, however, calls it *Tabernaemontana utilis*.

ICE STORM IN NORTH AMERICA.

(From Notes on the Weather at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. By R. C. Taylor, Esq.)

Feb. 8th.—This morning a heavy rain set in after the thaw, and increased in violence throughout the day and night; and now commenced the most singular, and even sublime, meteorological phenomenon I have observed in this region. It was an occurrence of unusual note, and extended over a large area in this and the adjoining state, and is commonly referred to under the name of the "ice storm." I shall be somewhat minute in describing so much respecting it as fell under my own observation, as noted at the time. Immediately on the descent of the rain it froze, so as to envelope the trees and earth with a thick coating of transparent ice, and to render walking no easy process.

Feb. 9th.—Such an accumulation of ice had now formed upon the branches of the forest trees, as presented a beautiful and extraordinary spectacle. The small underwood, or "brush," was bowed to the earth, while the noblest timbers were everywhere to be seen bending beneath the enormous load of ice with which their branches were incrustated, and the icicles which thickly depended from every point. The heavy foliage of the hemlock and spruce was literally encased, or rather formed solid masses of ice, the smallest twig or blade of grass being surrounded by more than an inch of ice, and resembled the vegetable substances, sometimes occurring in masses of crystal. Rain fell in torrents all this day and the chief part of the ensuing night, until there were about 4 in. of clear ice overspreading the surface of the ground. The change which this phenomenon effected in the usual appearance of the woods was striking. The bushes, and smaller trees, extending to those of 50 ft. in height, were now bent to the ground, and pressed upon each other beneath their unwonted burden, resembling, in some respects, fields of corn beaten down by a tempest. Above, the tall trees drooped and swung heavily; their branches

glittering, as if formed of solid crystal, and, on the slightest movement of the air, striking against each other, and sending down an avalanche of ice. During the night of the 8th, and on the succeeding morning, the limbs of the trees began to give way under such an unusual load. Every where around was seen and heard the crashing of the topmost branches, which fell to the earth with a noise like the breaking of glass, yet so loud as to make the woods resound. As the day advanced, instead of branches, whole trees began to fall; and, during twenty-four hours, the scene which took place was as sublime as can well be conceived. There was no wind perceptible, yet, notwithstanding the calmness of the day, the whole forest seemed in motion—falling, wasting, or crumbling, as it were, piecemeal. Crash succeeded to crash, until, at length, these became so rapidly continuous as to resemble the incessant discharges of artillery—gradually increasing—as from the irregular firing at intervals of the outposts, to the uninterrupted roar of a heavy cannonade. Pines of 150 ft. and 180 ft. in height came thundering to the ground, carrying others before them; groves of hemlocks were bent to the ground like reeds; and the spreading oaks and towering sugar maples were uprooted like stubble, and often without giving a moment's warning. Under every tree was a rapidly accumulating debris of displaced limbs and branches: their weight, increased more than tenfold by the ice, and crushing everything in their fall with sudden and terrific violence. Altogether, this spectacle was one of indescribable grandeur. I could not resist devoting the whole day to the contemplation, notwithstanding the continued rain, of the desolating and tremendous effects of this unusual phenomenon. It was necessary, however, to be careful to remain at a prudent distance from the falling timber. Of all the scenes in the American forests, this was the most awful I had witnessed. The roar, the cracking and rending, the thundering fall of the uprooted trees, the startling unusual sounds and sights produced by the descent of such masses of solid ice, and the suddenness of the crash, when a neighbouring tree gave way, I shall not easily forget. Yet all this was going on in a dead calm, except, at intervals, a gentle air from the south-east slightly waved the topmost pines. Had the wind freshened, the destruction would have been still more appalling. It was awful to witness the sudden prostration of oaks of the largest class. These trees were the greatest sufferers; and it seemed remarkable, that the deciduous trees should be less able to bear the additional burden than the heavily-laden evergreens. The branches of the oaks rapidly gave way, while the thickly-encased foliage of the hemlocks hung drooping around the stems, upon their

long, pliant, branches, until they appeared like a solid mass, or monumental pillar of ice. In order to obtain some data for estimating the increased weight which the forest trees had now to sustain, I cut off and weighed several boughs of different species, and compared them after the ice was removed by thawing. The following is the result:—

No.	Weight in the frozen state.	Weight when thawed.
1. A branch of white pine { [Pinus Strobus] -	15 lbs.	4 lb.
2. Another bough - - -	17	1
3. Hemlock or spruce branch	20	1
4. Another - - - - -	17	4

By this it appears that the evergreens had about twenty times their accustomed burden.

Feb. 10th.—This morning was clear and frosty; the rain had ceased, and the wind changed to north-west, although it was scarcely perceptible. A check seemed to have been given to the work of devastation. Fewer branches fell to the earth; yet still, throughout this day, one heard in all quarters the loud thundering crash of falling timber echoing through the woods. Those whose dwellings were situated in the dangerous proximity to these scenes have had two sleepless nights. Within the limits of fifteen acres of wood in my own occupation, I have had fifty of my largest trees over thrown, and not a single deciduous tree in that area escaped entire. This "storm" has produced, as may be conceived, numerous accidents and inconveniences. Few travellers that were passing through the woods on the 9th and 10th escaped without being hemmed in, and their vehicles blocked up by the fallen timber. Wagons, sleds, and sleighs were necessarily abandoned, and the horses, in some instances, with difficulty saved. All the roads around this place were thus stopped up by fallen timber, and by loaded carriages, for some days. At the interval of nearly a year, the navigation of the Moshannon Creek, from hence to the Susquehanna, continues choked by the trees which fell into it during this period. On the summit of the neighbouring Alleghany Mountains, where the pitch pines [*Pinus pungens Lambert*] are almost the only trees that attain to any magnitude in that elevated and barren region, there has been prodigious destruction, and in some spots, not a single pine has been left standing. The white-oak groves have particularly suffered, and incalculable numbers have been uprooted. Accounts reach us of this "ice storm" extending through Pennsylvania, and part of New York state, and of the travellers who were constrained to pass the night in the woods, hemmed in by the fallen timber. Months after I observed its effects in the pine forest, at the distance of a hundred miles; and the oldest settlers affirm that nothing equalling it, in extent and destruc-

tion, has occurred in their recollection. On the 12th, a thaw, accompanied by heavy rain, soon cleared the drooping forest of its unwonted covering.

Contemporary Traveller.

SIX WEEKS ON THE LOIRE.

[THIS is the pleasant journal of an observant "ladye" tourist through one of the most interesting and least known districts of France. The route lies from Paris, along the fine river Loire, with a peep into La Vendée, to the important city of Nantes, next to Rennes, a place of equal interest, and thence to St. Malo. The "Peep" into La Vendée enabled our tourist to collect a few attractive notes of the romantic career of the Duchess of Berri; but the volume ranks higher in our estimation for its well-written notices of the popular antiquities, historical associations, and picturesque beauties, of the country through which the author passed. Neither are the welfare and moral condition of the people overlooked; though the pages are not crowded with tiresome descriptions of splendid palaces or châteaux, or ceremonious visits to the gay and the rich; but they furnish us with, we doubt not, impartial views of the manners of the people, such as Dr. Johnson observes, "are found in the streets and the villages, in the shops and farms;" for, "from them collectively considered, must the measure of general prosperity be taken." In illustration of the latter feature of the work we may quote the following delightful picture of]

A Village Fête.

Near Souzay, once the residence of the beautiful Diana de Poitiers, where she was frequently visited by her royal lover Henry the Second, we heard the sound of music; we looked up, and saw the peasants dancing on the grass in their holiday attire: the old men and women were sitting looking at them, and the children were playing at their feet. It was the first time I had witnessed such a scene, and it was impossible to behold it, without recalling to mind the well-known lines of Goldsmith:—

"How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew:
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of three-score."

I could now attest the truth and nature of this description, and if any thing could have reconciled my English feelings to seeing Sunday evening thus employed, it would have

been the decent and temperate hilarity of the scene. The young girls danced with a modesty almost *precieuse*, for they scarcely lifted their eyes from the ground; two young men, sailors, as I judged, from the hornpipe variations which they introduced into the quadrilles, shone above the rest, yet one of them had no stockings, and exhibited the greatest poverty in his garb. Still the poor fellow was so gallant, that when he saw his little black-eyed partner put her hand in the pockets of her apron, in search of a sous, to give the fiddler, a young boy of fourteen, who regulated the figures of the dances, and the etiquette of the dancers, he would not allow it, but held both her hands in one of his, whilst he found a sous for her, as well as for himself. A little wine and water, a few cherries, and a slice of brown bread, was all the refreshment of these poor people for their fête-day; nor do they ever live any better, excepting now and then butter, or a potage, and that is generally maigre in every sense of the word. The labouring men rub their bread with garlic to make it savoury, and have a small slice of fresh cheese in place of meat, which they scarcely ever taste; happily for them they are by nature temperate; of which there can be no stronger proof than the fact, that where the best brandy may be had for about fourpence a pint, it is very seldom taken by any one, and intoxication is so rare, that the accidental sight, at St. Etienne, of a village Bardolph, was an incident quite remarkable enough to serve us as a memento of the place. This poverty of living, is however extremely unfavourable to beauty; the women, with fine eyes, and animated countenances, look old, whilst they are yet young—they have no plumpness, no contour, and their skins are parched with abstinence, as much as they are burnt with the sun. The group before us were however evidently charming enough in each other's eyes, and happy enough amongst themselves; and it was no small pleasure to us to see their happiness increased, for the moment, by the little donation we made them, small enough as it was, to pay for the music. How often, since I commenced this little tour, have I envied the means, as I have always admired the benevolence, of the late Lord Huntingfield, who, every morning when he went out to walk, put a guinea's worth of silver into his pocket, and deemed that day unlucky in which he could not find fit claimants for the whole of it, before he returned home. How many heavy hearts could he thus unexpectedly gladden!—how many spirits, weighed down by grief, could he thus cheer, by providing them with at least one day's unlooked-for respite from their anxieties—how many sudden strokes of adverse fortune alleviate, how many infantine sorrows remove—how often cheer the drooping soul, by an unex-

pected good, which, though perhaps small in itself, yet shows the unfortunate, that he is not utterly forgotten: that he is still linked to his apparently more prosperous fellow-creatures by the tie of sympathy, still within the pale of humanity; the reach of possible good!—How refulgent the smile that chases the cloud from another's brow!—how soft the pillow which is thronged by indistinct visions of the happiness we have made!—Yes! there is certainly one rich man whom I have envied, and that man was Lord Huntingfield.

[How these observations will gladden the heart of our philanthropic contemporary, the editor of the *Gardeners' Magazine*; and, now that the attention of Parliament has been called to the amusements of the British people, such details as these may be of available worth. The next extract is a good specimen of the antiquarian and historical writing with which the work abounds.]

Castle at Clisson.

As soon as we had dined we went to see the castle, which was erected in 1225, consequently before the invention of artillery, and is even in the present day interesting to engineers, on account of the skilfulness and strength exhibited in the remains of its fortifications. It is situated at the confluence of the Moine, and the Sèvres, and commands a noble view of the surrounding country: the outward ditches are now peaceful meadows, the inner, planted with pines and acacias. These objects blooming in their prime, or renewing themselves even in their decay, contrasted with mouldering towers, roofless passages, and dungeons thrown open to the light of day by the dilapidation of the halls to which their dripping roofs seemed as melancholy foundations, give an air of solemn serenity to the scene, which is increased by the remains in the narrow windows, divided by stone crosses, of that Moorish style of architecture introduced into Europe immediately after the Crusades, in which Olivier de Clisson took a conspicuous part. This Olivier it was, who, from the determined enmity he declared against the English, and the barbarous manner in which he manifested it whenever the fortune of war gave him the opportunity, obtained the epithet of the Butcher. In one of the engagements against them he lost an eye, which did not mollify his wrath, and he repaid the injury with fearful interest, destroying with his own hand, in cold blood, at the capitulation of Benon, fifteen English soldiers, who were, according to the terms agreed on, quitting, unarmed, the place they had defended with a courage which would have gained them the respect of a more generous enemy. Olivier de Clisson was the brother-in-arms of Bertrand du Guesclin, the bravest and best war-

rior of his age. Many a bold chivalric tale is connected with this castle, many a noble tilt and tournament, and gallant entertainment has its walls witnessed, and some of the surrounding meadows washed by the Moine, still retain the remembrance of those times in their appellation of *Prairies des Guerriers*. Here the pious Louis the Ninth, his mother, Blanche of Castille, prudent and good, the victorious Charles the Eighth, Louis the Twelfth, the father of his people, Francis the First, the gay, the gallant, the magnanimous queen Eleanor, the gloomy Charles the Ninth, and the haughty and treacherous Catherine de Medicis have all sojourned. — Here they reposed on down, whilst the victims of tyranny groaned in the dungeons below, and, in after-ages, whilst the bodies of those victims had mouldered away in their parent earth, the embalmed remains of their persecutors were dragged forth from their splendid sepulchres, to be mingled with the common dust of those, whom living they would not have suffered to breathe the same air. For two hundred years this noble chateau was abandoned to neglect; and its walls and towers gradually assumed the aspect of desolation; but in 1793, it was put into sufficient repair to allow of its giving shelter to the army de Mayence. In 1807, it was put up to sale by government, and bought by M. Lemot, from a generous desire well fitting a mind imbued with a taste for every thing beautiful or grand, to preserve its remains, perhaps for centuries, to the admiration of posterity. It is pleasing to see roses bloom and acacias wave their graceful arms, planted by the hand who thus saved the venerable walls from destruction. In one of the courts in particular I was charmed with the contrast their brilliancy and freshness afforded to the dilapidated fragments round which they clustered. But alas! the name of this court, *la cour du grand puits*, recalled to my mind a frightful story, not to be surpassed in horror by any of the scenes of the revolution, and the truth of which I had always been willing to doubt. It was now however too fatally confirmed to me by an eye-witness. The republicans having been beaten by the La Vendéens, in the battle of Torfou, sought their revenge in burning every place through which they passed, and massacring all the inhabitants that fell in their way. The old men, the women, and the children, to the number of four hundred, fled from the surrounding villages before these heartless murderers, and sought concealment in the chateau, among the numerous subterranean apartments still to be traced within the circuit of its walls: in these cold, damp and dismal abodes they continued to exist several weeks without ever seeing the blessed light of heaven, or ever feeling its balmy breath—only their children

were allowed to venture forth, and that at night, to cut the grass which sprung up in the forsaken courts and fosses, for the few cattle these unfortunate peasants had brought with them. One fatal night a little girl returning with her load, was surprised by two men, who started forth from behind a projecting angle of the wall; the little creature threw down her burden, and flying on the wings of fear, reached the mouth of the subterranean inclosure, threw herself into her mother's arms and related what had happened. A dismal foreboding of their fate seized the sad inmates, and the groan of despair was heard by the ruffians without, who had tracked the poor child to the spot. They instantly went for a detachment, who soon dislodged the helpless host, and were themselves astonished at the number of their victims. They deliberated for a moment, not whether they should save them, but how they could most speedily, and with least trouble to themselves, destroy them. A wretch pointed silently to the well, which was in the middle of the court—instantly the infernal thought was acted upon; the multitude were driven at the point of the bayonet to the edge of the well, and thrown in one after another, old men, women, and children—in vain they struggled, in vain they clung round their executioners, and to the sides of the well, they only died a double death—their hands detached by sabres, their limbs mutilated, they fell into the deep profound, their shrieks still rising and swelling on the gales of evening, till they were heard far off, and even those around, who were accustomed to the cry of despair and death, shuddered at a sound so fraught with the concentration of human misery. The well was glutted to the brink with human victims, and the wretches closed it up with great stones, and shut out alike the sound and sight of the destruction they had so infernally contrived. One alone escaped, a young boy, who lived to tell the tale to his own children, and the truth of it was sternly attested by the Concierge of the Garrenne, whom we questioned on the subject. "I heard their groans," he said: when we expressed a hope that the facts might be exaggerated—"I went to the spot—I saw them, and could not help them—I know how it was—I cannot be mistaken—and I cannot forget." This man had seen all the horrors of the revolution; they seemed to have stiffened his sinews, without calling up his blood, for his complexion was colourless, and he only relaxed his muscles once, on asking if *Charles dix* had a house in England. We described his asylum at Holyrood, and added, "Your present king has a house in England too."

"C'est bien," he replied, "car il en aura besoin."

His eye gleamed as he spoke, and some-

thing like the phantom of a smile cast a momentary gleam over features that seemed "cut in alabaster." Glad I was to lose the painful ideas which this solitary tree, the monument of so many victims had called forth, in a lovely walk in all the sweet serenity of evening, in the grounds of the *Maison Valentin*.

[It need scarcely be added that the present volume is an acceptable accession to our knowledge of the manners of some of the most interesting of the French provinces. It is throughout gracefully written, and the episodal narratives are told in a feeling which does honour to the mind and heart of the accomplished writer.]

The Public Journals.

HAZLITT'S DEATH-BED.

RELUCTANTLY, nay, tremblingly, do I lift the veil which now hangs over the death-bed of poor Hazlitt. Imagine this highly-gifted man stretched on a couch in the back room of a second floor, his only child, and Martin his faithful companion and friend, watching over him. Others were not deficient in their attentions, and in providing the means of existence for him; for know, reader, that the death-bed of this author was not distinguished by the circumstance of his possessing wherewith to support life when exertion was not in his power. It seems that some sudden turn of memory caused a pang in the dying man's bosom, and calling to one, whom I shall conceal under the name of *Basilus*,* he gently said, "*Basilus*, stoop down and let me talk to you."

Basilus, crouching by the bedside. What can I do for you, my dear Hazlitt?

Hazlitt. Rid me of a pang.

Basilus. Willingly, dear friend.

Hazlitt. Lend me forty pounds.

Basilus. Forty pounds! Dear Hazlitt, what can you want with forty pounds?

Hazlitt. Lend me forty pounds.

Basilus. Do not talk so, my dear Hazlitt. You cannot want forty pounds.

Hazlitt. I know—I know, *Basilus*, what I ask. Lend it me—lend it me—I want it. 'Twill ease my mind—I want it. Lend it me: and think, *Basilus*, think what the world will say when it is known that you lent a dying man forty pounds without a hope of being repaid.

The argument of Hazlitt did not prevail. Very shortly after he said to Martin (whose attendance was constant), "*Martin*, come here."

Martin approached.

Hazlitt. Martin, I want you to write a letter for me (*starting up with energy*). Swear you'll do it!

* To the gentleman thus designated, poor Hazlitt was already under deep obligations.—*Ed.*

Martin went through the ceremony of an oath.

Hazlitt. Now write, "Dear sir."

Martin. "Dear sir."

Hazlitt. "I am at the last gasp."

Martin. "I am at the last gasp."

Hazlitt. "Pray send me a hundred pounds."

Martin. "Pray send me a hundred pounds."

Hazlitt. "Yours truly—"

Martin. "Yours truly—"

Hazlitt. "William Hazlitt."

Martin. "William Hazlitt."

Hazlitt. Now, fold the letter.

Martin folded it.

Hazlitt. Write: "To Francis Jeffrey, Esq., Edinburgh."

Martin superscribed the letter.

Hazlitt. Now I am satisfied.

Martin. Shall I not put in a word, Hazlitt, explaining who wrote it?

Hazlitt, *starting up*. Swear, Martin, you won't do so; swear you'll send it as it is!

Martin sent the letter: Hazlitt died very soon after; and on the day subsequent to his death, a letter from Jeffrey arrived with an inclosure of fifty pounds.*

Monthly Magazine.

ODE TO THE STONE PILLAR

NEAR CARLTON TERRACE.

THOU longitudinally great,
And perpendicularly straight,
And hard and hollow thing! why stand'st thou here?
Is it to teach some *lesson* thou dost rear
Thy lofty head, "commerce with the skies?"
In *what* would thy stone sternness make us wise?
Are we to soar, like thee, *above the base*,
Yet aye be steadfast in our stunted place?
Still growing less, as more thou dost aspire.
Say, dost thou speak of pride than merit higher?
Art thou a teller of deeds which greatness deck, or
A mere *post mortem* "Teller of the Eschequer?"
Is it a *public debt*, or *private debts*,
That thy recording truth before us sets?
On which theme is't thy moral voice discants—
Is it on sterling worth, or *sterling wants*?

* Hone called on the previous day: he met a physician, who had attended Hazlitt, at the door, about to depart. "How is your patient, sir?" inquired Hone. "'Tis all over," replied the medical man. "Clinically speaking, he ought to have died two days ago: he seemed to live, during the last eight-and-forty hours, purely in obedience to his own will." A third person, who had just come up, here observed "He was waiting, perhaps, until return of post, for Jeffrey's reply. What he could have wanted with that *forty pounds*, is a perfect mystery."

A few months before, Hone had met Hazlitt in the street, and kindly inquired as to his health and circumstances. Both were bad. "You are aware," said Hazlitt, "of some of my difficulties (those dreadful bills—those back accounts)—but no human being knows ALL. I have carried a volcano in my bosom, up and down Paternoster-Row, for a good two hours and a half. Even now I struggle—struggle mortally to quench—to quell it—but I can't. Its pent-up throes and agonies, I fear, will break out—Can you lend me a SHILLING?—I have been WITHOUT FOOD THESE TWO DAYS!"

To state what Hone felt and did, on hearing this would be needless.

Thou art, I fear, but Flattery's handywork,
Being a tribute unto "Royal York."
Thy "royal highness," (ah! too like to *his*),
Prompts us somewhat to stare, somewhat to quiz.
Railing surrounds, above, thy lofty brow,
And passers-by do likewise rail below!
That mortal Prince, whom thou to the Cherubim
Would'st raise, what record can'st thou give of *him*?
Of his *great deeds* few words the Muse can dish up—
But, for his *virtues*, was he not a Bishop? *
He made a credit, though with some few slurs;
He also made such *things* as *creditors*.
He scorning, *duhefully*, thrift's paltry *frenum*,
For his own ease contracted "*as alienum*,"
He was a man, "take him for all in all,"
Who *paid* is *part*, (that part, albeit, small!)
He was—but words are wanting to tell what—
His creditors can tell what he *was* not.
Those hungry souls, to thee, alas! they turn,
To thee, proud Pillar! and, beholding, burn.
Thou, cruelly responsive to their groan,
For *money columns* show'st them *thine* of stone!
On thee they gaze, in heart and pocket riven;
Thy summit, preaching *patience*, points to heaven!
Let others praise thee—they can only hate—
Let others vaunt thy form, and cloud capped state,—
Still, still thou art, to their impoverish'd view,
Naught but a huge, insolvent IO U!
But hold! why bear'st thou not e'en now on high
His figure whom thou art bound to glorify?
Dost thou dislike the company of *bronze*?
Or, art thou to those impecunious ones,
(If, after all, thy granite sides can feel,
And some few grains of *softer* stone conceal,
Those hungered creditors, compassionate?
And so dost wait till they shall *cease* to wait?
If it be so, maintain the just delay,
Till empty hopes shall change to solid pay;
Nor let the statue on thy top be plauted,
Until the public voice cry, "York, you're wanted!"
Do so, good Pillar! do as I have said—
So shall my blessing be on thy *bald head*!

New Monthly Magazine.

LIFE IN DEATH.

[The ground-work of this tale will be recognised by the reader.]

"Who shall deny the mighty secrets hid
In Time and Nature?"

"But can you not learn where he sups?" asked the dying man, for at least the twentieth time; while the servants again repeated the same monotonous answer—"Lord, sir, we never know where our young master goes."

"Place a time-piece by the bed-side, and leave me."

None was at hand; when one of the assembled group exclaimed—"Fetch that in Mr. Francis's room."

It was a small French clock, of exquisite workmanship, and a golden Cupid swung to and fro,—fitting emblem for the light and vain hours of its youthful proprietor, but a strange mockery beside a death-bed. Yet the patient watched it with a strange expression of satisfaction, mingled, too, with anxiety, as the glittering hands pursued their appointed round. As the minutes passed on, an ejaculation of dismay burst from Mr. Saville's lips: he strove to raise his left hand with a gesture of impatience; he found it

* Bishop of Osnaburgh.

powerless too; the palsy, which had smitten his right side, had now attacked the left. "A thousand curses upon my evil destiny—I am lost!"

At this moment the time-piece struck four, and began to play one of the popular airs of that day; while the cord on which the Cupid was balanced moved, modulated by the fairy-like music. "He comes!" almost shrieked the palsied wretch, making a vain effort to rise on his pillow. As if the loss of every other sense had quickened that of hearing seven-fold, he heard the distant tramp of horses, and the ring of wheels, on the hard and frosty road. The carriage stopped; a young man, wrapped in furs, sprang out, opened the door with his own key, and ran up the stairs, gaily singing,

They may rail at this earth; from the hour I began it.

I have found it a world full of sunshine and bliss; And till I can find out some happier planet, More social and bright, I'll content me with this.

"Good God, sir, don't sing—your father's dying!" exclaimed the servant who ran to meet him. The youth was silenced in a moment; and, pale and breathless, sprang towards the chamber. The dying man had no longer power to move a limb: the hand which his son took was useless as that of the new-born infant; yet all the anxiety and eagerness of life was in his features.

"I have much to say, Francis; see that we are alone."

"I hope my master does not call this dying like a Christian," muttered the housekeeper as she withdrew. "I hope Mr. Francis will make him send for a priest, or at least a doctor. People have no right to go out of the world in any such heathen manner."

The door slammed heavily, and father and son were left alone.

"Reach me that casket," said Mr. Saville, pointing to a curiously carved Indian box of ebony. Francis obeyed the command, and resumed his kneeling position by the bed.

"By the third hand of that many-armed image of Vishnu is a spring, press it forcibly."

The youth obeyed and the lid flew up, within was a very small glass phial containing a liquid of delicate rose colour. The white and distorted countenance of the sufferer lighted up with a wild unnatural joy.

"Oh, youth, glad, beautiful youth, art thou mine again, shall I once more rejoice in the smile of woman, in the light of the red wine cup, shall I delight in the dance, and in the sound of music?"

"For heaven's sake compose yourself," said his son, who thought that his parent was seized with sudden insanity. "In truth I am mad to waste breath so precious!—Listen to me, boy! A whole existence is contained in that little bottle; from my earliest youth I

have ever felt a nameless horror of death, death yet more loathsome than terrible: you have seen me engrossed by lonely and mysterious studies, you knew not that they were devoted to perpetual struggle with the mighty conqueror—and I have succeeded. That phial contains a liquid which rubbed over my body, when the breath has left it seemingly for ever, will stop the progress of corruption, and restore all its pristine bloom and energy. Yes, Francis, I shall rise up before you like your brother. My glorious secret! how could I ever deem life wasted in the search? Sometimes when I have heard the distant chimes tell the hour of midnight, the hour of others' revelry or rest, I have asked, is not the present too mighty a sacrifice to the future; had I not better enjoy the pleasures within my grasp? but one engrossing hope led me on; it is now fulfilled. I return to this world with the knowledge of experience, and the freshness of youth; I will not again give myself up to feverish studies and eternal experiments. I have wealth unbounded, we will spend it together, earth holds no luxury which it shall deny us."

The dying man paused, for he observed that his son was not attending to his words, but stared as if his gaze was spell-bound by the phial which he held.

"Francis," gasped his father.

"There is very little," muttered the son still eying the crimson fluid.

The dewy rose in large cold drops on Saville's forehead—with a last effort he raised his head, and looked into the face of his child—there was no hope there; cold, fixed, and cruel, the gentleness of youth seemed suddenly to have passed away, and left the stern features rigid as stone; his words died gurgling in the throat, his head sank back on the pillow, in the last agony of disappointment, despair and death. A wild howl filled the chamber, and Francis started in terror from his knee; it was only the little black terrier which had been his father's favourite. Hastily he concealed the casket, for he heard the hurrying steps of the domestics, and rushing past them, sought his own room, and locked the door. All were struck by his altered and ghastly looks.

"Poor child," said the housekeeper, "I do not wonder he takes his father's death so to heart, for the old man doated on the very ground he trod upon. Now the holy saints have mercy upon us," exclaimed she, making the sign of the cross, as she caught sight of the horrible and distorted face of the deceased.

Francis passed the three following days in the alternate stupor and excitement of one to whom crime is new, and who is nevertheless resolved on its commission. On the evening of the fourth he heard a noise in the room where the corpse lay, and again the dog began his loud and doleful howl. He entered

the apartment, and the two first men he saw were strangers, dressed in black with faces of set solemnity; they were the undertakers, while a third in a canvass apron, and square paper cap, was beginning to screw down the coffin, and while so doing was carelessly telling them how a grocer's shop, his next-door neighbour's, had been entered during the night, and the till robbed.

"You will leave the coffin unscrewed till to-morrow," said the heir. The man bowed, asked the usual English question which suits all occasions, of "Something to drink, sir?" and then left young Saville to his meditations. Strange images of death and pleasures mingled together; now it was a glorious banquet, now the gloomy silence of a churchyard; now bright and beautiful faces seemed to fill the air, then by a sudden transition they became the cadaverous relics of the charnel-house. Some clock in the neighbourhood struck the hour, it was too faint for Francis to hear it distinctly, but it roused him; he turned towards the little time-piece, there the golden cupid sat motionless, the hands stood still, it had not been wound up; the deep silence around told how late it was; the fire was burning dead, the candles were dark with their large unsnuffed wicks, and strange shadows, gigantic in their proportions, flitted round the room.

"Fool that I am to be thus haunted by a vain phantasy. My father studied overmuch; his last words might be but the insane ravings of a mind overwrought. I will know the truth."

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Gatherer.

Thomson's Birthplace.—The monument at Ednam, erected about twelve or fourteen years ago, to commemorate the birthplace of the author of the "Seasons," has, till within these few days, been without an inscription, to point out to the traveller its origin. Mr. Waddie, of Henderside, the proprietor of the ground whereon it is situated, has been at the expense of a suitable stone, with the following inscription:—"Erected in memory of James Thomson, author of the 'Seasons,' born at Ednam, 11th September, A.D. 1700."—*Weekly True Sun.*

Knighthood.—The ceremonies at the creation of a knight have been various: the principal were a box on the ear and a stroke with a sword on the shoulder. John of Salisbury tells us the blow with the naked fist was in use among the ancient Normans: by this it was that William the Conqueror conferred the honour of knighthood on his son Henry. It was afterwards changed into a blow with the flat of the sword on the shoulder of the knight. Charles V. is said to have made five

hundred knights in a single day; on which account, therefore, new orders of knighthood were instituted, in order to distinguish the more deserving from the crowd. P. T. W.

A man changed his profession of a painter to a physician; upon which a friend applauded him, saying, You have done well, for before your faults could be discovered with the naked eye, but now they are hid. H. B.

Definition of Wit.—A certain bishop said to his chaplain: "What is wit?" The chaplain replied, "The rectory of A—— is vacant, give it to me, and that will be wit." "Prove it," said his lordship, "and you shall have it." "It would be a good thing well applied," rejoined the chaplain. The dinner daily prepared for the royal chaplains at St. James's was relieved, *for a time*, from *suspension*, by an effort of wit. King Charles had appointed a day for dining with his chaplains; and it was understood that this step was adopted as the least *unpalatable* mode of putting an end to the dinner. It was Dr. South's turn to say the grace: and whenever the king honoured his chaplains with his presence, the prescribed formula ran thus: "God save the king, and bless the dinner." Our witty divine took the liberty of transposing the words, by saying, "God bless the king, and save the dinner." *"And it shall be saved,"* said the monarch.

The blaze of wit in the School for Scandal astonishes us less when we remember that the writer had it in his power to frame both the question and the answer; the reply and the rejoinder; the time and the place. He must be a poor proficient, who cannot keep up the game, when both the ball, the wall, and the racket, are at his sole command.

Gold and Greatness.—Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day, when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. "Nephew, (said Sir Godfrey,) you have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world."—"I don't know how great you may be, (said the Guinea-man,) but I don't like your looks: I have often bought a man much better than both of you together all muscles and bones for ten guineas."

Mr. Caesar.—Swift dined one day in company with the Lord Keeper, his son, and their two ladies, and Mr. *Cæsar*, treasurer of the navy, at his house in the city. They happened to talk of Brutus, and Swift said something in his praise; when it struck him immediately that he had made a blunder in doing so; and therefore recollecting himself, he said, "*Mr. Cæsar, I beg your pardon.*"

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The Mirror

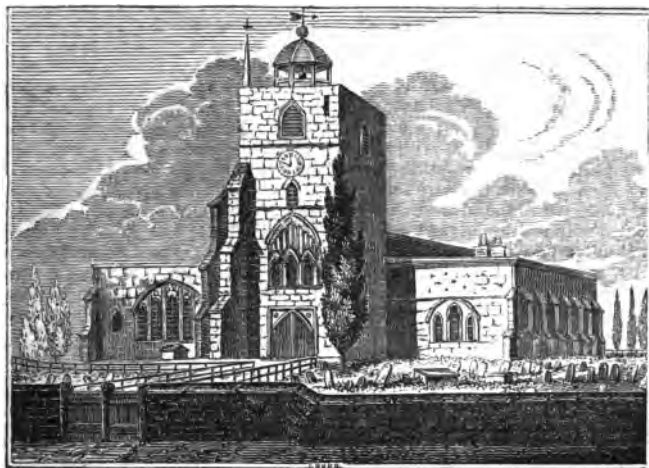
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[PRICE 2d.



STEPNEY CHURCH, AND "THE FISH AND RING."

WHAT Londoner has not visited, or heard of the poetic fame of, Stepney churchyard, and the tributary tears of its mortal muses; and what lover of parochial legends has not read of "the Fish and Ring."

The parish of Stepney is of considerable extent; it lies eastward of London, bounded by parishes which were formerly its hamlets, and on the south by the river Thames. Mr. Lysons tells us "the ancient name of this place was Stūbenhede, Stebenhythe, or Stēbunhethē. The termination is a well-known Saxon word, signifying a haven or wharf. I know not how to complete the etymology, unless we suppose it to have been the timber wharf, from *Stēb*, the trunk of a tree. Some have taken Stiben, or Stēben, for a corruption of Steven." We pass over many other interesting antiquarian notices of the district, among which Stow relates, that, in the year 1299, a parliament was held at Stepney in the house of Henry Walleis, mayor of London, when that monarch confirmed the charter of liberties. In several years of the seventeenth century, Stepney suffered extensively from the ravages of the plague. In 1625, 2,978 persons fell victims to this disorder. In 1665, the number of persons who died of the plague here, was, according to the parish clerk's account, 6,583. In the *Life of Lord Clarendon* it is observed, that "the plague had swept away so many seamen (Stepney and the places adjacent, which was their common habitation, being almost depopu-

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Lady Berry's Tomb.

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lated,) that there seemed an impossibility to procure sailors to set out the fleet."

The church is a large Gothic structure, of stone and flint: it is dedicated to St. Dunstan and All Saints, and consists of a chancel, nave, and two aisles, separated by clustered columns and pointed arches. At the west end is a square tower, surmounted by a turret and flag-staff.* No part of the building appears to be of earlier date than the 14th century, and several of the windows are of much later date. Until a repair which took place about eighteen years since, an embattled parapet ranged along the principal parts of the building.† In the south wall of the chancel are two stone stalls with pointed arches; and on the north side is a marble monument, with a groined elliptical arch, (under which stands an altar-tomb,) to the memory of Sir Henry Colet, knt. citizen and mercer of London: it appears originally to have had a rich Gothic canopy, and corresponding pillars, which have been displaced by ill-judged repairs. Sir Henry was Lord Mayor in 1486 and 1495, and father of Dr. John Colet, founder of St. Paul's School: his tomb is kept in repair by the Mercers' Company. On the north wall also is the tomb of Sir John Berry, 1689, who was knighted by Charles II. for his courage at the battle of Solebay, in 1672; was an admiral at La Hogue, and in 1680 was made rear-admiral of the fleet. In the north-east corner is a marble monument of the good Samaritan, in relief, by Westmacott, in memory of B. Kenton, Esq. who died in 1800, aged 83, and left 63,550*l.* to the charity schools in his parish and neighbourhood; besides upwards of 30,000*l.* to his friends. Within the west was a stone porch, (now in the vestry,) with an inscription, stating it to have been part of the wall of Carthage.]

The churchyard acquires an extraneous interest from the notice bestowed on it by Steele, in *The Spectator*, dated Friday, October, 24, 1712, the day after the announcement of the death of Sir Roger de Coverley. Talking of death, and having mentioned an epitaph, the writer says, "I must tell you, sir, that I have made a discovery of a churchyard in which I believe you might spend an afternoon with great pleasure to yourself and

* This is the constant appendage of water-side parish churches. On the death of a late rector, the flag was hoisted on the church, half staff high, in denotation of grief. The tower contains a fine set of bells: the tenor was given by Nicholas Chadworth, renewed by Thomas Mason, in 1386; recast in 1683; and again in 1764.

† A view of Stepney Church, with this embattled parapet, will be found in *The Mirror*, vol. iv. It must have been sketched eighteen years since. The Engraving in the annexed page represents a general view of the present state of the church.

‡ The inscription will be found in the brief account of the church, appended to the Engraving, in *The Mirror*, vol. iv.

to the public. It belongs to the church of Stebon-Heathe, commonly called Stepney. Whether or not it be that the people of that parish have a particular genius for an epitaph, or that there be some great poet among them who undertakes that work by the great, I cannot tell; but there are more remarkable inscriptions in that place than in any other I have met with; and I may say without vanity, that there is not a gentleman in England better read in tomb-stones than myself, my studies having laid very much in churchyards. I shall beg leave to send you a couple of epitaphs for a sample of those I have now mentioned. They are written in a different manner; the first being in the diffused and luxuriant, the second in the close, contracted style. The first has much of the simple and pathetic; the second is something light, but nervous. The first is thus:—

Here Thomas Saffin lies interr'd, ah! why?
Born in New England, did in London die;
Was the third son of right[¶] begat upon
His mother Martha, by his favour'd John;
Much favour'd by his Prince, he can to be,
But nipt by death at the age of thirty-three.
Fatal to him was that we small pox name,
By which his mother and two brethren came
Also to breathe their last, nine years before
And now have left their children to deplore
The loss of all his children, with that wife
Who was the joy and comfort of his life.

Deceased June the 18th, 1687.*

Dr. Johnson's observation, upon reading the second line of this epitaph, was, "I do not wonder at this; it *would* have been strange if, born in London, he had died in New England." Saffin's tomb was restored by his countrymen in 1750.

The second epitaph referred to in *The Spectator* is as follows:

Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,
Spitalfields weaver, and that's all.

This laconic distich is not now to be seen.

The monument represented in the annexed page remains to be noticed. It is a marble slab attached to the outside of the east wall of the chancel, to the memory of Dame Rebecca Berry, wife of Sir Thomas Elton, of Stratford-Bow, and relict of Sir John Berry, 1696; with the following inscription:

Come, LADIES, ye that would appear
Like angels fine, come, dress you here;
Come, dress you at this marble stone,
And make this humble grave your own,
Which once adorn'd as fair a mind,
As ere yet lodg'd in womankind.
So she was dress'd, whose humble life
Was free from pride, was free from strife;
Free from all envious brawls and jars,
Of human life the civil wars;
These ne'er disturb'd her peaceful mind,
Which still was gentle, still was kind.
Her very looks, her garb her mien,
Disclos'd the humble soul within.
Trace her through every scene of life,
View her as widow, virgin, wife;

§ In the *Spectator*, erroneously printed Sapper.

¶ In the *Spectator* printed and.

‡ In the *Spectator* printed eight.

* The last figure of the date is now illegible.

Still the same humble she appears,
The same in youth, the same in years;
The same in low and high estate,
Ne'er vexed with this, nor mov'd with that.
Go, LADIES, now, and if you'd be
As fair, as great, and good as she,
Go learn of her Humility.

The arms on this monument are—Paly of six on a bend three mullets (Elton) impaling, a fish, and in the dexter chief point an annulet between two bends wavy. This coat of arms, which exactly corresponds with that borne by Ventris of Cambridgeshire, has given rise to a tradition, that Lady Berry was the heroine of a popular ballad called "The Cruel Knight, or Fortunate Farmer's Daughter;" the story of which is briefly this:—A knight, passing by a cottage, hears the cries of a woman in labour, his knowledge in the occult sciences informs him, that the child then born was destined to be his wife; he endeavours to elude the decrees of fate, and avoid so ignoble an alliance, by various attempts to destroy the child, which are defeated. At length, when grown to woman's state, he takes her to the sea side, intending to drown her, but relents; at the same time throwing a ring into the sea, he commands her never to see his face again, on pain of instant death, unless she can produce that ring. She afterwards becomes a cook, and finds the ring in a cod fish, as she is dressing it for dinner. The marriage takes place of course. The ballad, it must be observed, lays the scene of this story in Yorkshire. The incident of the fish and ring occurs in other stories, and may be found in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

It must be added, painful as may be the information to the legend-loving reader, that the leading incidents of the above story are of far greater antiquity than the age in which Dame Elton flourished; as Hamlet says, "the time is out of joint." The well-pointed moral of the epitaph remains, though the romance of the tradition be marred by sober, stubborn truth.

In the churchyard also "lie sleeping," Matthew Mead, a Puritan divine, appointed to a chapel at Shadwell, by Cromwell: he was the father of the celebrated Dr. Mead, who was born at Stepney, in the apartments over the ancient brick gateway, opposite the Rectory, in 1673, and in 1696, first began practice here. Here also lie, Elizabeth Goodell, and her 20 daughters; the Rev. W. Vicars, author of the Companion to the Altar; Sir John Leake, Admiral of Queen Anne's fleet; a family of six persons, who were burnt to death in the Mile End Road; the father of Strype, the historian; and Roger Crab, as sour an eccentric as his surname can imply, who lived long on bran, dock-leaves, grass, and water, and deemed it a sin against his soul to eat flesh, or to drink fermented liquor.

ANCIENT DAGGER FOUND AT STONKHENGE.

(To the Editor.)

AT page 40 of your last volume, you gave the description of an ancient dagger, supposed to be the model of those employed in the massacre at Stonehenge; which I think is wrong, for, according to the description, it must have been made by some person or persons practised in the ornamental arts, which I do not think the Saxons could be at that period, all their time being taken up in piratical expeditions, and in constant warfare with their neighbouring states; and it is not to be supposed that the Britons were so much enamoured of the weapon so treacherously used against them as to cause them to make a model of it. I should rather think, from the spot where it was found, that it was a British trophy, acquired from the Romans; or perhaps it belonged to a Romanized Briton, and was carried there when they retired before the Saxons. The treacherous massacre alluded to is said to have been concerted by Gurrethyrn, (Vortigern,) the British pendergon, (leader,) who wished to obtain absolute power; and by the Saxons, to acquire firm possession of what they had seized, and the easy conquest of the remainder. Each party thought their objects might be attained by the destruction of the leaders of the people. As the readiest means of perpetrating this horrid plot, a meeting was held for the purpose of forming a treaty of peace between the two nations. The British chiefs, according to custom, came unarmed, expecting their enemies to do the same; but the Saxons, during the proceedings, drew long knives from under their garments, and treacherously massacred the confiding Britons.

Llundain.

CYMMRO.

THE TYROLESE HUNTERS.

With morn upon the hills
We greet the earliest flush of purple light,
And joy each bosom fills,
As we pursue the deer across the height.
Our horn resounds afar,
And vivid feelings to the spirit brings,
And Evening's silver star
Reveals to us the lustre of its wings.
Ours is no craven's life,
But one of triumph with the bold and brave;
Designed for deeds of strife,
We spear the wild bear in his mountain-cave,
With shout and festal song
We pass the night beneath the forest tree,
And gently glide along
Our moments like a vernal stream set free.
The lovely and the bright
In fairy shapes around our path extend,
Impassive as the light
Which wih their natural beauty seems to blend.
Let nothing break our rest,
Save the lone torrent with its misty foam,
And many a heart unblest
In stately halls, shall seek the hunter's home!

G. R. C.

ANointed STONES.

THE following account of anointed stones is given in *Maurice's Indian Antiquities* :—

"One of the idols in the pagoda of Jaggernaut is described by Captain Hamilton as a huge, black stone, of a pyramidal form; and the Sommona Codom, among the Siamese, is of the same complexion. The Ayeeen Akbery mentions an octagonal pillar of black stone, and about fifty cubits high. Tavernier observes, there is an idol of black stone in the pagoda of Benares, and that the statue, Cheesna, in this celebrated temple of Mathura, is of black marble. It is very remarkable, that one of the principal ceremonies incumbent upon the priests of the stone deities, according to Tavernier, is to anoint them daily with odoriferous oils—a circumstance which immediately brings to our remembrance the similar practice of Jacob, who, after the famous vision of the celestial ladder, recorded in scripture, 'took the stone which he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it.' It is added, that he called the name of that place *Beth-el*—that is, 'the house of God,' as the patriarch himself explains the word: 'for this stone, which I have put up for a pillar, shall be called God's house.' This passage evinces of how great antiquity the custom is of considering stones in a sacred light, as well as the anointing them with consecrated oil. From this conduct of Jacob, and his Hebrew appellative, the learned Bochart, with great ingenuity and reason, insists that the name and veneration of the sacred stones called *Betyli*, so celebrated in all Pagan antiquity, were derived. These *betyli* were stones of a round form: they were supposed to be animated, by means of magical incantations, with a portion of the Deity: they were consulted, on occasions of great and pressing emergency, as a kind of divine oracles; and were suspended, either round the neck, or some other part of the body of the enraptured devotee. Thus, the setting up of a stone by this holy person, in grateful memory of the celestial vision, probably became the occasion of idolatry in succeeding ages, to these shapeless masses of unhewn stone, of which so many astonishing remains are scattered up and down the Asiatic, and, I may add, the European world." W. G. C.

Fine Arts.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE present Exhibition of modern pictures at the British Gallery is generally considered superior to those of the last two or three years. This opinion is highly gratifying to those who are interested in the advancement of the Fine Arts in this country; and must

be equally so to our young artists, as it testifies that their exertions are duly appreciated.

Mr. Good, in No. 6, *An Old Sailor*, and No. 10, *No News*, displays his usual talent, by introducing a vivid effect of light upon his figures. *No News* represents an old gentleman, who appears to have been looking over a morning paper; and the expression of his countenance implies how much he is dissatisfied with its contents. No. 13, *A Fishing-bout coming ashore near Folkstone*, painted by Mr. Copley Fielding, and 14, "*John Anderson my Joe*," by Mr. Knight, are beautiful specimens of art, though the subjects are very dissimilar. No. 16 is an animating subject from the *Waverley Novels*, representing Brian de Bois Gilbert carrying off Rebecca from the burning castle of Torquilstone, painted by A. Cooper, R.A.; and 21, *Back of Calais Pier*, displays that chasteness of colouring so peculiar to the artist, Mr. John Wilson. Mr. Woodward's picture, 25, *The Watering-place*, is remarkably delicate in the execution, and light and pleasing in colour. A horse appears drinking in a pool of water, while two little boys, one of whom is mounted on the animal's back, are vainly endeavouring to pull him away. The puny efforts of the little urchins and the sturdy strength of the horse are finely contrasted. Mr. Hoffland's *View of the Town of Menaggio, on the Lake of Como*, 27, possesses peculiar grandeur; and 34, *A Visit to the Harem*, by Mrs. Carpenter, displays great brilliancy of colour. No. 60, *The Eagle's Crag*, is painted much in the style of Gaspar Poussin, by Mr. O'Connor. There are many excellent qualities in 64, *Skittle-players*, by W. Collins, R.A., though the group to the left of the picture is rather objectionable, as it draws our attention from the principal figures: it is altogether, however, beautifully coloured, and masterly in the execution. No. 70, *Fruit*, by Mr. Lance; and 74, *Cattle on the Banks of a River*, by Mr. F. R. Lee, are admirable delineations of nature. Mr. Morton, in 92, *Cottage Children*, evinces great ability, though his picture is rather too much in the manner and colouring of Gainsborough. A similar objection may be advanced with respect to Mr. Middleton's *Dorothea*, 119, which is almost a *fac simile* of Mr. Etty's style. No. 124, *Giacopa Querini refusing to enter into the conspiracy with Boemondo Thiepoko, to put to death the Doge Gradenigo, on the 16th of June, 1310*, by Mr. Hart, and 137, *Hawking*, by Edwin Landseer, R.A., are excellent works, especially the latter. No. 179, *Shakespeare's Cliff, Dover*, by Mr. Stanley. 236, *The Spanish Refugees*, Mr. Knight, and 262, *Forum of Nerva, Rome*, by Mr. Harry Wilson, are all clever and interesting pictures. Mr. Novicé displays considerable taste in 305, *The Interior of the British Gallery*, in which several well-painted portraits are intro-

duced. No. 340 represents *Mokanud revealing his features to Zekia—from the veiled Prophet of Korassan*. This picture is creditable to the painter, Mr. David McClise.

There are many other excellent works in the Exhibition:—those of Beechey, Stark, Clater, Kidd, and Buss, deserve particular attention. G. W. N.

Contemporary Traveller.

GENEVA AND VOLTAIRE.

(Notes from a recent Tour.)

[In garnering facts from the *Gardeners' Magazine* for last month, our eye chanced to fall upon a paper of "Horticultural Jottanda," by one of Mr. Loudon's well-informed Correspondents, during "a recent Continental Tour." The writer belongs to a very useful school of observant tourists, who publish for the better information of the reader, and not for the exposure of their own vanity. His particulars of Geneva are as interesting as they are minute, and they exhibit, moreover, a knowledge of, and attention to, the beauties of nature, which the mere describers of palaces and showhouses pass over in their conceited adoration of the labours of art. The opening notes of our extract denote the writer to be a shrewd and enthusiastic observer.]

Having arrived at Geneva, I shall, before proceeding farther, give the following list of such plants as I observed by the wayside, on the road from Paris to that city, by Dijon, &c. Most of them I was enabled to collect specimens of by walking up the hills; which may always be done provided the traveller takes his place on the outside, or in the *coignée*, and secures the good offices of the *conducteur* by a small gratuity. Some of the plants, however, I cannot be absolutely certain of, as far as regards species, having only seen them from the diligence; and plants are not things that "he who runs may read."

[He then enumerates a variety of plants.]

Such are a few of the plants from the immense flora of France; which are not given as a complete list of those to be found between Paris and Geneva, but merely to show the young gardener that some botanical knowledge may be snatched up even while whirling along on the diligence.

We now return to Geneva. The ground on which the town is built is hilly, which makes most of the streets tortuous and *pénible* (tiring). The houses are high, from five to six stories in general, and are not unfrequently deformed by shed roof arcades, supported by clumsy wooden posts, which reach to the top of the house; most of the streets are rather narrow; the pavement, however, is good.

There are numerous fountains, supplied by fourteen pumps, each of 11 in. diameter,

wrought by the rushing waters of the Rhone, the whole of the machinery of which is made of wood. Yet they discharge water at the height of 100 ft. The water-wheel, which is, of course, undershot, is inclosed in a dark wooden shed, standing, as the whole structure does, on wooden piles in the water. The only light admitted into this shed is through, and a little above, the surface of the water; and the flashing and foaming of the bright blue water in the darksome gloom produces an effect almost magical.

Two wooden bridges cross the Rhone which divides the town into two parts, and, with the adjacent extremity of Lake Lemman, insulates one of them.

The principal street runs nearly parallel with one of these branches, and near it a new quay is now being built for the small craft, which ply upon the lake, to moor at. From this lower part of the town there is but little view: but, on ascending to the terrace walks, at the most elevated part possible, the view is extremely magnificent. It overlooks the whole city with its picturesque and scattered roofs, and its cathedral built on the spot where once stood a pagan temple of the sun. The deep blue lake, stretching until the villages on its beautiful shores dip below the horizon; and with an atmosphere so pure, that village and church, tower and hamlet, piercing through the forestry, are seen as clear at forty miles' distance as at five in our murkier climate.

Jura's lofty ridge, closed almost throughout with dark pine forests, on one side, on the other the everlasting Alps, enwrapped in clouds and snow, embrace the matchless landscape. Between them and the lake, on which many a sail expands its placid wing, terraces of nature's sloping smile with every variety of sylvan beauty and rural elegance, and rejoice in an educated gentry and an intellectual and contented peasantry.

Geneva is wholly surrounded with walls and trenches, across which, in one place, a light and elegant wire suspension bridge is built; in the neighbourhood of which is the observatory, a small building, surmounted by two hemispherical domes of tin. The use of tin, that is, tinned sheet iron, is universal throughout Switzerland, for covering roofs, for eave shoots, trunks, &c.; and nothing can show more fully the exquisite purity and great dryness of the air, than that, in such exposed situations, it retains its fine silvery lustre for years. By a mistaken and miserable parsimony, tin has been of late occasionally used for such purposes in these countries, even for government works, and in a short time presents nothing but a few shreds of rusty iron.

Geneva has always been the peculiar abode of political and religious freedom; and, even now, the inhabitants approach nearer to those

healthy and peculiarly English habits of mind, which free institutions produce, than perhaps any other people on the Continent.

An admirable system of public instruction and public reward is, and has long been, in operation; and its effects are manifest even on the lowest orders.

In fine, "were the world all before me where to choose" to anchor my bark of life, that choice should be at Geneva.

In this rapid sketch, we must pass over any description of its library, with the homilies of St. Augustine, written on papyrus of the sixth century, its museum, with all the labours of Saussure and De Luc, and all the tempting glories of its elegant *bijouterie*, &c. to make an excursion to Ferney, and visit all that remains of the abode of him

"Who was all fire and fickleness; a child
Most mutable in wishes; but, in mind,
A wit as various, gay, grave, sage, or wild,—
Historian, bard, philosopher combined."

—need I say of Voltaire?

The way from Geneva is through a rich and highly cultivated country; corn and pasture, chestnuts and orchards, and here and there a vine or fig tree, embroider the face of nature into a garden. Well kept fences and hedge-rows skirt the shady roads, which not a little resemble some of the finer parts of our own country. The house in which Voltaire so long resided, where he drew around him the learned and the noble of every nation, and where he received the ambassadors of the Russian empress, is now a tenantless mansion, the desolated goal of travelling curiosity.*

"Decay's effacing fingers" press heavily on all around: the house is disfurnished, save of some mouldy pictures, a few chairs and tables, and a bed, said to have been Voltaire's. The grounds were laid out in the old French style of gardening. A straight avenue, many of the trees of which have fallen to decay, leads to the house.

The garden consists at present but of a long straight *berceau* (bower) walk of beeches, rampant and unclipped, where many of those works were composed which, while they delighted by their wit, poisoned the very sources of human morals. This walk, which commands a noble view of the high Alps, was the favourite musing-place of Voltaire.

Near the house is a circular fountain basin half choked with rubbish and leaves, whose *jet d'eau* has long ceased to murmur; a dark green moss covering every walk, and the old *bosquet* (thicket) is a jungle of weeds.

The reflections suggested by visiting this spot are any thing but pleasant. Perhaps no man ever attained greater literary popularity during his lifetime than Voltaire; in fact, his death was caused by overwhelming admi-

nation and public honours; yet few men's memories are dwelt on with less sympathy, or fewer praises. Among all that deserves reprehension, it is consolatory to find some traits related that bespeak benevolence of disposition. All that deserves praise in his voluminous writings is his poignant wit, and the elegant speciousness with which he was able to clothe the weakest sophistry. But he has made no discoveries, and has added nothing to the stock of human knowledge; and, however he may have been instrumental in promoting the misery, it is certain he has devised nothing to increase the happiness, of man.

A steam-boat now plies upon Lake Lemman, from and to Geneva, touching at most of the principal towns upon the shores of this magnificent sheet of water. This lake, certainly the most beautiful and one of the most extensive in Europe, is of nearly the shape of a half-moon, the convex side of which is towards the north. It is about eighteen leagues in length, and four in breadth; its depth varies from 40 ft. to 900 ft.; its height above the level of the sea is about 1,000 ft. It receives the waters of upwards of forty rivers, of which the Rhone is the largest. Owing to its great average depth, it never freezes, except near the edge in very severe winters. Similar agitations to those once observed in Loch Tay, in Scotland, have been seen in it; namely, sudden rising and falling of the waters, at particular spots, above and below their usual level, succeeded by oscillations, until they return to their ordinary situations. This phenomenon may arise either from land-slips, so to speak, taking place under the water; that is to say, large masses of debris detached by the water falling from the sides of subaqueous precipices, or from the water suddenly forcing its way into large cavities or subaqueous caverns, which, from the nature of the strata, are not unlikely to exist in Lake Lemman. It contains a great many species of fish. I have not had an opportunity of examining the washes of its shores; but from their mineral composition, at least on the Jura side, they do not seem likely to afford a very rich botanical harvest.

There is but a single islet in the lake, so small as to be probably but the pinnacle of an immersed mountain; two or three bushes grow on it, nevertheless; it is nearly opposite the rocks of La Meilleraye.

It was a morning of exulting sunshine and loveliness when we sailed from Geneva for Villeneuve, and so for some time it remained; but, alas! fine weather, that most essential of all comforts to the traveller, soon deserted us. Behind the snowy Alps, that relieved themselves in dazzling whiteness, against the clear, blue sky, a colossal nimbus, dark as despair, gradually rose, with ragged, whitish, thundery-looking rack sweeping about be-

* For an Engraving of the House and Grounds, see *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 81.

neath it. Up it rose, and, with the rapidity of the lowering of the footlights in a theatre it threw a cold gloominess over the before sunny landscape. The clear, blue lake became black as ink. The great cloud now covered the whole heaven. The rack seemed violently agitated over the crest of Jura. A few large, heavy, spitting drops of rain fell upon the deck of the steamer; a bright, blinding flash of lightning, and almost instantly a deafening thunder, that seemed to shake the very timbers of the ship, burst above us, and rumbled away in reiterated reverberations from crag to crag.

—“*Quo maxima motu
Terra tremit, fugere fera, et mortalis corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor.*”

“Earth feels the motions of her angry god:
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And flying beasts in forests seek abode:
Deep horror seizes every human breast;
Their pride is humbled and their fear confessed.”

Dryden's trans.

Down came the rain; and such rain as, in force and heaviness, I never saw equalled;—

—“*Fervetque fretis spirantibus æquor.*”

“And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas rebound.”

Dryden's trans.

After about an hour, its extreme violence subsided; the clouds descended gradually to about within 100 ft. of the surface of the lake, and there they hung for the rest of the day, copiously distilling a thick, small, drenching rain, something of the Scotch mist order.

However, underneath this pluviose canopy, and that of an umbrella, we were enabled to see, though not to advantage, the many picturesque châteaux and villages past which we swept:—Copet, Lausanne, Vevey, Clarens; names ever associated with the undying fame of De Staël, Gibbon, and Rousseau.

“Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls:

A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave enthalls;”

and beyond which the beetling brow of the mountain overhangs, in almost perpendicular abruptness, yet clothed, for the most part, with a rich verdure of ivy and procumbent shrubs. Small seems the height of that lofty “donjon,” when matched against the loftier rock, that seems to frown haughtily upon it, the ancient abode of feudal tyranny, where once the magnanimous and patriotic Bonnard chafed in unjust imprisonment.

Anecdote Gallery.

TABLE TALK OF THE REV. ROBERT HALL.
(From an amusing article on his Works and Life, in *Tait's Magazine*.)

THOUGH Hall was himself a man of high and warm imagination, and brilliant fancy, his truly noble mind sympathized far more strongly with moral than with intellectual greatness. Hence his low opinion of Lord Byron, the idol of the day:—“I tried to read *Childe Harold*,” he said to a friend, “but could not get on, and gave it up.” “But, sir,” replied the friend, “independently of the mere poetry, it must be interesting to contemplate such a remarkable mind as Byron's.” “It is well enough, sir, to have a general acquaintance with such a character; but I know not why we should take pleasure in minutely investigating deformity.”

When some one admired Madame de Staël's “flights of fancy,” Hall said, “he could not for his part admire her flights, for to him she was generally invisible; not because she ascended to a great height above the earth, but because she invariably selected a foggy atmosphere.” “This lady, it may be remembered, was almost worshipped by his friend, Sir James Mackintosh. Of the powers of that celebrated person, with an allowance for the natural partiality of early friendship, Mr. Hall appears to have formed a true and penetrating estimate. “I know no man,” he said emphatically in conversation, “equal to Sir James in talents;—the powers of his mind are admirably balanced; he is defective only in imagination;” and, by imagination, Hall appears to have understood originality, power, invention.

We shall give an example of the soundness of Mr. Hall's literary taste, apart altogether from his religious or political opinions. Dr. Gregory, who was a very young man at the beginning of their acquaintance, one day employed the word *felicity* very frequently in conversation. “Why do you say *felicity*, sir?” he asked;—“happiness is a better word, more musical, and genuine English, coming from the Saxon.” “Not more musical, I think, sir.” “Yes, more musical; and so are words derived from the Saxon generally. Listen, sir: ‘Under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.’ There's cheerful music.” “Yes; but *rejoice* is French.” “True; but all the rest is Saxon; and *rejoice* is almost out of tune with the other words. Listen again: ‘Thou hast delivered my eyes from tears, my soul from death, and my feet from falling.’ All Saxon, sir, except *deliver*. I could think of the word *tear*, sir, till I wept. Then, again, for another noble specimen, and almost all good old Saxon-English:—‘Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.’”

British Museum.—The number of persons admitted to view the British Museum has wonderfully increased of late years. In 1826, 79,131 were admitted; in 1827, 81,228; 1828, 68,101; 1829, 71,336; 1830, 99,112; 1831, 147,896. About 1,950 visited the reading-rooms in 1810; 8,820 in 1820; and 46,800 in 1832.



"ARTHUR'S OVEN."

THIS remarkable monument of antiquity stood at a short distance from the celebrated Carron Iron-works, on a little rising above the banks of the river Carron. Its singular form led to its being called "Arthur's Oven," by the peasantry of the district, from its resemblance to an oven, and a rude guess at its age;* although antiquaries have not so readily acquiesced in the latter point as the less informed people. Its accredited founder was Caius Carausius, an ambitious adventurer of the third century, whose history appears to warrant the above conclusion, and, moreover, includes some interesting illustrations of the early British navy. In these we are materially assisted by the following passage from the first volume of Mr. Southey's *Naval History of England*, published during the past week.† Our extract commences with reference to the well-known conquest of Britain by Agricola:—

"It was chiefly by means of his ships that Agricola completed the reduction of the island, as far as it was reduced. From that time the Romans kept a fleet upon its coast; and if the title archigubernus is not rather to be interpreted chief pilot, Seius Saturninus was the first high admiral of the British fleet whose name appears in history, and the only Roman one whose name has been preserved.

* In doubt of the age of relics, it is not uncommon for persons uninformed on the precise matter, to refer the subject at once to some distinguished character, rather than the relic should remain nameless. The British prince Arthur is a favoured name in these cases of doubt, and reasonably enough so; for his history is so mingled with extravagant fiction, that little can be extracted with any certainty, and, consequently, there will be less chance of the detection of error in ascribing actions to him, than if his history were clearly established. In later times, Queen Elizabeth has been the favoured founder of many buildings, whose site her "progressing" majesty, notwithstanding her itinerant propensity, never approached.

† Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. 40.

He held that station (whichever it may have been) in the reigns of Hadrian and Antoninus Pius.† But there is nothing uncertain concerning the rank and character of the next person, who, after an interval of two centuries, kept the British seas, and first made Britain a maritime power. This person, Caius Carausius by name, and by birth a Menapian of the lowest origin, had been, for his approved courage and nautical skill, appointed to the command of the Roman fleet, which had its station at Gessoriacum, (now Boulogne), in his native country. With this fleet he was to scour the seas, and clear them of the northern sea-rovers, who had now begun to infest all civilized coasts within their reach. But he, whose object at that time was to enrich himself, compounded with the pirates, instead of destroying them; and when he learnt that this practice was suspected, he suffered them to pass unmolested on their outward voyage, and intercepted them on their return, laden with booty, which he took to himself, distributing it among his men, so as to secure their fidelity. Maximian, who then governed the western division of the empire, rightly apprehended that Carausius was meditating some scheme of usurpation. In those ages power constituted right; and any means seem to have been thought allowable for retaining, at least, if not for acquiring it. The readiest means, perhaps the only ones, which occurred to the emperor for preventing an intended treason, was to make away with the traitor; and, as a Mahomedan Sultan would now do towards a

† Henry I. 422. Selden, *Mere Clausum*, lib. ii. c. 5, there quoted. The Britannia on our copper coin differs little, except in costume, from the Britannia on the copper coin of Antoninus Pius.—This comparison must be considered as, in some measure, invalidating the current tradition of the figure of Britannia being adopted by Charles II. from one of the beautiful women of his court.—Ed. M.

governor whom he suspected, he sent a messenger to assassinate him.* The attempt was either foreseen or frustrated; and Carausius, sailing across to Britain, persuaded the Roman troops there, and the people in general, to take up his cause, assumed the purple, and took the titles of Emperor and Augustus.

"The adventurer was well qualified for the perilous station which he had attained: he increased his navy by building a great many ships upon the Roman model; he courted the friendship of the Franks and other barbarous nations, invited their young men into his fleet and his army, trained them both to the land and sea service; and being in possession of both sides of the channel, he harassed the coasts of Gaul, and Spain, and Italy. A new naval force was to be created before any effort could be directed against him; but sailors cannot be made ready upon any sudden demand, like soldiers. Carausius obtained an easy victory; and Diocletian and Maximian saw they had no better course than that of making peace with him for the present. They acknowledged him, therefore, by the name of Marcus Aurelius Valerius Carausius, for their brother emperor, and resigned Britain to him. He soon recovered from the Picts and Scots all that had ever been possessed by the Romans; and he repaired the wall of Severus, which he is said to have strengthened with seven castles, or rather towers."

Among his labours was the building represented in the Cut. Its purpose remains to be noticed; and this is explained by Mr. Gordon, an indefatigable antiquarian of the last century, who supposes it to have been a *sacellum*, or little chapel, used as a repository for the Roman insignia, or standards. The building has been demolished upwards of sixty years; for, Pennant passing this way, in his first tour in Scotland, in 1769, says—"To the mortification of every curious traveller, this matchless edifice is now no more; its barbarous owner, a gothic knight, caused it to be demolished, in order to make a mill-dam with the materials, which, within less than a year, the Naides, in resentment of the sacrilege, came down in a flood, and entirely swept away." If Mr. Gordon's conclusion of the date of the "Oven" be correct, the structure must have been nearly fourteen hundred years old at its destruction.

As the reader may be curious to know the future fate of Carausius, we return to Mr. Southey's interesting narrative:—

"Cultivating also the arts of peace as well as of war, Carausius endeavoured to make the Romanized Britons sensible that it was not less for their advantage than their honour

that the emperor should reside among them. He struck sundry coins, specimens of which yet remain; and skilful artists came hither from the continent, attracted by the encouragement of a munificent sovereign. But the greatest proof of his policy is, that he formed a league with the piratical tribes who were then settled on the Thracian Bosphorus, the object of which was that they should send a strong fleet up the Mediterranean to join him on the British seas, and act against the Romans. Little pretence even to good faith was made in those imperial ages; and the peace which he had concluded with Diocletian and Maximian was tacitly intended on both sides to continue only till a favourable opportunity for breaking it should arrive. The old emperors, who at this time had adopted each a coadjutor and successor, exerted themselves now to crush an enemy, who, it was evident, would not long content himself with the possession of Britain. Maximian, accordingly, fitted out a fleet of a thousand sail in the Batavian ports; and the Cæsar Constantius marched with an army to besiege Carausius in Gessoriacum. This undertaking seems to have been begun before the naval armament was ready to co-operate; and Constantius had no other means of cutting off the enemy from the succours which he received by sea, than building a dam across the harbour. He, no doubt, bore in mind the example of Alexander at Tyre, and did not take into consideration the force of the tide. So strong, however, was the mole which he erected, that Carausius, despairing of any other deliverance, broke through the Roman camp, with a few followers, in a dark night, and embarking in a small vessel, crossed to Britain. It is said, that on the following night the sea swept away the mole, and left the port open; but this, for which he must long have looked wistfully, occurred too late for Carausius, for the town surrendered, and with it a considerable part of his naval force. Constantius then was enabled to leave a sufficient squadron on the coast, and proceed with the rest of his fleet against the Franks, whom he entirely defeated.*

"Carausius, thus deprived of his dominion on the opposite coast, and of his allies also, was reduced to act on the defensive; and he might have maintained himself in Britain, and not improbably recovered the command of the channel, if any abilities could be secure against domestic treason. One of his chief officers, who was also his most trusted friend, Allectus by name, murdered him, and assumed the purple in his stead."

* Gibbon, ii. 192—197. (8vo edit.) Henry I. 62.

The Rev. Robert Hall once observed of Bishop Watson, that "he married public virtue in his early days, but seemed for ever afterwards to be quarrelling with his wife."

* Mascou's Hist. of the Ancient Germans, English translation, book vi. § iii. p. 243. Aurelius Victor, c. xxxix. Eutropius, lib. ix. § xiii. there quoted. Turner, i. 162—164. Henry I. 61.

The Public Journals.

THE LION.

(From "The Fishing Cap," by Leigh Hunt, in *Tail's Magazine*.)

SOME mechanical-minded persons, out of an idle jealousy of the poets, (the best of all observers,) would fain have had us believe of late years, that the lion was a sneaking fellow, no better than a cat. They triumphantly desired us to notice how he watched, cat-like, for his prey; how idle he was, except when roused by hunger; and how quietly he could walk off before a score or so of men and dogs, after standing and looking them in the face, and considering their presented muskets. Unquestionably, the lion has a relationship to the cat—just as a great man has to the little people among his species. He also holds a *man in his mouth*, (a very terrible sight!) just as a cat does a mouse. But he does not sport with his prey! He is not cruel, not willing to get his pleasure out of one's pain. He watches, it is true, for his prey; but so would Jenkins, if he were an outlaw with nothing to eat, and a boy was going by with a leg of mutton. So would "Jenkins," do we say? So would the most dignified doctor or the greatest saint among us. Suppose that Dr. Johnson, or the Bishop of London, or even our gracious King William, had, by some accident, grown up in the woods, without education or speech, and been caught, and called Sam or William, the Wild Boy; and suppose he had been brought to town in a caravan, and had got loose about six o'clock in the evening, having had nothing to eat all day, and a man were going by with a dish of turtle from the pastry-cooks! Conceive the eye with which Wild Sam would stand looking from behind the caravan door, for fear his master should see him; and then the shout with which he would bolt forth upon the turtle, gobbling it up as if no dignity was in him. We say nothing of the varieties of other kinds of prey for which certain human beings watch; because we do not wish to lower the character of the lion who lurks only out of necessity, and not from their love of cheating and gain. That the lion is idle, except when he is hungry, may be admitted; but what is the plea for human occupation in general, except that a man "*must live*"—that he must "get his bread;" and that if he is idle, he will have no butcher's meat. It is astonishing with what coolness we flesh-eating, fish-hooking, stag-hunting, war-making, boroughmongering, two-legged animals, sit in judgment upon our fellow-creatures the quadrupeds; and abuse them for doing, out of sheer instinct and compulsion, what we perpetrate out of a deliberate, self-indulgence! Let those among us who have really not been educated for nothing, and who have a decent quantity of humanity,

to go upon, do justice to the common instincts of lion and noble lord. As to his walking off before a multitude of men and dogs, with loaded muskets, and all sorts of advantages over him, it is what, in a Zenophon or a Frederick the Second, would have been called a *retreat*, not a skulking away. The lion refuses to risk his life, and that of others, to no purpose; and instead of praising him for it, we call him idle and skulking. It is surely enough that, before he makes up his mind to decline the battle, he can look calmly upon his enemies;—nay, (as they acknowledge themselves,) with the most lofty and courageous aspect. If a dog or so happens to come too near him on that occasion, he makes a movement of his paw, invisible as one of Belcher's pieces of by-play, and smites the mongrel to death; which is just as if he had said, "Do not misinterpret me, and behave like a puppy. I am standing thus, not for fear of you, but like a proper general, calculating his forces." When Homer speaks of a lion walking off, it is in compliment to his bravest warriors, and the reluctance with which they retire.

There is no one thing in the creation, which, deeply considered, is more mysterious than any other; but with that kindly permission to question her proceedings, in which Nature indulges us, we may be allowed, with all due reverence, to express our amazement at the existence of your wild beast. We can see "no exquisite reason for him." He seems as if his uses had been anterior to the present system of the world, and that he is "going out" accordingly. Perhaps the lion was the lap-dog of the antediluvians, or hunted a superior order of mice in the reign of Gian Ben Gian. At present, (unless it be his office to keep down the population of the Cameleopard and the deer,) we see nothing in a lion or tiger, but a raging stomach, in the shape of a quadruped, impelled to fill itself at the cost of other stomachs; except, indeed, its existence involve some very exquisite sensations of health and comfort during its hours of repose; or be kept up in order to furnish our story-books with a pleasing terror, and our poets with similes. Doubtless, there are corners of things of which human inquiry knows nothing—even in objects with which it concludes itself to be well acquainted. A lion has affections, and will take kindly to the company of a dog or a kid. He has also a lofty, and even thinking countenance, in its way; and Heaven knows what may be his meditations during a bland interval of digestion, or what he or any other animal may know of us. He is also handsome after his kind. Marcus Aurelius, that most amiable of utilitarians, found beauty in the very gape of his jaws,—that "chasm of teeth," as Anacreon calls it. Certainly the lion has a mane, the sole use of which seems to be to give a

luxuriant grandeur to his aspect. Nature seems to warrant a certain pride and glory, not only in the robes of kings and fine ladies, but in the decoration she has bestowed upon certain animals—as in the mane of the lion, the tail of the peacock, &c. An “article” might be written on these propensities in her, which, in human beings, would be thought weaknesses, or a superfluous love of ornament and display. She thus furnishes one of the best arguments we know of for the shews of state, and an ornamental condition of government; only, in impelling us to see beyond them, she leaves us to settle the question as we please. We, therefore, for our parts, avail ourselves of this license, and are for clipping the robes of kings, and reducing the establishment of all kinds of lions.

How came the Americans, when they set up a republic, to take an eagle for their symbol? Their eagle, it is true, is an American one, the “bald eagle;” but why a “bald” eagle, or any other eagle? Why any animal *feræ nature*, and of the old royal brute standard? It was as much as to say to royalty, “I am as powerful as you, and have as good claws.” Well; what then? Such an answer might have been well enough at the moment; but why give it for ever?—Why set up with an everlasting intention, an emblem of brute rivalry? It was done, probably, out of sheer want of thought; or, perhaps, victory and military power had an eye in it to Washington and the Romans. Washington himself had a bit of the eagle in his countenance, as soldiers are apt to have—and of the “bald” eagle too. Here was the beak and the decision; but no great indication of mind. Franklin objected to this royal and imperial, and ravening symbol, and said he should have preferred a “turkey.” “At dinner, so would I,” Washington might have replied; “and you, doctor, are of the eating, rather than the fighting, species.”—Franklin, it must be owned, was a little fatter than sage becomed, and had something of the turkey in the cut of his figure.

A time will come, perhaps not long first, when nations will be ashamed of these representations in the shape of eagles and lions, and adopt symbols more consonant with the ideas of wisdom and justice. A new coat-of-arms at the Herald’s office is as ridiculous as if the heralds were to give a man a license to walk about in the dress of the twelfth century.

LIVE IN DEATH.

(Concluded from page 160.)

AGAIN his youthful features hardened into the gladiatorial expression of one grown old in crime and cruelty. Forth he went and returned with the Indian casket; he drew a table towards the coffin, placed two candles

upon it, and raised the lid: he started, some one touched him; it was only the little black terrier licking his hand, and gazing up in his face with a look almost human in its affectionate earnestness. Francis put back the shroud, and then turned hastily away, sick and faint at the ghastly sight. The work of corruption had begun, and the yellow and livid streaks awoke even more disgust than horror. But an evil purpose is ever strong; he carefully opened the phial, and with a steady hand, let one drop fall on the eye of the corpse. He closed the bottle, replaced it in the casket, and then, but not till then, looked for its effect. The eye, large, melancholy, and of that deep violet blue, which only belongs to early childhood, as if it were too pure and too heavenly for duration on earth, had opened, and full of life and beauty was gazing tenderly upon him. A delicious perfume filled the air; ah, the old man was right! Others had sought the secret of life in the grave, and the charnel-house; he had sought it amid the warm and genial influences of nature; he had watched the invigorating sap bringing back freshness to the forest tree; he had marked the warble spring wakening the dead root and flower into bloom—the essence of a thousand existences was in that fragile crystal. The eye now turned anxiously towards the casket, then with a mute eloquence towards the son; it gazed upon him so piteously, he saw himself mirrored in the large clear pupil; it seemed to implore, to persuade, and at last, the long soft lash glistened, and tears, warm bright tears, rolled down the livid cheek. Francis sat and watched with a cruel satisfaction; a terrible expression of rage kindled the eye like fire, then it dilated with horror, and then glared terribly with despair. Francis shrank from the fixed and stony gaze. But his very terror was selfish.

“It must not witness against me,” rushed into his mind. He seized a fold of the grave clothes, crushed the eye in the socket, and closed the lid of the coffin. A yell of agony rose upon the silent night. Francis was about to smite the howling dog, when he saw that it lay dead at his feet. He hurried with his precious casket from the chamber, which he never entered again.

Years have passed away, and the once gay and handsome Francis Saville is a grey and decrepit man, bowed by premature old age, and with a constitution broken by excess. But the shrewd man has been careful in his calculations; he knew how selfish early indulgence and worldly knowledge had made himself, and he had resolved that so his children should not be corrupted: he had two, a boy and a girl, who had been brought up in the strictest ignorance and seclusion, and in the severest practices of the Catholic faith. He well knew that fear is a stronger

bent than love, and his children trembled in the presence of the father, whom their mother's latest words had yet enjoined them to cherish. Still the feeling of dutiful affection is strong in the youthful heart, though Mr. Saville resolved not to tempt it, by one hint of his precious secret.

"I cannot bear to look in the glass," exclaimed Mr. Saville, as he turned away from his own image in a large mirror opposite; why should I bear about this weight of years and deformity? My plan is all matured, and never will its execution be certain as now. Walter must soon lose his present insecure and devout simplicity, and on them only can I rely. Yes, this very night will I fling off the slough of years, and awake to youth, warm, glad, and buoyant youth."

Mr. Saville now rang the bell for his attendants to assist him to bed.

When comfortably settled, his children came as usual to wish him good night, and kneel for his blessing; he received them with the most touching tenderness. "I feel," said he, "unusually ill to-night. I would fain, Edith, speak with your brother alone."

Edith kissed her father's hand, and withdrew.

"You were at confession to-day when I sent for you," continued the invalid, addressing the youth, who leant anxiously by his pillow. "Ah, my beloved child, what a blessed thing it is to be early trained to the paths of salvation. Alas! at your age I was neglected and ignorant; but for that, many things which now press heavily on my conscience had, I trust, never been. It was not till after my marriage with that blessed saint your mother that my conscience was awakened. I made a pilgrimage to Rome, and received from the hands of our Holy Father the Pope, a precious oil, distilled from the wood of the true cross, which, rubbed over my body as soon as the breath of life, be departed, will purify my mortal remains from sin, and the faith in which I die will save my soul from purgatory. May I rely upon the dutiful obedience of my child to the last wishes of his parent?"

"Oh, my father!" sobbed the youth.

"Extinguish the lights, for it is not fitting that humanity should watch the mysteries of faith; and, by your own hope of salvation, anoint the body the moment life is fled. It is contained in this casket," pointing to the little ebony box; "and thus you undo the spring. Leave me now, my child. I have need of rest and meditation."

The youth obeyed; when, as he was about to close the door, he heard the voice of Mr. Saville, "Remember, Walter; my blessing or my curse will follow you through life, according as you obey my last words. My blessing or my curse!"

The moment he left the room Mr. Saville

unfastened the casket, and from another drawer took a bottle of laudanum: he poured its contents into the negus on his table, and drank the draught!—The midnight was scarce passed when the nurse, surprised at the unwonted quiet of her usually querulous and impetuous patient, approached and undrew the curtain; her master was dead! The house was immediately alarmed. Walter and his sister were still sitting up in the small oratory which had been their mother's, and both hastened to the chamber of death. Ignorance has its blessing; what a world of corruption and distrust would have entered those youthful hearts, could they have known the worthlessness of the parent they mourned with such innocent and endearing sorrow.

Walter was the first to check his tears. "I have, as you know, Edith, a sacred duty to perform; leave me for awhile alone, and we will afterwards spend the night in prayer for our father's soul."

The girl left the room, and her brother proceeded with his task. He opened the casket and took out the phial; the candles were then extinguished, and, first telling the beads of his rosary, he approached the bed. The night was dark, and the shrill wind moaned like a human being in some great agony, but the pious son felt no horror as he raised the body in his arms to perform his holy office. An exquisite odour exhaled from the oil, which he began to rub lightly and carefully over the head. Suddenly he started, the phial fell from his hand and was dashed to atoms on the floor.

"His face is warm—I feel his breath! Edith, dear Edith! come here. The nurse was wrong: my father lives!"

His sister ran from the adjacent room, where she had been kneeling before an image of the Madonna in earnest supplication, with a small taper in her hand: both stood motionless from terror as the light fell on the corpse. There were the contracted and emaciated hands laid still and rigid on the counterpane; the throat, stretched and bare, was meagre and withered; but the head was that of a handsome youth, full of freshness and life. The rich chestnut curls hung in golden waves on the white forehead, a bright colour was on the cheek, and the fresh, red lips were like those of a child; the large hazel eyes were open, and looked from one to the other, but the expression was that of a fiend,—rage, hate, and despair mingling together, like the horrible beauty given to the head of Medusa. The children fled from the room, only, however, to return with the priest, who deemed that sudden sorrow had unsettled their reason. His own eyes convinced him of the truth: there was the living head on the dead body!

The beautiful face became convulsed with passion, froth stood upon the lips, and the

small white teeth were gnashed in impotent rage.

"This is, surely, some evil spirit," and the trembling priest proceeded with the form of exorcism, but in vain.

Walter then, with a faltering voice, narrated his last interview with his father.

"The sinner," said the old chaplain, "is taken in his own snare. This is assuredly the judgment of God."

All night did the three pray beside that fearful bed: at length the morning light of a glad day in June fell on the head. It now looked pale and exhausted, and the lips were wan. Ever and anon, it was distorted by sudden spasms, — youth and health were maintaining a terrible struggle with hunger and pain. The weather was sultry, and the body showed livid spots of decomposition; the beautiful head was still alive, but the damps stood on the forehead, and the cheeks were sunken. Three days and three nights did that brother and sister maintain their ghastly watch. The head was evidently dying. Twice the eyes opened with a wild and strong glare; the third time they closed for ever. Pale, beautiful, but convulsed, the youthful head and the aged body, — the one but just cold, the other far gone in corruption, — were laid in the coffin together! — *New Monthly Magazine.*

The Naturalist.

ACCOUNT OF A HURRICANE IN NORTH AMERICA.

(By J. J. Audubon, Esq. F. R. S. L. and Ed.)

VARIOUS portions of our country have, at different periods, suffered severely from the influence of violent storms of wind, some of which have been known to traverse nearly the whole extent of the United States, and to leave such deep impressions in their wake as will not easily be forgotten. Having witnessed one of these awful phenomena in all its grandeur, I shall attempt to describe it for your sake, kind reader, and for your sake only, the recollection of that astonishing revolution of the ethereal element.

I had left the village of Shawanay, situated on the banks of the Ohio, on my return from Henderson, which is also situated on the banks of the same beautiful stream. The weather was pleasant, and I thought not warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging quietly along, and my thoughts were, for once at least in the course of my life, entirely engaged in commercial speculations. I had forded Highland Creek, and was on the eve of entering a tract of bottom-land or valley that lay between it and Canoe Creek, when, on a sudden, I remarked a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness had overspread the country,

and I for some time expected an earthquake, but my horse exhibited no propensity to stop; and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley when I thought fit to stop near a brook, and dismounted to quench the thirst which had come upon me.

I was leaning on my knees with my lips about to touch the water, when, from my proximity to the earth, I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose on my feet, looked towards the south-west, where I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me. Little time was left me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction towards the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there were one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country. Turning instinctively toward the direction from which the wind blew, I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for awhile, and, unable to stand against the blast, were falling into pieces. First the branches were broken off with a crackling noise, then went the upper parts of the massy trunks, and in many places, whole trees of gigantic size were falling entire to the ground. So rapid was the progress of the storm, that, before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing under the gale; others suddenly snapped across; and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth. The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust that moved through the air, was whirled onward like a cloud of feathers, and on passing disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. This space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of planters and sawyers, strewed in the sand, and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataracts of Niagara, and as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest, produced a

feeling in my mind which it were impossible to describe.

The principal force of the hurricane was now over, although millions of twigs and small branches that had been brought from a great distance were seen following the blast; as if drawn onwards by some mysterious power. They even floated in the air for some hours after, as if supported by the thick mass of dust that rose high above the ground. The sky had now a greenish lurid hue, and an extremely disagreeable sulphureous odour was diffused in the atmosphere. I waited in amazement, having sustained no material injury, until nature at length resumed her wonted aspect. For some moments I felt undecided whether I should return to Morgantown, or attempt to force my way through the wrecks of the tempest. My business, however, being of an urgent nature, I ventured into the path of the storm, and, after encountering innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it. I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle, to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, whilst I scrambled over or under them in the best way I could, at times so hemmed in by the broken tops and tangled branches as almost to become desperate. On arriving at my house I gave an account of what I had seen, when, to my surprise, I was told there had been very little wind in the neighbourhood; although in the streets and gardens many branches and twigs had fallen in a manner which excited great surprise.

Many wondrous accounts of the devastating effects of this hurricane were circulated in the country after its occurrence. Some log-houses, we were told, had been overturned, and their inmates destroyed. One person informed me that a wire sister had been conveyed by the gust to a distance of many miles; another had found a cow lodged in the fork of a large half-broken tree. But as I am disposed to relate only what I have myself seen, I shall not lead you into the region of romance, but shall content myself with saying that much damage was done by this awful visitation. The valley is yet a desolate place, overgrown with briars and bushes thickly entangled amidst the tops and trunks of the fallen trees, and is the resort of ravenous animals, to which they betake themselves when pursued by man, or after they have committed their depredations on the farms of the surrounding districts. I have crossed the path of the storm at a distance of a hundred miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and, again, four hundred miles farther off in the state of Ohio. Lastly, I observed traces of its ravages on the summits of the mountains connected with the Great Pine Forest of Pennsylvania, three hundred miles beyond the place last mentioned. In all these different parts it appeared to me not

to have exceeded a quarter of a mile in breadth.—*Jameson's Edinb. New Philos. Journal.*

New Books.

THE WONDROUS TALE OF ALOY,
By the Author of "Vivian Grey," "Contarini Fleming," &c.

[THIS work is a brilliant effort of genius, though not a fit subject for cold, commonplace criticism: and it would be as unfair as it would be ill-judged to test its merits by ordinary canon. It is written upon a model if we mistake not, purely original: upon this the author advances an ingenious argument, which we have not time to follow, though, by way of abstract, we may state that he considers the age of versification has past; that the medium of the ancient poet was recitation, and that such fashion having passed away, we should no longer confine ourselves to the trammels of metre, which "makes all thoughts, ideas, and feelings—all action and all passion alike monotonous, and is at the same time essentially limited in its capacity of celebration;" but betake ourselves to a sort of poetico-prosaic style, and thus substitute "for the dull monotony of metre, the most various, and exquisite, and inexhaustible melody." Simply speaking, the style is founded upon the principle that a man gifted with a poetical imagination, is not a whit the less a poet because he cannot write verse; which reminds us of an observation of Seneca, quoted in one of our prefaces, that "a musician is never the less an artist because he wants his fiddle." But, we must leave the manner for the present, and come to the matter of the "wondrous tale." The hero is David Aloy, an adventurous impostor of the middle ages, or the twelfth century, under the shadow of whose wings the Eastern Jews gathered themselves for all purposes of jurisdiction, after the destruction of Jerusalem; while Aloy asserted himself an ascendant of David, and became dignified with the title of "the Prince of the Captivity." Of his marvellous career, enveloping as Mr. D'Israeli, jun. thinks "the richest materials of poetic fiction," the present tale is woven, with the aid of the supernatural machinery of Cabalists, with the "blended splendour and repose varied only by fitful starts of extravagant and overwhelming action, and marvellous vicissitudes of fortune, a strong influence of individual character, and a blind submission to destiny, imagination, passion, and credulity," which are some of the principal features of Oriental life. The result is a superb dramatic romance, of startling power, yet frequent poetic beauty and tenderness; of breathing words and burning thoughts, amidst some of the most gorgeous and fas-

cinating pictures of Eastern scenery which the romantic traveller could create from close observation and wonder-fraught fancy. The course of the hero is briefly run, and full of ill-starred incident. The opening shows us the tinsel Prince "in all his glory," and his sister Miriam; and one of the objects of his earliest exploits is the possession of the talismanic sceptre of Solomon, to which he is prompted by Jabaster, a cabalist. Thus:]

It was at sunset, on the third day after the arrival of Alroy at the cave of the Cabalist, that the Prince of the Captivity commenced his pilgrimage in quest of the sceptre of Solomon.

Silently the pilgrim and his master took their way to the brink of the ravine, and there they stopped to part—perhaps for ever.

Tradition delivered that the sceptre of Solomon could be found only in the unknown sepulchres of the ancient Hebrew monarchs, and that none might dare to touch it but one of their descendants. Armed with the cabalistic talisman, which was to guide him in his awful and difficult researches, Alroy commenced his pilgrimage to the Holy City. At this time, the love of these sacred wanderings was a reigning passion among the Jews, as well as Christians.

The Prince of the Captivity was to direct his course into the heart of those great deserts which, in his flight from Hamadan, he had only skirted. Following the track of the caravan, he was to make his way to Babylon, or Bagdad. From the capital of the Caliphs, his journey to Jerusalem was one comparatively easy; but to reach Bagdad he must encounter hardship and danger, the prospect of which would have divested any one of hope, who did not conceive himself the object of an omnipotent and particular Providence.

Clothed only in a coarse black frock, common among the Kourds, girded round his centre by a cord which held his dagger, his head shaven, and covered with a large white turban, which screened him from the heat, his feet protected only by slippers, supported by his staff, and bearing on his shoulders a bag of dried meat and parched corn, and a leathern skin of water, behold a youth toiling over the glowing sands of Persia, whose life had hitherto been a long unbroken dream of domestic luxury and innocent indulgence.

He travelled during the warm night, or the early starlit morn. During the day he rested: happy if he could recline by the side of some charitable well, shaded by a palm tree, or frighten a gazelle from its resting-place among the rough bushes of some wild rocks. Were these resources wanting, he threw himself upon the sand, and made an awning with his staff and turban.

Three weeks had elapsed since he quitted the cavern of the Cabalist. Hitherto he had met with no human being. The desert be-

came less arid. A scanty vegetation sprang up from a more genial soil, the ground broke into gentle undulations, his senses were invigorated with the odour of wild plants, and his sight refreshed by the glancing form of some wandering bird, a pilgrim like himself, but more at ease.

Soon sprang up a grove of graceful palm trees, with their tall thin stems, and beading feathery crowns, languid and beautiful. Around, the verdant sod gleamed like an emerald: silver streams, flowing from a bubbling parent spring, wound their white forms within the bright green turf. From the grove arose the softening song of doves, and showers of gay and sparkling butterflies, borne on their tinted wings of shifting light, danced without danger in the liquid air. A fair and fresh Oasis!

Alroy reposed in this delicious retreat for two days, feeding on the living dates, and drinking of the fresh water. Fain would he have lingered, nor indeed until he rested, had he been sufficiently conscious of his previous exertion. But the remembrance of his great mission made him restless, and steeled him to the suffering which yet awaited him.

At the dawn of the second day of his journey from the oasis, he beheld, to his astonishment, faintly but distinctly traced on the far horizon, the walls and turrets of an extensive city. Animated by this unexpected prospect, he continued his progress for several hours after sunrise. At length, utterly exhausted, he sought refuge from the overpowering heat beneath the cupola of the ruined tomb of some Moslem saint. At sunset he continued his journey, and in the morning found himself within a few miles of the city. He halted and watched with anxiety for some evidence of its inhabitants. None was visible. No crowds or cavalcades issued from the gates. Not a single human being, not a solitary camel moved in the vicinity.

The day was too advanced for the pilgrim to proceed, but so great was his anxiety to reach this unknown settlement, and penetrate the mystery of its silence, that ere sunset Alroy entered the gates.

A magnificent city, of an architecture with which he was unacquainted, offered to his entranced vision its gorgeous ruins and deserted splendour; long streets of palaces, with their rich line of lessening pillars, here and there broken by some fallen shafts, vast courts surrounded by ornate and solemn temples, and luxurious baths, adorned with rare mosaics, and yet bright with antique gilding: now an arch of triumph still haughty with its broken friezes, now a granite obelisk covered with strange characters, and proudly towering over a prostrate companion; sometimes a void and crumbling theatre, sometimes a long and elegant aqueduct, sometimes

a porphyry column, once breathing with the heroic statue that now lies shivered at its base—all suffused with the warm twilight of an Eastern eve.

He gazed with wonder and admiration upon the strange and fascinating scene. The more he beheld, the more his curiosity was excited. He breathed with difficulty; he advanced with a blended feeling of eagerness and hesitation. Fresh wonders successively unfolded themselves. Each turn developed a new scene of still and solemn splendour. The echo of his step filled him with awe. He looked around him with an amazed air; a fluttering heart, and changing countenance. All was silent: alone the Hebrew Prince stood amid the regal creation of the Macedonian captains. Empires and dynasties flourish and pass away, the proud metropolis becomes a solitude, the conquering kingdom even a desert; but Israel still remains, still a descendant of the most ancient kings breathed amid these royal ruins, and still the eternal sun could never rise without gilding the towers of living Jerusalem. A word, a deed, a single day, a single man, and we might be a nation.

A shout; he turns, he is seized; four ferocious Kourdish bandits grapple and bind him.

[Here, in ill-assorted company, we must leave Alroy for a few days, but promise the reader a future scene from his pilgrimage.]

The Gatherer.

Ancient House of Commons.—"Parliaments (says Pennant) often sat in Westminster Hall. In 1397, when, in the reign of Richard II., it was extremely ruinous, he built a temporary room for his parliament, formed with wood, and covered with tiles. It was open on all sides, that the constituents might see every thing that was said and done: and, to secure freedom of debate, he surrounded the house with 4,000 Cheshire archers, with bows bent, and arrows knocked ready to shoot. This fully answered the intent: for every sacrifice was made to the royal pleasure."

"In Westminster Hall was carried on the important trial of the great Earl of Strafford. I mention it to shew the simplicity of one part of the manners of the times. The Commons who had an inclosed place for themselves, at a certain hour pulled out of their pockets bread and cheese, and bottles of ale."

P. T. W.

Town and Country.—The poor of a parish in London never know the rich of their parish; the rich know not the countenances of the poor. In the country it is otherwise, and, consequently, there is a degree of confi-

* Provost Baillie of Scotland's Letters in 1642.

dence respecting the poorer classes, which does not pervade the minds of the rich in London.—J. A. R. (? Mr. Roebuck, M.P.) *Tait's Magazine.*

Sounding-board.—An ingenious plan for increasing the power of the voice has been carried into execution at Attercliffe Church, Sheffield, by erecting a concave sounding-board, to act as a reflector behind the reading-desk and pulpit, with the speaker's voice near the focus of the concave. The effect of this reflector, it is said, increases the power of the voice five times beyond its ordinary volume, so that it can be heard in the most distant corners of the church.* W. G. C.

Steam Engine.—One of the largest steam-engines, (and probably the most powerful one,) in the world, lately commenced working at Colonel Braddyll's new colliery, at South Helton, near Durham. This stupendous machine has been erected for the purpose of pumping water from a depth of 876 feet. The diameter of its cylinder is 84 inches, length of stroke in cylinder nearly 10½ feet, ditto in pumps nearly 8½ feet, diameter of pumps 18½ inches, and when worked at ordinary speed, it will throw up from 55,000 to 60,000 gallons of water per hour. Its power is rated at that of 240 horses, but is capable of exerting the power of 300 horses in action together.—*Times.*

Living.—John Hunter used to say that most people lived above par, which rendered the generality of diseases and of accidents the more difficult of cure. Baron Maseres, who lived to be near ninety, and who never employed a physician, used to go one day in every week without dinner, eating only a round of dry toast at tea.—It is a remarkable fact, that severe fasting is attended by less inconvenience to those who are in motion all day long.—When Sir Isaac Newton was writing his *Principia*, he lived on a scanty allowance of bread and water.—*Medicina Simplex.*

* For further description of this invention, see *Archæa of Science* for 1829.

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[PRICE 2d.]



HERIOT'S HOSPITAL, EDINBURGH.



Statue of HERIOT, within the Quadrangle.



Monogram of the name GEORGE HERIOT,
on a Chimney-piece.

HERIOT'S HOSPITAL, EDINBURGH.

(From a Correspondent.)

GEORGE HERIOT was the eldest son of a goldsmith of the same name: he was born in June, 1563, and followed the business of his father, in Edinburgh—one, at that period, peculiarly lucrative. By a writ of Privy Seal, he was confirmed in the appointment to the office of Goldsmith to Anne of Denmark, the young and beautiful queen of James VI., shortly after which he was made jeweller and goldsmith to the king. At the union of the Crowns, Heriot followed the Court to London, where he realized an immense fortune. Having no children, he disposed of it, after liberally providing for his numerous relatives, friends, and servants, for the purpose of founding and endowing an Hospital in Edinburgh, as the founder expresses it in his last disposition and assignation, "*for the honour and due regard which I have and bear to my native soil, and mother city of Edinburgh foresaid, and in imitation of the public, pious, and religious work founded in the city of London, called Christ's Hospital.*"

* * "*for the edification, nourishing, and upbringing of youth, being poor orphans and fatherless children of decayed burghesses and freemen of said burgh.*"

After liquidating the various legacies, the balance in the hands of the magistrates of Edinburgh, amounting to the sum of 23,625*l.*, was in part applied to carry into effect the pious injunction of Heriot. The present magnificent structure, agreeably to a plan attributed to the celebrated Inigo Jones, was begun; but many difficulties impeded the progress of its completion. The great national troubles of that period stopped the payment of its revenues in 1639; and Cromwell, after the battle of Dunbar, converted it into an hospital for the sick and wounded of his army. When finished, the building cost 30,000*l.* sterling; and it forms one of the noblest public ornaments of the city of Edinburgh. The judicious management of the funds of the hospital enabled its early patrons to expend this large sum on it.

On the 11th of April, 1659, thirty boys were admitted; in August next, they were increased to forty; and in 1661, to fifty-two. The establishment now contains one hundred and eighty boys.

In the year 1681, a circumstance happened, of a political nature, in which the urchins of the institution acted a part which gained them some notoriety. It is known that at this time an oppressive test, inconsistent with the spirit of established liberty and religion of the land, was imposed upon all persons who held or enjoyed public offices. The absurd reasoning of the crown lawyers became the subject of merriment to the town; and the boys of the hospital resolving to act upon the sage precedent, voted that the dog

which guarded the outer gate possessed a "public office," and that he ought to take the test, or be turned out of office. A printed copy of the oath was therefore tendered to this sagacious functionary, who, after carefully smelling, refused to take it, till it was rubbed over with butter. But, as he only extracted that which was agreeable to himself, he was condemned as a traitor: a farcical comment on the proceedings against the brave Earl of Argyll, who accepted the oath only "in so far as it was consistent with the Protestant religion," and who was prosecuted for not receiving the same unreservedly.

In accordance with the original idea of Heriot, the system of education in the hospital was at first neither of a learned nor elegant description. The boys are now taught, by most approved teachers, English, Latin, Greek, and mathematics, the first principles of natural science and of mechanical philosophy, the elements of English composition, and the higher branches of religious instruction. Not only is every method adopted to qualify the pupils for their future professions, but the paternal care of the institution provides for them when they leave it. Each boy has an allowance of 50*l.* as an apprentice fee, and 5*l.* on finishing his servitude. Those who desire to follow the learned professions are placed at the University, and are allowed 30*l.* per annum for four years—the usual *curriculum* for obtaining the degree of M.A.

George Heriot's Hospital is a singular example of the mixed Italian style of architecture, as first introduced into Great Britain. When the Reformation occasioned the destruction of the greater part of the churches throughout the country, the architects of that period avoided producing such designs for their buildings as would excite the least possible apprehension in the minds of the people of Roman Catholic ornament. The splendid building of English architecture had given way during Elizabeth's reign, to the more debased style of square paneled and mullioned windows, and wooden paneled roofs; but in the reign of James I. the Italian style was introduced,—at first, only in columns of doors and other small parts, and afterwards in larger portions; though still the general style was debased English. Either public taste had demanded it, or the architects had been unable to divest themselves of loading their buildings with those ornaments, abounding in grotesque and puerile conceits, so characteristic of the latest English style. Sir Christopher Wren put an end to this debasement, by his classical erections.

Heriot's Hospital has an abundant share of these fantastic devices; but, as a whole, no edifice of this style has more magnificence. It is built in the form of a quadrangle, enclosing a spacious court. The north front is three stories in height, and has a fine,

square tower, surmounted by a lantern. Square towers ornament the four angles of the building. The interior court is 92 feet square, and has a piazza on the east and north sides; the chapel is on the south, occupying the whole side of that part of the building. The statue of the founder is over the gate entrance to the court, on the north side.

The infinite variety of ornament throughout the building precludes a detailed description. We shall confine ourselves to the north door, which occupies the whole breadth of the central tower. Two Doric pillars, raised on a massive pedestal, on each side of the door, support an entablature, the cornice of which is about 16 feet high. The frieze is enriched with ornaments, illustrating the origin and purposes of the institution. Small and richly-carved obelisks surmount the cornice above the pillars. An arched recess over the door contains the armorial bearings of the founder, viz.—argent, a mullet, placed below a fess, azure, charged with three roses of the first, pointed, proper; crest, a cornucopia; motto, *IN PARVO*. Below the arms is the following inscription:—

INSIGNIA
GEORGII HERIOTI
FUNDATORIS
PIETAS LIGAT ASTRA TERRIS.

The recess is flanked by Corinthian columns, with spiral flutings. The cornice is surmounted by a tablet, with the initials G. H.; on which are seated two cherubim, supporting a pedestal crowned with the figure of a boy working on an anvil.

The beautiful entrance to the chapel is seen through the archway which leads to the court.

On entering the interior, the object which first demands attention is the statue of the founder, above the piazza on the north side: the broad, ruff, richly-embroidered cloak and vest, and roses on the shoes, convey a lively idea of the picturesque dress of the wealthy in James VI.'s time. It is placed in an arched recess, with an elegant composition of the Corinthian order. On the frieze is inscribed—

CORPORIS HÆC, ANIMA EST HOC OPUS
EFFIGIES.

Scotland has produced few individuals better entitled to the gratitude of posterity than George Heriot. Of his private life, few particulars have descended to us; but the benefit which many generations have derived from his pious munificence, is a proud monument to his memory; while his name is enrolled among those who have been distinguished as the greatest benefactors of their country.

"To the Memory of George Heriot."

It has been the practice, for the last one hundred and fifty years, on the first Monday in the month of June, to decorate the statue of the founder in a most beautiful manner

N 2

with flowers. On the same day a sermon is preached in the church of Old Grey Friars, before the lord provost and magistrates, and the four principal charities of Edinburgh; after which, in the great hall of Heriot's Hospital, a dinner is served up to the boys, and wine is supplied to each, to drink "to the memory of George Heriot!" It affords a most gratifying spectacle; and with grateful veneration, each boy aspirates the name of his pious benefactor. The following effusion is by one who has been blessed by his bounty:—

Oh! when I remember of the days—my days of
youthful glee,
It wakes the morning of my soul, like sun-light on
the sea:
The sea may heave, and agony swell surge-like in the
breast,
But, joy will gild, like trails of light, that linger in
the west.
But, oh! the crimson flood which flows from cups of
costly wine,
The tide which laves this breast, with joy shall all
incarnadine;
Whilst cup there is, and wine to fill, its stream, all
red and free,
Is poured and pledged, George Heriot! in memory
of thee.

'Tis not the rude and bacchanal quaff the wassail
drunkard takes,
But like the draught of ancient Nile, when thirsty
Egypt slakes
His burning sides;—and, oh! to me, like that all
grateful stream,
In verdure clads the parched expanse of memory's
fevered dream.

The day-star of my hope seems set, in dull and end-
less night—
The gleam that in the horizon wastes is but the
sickly light,
Which pales around the coffin lid, and deepens yet
the gloom
Which curtains in its sable folds, the tenant of the
tomb.

'Tis past!—the dream is off my soul, and thoughts
my memory lave,
Pure as the daisy flower which springs upon a
maiden's grave:
Green as the sod which presses close the slumbering
virgin's pride—
Deep as the brinkless ocean's flow, as boundless, and
as wide.

Not on the welkins ear doth break in solitude this
voice—
A hundred tongues there are which speak—a hun-
dred hearts rejoice:
A hundred hands erect the pledge, the ruby wine and
free,
And bless his pious name, and drink "George Heriot's
memory!"

HENRY EDGERLY INNES.

Fac simile of the Autograph of Heriot.

George Heriot

The Public Journals.

LORD BYRON.

(From *Lady Blessington's Conversations.*)

Moore.

"I NEVER spent an hour with Moore (said Byron) without being ready to apply to him the expression attributed to Aristophanes, 'you have spoken roses;' his thoughts and expressions have all the beauty and freshness of those flowers, but the piquancy of his wit, and the readiness of his repartees, prevent one's ear being cloyed by too much sweets, and one cannot 'die of a rose in aromatic pain' with Moore, though he does speak roses, there is such an endless variety in his conversation. Moore is the only poet I know (continued Byron) whose conversation equals his writings; he comes into society with a mind as fresh and buoyant as if he had not expended such a multiplicity of thoughts on paper; and leaves behind him an impression that he possesses an inexhaustible mine equally brilliant as the specimens he has given us. Will you, after this frank confession of my opinion of your countryman, ever accuse me of injustice again? You see I can render justice when I am not forced into its opposite extreme by hearing people overpraised, which always awakes the sleeping devil in my nature, as witness the desperate attack I gave your friend Lord — the other day, merely because you all wanted to make me believe he was a model, which he is not; though I admit he is not *all* or *half* that which I accused him of being. Had you dispraised, probably I should have defended him."

"I will give you some stanzas I wrote yesterday (said Byron); they are as simple as even Wordsworth himself could write, and would do for music."

The following are the lines :—

TO ———.

"But once I dared to lift my eyes—

To lift my eyes to thee;

And since that day, beneath the skies,

No other sight they see.

In vain sleep shuts them in the night—

The night grows day to me;

Presenting idly to my sight

What still a dream must be.

A fatal dream—for many a bar

Divides thy fate from mine;

And still my passions wake and war,

But peace be still with thine."

"No one writes songs like Moore (said Byron). Sentiment and imagination are joined to the most harmonious versification, and I know no greater treat than to hear him sing his own compositions; the powerful expression he gives to them, and the pathos of the tones of his voice, tend to produce an effect on my feelings that no other songs, or singer, ever could."

Taste.

One of the strangest anomalies in Byron, was the exquisite taste displayed in his descriptive poetry, and the total want of it that was so visible in his modes of life. Fine scenery seemed to produce little effect on his feelings, though his descriptions are so glowing, and the elegancies and comforts of refined life he appeared to as little understand as value. This last did not arise from a contempt of them, as might be imagined, but from an ignorance of what constituted them; I have seen him apparently delighted with the luxurious inventions in furniture, equipages, plate, &c. common to all persons of a certain station or fortune, and yet after an inquiry as to their prices, an inquiry so seldom made by persons of his rank, shrink back alarmed at the thought of the expense, though there was nothing alarming in it, and congratulate himself that he had no such luxuries, or did not require them. I should say that a bad and vulgar taste predominated in all Byron's equipments, whether in dress or in furniture. I saw his bed at Genoa, when I passed through in 1826, and it certainly was the most gaudily vulgar thing I ever saw; the curtains in the worst taste, and the cornice having his family motto of "Crede Byron" surmounted by baronial coronets. His carriages and his liveries were in the same bad taste, having an affectation of finery, but *mesquin* in the details, and tawdry in the *ensemble*; and it was evident that he piqued himself on them, by the complacency with which they were referred to. These trifles are touched upon, as being characteristic of the man, and would have been passed by, as unworthy of notice, had he not shown that they occupied a considerable portion of his attention. He has even asked us if they were not rich and handsome, and then remarked that no wonder they were so, as they cost him a great deal of money. At such moments it was difficult to remember that one was speaking to the author of *Childe Harold*.

Literary Fame.

"A successful work (said Byron) makes a man a wretch for life: it engenders in him a thirst for notoriety and praise, that precludes the possibility of repose; this spurs him on to attempt others, which are always expected to be superior to the first; hence arise disappointment, as expectation being too much excited is rarely gratified, and in the present day, one failure is placed as a counterbalance to fifty successful efforts. Voltaire was right (continued Byron) when he said that the fate of a literary man resembled that of the flying fish; if he dives in the water the fish devour him, and if he rises in the air he is attacked by the birds. Voltaire (continued Byron) had personal experience of the persecution a successful author must undergo; but

malgré all this, he continued to keep alive the sensation he had excited in the literary world, and while at Ferney, thought only of astonishing Paris. Montesquieu has said 'that *moins on pense plus on parle*.' Voltaire was a proof, indeed I have known many (said Byron), of the falseness of this observation, for who ever wrote or talked as much as Voltaire? But Montesquieu, when he wrote his remark, thought not of literary men; he was thinking of the *bavards* of society, who certainly think less and talk more than all others. I was once very much amused (said Byron) by overhearing the conversation of two country ladies, in company with a celebrated author, who happened to be that evening very taciturn: one remarked to the other, how strange it was that a person reckoned so clever, should be so silent; and the other answered, Oh! he has nothing left to say, he has sold all his thoughts to his publishers. This you will allow was a philosophical way of explaining the silence of an author.

Lady Byron.

"I have often thought of writing a book to be filled with all the charges brought against me in England (said Byron); it would make an interesting folio, with my notes, and might serve posterity as a proof of the charity, good-nature, and candour of Christian England in the nineteenth century. Our laws are bound to think a man innocent until he is proved to be guilty; but our English society condemn him before trial, which is a summary proceeding that saves trouble.

"However, I must say (continued Byron), that it is only those to whom any superiority is accorded that are prejudged or treated with undue severity in London, for mediocrity meets with the utmost indulgence, on the principle of sympathy, 'a fellow-feeling makes them wondrous kind.' The moment my wife left me, I was assailed by all the falsehoods that malice could invent or slander publish; how many wives have since left their husbands, and husbands their wives, without either of the parties being blackened by defamation, the public having the sense to perceive that a husband and wife's living together or separate can only concern the parties, or their immediate families: but in *my case*, no sooner did Lady Byron take herself off than my character went off, or rather was carried off, not by force of arms, but by force of tongues and pens too: and there was no crime too dark to be attributed to me by the moral English, to account for so very common an occurrence as a separation in high life. I was thought a devil, because Lady Byron was allowed to be an angel; and that it formed a pretty antithesis, *mais hélas!* there are neither angels nor devils on earth, though some of one's ac-

quaintance might tempt one into the belief of the existence of the latter. After twenty, it is difficult to believe in that of the former, though the *first* and *last* object of one's affection have some of its attributes. Imagination (said Byron) resembles hope—when unclouded, it gilds all that it touches with its own bright hue; mine makes me see beauty wherever youth and health have impressed their stamp; and after all I am not very far from the goddess, when I am with her handmaids, for such they certainly are. Sentimentalists may despise 'buxom health, with rosy hue,' which has something dairy-maid like, I confess, in the sound, (continued he)—for buxom, however one may like the reality, is not euphonious, but I have the association of plumpness, rosy hue, good spirits, and good humour, all brought before me in the homely phrase; and all these united give me a better idea of beauty than lanky languor, sicklied over with the pale cast of thought, and bad health, and bad humour, which are synonymous, making to-morrow cheerless as to-day. Then see some of our fine ladies, whose nerves are more active than their brains, who talk sentiment, and ask you to 'administer to a mind diseased, and pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,' when it is the body that is diseased, and the rooted sorrow is some chronic malady; these, I own (continued Byron), alarm me, and a delicate woman, however prettily it may sound, harrows up my feelings with a host of shadowy ills to come, of vapours, hysterics, nerves, megrims, intermitting fevers, and all the ills that wait upon poor *weak* women, who, when sickly, are generally weak in more senses than one. The best dower a woman can bring is health and good humour; the latter, whatever we may say of the triumphs of mind, depends on the former, as, according to the old poem

'Temper ever waits on health,
As luxury depends on wealth.'

But mind, (said Byron) when I object to delicate women, that is to say, to women of delicate health, *alias* sickly, I don't mean to say that I like coarse, fat ladies, *à la Rubens*, whose minds must be impenetrable, from the mass of matter in which they are incased. No! I like an active and healthy mind, in an active and healthy person, each extending its beneficial influence over the other, and maintaining their equilibrium, the body illumined by the light within, but that light not let out by any 'chinks made by time;' in short, I like, as who does not, (continued Byron,) a handsome, healthy woman, with an intelligent and intelligible mind, who can do something more than what is said a French woman can only do, *habille, babille*, and *dishabille*, who is not obliged to have recourse to dress, shopping and visits to get through a day, and soirées, operas, and flirting to pass an evening. You see, I am moderate in my

desires; I only wish for perfection.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE DEATH OF HOFER.

"Florence, Jan. 20."

"DEAR LADY * * *

"Do not you already begin to repent that you commanded me to write to you on my return to Italy? I passed two entire months in Germany, and like the people. Of the country you know as much as I do—people who paid more attention to it have described it better than I could. In passing I saw Waterloo—an ugly table for an ugly game, played badly both by loser and winner. At Innsbruck I entered the church in which Andreas Hofer is buried. He lies under a plain slab, on the left, near the door. I admired the magnificent tomb of bronze, in the centre, surrounded by heroes, real and imaginary. They did not fight tens against thousands—they did not fight for wives and children, but for lands and plunder—therefore they are heroes! My admiration of these works of art was soon satisfied,—which, perhaps, it would not have been in any other place. Snow, mixed with rain, was falling, and was blown by the wind upon the tomb of Hofer. I thought how often he had taken advantage of such weather for his attacks against the enemies of his country, and I seemed to hear his whistle in the wind. At the little village of Landro—(I feel a whimsical satisfaction in the likeness of the name to mine)—the innkeeper was the friend of this truly great man—the only great man that Europe has produced in our days, excepting his true compeer, Kosciusko. By the order of Bonaparte, the companions of Hofer, eighty in number, were chained, thumb-screwed, and taken out of prison in couples, to see him shot. He had about him one thousand florins, in paper currency, which he delivered to his confessor, requesting him to divide it impartially among his unfortunate countrymen. The confessor, an Italian, who spoke German, kept it, and never gave relief from it to any of them,—most of whom were suffering, not only from privation of wholesome air, to which, among other privations, they never had been accustomed, but also from scantiness of nourishment and clothing. Even in Mantua, where, as in the rest of Italy, sympathy is both weak and silent, the lowest of the people were indignant at the sight of so brave a defender of his country led into the public square to expiate a crime unheard of for many centuries in their nation. When they saw him walk forth, with unaltered countenance and firm step before them—when, stopping on the ground which was about to

receive his blood, they heard him, with unfaltering voice, commend his soul and his country to the Creator,—and, as if still under his own roof, a custom with him after the evening prayer, implore a blessing for his boys and little daughter, and for the mother who had reared them up carefully and tenderly thus far through the perils of childhood,—finally, when in a lower tone, but earnestly and emphatically, he besought pardon from the Fount of Mercy for her brother, his betrayer,—many smote their breasts aloud; many, thinking that sorrow was shameful, lowered their heads and wept; many, knowing that it was dangerous, yet wept too. The people remained upon the spot an unusual time; and the French, fearing some commotion, pretended to have received an order from Bonaparte for the mitigation of the sentence, and publicly announced it. Among his many falsehoods, any one of which would have excluded him for ever from the society of men of honour, this is perhaps the basest; as, indeed, of all his atrocities, the death of Hofer, which he had ordered long before, and appointed the time and circumstances, is, of all his actions, that which the brave and virtuous will reprobate the most severely. He was urged by no necessity—he was prompted by no policy: his impatience of courage in an enemy, his hatred of patriotism and integrity in all, of which he had no idea himself, and saw no image in those about him, outstripped his blind passion for fame, and left him nothing but power and celebrity.

"Believe me,

"Dear Lady * * *

"Your very obliged and obedient servant,

"WALTER S. LANDOR."

Fine Arts.

PANORAMA OF THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.

MR. BURFORD has completed a skilful representation of this memorable event of last year. This is, indeed, chronicling the times on canvass. "The view was taken from a slight eminence in the rear of the breaching-battery, on the last morning of the siege, shortly before the firing ceased. The battery, of course, occupies the immediate foreground, directly in front of which is the bastion Toledo, with the breach, as it then appeared; to the left is the dismantled Lunette St. Laurent, and the counter battery; to the right the fortress Montebello, and the fortifications of the city, above which the tower of the cathedral, the steeples of the churches, and the summits of some of the highest buildings have a picturesque effect. Behind, the ground is covered with the batteries, parallels, trenches, and other works of the

* We need scarcely say that we have the eminent writer's permission to publish this letter.—*Ed. New Monthly Magazine.*

French, beyond which is seen a considerable extent of country."

Battle scenes are well adapted for panoramic representation, as the *Battle of Waterloo* proved a few years since, on the walls that now present us with *Antwerp*. The latter is not, however, like the former, a red-hot engagement, and the battle had fighting myriads, whose place is supplied in the siege, by the more summary stratagems of gunpowder. Indeed, a red-hot siege would be unachievable on canvass; but we are assured by a competent judge, that the civilian cannot obtain a better idea of the operations at Antwerp, than by a visit to Mr. Burford's Panorama. The written accounts of sieges are so sprinkled with technicalities which few running readers can understand, and plans fall very short of pictures. Here, in Mr. Burford's amphitheatre, you stand environed by the busy destruction, the wanton waste, of war, and see the very earth torn up by the great, unapproachable agent in the mystery of murder. You look as through "a loophole of retreat" upon the exhaustless ingenuities and the wholesale cruelties of man to entrap and annihilate his fellow-men with mechanical murder, and scientific slaughter. Alas! it presents a vast and varied scene for any spectator of ordinary reflective capacity.

The Panorama appears carefully painted, with disregard of glaring or improper effect. The bastion Toledo is the grand point, upon which the artist has laboured with most success. It is woefully war-worn, as might be expected from the fire of 63,000 projectiles. The bridge of approach, half destroyed, is a beautiful bit for the painter. Immediately beneath the point of view are some well executed episodes of war—as the explosion of artillery-wagons—dead and wounded groups, and Marshal Gerard and his staff. The intrepid *vivandière*, or suttler-woman, Antoinette Moran is seen pouring out a glass of spirits for the firing party: this extraordinary woman, during the attack on St Laurent, crossed the fosse on a raft, exposed to the fire of the enemy, to supply the miners with provisions; she was presented to the king at Valenciennes, when she received a gold medal, and a pension of 250 francs per annum, which we take to be as just an item as any of the pension list.

The Naturalist.

SQUIRRELS.

In the north of Hampshire a great portion of the squirrels have white tails. None of this variety, as far as I can learn, reach the London market. I was much surprised at hearing from a man who kept a bird and cage shop in London, that not less than 20,000 squirrels are annually sold there for the *menus*

plaisirs of cockneys, part of which come from France, but the greater number are brought in by labourers to Newgate and Leadenhall markets, where any morning during the season 400 or 500 might be bought. He said that he himself sold annually about 700: and he added, that about once in seven years the breed of squirrels entirely fails, but that in other seasons they are generally prolific. The subject was introduced by his answering to a woman, who came in to buy a squirrel, that he had not had one that season, but before that time in the last season he had sold 500. It appears that the mere manufacture of squirrel cages for Londoners is no small concern.—*Field Naturalists' Magazine*.

EFFECTS OF LIGHT ON THE COLOUR OF FLOWERS.

In the month of June I had in a flower-pot a bunch of sweet-williams, of a dark crimson, forming part of a nosegay. They stood in a flower-pot on the mantelpiece. Some of the buds opened in this situation, and displayed a white flower, slightly spotted with pale pink. There was a window next the mantelpiece, and though there was considerable light, it appears there was not sufficient to perfect the colour. I can assign no other reason for this phenomenon, which seems to prove the effect of the light on the colour of flowers, unless we can suppose that the plant, when in the ground, imbibes from the earth certain mineral or metallic particles in peculiar chemical combination, which may, by circulating through the fine tissues of the corolla, serve to give colour by reflection of certain rays of light to the eye of the observer according to the theory of colours.—*Field Naturalists' Magazine*.

DECAY OF LEAVES.

REFLECTIVE READER, did it ever occur to you to inquire what becomes of the thousands of leaves that may be seen eddying to the ground during a gusty day in autumn? The fall of the leaf is so common an incident of the changes of Nature, that it may not have arrested your attention so powerfully as would a more rare occurrence; yet, as we have elsewhere observed, "throughout nature there is not a more sublime and simple lesson to mankind, than the fall of the sere and yellow leaf." Remember the golden tints and gorgeous hues of an autumnal landscape—the busy rustle of the wind through the shrubby-walk, and the eddying whirl of the withered leaf—its progress from and to earth—its changes, flutterings, and decay, are not lost to the contemplatist. Johnson was fond of quoting the following passage from Pope's *Homer*, illustrative of the melancholy of changeable nature:—

Like leaves on trees, the race of Man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following Spring supplies :

So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these, when those are passed away.

Burns has an exquisite poetico-prosaic passage on a kindred scene. "There is," says he, "scarcely any earthly object that gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me, than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy, winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion: my mind is wrapt in a kind of enthusiasm to Him, who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind.' Hear this, ye traducers of Scotland's Poet of Nature.

Let us briefly examine a few of the causes and effects in this impressive scene of change. Why are not all leaves of the same shade? Because the structure of the membranes varies in the several plants, as does the degree of oxygenation, (or acidification,) which has been produced on their constituent substances; and this variety is no less remarkable than constant in different species. Cowper has sung these characteristics:—

No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its peculiar hue; paler some,
And of a warmish grey; the Willow such,
And Poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And Ash, far stretching his umbrageous arm;
Of deeper green, the Elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving Oak.
Some glossy leav'd, and shining in the sun,
The Maple, and the Beech of oily nuts
Prolific, and the Lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours; not unnoted pass
The Sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright.

Of late years, this beautiful autumnal colouring has been traced to the following causes: 1. That all coloured parts of vegetables contain a peculiar substance, (the chromule,) capable of changing colour by slight modifications. 2. That to the fixation of oxygen, and to a sort of acidification of the chromule, the autumnal change of the colour of leaves is owing.

The cause of the fall of the leaf is referred to a separation either in the footstalk, or more usually at its base, when the dying part quits the vigorous one, which is aided by the weight of the leaf itself, or the wind that blows in autumn on its more expanded form. We know that cold is generally thought to be the principal cause of the fall of the leaf, from the change taking place at the approach of winter. "It is, however," says M. Ricard, "much more natural to attribute it to the cessation of vegetation, and the want of nourishment which the leaves experience at that season, when the course of the sap is inter-

rupted. The vessels of the leaf contract, dry up, and soon after, that organ is detached from the twig on which it had been developed." Again, the different periods at which leaves fall are as clearly accounted for. Those which fall very early, as the maple and horse-chestnut, are not united to the branch by the whole of their base, but are simply fixed to it by a kind of contraction, or joint. As if to compensate for this early decay, such leaves are among the earliest expanded; though, this rule has some exceptions; for the leaves of the alder appear early, and are late in falling; whilst the common ash leaves are late in coming out, and fall at the end of summer. Again, the oak, the beech, and the hornbeam, retain their leaves late in autumn from the life of the twigs on which they grow, being not sufficiently vigorous to throw them off after the brown colour indicates that they are dead; whilst other leaves remain on trees as long as the branch, from their being so united to the stem, as to be separated only by tearing.

The decomposition or decay of leaves remains to be explained. Yet, the agents by which this is effected are so numerous, that we can only admit two instances—in the elm and the laurel. The leaf of the elm, in autumn, may commonly be observed marked with dark-coloured blotches, which are the "plague spots" of its destruction. "These leaves," observes a naturalist, "remain in large proportions uninjured through the winter months; but, when spring arrives, the spots become matured, the surface cracks, and the capsules beneath discharge their seeds. At these spots, (which are, in truth, a species of fungi,) the decay of the leaf generally commences." By aid of the microscope, we witness this interesting phenomenon, as shown in the cuts, A representing a portion of the enlarged, and the epidermis, or cuticle parting; while the succeeding cut, B, shows the opening portion of the



Elm Leaf



Elm Leaf,

with the capsules enlarged. The cuticle, therefore, holds the seed in the capsules till the "appointed time:" this cuticle is the surface of the vegetable as the scarf-skin is that of the animal body, alike protecting both from the injuries of the air, and allowing of due absorption and perspiration through its pores.* It is beautifully delicate, yet, as Paley observes, "if seeds were more strongly guarded than they are, their greater security would

* The fine skin raised by a blistering plaster, is, perhaps, the most familiar illustration of an animal cuticle.

interfere with other uses." How admirably are the means suited to the end; for, such is the fructification of the elm, that, according to Buffon, "from the seeds of a single elm-tree, one hundred thousand young elms may be raised from the product of one year."

The laurel affords another remarkable instance. Its leaves long resist the common agents of dissolution, by means of the impenetrable varnish that is spread over them. This, however, wears off, and they too decay; but their destruction is frequently accelerated by a small excrescence which breaks the surface, and admits moisture. It appears as a small, black speck, which contains the capsules, and these, when ripe, discharge from



(*Laurel Leaf.*)

the centre, a yellow fructifying powder;—what is not the least remarkable, the speck appears on each side of the leaf at the same time, and is therefore called two-fronted.

To conclude, the fructification being complete, the vegetable body resolves itself into the kindred earth, and, in due season, becomes an element of the future plant.

New Books.

THE WONDROUS TALE OF ALROY.

(*Concluded from page 176.*)

[We left Alroy, as his Kurdish captors imagined, secure for the night, but he escapes.]

Pilgrimage in the Desert.

Alroy woke about two hours after midnight. His companions were in deep slumber. The moon had set, the fire had died away, a few red embers alone remaining; dark masses of shadow hung about the amphitheatre. He arose and cautiously stepped over the sleeping bandits. He was not, in strictness, a prisoner; but who could trust to the caprice of these lawless men? To-morrow might find him their slave, or their companion in some marauding expedition, which might make him almost retrace his steps to the Caucasus or to Hamadan. The temptation to ensure his freedom was irresistible. He clambered up the ruined wall, descended into the intricate windings that led to the Ionic fane, that served him as a beacon, hurried through the silent and starry streets, gained the great portal, and rushed once more into the desert.

The Mirage.

A vague fear of pursuit made him continue his course many hours without resting. The desert again became sandy, the heat increased.

The breeze that plays about the wilderness, and in early spring is often scented with the wild fragrance of aromatic plants, sank away. A lurid brightness suffused the heavens. An appalling stillness pervaded nature; even the insects were silent. For the first time in his pilgrimage, a feeling of deep despondency fell over the soul of Alroy. His energy appeared suddenly to have deserted him. A low hot wind began to rise, and fan his cheek with pestiferous kisses, and enervate his frame with its poisonous embrace. His head and limbs ached with a dull sensation, more terrible than pain; his sight was dizzy, his tongue swollen. Vainly he looked around for aid, vainly he extended his forlorn arms, and wrung them to the remorseless heaven. Almost frantic with thirst, the boundless horizon of the desert disappeared, and the unhappy victim, in the midst of his torture, found himself apparently surrounded by bright and running streams, the fleeting waters of the false Mirage!

The sun became blood-red, the sky darker, the sand rose in fierce eddies, the moaning wind burst into shrieks and respired a more ardent and still more malignant breath. The pilgrim could no longer sustain himself. Faith, courage, devotion, deserted him with his failing energies. He strove no longer with his destiny, he delivered himself up to despair and death. He fell upon one knee with drooping head, supporting himself by one quivering hand, and then, full of the anguish of baffled purposes and lost affections, raising his face and arm to heaven, thus to the elements he poured his passionate farewell.

"O Life once vainly deemed a gloomy toil, I feel thy sweetness now; Farewell, O Life, farewell my high resolves and proud conviction of almighty fame. My days, my short unprofitable days, melt into the past; and death, with which I struggle, horrible death, arrests me in this wilderness. O my sister, could thy voice, thy sweet, sweet voice, but murmur in my ear one single sigh of love; could thine eye with its soft radiance but an instant blend with my dim fading vision, the pang were nothing. Farewell, Miriam! my heart is with thee by thy fountain's side. Fatal blast, bear her my dying words, my blessing. And ye, too, friends, whose too neglected love I think of now, farewell! Farewell, my uncle, farewell pleasant home, and Hamadan's serene and shadowy bowers! Farewell, Jabaster, and the mighty lore of which thou wert the priest and I the pupil! Thy talisman throbs on my faithful heart. Green Earth and golden Sun, and all the beautiful and glorious sights ye fondly lavish on unthinking man, farewell, farewell! I die in the desert, 'tis bitter. No more, oh! never more, for me the hopeful day shall break, and its fresh breeze rise

on its cheering wings of health and joy. Heaven and earth, water and air, my chosen country, and my antique creed, farewell, farewell! And thou, too, City of my soul, I cannot name thee, unseen Jerusalem—"

Amid the roar of the wind, the bosom of the earth heaved and opened, swift columns of sand sprang up to the lurid sky, and hurried towards their victim. With the clang of universal chaos, impenetrable darkness descended on the desert.

[The transition from the desert to a fruitful country is thus beautifully depicted.]

Banks of the Euphrates.

The desert ceased, the caravan entered upon a vast but fruitful plain. In the extreme distance might be detected a long undulating line of palm trees. The van guard gave a shout, shook their tall lances in the air, and rattled their scimitars in rude chorus against their small round iron shields. All eyes sparkled, all hands were raised, all voices sounded, save those that were breathless from overpowering joy. After months wandering in the sultry wilderness they beheld the great Euphrates.

Broad, and fresh, and magnificent, and serene, the mighty waters rolled through the beautiful and fertile earth. A vital breeze rose from their bosom. Every being responded to their genial influence. The sick were cured, the desponding became sanguine, the healthy and light-hearted broke into shouts of laughter, jumped from their camels, and embraced the fragrant earth, or wild in their renovated strength, galloped over the plain, and threw their wanton jerreeds in the air, as if to show their suffering and labour had not deprived them of that skill and strength, without which it were vain again to enter the haunts of their less adventurous brethren.

The caravan halted on the banks of the broad river glowing in the cool sunset. The camp was pitched, the plain glittered with tents. The camels falling on their knees, crouched in groups, the merchandise piled up in masses by their sides. The unharnessed horses rushed neighing about the plain, tossing their glad heads, and rolling in the unaccustomed pasture. Spreading their mats, and kneeling towards Mecca, the pilgrims performed their evening orisons. Never was thanksgiving more sincere. They arose; some rushed into the river, some lighted lamps, some pounded coffee. Troops of smiling villagers arrived with fresh provisions eager to prey upon such light hearts and heavy purses. It was one of those occasions when the accustomed gravity of the Orient disappears. Long through the night the sounds of music and the shouts of laughter were heard on the banks of that starry river, long through the night you might have listened with enchantment to the wild tales

of the storer, or gazed with fascination on the wilder gestures of the dancing girls.

[The approach to Jerusalem, and the seizure of the Sceptre of Solomon, are finely told:]

Approach to Jerusalem.

A scorching sun, a blue and burning sky, on every side lofty ranges of black and barren mountains, dark ravines, deep caverns, unfathomable gorges!

A solitary being moved in the distance. Faint and toiling, a pilgrim slowly clambered up the steep and stony track.

The sultry hours moved on, the pilgrim at length gained the summit of the mountain, a small and rugged table land strewn with huge masses of loose and heated rock. All around was desolation: no spring, no herbage; the bird and the insect were alike mute. Yet still it was the summit: no loftier peaks frowned in the distance; the pilgrim stopped, and breathed with more facility, and a faint smile played over his worn and solemn countenance.

He rested a few minutes, he took from his wallet some locusts and wild honey, and a small skin of water. His meal was short as well as simple. An ardent desire to reach his place of destination before night-fall urged him to proceed. He soon passed over the table-land, and commenced the descent of the mountain. A straggling olive tree occasionally appeared, and then a group, and soon the groups swell into a grove. His way wound through the grateful and unaccustomed shade. He emerged from the grove, and found that he had proceeded down more than half the side of the mountain. It ended precipitously in a very dark and narrow ravine, formed on the other side by an opposite mountain, the lofty steep of which was crested by a city gently rising on a very gradual slope.

Nothing could be conceived more barren, wild, and terrible, than the surrounding scenery, unilluminated by a single trace of culture. The city stood like the last gladiator in an amphitheatre of desolation.

It was surrounded by a lofty turreted wall, of an architecture to which the pilgrim was unaccustomed: gates with drawbridge and portcullis, square towers, and loop-holes for the archer. Sentinels, clothed in steel, and shining in the sunset, paced, at regular intervals, the cautious wall, and on a lofty tower a standard waved, a snowy standard, with a red, red cross!

The Prince of the Captivity at length beheld the lost capital of his fathers.

* * * * *

The Holy City.

The trumpet was sounding to close the gates, as Alroy passed the Sion entrance. The temptation was irresistible. He rushed

out, and ran for more than one hundred yards without looking back, and when he did, he had the satisfaction of ascertaining that he was fairly shut out for the night. The sun had set, still the Mount of Olives was flushed with the reflection of his dying beams, but Jehosaphat at its feet was in deep shadow.

He wandered among the mountains for some time, beholding Jerusalem from a hundred different points of view, and watching the single planets and clustering constellations that gradually burst into beauty or gathered into light. At length, somewhat exhausted, he descended into the vale. The scanty rill of Siloah looked like a thread of silver winding in the moonlight. Some houseless wretches were slumbering under the arch of its fountain. Several isolated tombs of considerable size rose at the base of Olivet, and into the largest of these Alroy entered. He entered through a narrow passage into a small square chamber. On each side was an empty sarcophagus of granite, one with its lid broken. Between these the Prince of the Captivity laid his rebe, and, wearied by his ramble, soon soundly slept.

[He met two spirits in the tomb, who directed him to the temple, whither he started in the morning on the]

Pilgrimage for the Sceptre.

In the range of mountains that lead from Olivet to the river Jordan is the great cavern of Gentesma, a mighty excavation formed by the combined and immemorial work of nature and of art. For on the high basaltic columns are cut strange characters and unearthly forms, and in many places the natural ornaments have been completed by the hand of the sculptor into symmetrical entablatures and fanciful capitals. The work, they say, of captive Dives and conquered Afrites, for the great king.

It was midnight; the cold, full moon showered its brilliancy upon this narrow valley, shut in on all sides by black and barren mountains. A single being stood at the entrance of the cave.

It was Alroy. Desperate and determined, after listening to the two spirits in the tomb, he was resolved to penetrate the mysteries of Gentesma. He took from his girdle a flint and steel, with which he lighted a torch and then he entered.

The cavern narrowed as he cautiously advanced, and soon he found himself at the head of an evidently artificial gallery. A crowd of bats rushed forward and extinguished his torch. He leant down to relight it, and in so doing observed that he trod upon an artificial pavement.

The gallery was of great extent, with a gradual declination. Being in a straight line with the mouth of the cavern, the moonlit scene was long visible, but Alroy on look-

ing round now perceived that the exterior was shut out by the eminence that he had left behind him. The sides of the gallery were covered with strange and sculptured forms.

The Prince of the Captivity proceeded along this gallery for nearly two hours. A distant murmur of falling water, which might have been distinguished nearly from the first, increased in sound as he advanced, and now, from the loud roar and dash at hand, he felt that he was on the brink of some cataract. It was very dark. His heart trembled. He felt his footing ere he ventured to advance. The spray suddenly leaped forward, and extinguished his torch. His imminent danger filled him with terror, and he receded some paces, but in vain endeavoured to re-illumine his torch, which was soaked with the water.

His courage deserted him. Energy and exertion seemed hopeless. He was about to deliver himself up to despair, when an expanding lustre attracted his attention in the opposing gloom.

A small and bright red cloud seemed sailing towards him. It opened, discharged from its bosom a silvery star, and dissolved again into darkness. But the star remained, the silvery star, and threw a long line of tremulous light upon the vast and raging rapid, which now, fleet and foaming, revealed itself on all sides to the eye of Alroy.

The beautiful interposition in his favour re-animated the adventurous pilgrim. A dark shadow in the fore-ground, breaking the line of light shed by the star upon the waters, attracted his attention. He advanced, regained his former footing, and more nearly examined it. It was a boat, and in the boat, mute and immovable, sat one of those vast, singular, and hideous forms, which he had observed sculptured on the walls of the gallery.

David Alroy, committing his fortunes to the God of Israel, leapt into the boat.

* * * * *

[He disembarked at the head of an avenue of colossal lions of red granite, and soon gained the summit of the mountain.]

View of Jerusalem.

To his infinite astonishment, he beheld Jerusalem. That strongly-marked locality could not be mistaken: at his feet was Jehosaphat, Kedron, Siloah: he stood upon Olivet; before him was Sion. But in all other respects, how different was the landscape to the one he had gazed upon a few days back, for the first time! The surrounding hills sparkled with vineyards, and glowed with summer palaces, and voluptuous pavilions, and glorious gardens of pleasure. The city, extending all over Mount Sion, was encompassed with a wall of white marble, with battlements of gold, a gorgeous mass of gates

and pillars, and gardened terraces, lofty piles of rarest materials, cedar, and ivory, and precious stones, and costly columns of the richest workmanship, and the most fanciful orders, capitals of the lotus and the palm, and flowing friezes of the olive and the vine.

The Temple and Sceptre of Solomon.

And in the front a mighty Temple rose, with inspiration in its very form, a Temple so vast, so sumptuous, there required no priest to tell us that no human hand planned that sublime magnificence!

"God of my fathers!" said Alroy, "I am a poor, weak thing, and my life has been a life of dreams and visions, and I have sometimes thought my brain lacked a sufficient master—where am I? Do I sleep or live? Am I a slumberer or a ghost? This trial is too much." He sank down, and hid his face in his hands: his over-exerted mind appeared to desert him: he wept hysterically.

Many minutes elapsed before Alroy grew composed. His wild bursts of weeping sank into sobs, and the sobs died off into sighs. And at length, calm from exhaustion, he again looked up, and lo! the glorious city was no more! Before him was a moon-lit plain, over which the avenue of lions still advanced, and appeared to terminate only in the mountainous distance.

This limit, the Prince of the Captivity at length reached, and stood before a stupendous portal, cut out of the solid rock, four hundred feet in height, and supported by clusters of colossal Caryatides. Upon the portal were engraven some Hebrew characters, which, upon examination, proved to be the same as those upon the talisman of Jabbaster. And so taking from his bosom that all-precious and long-cherished deposit, David Alroy, in obedience to his instructions, pressed the signet against the gigantic portal.

The portal opened with a crash of thunder louder than an earthquake. Pale, panting, and staggering, the Prince of the Captivity entered an illimitable hall, illumined by pendulous and stupendous balls of glowing metal. On each side of the hall, sitting on golden thrones, was ranged a line of kings, and as the pilgrim entered, the monarchs rose, and took off their diadems, and waved them thrice, and thrice repeated, in solemn chorus, "All hail, Alroy! Hail to thee, brother King. Thy crown awaits thee!"

The Prince of the Captivity stood trembling, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and leaning breathless against a column. And when at length he had a little recovered himself, and dared again to look up, he found the monarchs were re-seated: and, from their still and vacant visages, apparently unconscious of his presence. And this emboldened him, and so staring alternately at

each side of the hall, but with a firm, perhaps desperate step, Alroy advanced.

And he came to two thrones which were set apart from the others in the middle of the hall. On one was seated a noble figure, far above the common stature, with arms folded and downcast eyes. His feet rested upon a broken sword, and a shivered sceptre, which told he was a monarch, in spite of his dis-crowned head.

And on the opposite throne was a venerable personage, with a long flowing beard, and dressed in white raiment. His countenance was beautiful, although ancient. Age had stole on without its imperfections, and Time had only invested it with a sweet dignity and solemn grace. The countenance of the King was upraised with a seraphic gaze, and as he thus looked up on high, with eyes full of love, and thanksgiving, and praise, his consecrated fingers seemed to touch the trembling wires of a golden harp.

And further on, and far above the rest, upon a throne that stretched across the hall, a most imperial presence straightway flashed upon the startled vision of Alroy. Fifty steps of ivory, and each step guarded by golden lions, led to a throne of jasper. A dazzling light blazed forth from the glittering diadem and radiant countenance of him who sat upon the throne—one beautiful as a woman, but with the majesty of a god. And in one hand he held a seal, and in the other a sceptre.

And when Alroy had reached the foot of the throne, he stopped, and his heart misgave him. And he prayed for some minutes in silent devotion, and without daring to look up, he mounted the first step of the throne, and the second, and the third, and so on, with slow and faltering feet, until he reached the forty-ninth step.

The Prince of the Captivity raised his eyes. He stood before the monarch face to face. In vain Alroy attempted to attract his attention, or to fix his gaze. The large black eyes, full of supernatural lustre, appeared capable of piercing all things, and illuminating all things, but they flashed on without shedding a ray upon Alroy.

Pale as a spectre, the pilgrim, whose pilgrimage seemed now on the point of completion, stood cold and trembling before the object of all his desires, and all his labours. But he thought of his country, his people, and his God, and while his noiseless lips breathed the name of Jehovah, solemnly he put forth his arm, and with a gentle firmness grasped the unresisting sceptre of his great ancestor.

And as he seized it, the whole scene vanished from his sight!

[The sceptre obtained, Alroy commences a splendid career of conquests. The following portion of a scene from one of them exhibits

the personal courage of the hero. His forces concealing themselves in the ruined city of Hamadan, entrap the Seljuks there.]

Combat of Alroy with a Seljuk.

And now, as it were by enchantment, wild armed men seemed to arise from every part of the city. From every mass of ruin, from every crumbling temple and mouldering mansion, from every catacomb and cellar, from behind every column and every obelisk, up-started some desperate warrior with a bloody weapon. The massacre of the Seljuks was universal. The horsemen dashed wildly about the ruined streets, pursued by crowds of footmen; sometimes formed in small companies, the Seljuks frequently charged and fought desperately; but however stout might be their resistance to the open foe, it was impossible to withstand their secret enemies. They had no place of refuge, no power of gaining even a moment's breathing time. If they retreated to a wall, it instantly bristled with spears; if they endeavoured to form in a court, they sank under the falling masses which were showered upon them from all directions. Strange shouts of denunciation blended with the harsh crying of horns, and the clang and clash of cymbals and tambours sounded in every quarter of the city.

"If we could only mount the walls, Ibrahim, and leap into the desert," exclaimed Hassan Subah to one of his few remaining comrades, "'tis our only chance. We die here like dogs! Could I but meet Alroy!"

Three of the Seljuks dashed swiftly across the open ground in front, followed by several Hebrew horsemen.

"Smite all, Abner. Spare none, remember Amalek," exclaimed their youthful leader, waving his bloody scimitar.

"They are down,—one, two,—there goes the third. My javelin has done for him."

"Your horse bleeds freely. Where's Jabaster?"

"At the gates: my arm aches with slaughter. The Lord hath delivered them into our hands. Could I but meet their chieftain!"

"Turn, blood-hound, he is here," exclaimed Hassan Subah.

"Away, Abner, this affair is mine."

"Prince, you have already slain your thousands."

"And Abner his tens of thousands. Is it so? This business is for me only. Come on, Turk."

"Art thou Alroy?"

"The same."

"The slayer of Alschiroch?"

"Even so."

"A rebel and a murderer."

"What you please. Look to yourself."

The Hebrew Prince flung a javelin at the Seljuk. It glanced from the breastplate; but Hassan Subah staggered in his seat.

Recovering, he charged Alroy with great force. Their scimitars crossed, and the blade of Hassan shivered.

He who sold me that blade, told me it was charmed, and could be broken only by a Caliph," said Hassan Subah. "He was a liar!"

"As it may be," said Alroy, and he cut the Seljuk to the ground. Abner had dispersed his comrades. Alroy leaped from his fainting steed, and mounting the ebony courser of his late enemy, dashed again into the thickest of the fight.

The shades of night descended, the clamour gradually decreased, the struggle died away. A few unhappy Moslem, who had quitted their saddles and sought concealment among the ruins, were occasionally hunted out, and brought forward and massacred. Long ere midnight the last of the Seljuks had expired.

The moon shed a broad light upon the street of palaces crowded with the accumulated slain, and the living victors. Fires were lit, torches illumined, the conquerors prepared the eager meal as they sang hymns of praise and thanksgiving.

A procession approached. Esther, the prophetess, clashing her cymbals, danced before the Messiah of Israel, who leant upon his victorious scimitar, surrounded by Jabaster, Abner, Scherirah, and his chosen chieftains. Who could now doubt the validity of his mission? The wide and silent desert rang with the acclamations of his enthusiastic votaries.

Death of Alroy.

[Alroy next becomes captivated by a Mussulman princess, who binds his heart more strongly than the Kourds did his limbs. He marries, and offends the most powerful of his followers. Treachery is hatching in the court and camp; they conspire against Alroy, he is defeated, flees to the desert, with his princess, is overtaken, and condemned to torture and death. He escapes the former; but "the King of Karasme, the most famous master of the sabre in Asia, drew his blade like lightning from its sheath, and carried off the head of Alroy at a stroke. It fell, and as it fell, derision seemed to play upon the dying features of the hero, and to ask of his enemies, 'Where now were all their tortures?'"

[Thus ends the *Wondrous Tale of Alroy*, part of the third volume being occupied with another story.]

THE CABINET ANNUAL REGISTER FOR 1833, Is an earnest of the success of the preceding or first volume. We congratulate the editor and publisher, and the public too, on this success; for it was high time that a Register of the year should be purchaseable for less

than eighteen shillings, which, we believe, was not the case till this Cabinet Series was commenced; and, to say the truth, we have always been disappointed in those lumbering tenants of library shelves—Annual Registers, and what are called *New Annual Registers*, though we think the novelty of the latter consists in being as much like their predecessors as type, and uneconomical arrangement allow. Now, the Cabinet Register is sold at half the price of the old "New" Register, and is moreover compiled with due regard to the ejection of useless circumlocution. Two persons will scarcely be expected to agree in their ideas of perfection in such a work as the present: what one would consider important, another would reject as trifling; but we do not hesitate to say that so cheap and conscientious a book as that before us, has seldom been submitted to the public; for the purchaser of books should remember that large type, and paper, and discursive reading are not the elements of cheap publications; but small type, and materials as compactly arranged. The present has some important improvements on the volume of last year, and therefore is still more entitled to public patronage.

Anecdote Gallery.

TABLE-TALK OF THE REV. ROBERT HALL.

(From an amusing article on his *Works and Life*, in *Tail's Magazine*.)

As a specimen of Mr. Hall's ordinary vivacious conversation, we might refer to his *talk* on the flat scenery of Cambridgeshire, which seemed to lie like a load on his heart and his eyes. Even on his latest visit to that county, shortly before his death, the impression was not deadened. A friend, in a morning drive, showed him all the new improvements, &c. "True," he replied; "but there is still an odious flatness, and an insipid sameness of scenery all around;" and he added more seriously—"I always say of my Cambridge friends, when I witness their contentedness in such a country, 'Herein is the faith and patience of the saints.' My faith and patience could not sustain me under it, with the unvarying kindness of my friends in addition."

Somewhere or other, we have seen Mr. Hall's description of this dreary monotony,—where, in words more pithy and picturesque than we can remember, he speaks of the scanty and stunted vegetation of the flats, as of "Nature putting forth flags of distress." One of his first conversations with Dr. Gregory was upon this subject; and, as it gives a lively idea of his rapid, impetuous manner, we copy part of it. "What do you think of Cambridge, sir?" said Mr. Hall. "It is a very interesting place." "Yes; the place

where Bacon, and Barrow, and Newton studied, and where Jeremy Taylor was born, cannot but be *interesting*. But that is not what I mean;—what do you say of the scenery, sir?—what do you think of the surrounding country? Does it not strike you as very insipid?" "No; not precisely so." "Ay, ay, I had forgotten, you came from a flat country; yet you *must* love hills; there are no hills here." Young Gregory replied, "there were Madingley Hill, and the Castle Hill, and Gog Magog Hill;" which amused Mr. Hall exceedingly. He took these *mountains* to pieces in a few words, and went on. "Before I came to Cambridge, I had read in the prize poems, and some other works of fancy, of 'the banks of the Cam,' of 'the sweetly flowing stream,' and so on; but when I arrived, I was sadly disappointed. When I first saw the river as I passed over the King's College Bridge, I could not help exclaiming, Why the stream is standing still to see the people drown themselves!—and that, I am sorry to say, is a permanent feeling with me. Shocking place for the spirits, sir! I wish you may not find it so. It must be the very focus of suicides. Where you ever at Bristol, sir? There is scenery—scenery worth looking upon, and worth thinking of; and so there is even at Aberdeen, with all its surrounding barrenness. The trees on the banks of the Don are as fine as those on the Cam; and the river is *alive*, sir—it falls over precipices, and foams and dashes, so as to invigorate and inspire those who witness it. The Don *is* a river, sir, and the Severn is a river; but not even a poet would so designate the Cam, unless, by very obvious figure, he termed it the *sleeping* river."

We have already said that the fragments of Mr. Hall's conversation, scattered through his *works* and *life*, give us a better and higher idea of the man, moral and intellectual, than the accounts of his friends. He was, indeed, a brilliant and powerful *talker*; combining the strength of Johnson, with a vigour of imagination peculiar to himself. The few scattered sentences we have still to give show something both of his mind and his manner. Some one remarked, in his hearing, that compliments are pleasing truths, and flatteries *pleasing* untruths. "Neither," said Hall, "are pleasing to a man of reflection; for the falsehoods in this case so nearly assume the semblance of truth, that one is perplexed to tell which is actually given; and no man is pleased with perplexity." Of compliments, he also often said, "Two and two do not make four, and twenty and twenty fall far short of forty; deal not, then, in that deceitful arithmetic."

Mr. Balmer, a friend of Halls, says, "It was interesting and amusing to observe how Mr. Hall's exquisite sensibility to literary beauty, intermingled with, and qualified the

operations of his principles and learning, both as a Christian and a Dissenter. Of this I recollect various instances, but shall give only one. While conversing respecting Archbishop Magee, his talents, sentiments, conduct, &c., I quoted, as a proof of his high church principles, a remark from a charge then newly published; it was to this effect: That the Roman Catholics have a church without a religion; the Dissenters have a religion without a church; but the Establishment have both a church and a religion. Mr. Hall was struck with the remark.—“That, sir,” he exclaimed, “is a beautiful saying. I have not heard so fine an observation for a long time; it is admirable, sir.” “You admire it, I presume, for its point—not its truth?” “I admire it, sir, for its *plausibility* and cleverness; it is false, and yet it seems to contain a mass of truth; it is an excellent stone for a Churchman to pelt with.”

On being asked if Dr. Kippis was not a clever man, Hall said, “He might be a very clever man by nature, for aught I know; but he laid so many books upon his head that his brain could not move.” Disgusted, on one occasion, by the egotism and conceit of a preacher, who, with a mixture of self-complacency and impudence, challenged his admiration of a sermon. Mr. Hall, who possessed strong powers of satire, which he early learned to repress, was provoked to say, “Yes, there was one very fine passage in your discourse, sir.” “I am rejoiced to hear you say so,—which was it?” “Why, sir, it was the *passage from the pulpit into the vestry.*”

In confessing that he had been led into the folly of imitating Dr. Johnson, he said, “I aped Johnson, and I preached Johnson, and, I am afraid, with little more of evangelical sentiment than is to be found in his essays; but it was a youthful folly, and it was a very great folly. I might as well have attempted to dance a hornpipe in the cumbersome costume of Gog and Magog. My puny thoughts could not sustain the load of the words in which I tried to clothe them.” In speaking of Johnson himself, he said, “He shone strongly on the angles of a thought.”

But Mr. Hall had a higher style of conversation, in which fancy, playfulness, and point were laid aside, or made subservient to the inculcation of some great moral lesson. To a clergyman who, from evil habit, had become fond of brandy and water, to an extent that involved his character and his peace, Mr. Hall, by a premeditated effort, when the brandy-bibber asked for the favourite beverage, replied, “Call things by their right name, and you shall have as much as you please.” “Why! don’t I employ the right name? I ask for a glass of brandy and water.” “That is the current, but not the

appropriate name; ask for a glass of *liquid fire and distilled damnation*, and you shall have a gallon.” The poor man became pale, and seemed struggling with anger. “But,” says Hall, knowing I did not mean to insult him, he stretched out his hand, and said, “Brother Hall, I thank you from the bottom of my heart;” and from that time he ceased to take *brandy and water*. To a lady who told that she had put on her nightcap, and laid down with her little girl, to get her to sleep, pretending she was to sleep with her, Mr. Hall said, “Excuse me, madam: do you wish your child to grow up a liar?” When the lady protested not; “Then bear with me while I say, never act a lie before her;—children are very quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not, is a lie, whether acted or spoken.” And this was uttered with a kindness which precluded offence.

The Gatherer.

Chalk Scores.—Of the characters of a milkmaid’s score few are ignorant; they are simple and innocent as the administered fluid they record; they sometimes amount “to several shillings,” it is true; but they are not typical of any moral offence, any contemptible evasion, any clear act of bankruptcy. Such, however, is not the case with a dustman’s scroll, when collecting his legal and “of right payable” Christmas boxes from the inhabitants of “his round:—” when understood they amount to a serious imputation. “Pray,” said a gentleman, one of our neighbours, a few weeks ago, to a collecting dustman, “pray, why do you chalk the doorposts on the other side of the way? I have seen you do so every Christmas, for the last ten years. What does it all mean?” “Vy, sir,” replied the dustmen, “as you’ve been liberal with your shilling and two or three loose half-pence, I doesn’t mind if I tells you. That’s how ve keeps our accounts. Vot dustman, as *is* a dustman, and nothing else, not at no price, could tell how the cat jumped at all the houses, if it vorn’t for chork (chalk)? by vich, ven ve comes round again, ve knows vot’s been said afore, you see.” “That’s capital, but pray enlighten me a little, (here’s another shilling):—What do you mean by an upright line?” “Vy, that’s ven ve calls and *they ar’n’t at home.*” “Very well: and then you sometimes draw a horizontal line about the centre of the perpendicular.” “Oh! you mean perhaps, a chivey right athirt the t’other, so as to form a cross.” “Exactly so.” “Vy that signifies that ve’ve called twice, and *they von’t be at home.*” “Good: but then again, occasionally you draw a circle round the cross.” “That, your honour, means that, if so be, and na

vise daunted, ve've knocked again, they've giv'n us *nothing*, with *sauce* to make it pleasant."—*Monthly Magazine*.

London Architecture.—Our architects possess every thing but taste, genius, invention, and common sense. They are classical, composite, and comical beyond endurance. Their style is imposing; but they give us no comforts. If permitted to go on with impunity, they will change the character of the English. We shall cease to be a domestic people. A modern house is a structure of bare walls, ornamented and divided into compartments: it contains no family parlour; no social snuggery; no cupboards! A man who lives in it is to be pitied—he is without a home. The stairs creak beneath his feet—the floor of his drawing-room shrieks with agony as he steps across it; and the party-wall appropriately cracks when he sees a few friends.—*Monthly Magazine*.

Curran.—The most severe retort Mr. Curran ever experienced was from Sir Boyle Roche, the celebrated member of the Irish parliament (who, a gentleman, and a good-hearted person, could scarcely speak a sentence without making a blunder). In a debate where Mr. Curran had made a very strong speech against sinecure offices, he was very tartly replied to by Sir Hercules Langrish. Curran, nettled at some observation, started up, and warmly exclaimed, "I would have the baronet to know, that I am the guardian of my own honour." Sir Boyle instantly rejoined, "Then the gentleman has got a very pretty sinecure employment of it, and so has been speaking all night on the wrong side of the question."

The town-piper of Falkirk, it is said, was sentenced to be hanged for horse stealing: on the night before his execution, he obtained, as an indulgence, the company of some of his brother pipers; and as the liquor was abundant, and their instruments in tune, the music and fun grew fast and furious. The execution was to be at eight o'clock, and the poor piper was recalled to a sense of his situation by morning light dawning on his window. He suddenly silenced his pipe, and exclaimed, "Oh, but this weariful hanging rings in my lug like a new tune."—*Cunningham's Songs of Scotland*.

Mutual Good Wishes.—A priest remarking, near an army, a troop of volunteers who were going in search of booty, accosted their chief in these words, "*God give you peace!*" But the commander, who was not very well pleased with the wish, immediately retorted, "*God take away purgatory from you.*"

Church Livery.—One Sunday, as Roger Cox, Dean Swift's clerk, was going to church, his scarlet waistcoat caught Swift's eye; Roger bowed, and observed, that he wore scarlet because he belonged to the church militant.

The Flying Proa is the name of a vessel used in the south seas, on account of the swiftness with which it sails, being, with a brisk, trade wind, nearly twenty miles an hour. It carries six or seven persons.

P. T. W.

Epitaphs.—In Sleaford churchyard, on Henry Fox, a weaver:

Of tender threads this mortal web is made,
The woof and warp, and colours early fade;
When pow'r divine awakes the sleeping dust,
He gives immortal garments to the just.

On the south side of Sleaford Church, sculptured in the cornice of the water-table, is the following inscription:

Here lyeth William Harebeter, and Elyzabeth, his Wyfe,

Cryest ihu graunte yem overlastyng lyfe.

It is noticed in Gough's great work on Sepulchral Monuments, where, speaking of inscriptions cut on the ledges of stones, or raising them in high relief, he says, "Of this kind on public buildings, I know not a finer sample than in the water-table on the south side of Sleaford Church."

On a tablet in Quarrington Church, to the memory of Thomas Bouchier, dated 1635:

The petterne of conjugale love, the rare
Mirooure of father's care;
Candid to all, his ev'ry action penn'd

The copy of a friend,
His last words best, a glorious eve (they say)
Foretells a glorious day.

Erected and compos'd with teares by his pensive
sonne, James Bouchier.

On a monument in Rauceby Church is the following inscription:

Near this place are interred the Wives of Richard Jessop: viz.—Alice, on Sept. 27, 1716, aged 25, and Joanna, on Aug. 31, 1720, aged 59.

How soon ye objects of my love
By death were snatcht from me;

Two loving matrons they did prove,
No better could there be.

One child the first left to my care,
The other left me three.

Joanna was beyond compare,
A Phoenix rare was she;

Heaven thought her sure too good to stay
A longer time on earth,

In childbed therefore as she lay,
To God resign'd her breath.

This day is published, with a Portrait of the late Baron Cuvier, and 40 Engravings, price 5s. cloth,

ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART;

or, An Annual Register of Useful Inventions and Improvements, Discoveries, and New Facts in Mechanics, Chemistry, Natural History, and Social Economy; abridged from the Scientific Journals of the year 1839. Sixth year.

"This work may be considered as an Encyclopedia, to which the most eminent of their time are constantly contributing."—*New Monthly Magazine*,—notice of Arcana of Science for 1839.

Printed for JOHN LIMBIRD, 143, Strand.

Erratum in page 161, 15th line from foot, of our last No.: for "that monarch," read Edward I.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 597.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.

Illustrations of Shakspeare :

KING JOHN.



ANGERS.

ANGERS is one of the most picturesque towns in France; and has been particularized by an early English writer as one of the most remarkable cities of the eleventh century. It is the capital of Anjou, or the department of the Maine and Loire, and is situate on the river Mayenne, a short distance from its confluence with the Loire: it is 50 miles E. N. E. Nantes, and 175 S. W. Paris, lon 0° 33' W. lat. 47° 28' N. The city and its vicinity are fraught with interest, from their association with English history; for herein Shakspeare has laid the scenes of Acts 2 and 3 of his soul-stirring play of *King John*. Before the walls of Angers, the archduke of Austria, Philip of France, and John of England, meet to decide the right of Arthur of Brittany, (John's nephew,) to Anjou. The result must be remembered by every reader of English history: how the wily Philip employs the young prince as the tool of his ambition, and how Arthur falls a prey to the cruelty of John. The intervening scenes are of fine dramatic effect; as the parley of the two sovereigns with the men of Angers, each glossing over his ambition with kingly soli-

citude and affection. Thus, Philip aims at the point of possession, by exclaiming

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound.—Enter Citizens upon the walls.

1 *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls.

K. Phil. 'Tis France for England.

K. John. England, for itself:

You men of Angers, and my loving subjects—

K. Phil. You loving men of Angers, Arthur's subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

The threats of the two powers denote

All preparation for a bloody siege,
ready-mounted cannons confront the "city's eyes" and "winking gates;" and John, with his usual craftiness, exclaims

—But for our approach, those sleeping stones
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

Philip is equally plausible in Arthur's cause, and shouts

For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greets before your town;

and, after tempting the men of Angers with the means of the prevention of war, he adds:

But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English, and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.

The poor citizens, with exemplary ideas of self-preservation, promise to acknowledge the victorious sovereign:

—he that proves the king,
To him we will prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ram'd up our gates against the world.

After impassioned invocations, the sovereigns *exceunt*. The scene changes—*Alarums and Excursions*; then a *retreat*: French heralds enter, with trumpets, to the gates:

You men of Angers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in.

An English herald also enters, with trumpets:

Rejoice, you men of Angers, ring your bells;
King John, your king, and England's, doth approach
Commander of this hot malicious day.

The citizens, sorely pressed by the contending victors, very sagely declare for neither, yet for both; as their reply to the heralds tells us:

Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
power:

Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest, while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

The conflicting forces appear, and the appeals to the citizens are renewed, but they resolve to lock their

former scruple in (their) strong-barr'd gates,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre.

The sequel need not be told in detail. The sovereigns knit their powers to

—lay this Angers even with the ground—
"this peevish town," "these saucy walls;" but the threat is averted by the well-timed policy of the citizens. All that follows must be left enshrined in the pages of Shakespeare: the majestic sorrow of Constance, and the murderous deeds of John, and his conscience-stricken end, must have wrought too deeply on the mind and heart of the reader of Shakespeare to need recital in identifying the annexed Engraving.

Angers was altogether an important city in ancient times. It was a bishop's see, until the Revolution; and its first bishop mentioned in history was Defensor, in the fourth century. The suburbs and exterior are all new buildings, in the midst of modern walks and comparatively young plantations. But, from the river-side, you feel the full impression of its ancient and imposing aspect,

in looking up to the stupendous castle, rising from its dark, tower-flanked, ivy-mantled walls, on the summit of a perpendicular rock overhanging the Mayenne, whence it commands the town and the surrounding country. A recent tourist describes "the vast tower of the cathedral, the innumerable spires and ancient edifices rising in every direction, the bridge with its old buildings, still in part remaining on it, the river busy with boats, the antique houses on the quay, partly hollowed in the rock, and sheltered under the walls of the castle, with which they seem coeval, and the quiet meadows on the opposite side, with a few poplars interspersed, all peaceful and still, as if to contrast the tranquillity of the present with the warfare and turmoil of the past, all contribute to make the scene as striking to the imagination as the eye." Among the public buildings of the city are the Bibliotheque or Library, containing 25,000 printed volumes, and 500 rare and beautiful manuscripts; and a rare collection of medals, many of them of the time of Julius Cæsar, and others of a later date, but extremely interesting, found in the environs of Angers; and in the demolition of its ancient walls; among which is a crown-piece, in gold, of king John.* "Government," observes the writer just quoted, "has been extremely liberal to the Library and Museums of Angers; presenting to the Library every new work of importance; and this not on the English principle of supplying public endowments with the labours of the learned and ingenious, by seizing a certain portion of them scot-free, whilst the authors may be left without even the means of continuing the pursuits which are too often only their own reward, but by fair purchase and honourable patronage, thus blessing

'Him that gives and him who takes.'"

The Museum of Natural History, has been very lately re-arranged; the Musée contains 258 pictures, and 46 pieces of sculpture. A Drawing-school is annexed to the Musée, to which the government has made the most liberal donations of engravings and casts. Next to be noticed is the Botanic Garden, in a picturesque valley, partly laid out in promenades, and ornamented with antiquarian remains: *l'Hôpital civil*, founded in 1154, by Henry II. of England; and *l'Hôpital général*, founded by Louis XIV.

The antiquarian tourist may find abundant gratification in Angers and its narrow winding irregular streets, with their wooden houses loaded with fantastic carving, their overhanging roofs reaching each other, their pointed gables, their gutters spouting out

* In 1828, a countless number of Gaelic coins was found by labourers digging near the gate of Angers; being the greatest number ever found together in any part of France.

their contents from mouths of monsters into the middle of the streets; the remains of its once proud palaces and religious edifices, linking them all with its history, so entwined in its most interesting epoch with our own. Our first Henry gave his daughter Matilda in marriage to Geoffrey Plantagenet, Comte d'Angr; her son, Henry the Second, particularly loved Angers, as the benefits he conferred on it still attest. His son, Richard Cœur de Lion, succeeded him; and, after his death, his brother, *Jean sans-Terre*, or Lackland, (as our king John was called,) strove to secure the succession by the murder of Arthur, as we have illustrated from Shakspeare.*

The history of Angers is, indeed, everywhere, so fertile in tumults and bloodshed, that, whilst reading it, we are tempted to return Voltaire's compliment to us, and ask if it was written by the executioner. "It is," says a French historian, "the most frightful register of mortality ever traced by pen. Incendiarism succeeds to plunder, assassination to imprisonment. It is the journal of all human iniquities; every page is marked with blood; the scourge of religious fanaticism is to be traced in every line, and holds out a hideous lesson to the people." Yet, in these times, fifty churches, five abbeys, fifteen convents, two establishments of Knights of Malta, and eight chapters, were comprised within the walls of Angers; "and when we read of the enormous usurpation of power, and the dreadful abuse made of it by the clergy in the times when they were in the zenith of their greatness, it must be a subject of grateful contemplation to see almost all those structures that are still remaining turned to some useful purpose, for the comfort and enlightenment of the people at large." Thus, the *Préfet* administers justice from the ancient convent of the Benedictine monks, now his residence. The *Abbaye du Roncerai* is turned into the *Ecole Royale d'Arts et Metiers*, where 500 pupils are boarded, lodged, and instructed in mechanics; 300 gratuitously, and 200 at a moderate charge. The *Maison Abbatiale de Saint Nicholas* is used as an institution for the suppression of mendicity; schools for mutual instruction, charities for female orphans, for the deaf and dumb, and, in short, for every description of human necessity, occupy other religious edifices, and the colleges of education are all on a scale of liberality not to be surpassed elsewhere in France, the capital excepted. The Riding-school is now converted into barracks; the former establishment reckoned among its pupils William Pitt and the Duke of Wellington, and on its walls may still be traced

many English and Irish names, which, those who bore them, have, it may be presumed, cut or scribbled, *selon l'usage de leur pays*.

The cathedral of Angers, dedicated to St. Maurice, is very fine; the nave is 250 feet in length; the vaulted roof is wonderfully bold; the carving of the organ is very rich; and the *benitier* is a stupendous block of *verd antique*. There is likewise a new and splendid chapel which was consecrated in 1827.

Never was country more enriched with building materials than Anjou: it contains in the immediate vicinity of Angers, stone, slate, and marble; nor are these natural benefits unappreciated; for public-spirited proprietors are covering the environs with fine buildings; and the splendid hotels magnificent walks, and noble quays will soon make "Black Angers" a bygone term, for antiquaries to explain, and poets and romance-writers to regret.

The accomplished tourist, to whose work† we are indebted for the original of the subjoined Engraving, thus records her departure, with sorrow, from this interesting place: "the grand impressive features of Angers, its bridge, its castle, its cathedral, its churches, gradually receded from our sight; but whilst I could still gaze upon it, my mind was thronged with images of former ages, which prose seemed inadequate to express:—

'Yon men of Angers open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in.'

'Twas thus I mused on Shakspeare's words, that win
The memory through the heart, and thought of
days

Outworn, and of th' oblivious world that waits
On things of earth! the loud uproarious din
Of arms, the mortal feuds 'twixt nearest kin,
And all the murderous rivalry of states
Long since at rest—thou "Black Angers," no
more

Claim'st at thy proud place in rolls of warlike fame,
But bear't to fancy is thy bygone name

That tells romantic tales of days of yore,
Thy tortuous streets, dark walls, and frowning
towers,

Where midnight echoes talk with long-fled hours.

THE CATHOLIC CLERGY OF FRANCE.†

THE *Communes* of France are 38,359 in number, which contain—1st. 3,037 parishes, called *Cantons*, having each of them a curate, assisted by some other priest, according to the population of each *Canton*. 2ndly. 26,783 *Succursales*, or churches, each of them having a priest, called *Desservant*. The total number of the working clergy of the Roman Catholic is 30,251, and paid as follow:—

† Six Weeks on the Loire, understood to be from the pen of Mrs. Strutt.

† We are indebted for this interesting statement to M. Lecomte de Fontaine-moreau, editor of the *Précurseur*.

* Not only has Angers suffered in ancient warfare. The castle was attacked by the Hugonots, but without success; and the city was considerably injured during the Vendean war, when it was the scene of many sanguinary actions.

	<i>Francs.</i>	<i>£.</i>	<i>£.</i>
3 Cardinals, at	30,000 or	1,200 ..	3,600
13 Archbishops, at	20,000	800 ..	10,400
1 Ditto for Paris, at	30,000	1,200 ..	1,200
40 Bishops, (first class,) at	15,000	600 ..	24,000
26 Ditto, (second ditto,) at	12,000	480 ..	12,000
174 General Vicaries Coadjutors, at	2,000	80 ..	13,900
660 Canons, at	1,500	60 ..	39,600
2,969 Curates—			
749 of the first class, either as being above 70 years of age, or on account of the population of their cantons, at.....	1,500	60 ..	50,850
2,220 of the second class, at	1,100	44 ..	97,680
26,365 <i>Desservants</i> , each attached to a church—			
3,800 above 70 years of age, at	900	36 ..	136,800
22,565 ditto, at	750	30 ..	676,950
30,251	Total		£1,066,980

Which present an average of 35*l.* 10*s.* for each clergyman.

The population of the Roman Catholics are about 27,481,191.

Every see is obliged to provide a palace, for the keeping of which, a departmental tax is levied by the council-general of the department. Every parish is also obliged to provide a house for the clergyman's residence; but in most cases these dwellings have been bought by the government, the parishes being too poor for such an expense.

Certain fees are allowed to be demanded by the curate, or desservant; but they are fixed and ordered by the Bishop, and sanctioned by the king. They are received for christenings, marriages, and funerals, and cannot be demanded for any other occasion. The rich people pay generally more than the taxed fees, but the poor are never expected to pay.

These eventual profits, called casual, can be calculated to one-tenth of the regular salary; but in the large towns they are sometimes considerable. However, the *Communes* and departments, well convinced that the salary of the clergy is not sufficient for their dignity, or to effect that charity, which is their first duty, have most of them laid down a tax for the increasing of the church salary. Thus, Paris was paying the Archbishop 2,000*l.* yearly, besides a palace. Since 1830, both have been withdrawn.

No pluralities are ever allowed, even if situated in a foreign country. The law of the 21st Sept., 1789, has abolished them. By the same law, the National Assembly have abolished the tithes-offerings, and every kind of taxes received by the Church, under any pretence or denomination.

On the 4th of November, 1789, the lands, goods, properties, rents, &c. &c. of the clergy were declared state property, and taken away from every church, convent, nunnery, &c. In consequence of that law, an indemnity to the clergy in possession of them became neces-

sary, and every year a certain sum is voted. For this year the indemnity is 1,850,000 frs., or 74,000*l.*, distributed as follows:—

	<i>Francs.</i>	<i>£.</i>	<i>s.</i>
To the Curates, Vicaries, or Desservants, under 50 years } 267 or 10 14			
50 years.....	333	13	7
And those of 70 years.....	400	16	0
and so in proportion. The nuns have from 111 frs., or 4 <i>l.</i> 9 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> , to 5 <i>l.</i> 17 <i>s.</i> That in- demnity is decreasing every year, by the death of those entitled to it.			
The expense for the seminaries, or col- leges, in which education is given to the young men who are preparing for the Church, is about 1,200,000 frs., or 48,000 <i>l.</i> sterling.			
The sum voted for the building of churches, repairing the old ones, keeping and buying lands to build others, is fixed at 3,500,000 frs., or 1,200,000 <i>l.</i>			
Recapitulation of the expenses of the Ro- man Catholic clergy:—			
Salary to the officiating Clergy- } 2			
men.....	£ 1,066,980		
Indemnity to the Clergy.....		74,000	
For the Colleges		48,000	
For the Churches		120,000	

£1,306,980

The revenues of the lands belonging to the clergy, taken from them by the law of the 21st of Sept., 1789, and which are still in the hands of the state, are 2,750,000 frs., or 110,000*l.*

No clergyman can receive a legacy from a person whom he had attended during his last moments. No legacy to a clergyman or to a parish can be received without the approbation of government.

Every minister, of every creed whatever, is paid by the state, when the number of the followers is above 3,000 in a *canton*. The dissenters of the Roman Catholic church, as well as of every other creed, are paid by the state, and places of worship provided for them.

The dignity of the Church does not entitle any one to a seat, in either the Chamber of Peers or Deputies. Under Charles X., eight peers were ecclesiastics; but five of them were peers by their secular dignities. They have resigned since the Revolution of 1830.

Anecdote Gallery.

SINGULAR DEATHS OF THREE CELEBRATED PAINTERS.

(From Pilkington.)

BARNARDINO PINTURICCHIO the painter, was born at Perugia, in 1454, and was a disciple of Pietro Perugino. The last work (says Pilkington) in which he was engaged, was a Nativity, for the Monastery of St. Francis, at Siena; and the monks, being desirous to accommodate him in the best manner, appropriated a chamber to his particular use, where he might work without any interruption. But, as Pinturicchio was naturally of a peevish and impetuous temper, he expressed great impatience to have the apartment entirely cleared, and insisted that every thing should be removed out of it. The monks, willing to gratify him in all respects, removed all the furniture as expeditiously as possible, except one large old chest, almost decayed by time, which could not be moved from the spot without a probability of its being broken in pieces. However, the positive painter insisted on its removal; and the monks had scarcely stirred it from its place, when one of the rotten planks giving way, discovered a treasure of five hundred pieces of gold, which had lain there secreted for many years. The discovery proved an inexpressible joy to the monks, and an equal mortification to the artist; who, being conscious that he lost the treasure by his own indiscreet obstinacy, became so tormented in his mind, and so depressed in his spirits, that he survived the transaction only for a very few months, and it was generally supposed to have been the cause of his death.

ROSSI, the celebrated painter, was born at Florence in 1496. One Francesco da Pellegrino, a Florentine painter, and a most intimate friend of Rossi, having paid him a visit, and Rossi being soon after robbed of a great sum of money, he suspected, accused, and prosecuted his friend, who was put to the torture, and endured it with such fortitude of mind, that he was declared innocent. Pellegrino, as soon as he was released, published a just and severe state of his case, and appealed for justice; but as Rossi had nothing to plead in his justification, and perceived that he must be for ever branded with infamy, he immediately swallowed poison, and died universally detested.

PETER PRUTEMAN, another distinguished painter, who was born at Rotterdam, in 1650,

was requested to paint an emblematical picture of mortality, representing human skulls and bones, surrounded with rich gems and musical instruments, to express the vanity of this world's pleasures, amusements, or possessions; and that he might imitate nature with the greater exactness, he went into an anatomy room, where several skeletons hung by wires from the ceiling, and bones, skulls, &c. lay scattered about, and immediately prepared to make his designs.—While he was thus employed, (says Pilkington) either by fatigue, or by intense study, insensibly he fell asleep, but was suddenly roused by a shock of an earthquake, which happened at that instant, on the 18th of September, 1692. The moment he awoke, he observed the skeletons move about, as they were shaken, in different directions, and the loose skull roll from one side of the room to the other, and being totally ignorant of the cause, he was struck with such horror, that he threw himself down stairs, and tumbled into the street, half dead. His friends took all possible pains to efface the impression made on his mind by this unlucky event, and acquainted him with the real cause of the agitation of the skeletons; yet the transaction still affected his spirits in so violent a manner, that it brought on a disorder which in a very short time ended his days. His general subjects were either allegorical or emblematical allusions to the shortness and misery of human life.

P. T. W.

GLOWING DESCRIPTION OF REMBRANDT.

FUSELI says—"Rembrandt Van Ryn was a meteor in art. Disdaining to acknowledge the usual laws of admission to the Temple of Fame, he boldly forged his own keys, and entered and took possession of a most conspicuous place by his own power. He was undoubtedly a genius of the first class in whatever is not immediately related to form or taste. In spite of the most portentous deformity, and without considering the spell of his *chiaro-scuro*, such were his powers of nature, such the grandeur, pathos, or simplicity of his composition, from the most elevated or extensive arrangement to the meanest or most homely, that the most untutored and the best cultivated eye, plain common sense and the most refined sensibility, dwell on them equally enthralled. Shakspeare alone excepted, no one combined with so much transcendent excellence so many, in all other men, unpardonable faults, and reconciled us to them. He possessed the full empire of light and shade, and of all the tints which float between them. He tinged his pencil with equal success in the cool of dawn, in the noon-tide ray, in the vivid flash, in evanescent twilight, and rendered darkness visible. Though made to bend a steadfast eye on the bolder phenomena,

of nature, yet he knew how to follow her into her calmest abodes, gave interest to insipidity or baldness, and plucked a flower in every desert. Few like Rembrandt knew how to improve an incident into a beauty, or give importance to a trifle. If ever he had a master he had no followers; Holland was not made to comprehend his power: the succeeding school consisted of colourists, content to tip the cottage, the hamlet, the boor, the ale-pot, the shambles, and the haze of winter, with orient hues, or the glow of setting summer suns."

P. T. W.

Retrospective Cleanings.

EARLY HISTORY OF JEWS IN ENGLAND.

[We abridge these interesting Notes from a valuable paper in one of the early volumes of the *Retrospective Review*, 1820.]

The history of the Jews in England, though a dreary tale of woe, we have been induced to select as the subject of this article, from the light which it throws upon the national character of the people of this country, and the nature of its government, during the dark ages of its annals: and if it be painful to read of massacres, extortions, and persecutions, it is still a subject of congratulation to turn our eyes upon the improved state both of the persecuted and the persecutors—an idea which is naturally reflected from the opaque surface of these barbarous times with a luminous brightness, upon our own more happy epoch.

The Jews, it has been commonly affirmed by historians, were introduced into England by William the Conqueror. That many Jews accompanied that sovereign and his army into Britain, and afterwards, during his reign, flocked into the country in greater numbers than at any previous period, is very true; but this wandering nation had made a settlement in England a considerable time before the conquest, as is proved by Dr. Tovey, the industrious antiquary.* The Jews are mentioned in the laws of Edward the Confessor, wherein it is laid down, that "the Jews and all they possess belong to the king." And "in a charter of Witglaaf, king of Mercia, made to the monks of Croyland, we find confirmed to them, not only such lands as had at any time been given to the monastery by the kings of Mercia, but also all their possessions whatever, whether they were originally bestowed on them by Christians or Jews." This charter was granted A. D. 833; but we have farther proof that the Jews were settled in England 143 years

before the date of this grant. In the *Cassell's Ecclesiastical Excerptions*, published by Egbricht, archbishop of York, in A. D. 740, Christians are forbid to be present at the Jewish feasts. This is the earliest mention of the Jews in the annals of Great Britain. When they did enter Great Britain, it is impossible to ascertain. There have been antiquaries, who have concluded that the Jews lived in England during the first settlements of the Romans. A Roman brick, it seems, was found in digging the foundation of a house in London, having on one side a bas relief, representing Sampson driving the foxes into a field of corn. Without relying upon so slender an authority thus afforded, it is by no means improbable that the Jews, after the final destruction of Jerusalem, should wander into Britain, and settle in London, which was, even in Caesar's time, a port and trading city, celebrated for the beauty of its situation, and for being the residence of a multitude of merchants.

Dr. Tovey seems to think, that the historians are silent concerning the Jews, from their introduction by the Conqueror till the reign of his successor. The chronicler, Hoveden, however, states, that in the fourth year of his reign, the first William held a council of his barons, in which, among other things, it was provided, "that the Jews, settled in this kingdom, should be under the king's protection; that they should not subject themselves to any other without his leave; it is declared, that they and all theirs belong to the king; and if any should detain any of their goods, he might challenge them as his own." This seems to have been the only tenure this miserable people ever held on this country before their banishment: the king vindicated them as his own property, lest they should become the prey of any other; their claim to protection was, that as long as the king preserved them from the aggressions of others, they would yield the richer prey to himself.

The measures which the king and the powerful barons were compelled to resort to, for the purpose of wringing the hard earned riches from the tenacious grasp of avaricious Jews, were, we may be sure, by no means of a gentle nature. We shall see in the course of this article, that from the time of William the Conqueror to the 18th of Edward I. the period of their final banishment, the unfortunate Israelites of this country were alternately indulged with privileges that they might get rich; calumniated, abused, and massacred by the people, whose hard creditors they were; and, in due time, that is to say, when the king wanted money, tortured, imprisoned, and executed by their protector, into whose presiding care they fled for refuge; and who, like a good shepherd, guarded them from the wolves till their fleeces were

* In *Anglia Judaica*: or the History and Antiquities of the Jews in England, collected from all our historians, both printed and manuscript, as also from the Records in the Tower, and other public repositories, by D'Blouaisiere Tovey, L. L. D.; and Principal of New Inn Hall, in Oxford. Oxford, 1738.

grown, and their carcases ready for the butcher. "Dealing with them as sponges," says the author of an old pamphlet (the *Anglo-Judeus*) we have before quoted, "suffering them to suck up the English treasure, which they then squeeze out into their own coffers."

The first mention made of the Jews, in the reign of William Rufus, is on the occasion of a very singular transaction: William determined to hold a solemn conference of Jews and Christians, to dispute on the evidence of Christianity—and the heartless king declared, *by the face of St. Luke*, that he would abide by the result, and adhere to the faith of the victorious party. The chief leaders, on both sides, met in the city of London.

"And, after the matter had been for some time strenuously debated, it pleased God that victory appeared, very plainly, in behalf of the Christians, whose arguments could not possibly be withstood; tho' the Jews opposed them with so much vigour and resolution, that the bishops and clergy were not without some pious fear and solicitude how the disputations might terminate: yet so insolent were the Jews, after all was over, (knowing how secure a friend they had in the king,) that they did not stick to boast publicly, they were overthrown more by fraud than force. Stow, after having mentioned the wickedness of Rufus, observes, that it was followed by such dreadful claps of thunder, and so violent an earthquake, that the like was scarce ever observed in England. And notwithstanding, also, what must necessarily have been so clearly and convincingly urged in behalf of Christianity, upon such a solemn occasion, we find the king's heart still continuing hardened, and his majesty no otherwise a Christian than in profession."

When a see or living, in the gift of this wary king, fell vacant, he was in the habit of retaining it in his own hands until he became pretty well acquainted with its revenues, when he sold it to the best bidder. The royal simonist was in the habit of appointing Jews to take care of the vacant benefices, and to manage these negotiations for his benefit: from this mark of confidence, and from the increasing wealth of the Jews, we may conclude, that the reign of Rufus was very favourable to the interests of this class of his subjects. In Oxford it appears, more particularly, that the Jews had obtained possession of considerable property; many of the students were their tenants, and three of the hostels, or places of reception for scholars, were called after their Jewish proprietors, viz. Lombard Hall, Moses Hall, and Jacob Hall. At this time so jealous were the English of being polluted by a Jew, that only a single burying-place was allowed them in the whole kingdom. In whatever place the Jew died, he was gathered to his fathers in a place which was then in the neighbour-

hood of London, now in the heart of the metropolis, and called, after its former proprietors, Jewen-street.

During the long reign of Henry I. and until the 10th year of King Stephen, we hear nothing of the Jews. Dr. Tovey expresses his surprise, that "such a turbulent sort of people" should not have attracted the notice of chroniclers, who are sufficiently minute in other respects. Though it is true we have no direct accounts of this persecuted race, during this space of forty-five years, yet it is by no means difficult to guess the reason of the deficiency, nor impossible to supply it. The Jews are never mentioned in our early history, except to record some flagrant persecution and horrible massacre; to reckon up the amount of sums extorted from them by kings in distress, or to detail some story about the crucifixion of infants, got up by their enemies for the sake of making the objects of their injustice odious as well as unfortunate. And when these subjects did not occur to the notice of the monkish historians of the time, that is to say, when the Jews were unmolested, peaceably employing themselves in traffic, and gradually acquiring wealth, which was not demanded from them too largely or too rudely in return for their safety and opportunities of commerce, it would be conceived they were unworthy of mention on any other account. Historians always find the most prosperous, the most barren periods of history; as the richest and most fertile country affords but an uninteresting landscape, when compared with the wild rocks, rugged precipices, and unproductive solitudes of mountain scenery: so we may fairly conclude, that during the interval from the death of Rufus, in whose sight the Jews found favour, to the next mention of them under Stephen, they were enjoying, without molestation, the benefits of their traffic, and increasing in wealth and accumulating their merchandise, till they became too tempting a prey to escape any longer the alternate avarice of king, lords, and commons.

In the tenth of King Stephen (1135, A. D.) the Jews are again mentioned, for the purpose of being accused of the crucifixion of a boy at Norwich. The fact rests on the authority of Brompton the Latin chronicler. Dr. Tovey very justly observes:

"The reader will do well to suspend his judgment, till he comes, hereafter, to read how often this same crime is objected, and observes, that the Jews are never said to have practised it, but at such times as the king was manifestly in great want of money."

(To be continued.)

Fine Arts.

TENTH EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF
BRITISH ARTISTS.

Our impression from the private view of this Collection, on Saturday last, is that it contains some few pictures of merit, and others of very neutral character: whilst the Exhibition is altogether below the standard of last year. This falling off must, in great measure, be attributed to the taste of the times; for, pictures painted, as less intellectual commodities are made,—to be sold, must accord with, if not flatter, the caprices of patrons of art; and, in this position, painters may reply to malcontents with Massinger's actor, "we cannot help it."

The Collection includes 489 paintings, about 300 drawings, and nearly 100 specimens of sculpture. There is a levee of portraits; and, as the *Post* would say, the general company is very numerous. Mr. Hurlstone has contributed six pictures of this class of full size, and two or three of them, introducing children, are of great merit. There are also two excellent portraits by Mrs. W. Carpenter.

13. *Landscape and Cattle.* T. S. Cooper. This is a picture of great merit, and partakes largely of the excellence of the most esteemed Dutch masters. Its colouring is rich and beautifully harmonious.

20. *The Colt's Tooth.* E. Prentis. Is a homely subject—a white-headed, rubicund *viellard* making love to a pretty village girl. The old fellow's face is twinkling with delight, so that the lines

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together,

are inapplicable to this scene.

28. *View in Tring Park, Herts; the Vale of Aylesbury in the distance.* J. P. Andre, jun. A charming scene.

29. *A Radical.* J. Stark. A mender of soles, on the bench, improving his mind over a newspaper. His poring intensity is full of character.

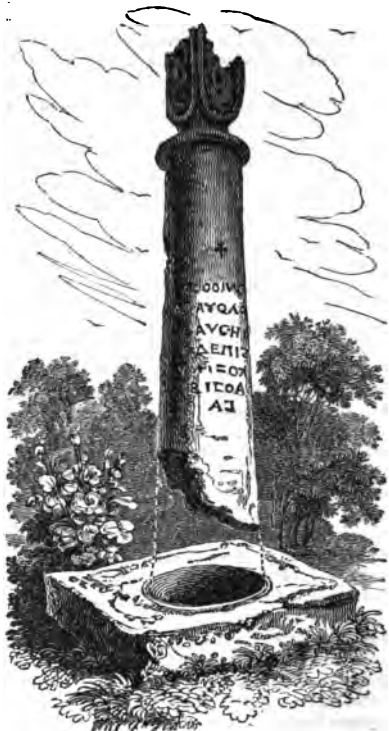
35. *Italian Scene.*—61. *The Lake of Lugano, Italy.* Two delightful pictures by W. Linton.

37. *Portrait of the late Captain Locke,* the distinguished amateur artist, drowned a few months since, in the Lake of Como. J. Holmes.

50. *The Great Hall at Haddon, Derbyshire.* G. W. Anthony. This is an interesting illustration of one of the most perfect specimens of old English domestic architecture.

74. *Girl disturbed with her Pet.* Inskip. A little scene of graceful playfulness; the pet is a pretty rabbit. The same artist has 8. *A Peasant Girl of the High Peak, Derbyshire:* both are delightfully painted.

(To be continued.)

PILLAR OF ELISEG.
(From a Correspondent.)

About a mile and a half from Llangollen, on the road to Ruthin, in North Wales, there are the remains of one of the most ancient columns, or crosses, in Great Britain. It was entire until the civil wars of the 17th century, when it was thrown down and broken by some ignorant fanatics, who thought it had too much the appearance of a cross to be suffered to stand.

This pillar, or cross, was a memorial of the dead—an improvement on the rude columns of the Druidical times, cut into form, and surrounded with inscriptions, and considered among the first lettered stones in Britain. In height it was (originally) twelve feet. The beginning of the inscription gives some idea of the time of its erection—"Concenn filius Catteli, Catteli filius Brochmail, Brochmail filius Eliseg, Eliseg filius, Cavillaine, Concenn itaque pronepos Eliseg edificavit hunc lapidem proavo suo Eliseg." This Concenn was the grandson of Brochmail, or Brochwel, a prince of Powys, who was defeated in the memorable battle of Chester, in 603.—Vide *Pennant's Tour through North Wales*, vol. ii. p. 7. I. P.



STONE PULPIT.

Stone pulpits were not unfrequent in ancient churches. The present specimen, a relic of the monastery of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Shrewsbury, stands in a garden on the south-east side of the abbey church; it is of an octagon form, and though much dilapidated, is still an object of considerable interest. The southern side of the Pulpit rests upon a thick stone wall, from which the opposite side projecting, terminates downwards in a corbel, ornamented with a head; from this point the building spreads into a number of delicate mouldings, to form the basement of the floor. The roof is about eight feet in height, and is enriched with rib work springing from the wall immediately under it; the key stone, or point of intersection of the ribs is sculptured with a representation of the Crucifixion in good relief. The spaces between the three arches on the north side are fitted up to about four feet above the floor with stone panels, the upper parts being entirely open, which gives a light and graceful appearance, the middle panel contains a fine piece of sculpture, probably intended to represent the Annunciation; that on the right hand bears the images of St. Peter and St. Paul; the left has the figures of a monk and a nun in monastic habits. The arches on the south or opposite side, are without ornament, and open nearly to the floor; some have conjectured

that this structure was the pulpit of the refectory, from which, by the rule of St. Benedict (which was the order of this monastery), one of the junior brethren was enjoined to read or recite aloud a subject of divinity to the monks during dinner, a custom which still prevails in some college halls at the universities. The wall on which it partly rests may have been the south wall of the refectory, from which the pulpit projected into the interior, similar erections having been observed in the refectories of other religious houses.

The beauty of this vestige of antiquity is much heightened by the ivy clinging to its southern side: the contrast of the grey-tinted stone and the luxuriant evergreen is picturesque.

Spirit of Discovery.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE FOR 1833.

As this work is scarcely before the public, it may be interesting to quote the following portion of its Preface:—

This volume, the sixth of its kind, contains many important papers, condensed, it is hoped, with due regard to the main subject. In the division of *Mechanical and General Science*, will be found Notices of the year's progress of Steam Carriages on common

roads; and many new facts in the Economy of Steam; Sir David Brewster's description of Mr. Babbage's Calculating Machine; some interesting Phenomena of Sound, and the Pendulum; a New Anemometer; Dr. Arnott's Hydrostatic Bed for Invalids; a description of Sir James South's new Observatory; a valuable means of correcting the Pivots of Astronomical Instruments; and a popular contribution on the Quadrature of the Circle; with several descriptions of Mechanical Inventions, of readier adaptation to the arts of life.

In *Chemical Science*, the new facts are, probably, of unusual interest: as, the brilliant discoveries of the year, in Electro-Magnetism, and the eliciting of an Electric Spark from a Natural Magnet; improved processes for Refining Sugar, and Metals; Dr. Davy's Researches on the Torpedo; Dr. Henry's new and simple Disinfecting Apparatus; Mr. Connell's beautiful Experiments with Iodic Acid and Iodine; Dr. A. T. Thompson's invaluable paper on the Poisonous Properties of the Salts of Lead, and some interesting facts on the properties of Prussic Acid; inquiries into certain phenomena of Light and Heat; a few Analyses and New Processes; a new Oxy-hydrogen Blowpipe, and a safe-tube for the same, described; some elaborate deductions on the Chemical Pathology of Cholera; and a notice of Lieut. Drummond's New Light for the Microscope.

The *Natural-historical* departments will be found to possess considerable attractions, apart from their scientific character. In *Zoology*, will be found Dr. Johnson's investigations into the restorative, productive, and reproductive powers of the Planarie, (allied to the leech); some interesting illustrations of Blight; the Wild Animals of the Illinois enumerated; a curious paper on the Breeding Spots of Birds; figures and descriptions of Rare Insects; entertaining details of the Entomology of the West Indies; an excellent digest of Ehrenberg's Researches on Infusory Animalcules; the Guano, or Modern Coprolite described; and notices of New Species of Tapir, Mouse, Kangaroo, Ornithorhynchus, Bat, and Cuckoo; some of the latter details being abstracts from the Proceedings of the Zoological Society.

In *Botany*, are descriptions of the Paraguay Tea; the Poison of Laburnum; the Sleeping and Waking of Plants; Eve's Apple Tree; Indian Coffee; Improvement on the Estate; and an ingenious inquiry on the Secretion of Water by certain Plants.

In *Geology*, is noticed the disappearance of Graham Island; three Burning Cliffs in Australia; new facts in the theory of the Cheltenham Waters; Gold Mines in North America; and the recent eruptions of Vesuvius. The *Fossil Organic Remains* include

a New Reptile from the Tilgate strata; specimens of Wood from Australia; and conclusions from the Bones found in Wellington Valley.

In *Meteorology and Astronomical Phenomena*, are, the Poison Valley of Java; notices of Meteors during the year; an abstract of Sir John Herschel's Observations on the Comet of Biela; and the Meteorological Summary of the year, again handsomely contributed by Dr. Armstrong.

To these divisions are added the most striking and useful facts in *Rural Economy, Gardening, Domestic Economy, and the Useful Arts*; with the usual Miscellaneous Notices, including a few pages of Obituary Notices, of greater number and interest than usual.

In the last mentioned division of the work are enumerated Cuvier, Chaptal, Serullas, Oriani, Scarpa, Spurzheim, Goethe, Champollion, and Remusat; Hall, Leslie, Forster, Bentham, Nimmo, Home, Burney, Tytton, Barry, Groombridge, &c.; with a glance at their principal labours.

The work is illustrated with a Portrait of Cuvier; and upwards of Forty other Engravings, of striking character.

New Books.

ELIA.

[Who among our readers of "a larger growth" does not remember the delightful *Essays* of Elia in the *London Magazine*, a few years since; how they wafted that respectable journal beyond ephemeral estimation, and how they won for their kindly hearted writer, Mr. Charles Lamb, "golden opinions from all sorts of people." Pleasant as these retrospections may be to the reader of a score and ten years, how great will be his regret on reading "the Last Essays of Elia" or the title-page of the gracefully written volume we are about to introduce to his notice. We have too few such books in these days, few so full of the milk of human kindness, and few written with so true an aim at improving the head and heart. The schoolmaster, with his never-to-be-worn-out rod, has whipped most of the writers of this class out of fashion. Nevertheless, so long as a love of sentiment without affectation continues to be cherished, the graceful productions of Elia will be acceptable, and their natural ease and well-turned elegance be prized above the mere ephemeral fancies of those who affect to lead public taste.

The present volume contains about five-and-twenty *Essays*, with an amusing chapter of Popular Fallacies. Some of the papers have hitherto appeared in periodical publications, and we must observe, that such ought not to have been reprinted in this nine shil-

ling volume. Elia being dead, the preface is by a late friend. The concluding passage shadows out certain of the venial conceits of age.]

I do not know whether I ought to bemoan or rejoice that my old friend is departed. His jests were beginning to grow obsolete, and his stories to be found out. He felt the approaches of age; and while he pretended to cling to life, you saw how slender were the ties left to bind him. Discoursing with him latterly on this subject, he expressed himself with a pettishness, which I thought unworthy of him. In our walks about his suburban retreat (as he called it) at Shacklewell, some children belonging to a school of industry had met us, and bowed and curtsied, as he thought, in an especial manner to *him*. "They take me for a visiting governor," he muttered earnestly. He had a horror, which he carried to a foible, of looking like any thing important and parochial. He thought that he approached nearer to that stamp daily. He had a general aversion from being treated like a grave or respectable character, and kept a wary eye upon the advances of age that should so entitle him. He herded always, while it was possible, with people younger than himself. He did not conform to the march of time but was dragged along in the procession. His manners lagged behind his years. He was too much of the boy-man. The *toga virilis* never sat gracefully on his shoulders. The impressions of infancy had burnt into him, and he resented the impertinence of manhood. These were weaknesses; but such as they were, they are a key to explicate some of his writings.

[The second chapter abounds in home truth. Here is a spice of its quality.]

Poor Relations.

A Poor Relation—is the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondency,—an odious approximation,—a haunting conscience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of your prosperity,—an unwelcome remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—a drain on your purse,—a more intolerable dun upon your pride,—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—a blot on your scutcheon,—a rent in your garment,—a death's head at your banquet,—Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you "That is Mr. —." A rap, between familiarity and respect; that demands, and, at the same time, seems to

despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling, and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. — will drop in to-day." He remembereth birth-days—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity he might pass for a casual dependant; with mere boldness he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet 'tis odd, from his garb and demeanour, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean, and quite unimportant anecdote of—the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as "he is blest in seeing it now." He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know, till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perversa; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair

into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is a female Poor Relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent sister-relative is hopeless. "He is an old humorist," you may say, "and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a Character at your table, and truly he is one." But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. "She is plainly related to the L—s; or what does she at their house?" She is, in all probability your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the gentlemen. Mr. — requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former—because he does. She calls the servant *Sir*; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronizes her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her, when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.

[The *Old Margate Hoy* is full of the last century. The following passage is admirable.]

First Sight of the Sea.

Will it be thought a digression (it may spare some unwelcome comparisons,) if I endeavour to account for the *dissatisfaction* which I have heard so many persons confess to have felt (as I did myself feel in part on this occasion), *at the sight of the sea for the first time*? I think the reason usually given—referring to the incapacity of actual objects for satisfying our preconceptions of them—scarcely goes deep enough into the question. Let the same person see a lion, an elephant, a mountain, for the first time in his life, and he shall perhaps feel himself a little mortified. The things do not fill up that space, which the idea of them seemed to take up in his mind. But they have still a correspondence to his first notion, and in time grow up to it, so as to produce a very similar impression: enlarging themselves (if I may say so) upon familiarity. But the sea remains a disappointment.—Is it not, that in the *latter* we had expected to behold (absurdly, I grant, but, I am afraid, by the law of imagination unavoidably) not a definite object, as those wild beasts, or that mountain compassable by

the eye, but *all the sea at once*, THE COMMENSURATE ANTAGONIST OF THE EARTH! I do not say we tell ourselves so much, but the craving of the mind is to be satisfied with nothing less. I will suppose the case of a young person of fifteen (as I then was) knowing nothing of the sea, but from description. He comes to it for the first time—all that he has been reading of it all his life, and *that* the most enthusiastic part of life,—all he has gathered from narratives of wandering seamen; what he has gained from true voyages, and what he cherishes as credulously from romance and poetry; crowding their images, and exacting strange tributes from expectation.—He thinks of the great deep, and of those who go down unto it; of its thousand isles, and of the vast continents it washes; of its receiving the mighty Plata, or Orellana, into its bosom, without disturbance, or sense of augmentation; of Biscay swells, and the mariner

For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant labouring round the stormy Cape;

of fatal rocks, and the "still-vexed Bermoothes;" of great whirlpools, and the waterspout; of sunken ships, and sunless treasures swallowed up in the unrestoring depths; of fishes and quaint monsters, to which all that is terrible on earth—

Be but as bugs to frighten babes withal,
Compared with the creatures in the sea's entrail;

of naked savages, and Juan Fernandez; of pearls, and shells; of coral beds, and of enchanted isles; of mermaids' grots—

I do not assert that in sober earnest he expects to be shown all these wonders at once, but he is under the tyranny of a mighty faculty, which haunts him with confused hints and shadows of all these; and when the actual object opens first upon him, seen (in tame weather too most likely) from our unromantic coasts—a speck, a slip of seawater, as it shows to him—what can it prove but a very unsatisfying and even diminutive entertainment? Or if he has come to it from the mouth of a river, was it much more than the river widening? and, even out of sight of land, what had he but a flat watery horizon about him, nothing comparable to the vast o'er-curtaining sky, his familiar object, seen daily without dread or amazement?—Who, in similar circumstances, has not been tempted to exclaim with Charoba, in the poem of Gebir,—

Is this the mighty ocean?—is this *all*?

[The anecdotes of Barbara S—— successfully Mrs. Dancer, Mrs. Barry, and Mrs. Crawford, include the following:—]

Not long before she died I had been discoursing with her on the quantity of real present emotion which a great tragic performer experiences during acting. I ventured to think, that though in the first instance such players must have possessed the feelings

which they so powerfully called up in others, yet by frequent repetition those feelings must become deadened in great measure, and the performer trust to the memory of past emotion, rather than express a present one. She indignantly repelled the notion, that with a truly great tragedian the operation, by which such effects were produced upon an audience, could ever degrade itself into what was purely mechanical. With much delicacy, avoiding to instance in her *self*-experience, she told me, that so long ago as when she used to play the part of the Little Son to Mrs. Porter's Isabella, (I think it was) when that impressive actress has been bending over her in some heart-rending colloquy, she has felt real hot tears come trickling from her, which, (to use her powerful expression,) have perfectly scalded her back. I am not quite so sure that it was Mrs. Porter; but it was some great actress of that day. The name is indifferent; but the fact of the scalding tears I most distinctly remember.

[Miss Kelly, in the Recollections with which she is now entertaining the public at the Strand Theatre, narrates in her own pathetic manner, a similar anecdote of Mrs. Siddons, (as Queen Constance,) bedewing with tears the little collar of her (Miss K.'s) dress, as Prince Arthur.

The *Tombs in the Abbey* is a well-timed letter to Mr. Southey, on the exactions or tomb-fees at Westminster. The following is just.]

Stifle not the suggestions of your better nature with the pretext, that an indiscriminate admission would expose the Tombs to violation. Remember your boy-days. Did you ever see, or hear, of a mob in the Abbey, while it was free to all? Do the rabble come there, or trouble their heads about such speculations? It is all that you can do to drive them into your churches; they do not voluntarily offer themselves. They have, alas! no passion for antiquities; for tomb of king or prelate, sage or poet. If they had, they would be no longer the rabble. For forty years that I have known the fabric, the only well-attested charge of violation adduced, has been—a ridiculous dismemberment committed upon the effigy of that amiable spy Major André. And is it for this—the wanton mischief of some school-boy, fired perhaps with raw notions of transatlantic freedom—or the remote possibility of such a mischief occurring again, so easily to be prevented by stationing a constable within the walls, if the vergers are incompetent to the duty—is it upon such wretched pretences that the people of England are made to pay a new Peter's Pence, so long abrogated; or must content themselves with contemplating the ragged exterior of their cathedral? The mischief was done about the time that you were a scholar there. Do you know any thing about the unfortunate relic?

[The paper on *Sir Philip Sydney's Sonnets* is of another description of interest: it is elegant and scholarly; and that on *Modern Art* is a deserved castigation of the freaks of artists. *Old China* is pleasant trifling.]

The Public Journals.

M. C. OR "SLEEPING BEAUTY."*

THE young girl who is the subject of the following narrative was born and bred in London. She was the eldest of eight children, and her parents having been obliged to leave the metropolis, on account of pecuniary embarrassments, they seem to have taken up their residence in Aberdeen.

The peculiarity of constitution which we are about to describe, first showed itself in December, 1814, when M. C. was house-servant to Mrs. L. On the 2nd of March her father and mother brought her to Dr. Dyce, for medical advice; and this eminent practitioner watched the progress of the disease, with much interest and accurate observation, till its disappearance in June of the same year. The girl was now nearly sixteen years of age, and had enjoyed very good health for some years past. She was beautiful and well formed, and had such a healthy appearance, that no person could have conjectured that there was any derangement in her corporeal functions.

About the end of December, 1814, Mrs. L. had observed that the girl had acquired the habit of sleeping by the fire in the evening, and she had frequent occasion to reprove her for this propensity. Some time afterwards she began to speak in her sleep, and afforded much diversion to her fellow-servants by repeating the occurrences of the day, and by uttering those wild incoherent expressions which are usual with sleep-talkers.

When Mrs. L. was, one evening in January, on a visit at a friend's house, and Maria with her, Mrs. L. mentioned the extraordinary fact of her speaking and singing in her sleep. The party requested her to remain, in order to hear her; but being then put upon her guard, she did not fall asleep till after twelve o'clock. She then began to sing a psalm, and fancying herself an episcopal clergyman, she went through the ceremony of baptizing three children, and gave a good and appropriate extempore prayer. A clergyman of that persuasion was present, and expressed his astonishment at what he had heard. In order to satisfy the company that she was asleep, Mrs. L. shook her severely by the shoulders; and having then awakened her, she appeared unconscious of every thing excepting that she had fallen asleep, of which she seemed to be greatly ashamed.

* From "Magiana; or the Mysteries of Natural and Artificial Magic," in Fraser's Magazine.

On another occasion, when Mrs. L. was from home, Maria fell into one of her sleepy fits, and the ladies of the house were called to see her. She imagined that she was living with her aunt at Epsom, and going to the races, and placing herself on one of the kitchen stools, she rode upon it into the room; and, notwithstanding the violent exertion she used, and the tremendous noise she made, she did not awake, but remembered having dreamt of going to the races.

Having been severely reprimanded for this exhibition by her mistress, who threatened to part with her if she fell asleep again, and who also promoted the moral efficacy of her rebuke by a dose of salts, Maria did not again fall into a sleepy fit for a whole week. She soon, however, relapsed into her former practice, with this addition, that she answered distinctly any question that was put to her. The disease now increased so rapidly, that it came on at different times of the evening and morning. Mrs. L. assures us, that she has known her to dress herself in the morning, and also the children, while "*dead asleep*." One morning she came into Mrs. L.'s bedroom for a key, and having taken it as directed from Mrs. L.'s pocket, she was asked what o'clock it was. She replied, laughing, "La, ma'am! it is near twelve." Mrs. L. immediately drew aside the curtain, and perceived, to her great astonishment, that Maria's eyes were shut. She accordingly called for the other servant to take the key; but Maria refused to surrender it, gave the servant what she wanted, locked the door, and put the key into her mistress's pocket. Maria arranged the things on the breakfast-table as usual, with her eyes shut all the time, and having awaked with the child on her knee, she could not understand how she had got on her clothes. While in this state, Mrs. L. frequently lifted up her eyelids, and her eyes appeared quite sunk in her head, as if dead. On another occasion, Mrs. L. found her in a state of stupor, with her eyes open; and as this was the first time that she had seen this, she became greatly alarmed, and was afraid any longer to trust the children with her. She therefore communicated her fears to her mother, recommended medical advice, and procured that interview with Dr. Dyce, on the 2nd of March, which we have already mentioned.

Being desirous of examining his patient in one of her sleepy fits, Dr. Dyce saw her at his own house on Friday the 3rd of March. "When she was brought into his room, she appeared as if in a state of stupor; her eyes were half open, but when desired she could open them perfectly. At other times she closed them, as if unconscious of what she did. Having desired her to look at me, and tell me who I was, she gave a vacant kind of stare, and named some other person. She was then de-

sired to look about her, and say where she was. This she did apparently with some attention, but though she had been in the room before, she answered that she was in the New Inn. Afterwards I desired her to look at the light, as the sun was very bright at the time: this she did most readily; but I could perceive no contraction of the iris, which seemed to be in a state of paralysis. At all events, it allowed the greatest quantity of the strongest rays of light to fall on the retina, without producing their usual stimulus on that sensible membrane."

But though the sun's rays did not seem to excite the retina, she read a portion of a book which Dr. Dyce put into her hands. During this examination her pulse never exceeded 70, her countenance was quite natural, but her extremities were rather cold. When desired to stand up, she seemed to feel that she had not sufficient muscular power; for on making the first attempt, she staggered like a person suddenly awakened; but after a short time she was able to walk, ran, or dance, like other people. Being desired by the servant who brought her, to sing, she began a hymn, which she sang "most delightfully," and without the smallest hesitation. Dr. Dyce heard her sing the same hymn on the 4th of March; and the others, who were better judges of music than himself, concurred in opinion that she sang it with much more spirit and effect during her sleep.

When her hands were plunged in cold water, she recovered in a few seconds from her fit, and regained the full possession of all her faculties. She informed Dr. Dyce that, previous to her attack she felt drowsy, with a slight pain in her head, then a cloud or mist came over her eyes, attended with a peculiar noise in the head, which she said resembled a carriage moving with great velocity, in which she herself was seated. At this stage, her conception of things were immediately altered, even if her eyes remained open; and were she asked where she was, her answer was invariably incorrect.

On the 5th of March, while in a fit of somnolency, Maria performed her usual duties relative to the pantry and the dinner-table. She would not permit any of the servants to touch a plate, knife, or fork, but laid every thing down in proper order, with her eyelids shut. She asked Mrs. L. for the key of the store-room, opened it, gave out to another servant what was wanted, and returned the key to her mistress, without even opening her eyelids. During this fit Dr. Dyce went to see her, but she did not recognise him. When Mrs. L. desired her to stand straight up, and look round her, and tell her where she was, she recovered instantly, the expression of her eyes changed, and she immediately knew Dr. Dyce. In a short time, however, she relapsed, and evinced, by the incorrectness of her an-

swore, that she was under the influence of her complaint. When she was desired to describe what she felt, she placed her hand on her forehead, and complained of her head; remarking, at the same time, that "she saw the mice running through the room." Mrs. L. mentioned that she had made the same remark on former occasions, even when her eyes were shut; and that she frequently imagined that she was accompanied by a little black dog, which she could not get rid of.

In some of her fits, she insisted that she was going to church to preach; and when she was one day taking out two infants to an airing, she was seized with one of her fits on the quay, and, without any hesitation, she walked on a single plank, placed between a vessel and the shore, and even danced on it with the children. When she had recovered, she denied all knowledge of this fact; but when she was under the influence of a paroxysm, she acknowledged and asserted it.

Another curious example of the peculiarity of memory already mentioned, occurred on Sunday, when she was taken to church by her mistress during one of her paroxysms. She conducted herself like any other person, and seemed much affected by the sermon, the subject of which was the danger of breaking the sabbath-day. She shed tears during the account which the preacher gave of the execution of three young men in Edinburgh, who had described in their dying confessions the circumstances in which their vicious career had originated. About a quarter of an hour after her return from church she recovered from her fit; she was quite astonished at the questions which were put to her about the church and the sermon, and denied that she had been in any such place. But on the following night, when she was again taken ill, she not only mentioned her having been at church, but repeated the words of the text; and, in Dr. Dyce's hearing, gave an accurate account of the sermon, and of the tragical fate of the three young men whose history had so powerfully affected her feelings.

During the time that our patient was well, her eyes had all the vivacity of youth and health; but when she was seized with a fit, her eyes resembled those of a person under amaurosis, or of one half inebriated, who had never been in that state before. On one occasion her stare was accompanied with something resembling a *squint*; on another occasion, when Dr. Dyce tried to open her eyelids, he found the pupils greatly contracted—a state the very reverse of what he had found in all his previous examinations.

During her paroxysms she exhibited another remarkable peculiarity: she knew any person better by looking at their shadow than at their body. When Dr. Dyce desired her to point to different parts of his body and

dress, and name them, she could not do it when the light of the candle or the fire shone full upon him; but she pointed at every part accurately when it was placed in the shade.

From the singular disease which we have above described, our patient recovered about the 11th of June, when a particular change in her constitution took place; and about a year afterwards Dr. Dyce saw her in a state of perfect health.

MODERN REVIEWING.

[In the entertaining paper on the *Life and Works of the late Rev. Robert Hall, in Tait's last Magazine*, we find the following pungent, but merited observations on the favouritism and trade of modern reviewing:—

There are one or two more points on which we should have liked to mention the opinions of Mr. Hall; and among these is the modern system of "reviewing," of which, from feeling and principle, he had a fixed and conscientious detestation. Nothing annoyed him so much as some intrusive friend or brother soliciting his pen to usher a volume into the world—as "the review," written by so eminent a person, threw over the work a reflected lustre. "With respect to the reviewing Mr. —'s Sermon," he writes to a friend, "I must be excused; I have entirely done with reviewing; it is an occupation, of all others, I dislike. If you wish me to publish, you should never wish me to review; for you are not aware what a serious interruption it is." Another unanswerable reason follows: "I have read Mr. —'s sermon with much pleasure: it is judicious, serious, and affecting; but I am well aware how extravagantly his friends at — have always over-rated his talents; and were I to review, and express myself in such terms only as the occasion would justify, I should mortify instead of gratifying. In truth, reviewing, at the request of particular friends is a snare for the conscience. I never wished any person to review for me."

As frequent exactions of this kind were made upon Mr. Hall, we find, in his correspondence many remonstrances against the *unreasonableness* of such demands, as a mere inroad on time; besides that repugnance which, in his mind, became an almost morbid feeling. In a letter to Mr. Josiah Conder, who had been assailing him for some special (not personal) object, he says, among other strong things, "Were such things determined by choice, it is my deliberate opinion, I should prefer going out of the world by any tolerable mode of death, rather than incur the necessity of writing three or four articles in a year. I must, therefore, beg and entreat I may not be urged again upon a subject so ineffably repugnant to all the sentiments of my heart."

Mr. Hall's apprenticeship to the reviewing

craft was served in the *Electric Review*; and we see how he took to the trade. This Review began about 1804; and in 1824, Hall protests—he “never looks into either the *Electric*, or any Review—Edinburgh and Quarterly included, no doubt; and wishes “the whole tribe could be put an end to.” The Westminster and Tait’s Magazine must rejoice in not having been in existence when this stern denunciation was made, with some other fell curse, conveyed by Dr. Gregory in a series of portentous stars, shedding lurid light over page 539, vol. v. In the same volume Hall asserts, that, under the then regime, we were “doomed to receive our first impression and opinion of books from some of the wickedest, and others of the stupidest of men: men, some of whom have not sense to write upon any subject, nor others honesty, to read what they pretend to criticize; yet sit in judgment upon all performances, and issue their ignorant and foolish oracles to the public.” The shameless want of principle in the system of reviewing, justly stigmatized by Hall, has, like every other wickedness which becomes excessive, tended to correct itself. Reviewing is still far from perfect; but arrogance, petulance, flippancy, gross ignorance, and intolerable insolence, have received a decided check.

The Gatherer.

Handel’s Music has received more lasting and general applause than that of any other composer. By Boyce and Battishill his memory was adored; Mozart was enthusiastic in his praise; Haydn could not listen to his “Messiah,” without weeping; and Beethoven has been heard to declare, that were he ever to come to England, he should uncover his head and kneel down at his tomb.

THOMAS GILL.

Charles James Fox.—Lord Holland having resolved to take down the wall before Holland House, and to have an iron railing put up in its stead, it was necessary to use gunpowder to facilitate the work. He had promised Charles James that he should be present whenever the explosion took place.—Finding that the labourers had blasted the brick-work in his favourite boy; he ordered the wall to be rebuilt; and, when it was thoroughly cemented, had it blown up again, for the gratification of his favourite boy; at the same time advising those about him never, on any account, to break a promise with children.—*Georgian Era*.

John Wesley.—“The first discovery,” says Wesley, “of the Kingswood colliers being affected, was to see the white gutters made by their tears, which plentifully fell down their black cheeks as they came out of the coal-pits.”—Frequently, when he had con-

cluded his discourse, the whole of his congregation appeared to be riveted to the ground, and not a person moved until he retired. On one occasion, a long wall, built of loose stones, on which many of his hearers were seated, suddenly fell down, without producing any interruption of his own discourse, or the attention of his audience. None of those who had fallen, he observes, screamed; and none of them being hurt, they appeared sitting at the bottom, just as they had sat at top.—*ib.*

Anne, Princess of Orange.—It was proposed, that the heir of the house of Orange should be her husband. On this occasion, George II., being perfectly aware of that prince’s great deformity, could not refrain from apprising her of the hideous ugliness of her intended bridegroom, and offered her permission to refuse his proposals. She replied that she would marry him if he were a *baboon*. “Well, then,” said her father, “there is baboon enough for you.”—*ibid.*

Sheridan.—Boaden, the author of several theatrical pieces, having given Drury Lane Theatre the title of a wilderness, Sheridan, when requested, shortly afterwards, to produce a tragedy, written by Boaden, replied—“The wise and discreet author calls our house a wilderness. Now, I don’t mind allowing the oracle to have his opinion; but it is really too much for him to expect that I will suffer him to prove his words.”—*ibid.*

Sheridan was dining one day at Peter Moore’s, with his son Tom, who was at that time in a very nervous, debilitated state. The servant, in passing quickly between the guests and the fire-place, struck down the plate-warmer. This made a loud rattling, and caused Tom Sheridan to start and tremble. Peter Moore, provoked at this, rebuked the servant, and added, “I suppose you have broken all the plates!”—“No, sir,” said the servant, “not one.”—“No!” exclaimed Sheridan, “then, damn it, you have made all the noise for nothing.” THOMAS GILL.

National Singing.—The people of Little Russia have the greatest propensity to singing, especially while travelling. No sooner are postillions mounted for a journey, than they begin to hum an air, which they often continue for hours without intermission; at other times, holding a sort of musical dialogue, and chanting, as it were, their common conversation. The soldiers sing during a whole march; the peasant lightens his labour in the same manner; the public-houses re-echo with their carols; and in a still evening the air vibrates with the songs of surrounding villages.

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The Mirror

OF

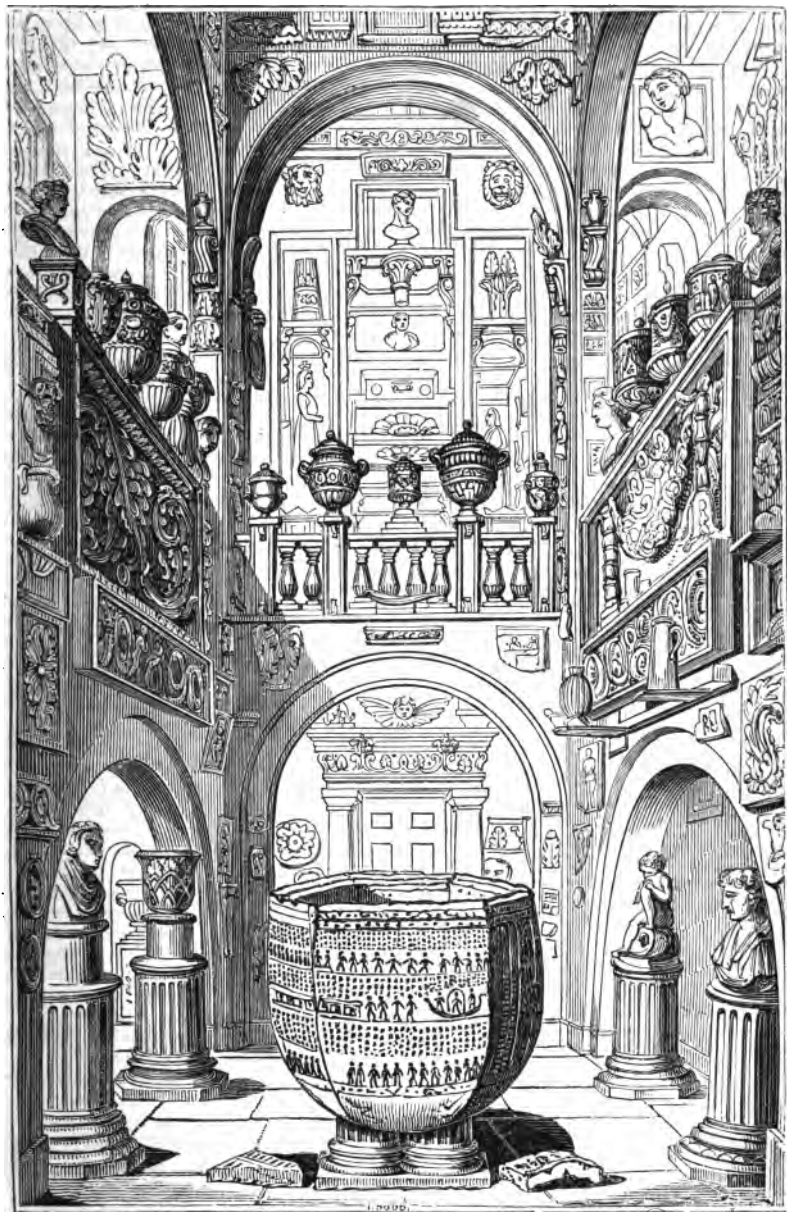
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 598.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.]

THE SOANEAN MUSEUM.



(Sarcophagus Room.)

THE SOANEAN MUSEUM.

THE lovers of the fine arts and of antiquity must have regarded with no common interest the recent proceedings in Parliament, for perpetuating the munificent bequest of Sir John Soane to the British nation,—viz. his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and his museum of antiquities, his library of books and manuscripts, and his collection of pictures which it contains; with an endowment of 30,000*l.* for preserving the gift and keeping it free for public inspection. Such a boon is indeed worthy of the talents and fortune of the Professor of Architecture in the Royal Academy. It is, we believe, the first instance of the foundation of an Architectural Museum in the English metropolis; but, so splendid a testimonial of the patriotic donor's attachment to his profession, and so magnificent a monument of the tasteful industry of his long and well spent life—may, we hope, win over the generosity of others to similar bequests, and thus aid in advancing the public taste for refined art, in accordance with the high civilization of the times.*

Our present object is to furnish the reader with an outline of this unique and costly gift; and we are enabled to do thus much by the courtesy of Mr. Britton, who has kindly allowed us to adapt the accompanying engravings and details from his work, "The Union of

* At the end of his twelfth and last Lecture at the Royal Academy, on Thursday, March 21, Sir John Soane thus alluded to this interesting subject, and was cheered for several minutes by his numerous auditory:—"I beg to state, that in furtherance of my desire, which was communicated to you last year, of rendering the labours of a long life subservient to the promotion of arts and science, and of giving to the public at large, and particularly to my young friends around me, the students of the Royal Academy, facilities of access to a collection of works of art, which has not been formed without exertion, or obtained without expense, I have lately sought the aid of Parliament, without whose sanction my intentions could not be realized, of perpetuating for the public my Museum and Library in Lincoln's Inn Fields. I had thought that a bill for effecting so high a national object, without injustice to any part of my family, and without any cost to the public, would have encountered no difficulties; but the bill not having yet passed into a law, evinces that it has not proceeded without some opposition, to which I advert with sorrow and regret. The bill, however, has passed the House of Lords, and has been read a second time in the Commons, and will, I hope, before Easter, have received the royal assent. I will add, that the hour which records this assent will be among the happiest of my life. When this is accomplished, that collection, which is now my absolute property, I shall hold only as a trustee for the country; and when I can no longer give my personal care to its protection and enlargement, that duty will devolve on others, who will exercise this trust under such regulations as will insure the perpetuation of those national advantages, to the promotion of which I have dedicated a large portion of an active and an anxious life."

(The Bill has since been passed, with a clause to enable Sir John Soane, at any time, to bequeath his valuable relics to the British Museum, instead of allowing them to remain in the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields: thus placing again in Sir John's control the disposal of the 30,000*l.* and the mansion.)

Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting," published in 1829, and containing exemplifications in a "Series of Illustrations, with descriptive Accounts of the house and galleries of John Soane."

In the right spirit of enthusiasm, Mr. Britton's "many years' intimacy with Mr. Soane, and more years' partiality for architecture in particular, and for the fine arts generally," led him to undertake this labour of taste, which associates the precision and elegance of the pen and graver, in a style honourable to all parties concerned in its production.

Sir John Soane's mansion is situate on the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields.† It was built by the proprietor in the year 1792, and has been occupied by him ever since that time, during which it has undergone many alterations and embellishments. The elevation towards Lincoln's Inn Fields conveys but an imperfect idea of the extent of the mansion; its style is rather fanciful for street architecture, and has been subjected to severe handling by men of taste. The galleries, or screen, alone, is of stone, and consists of three arches below, one forming the doorway, and three above: the latter are divided by narrow pilasters, decorated with square flutings, terminating at top in an angular fret. Before the second story, the screen occupies the space of the centre window only; and above each of the extreme pilasters, of the lower part, is placed a female statue. It is not, however, on the external appearance of the house, that we need dwell, when there is so much more originality and invention displayed in every part of the interior. This we purpose noticing by a few details of the principal apartments and their main contents, since, only by aid of a ground-plan could the reader obtain an accurate idea of the ingenious arrangement by which every portion of the space has been occupied and rendered beautiful, and how every irregularity of form is made to contribute to variety, and produce picturesque effects. Neither will so minute an explanation be looked for in our pages; since, by its introduction, we should be somewhat too exclusively studying professional purposes, by an infringement upon popular interest. It should, however, be observed, that to the professional eye, the mansion itself, in an architectural point of view, is nearly as interesting as its rare contents: the casket is almost as valuable as the gems which it encases.

The entrance from Lincoln's Inn Fields is through a porch of double doors. The *Vestibule* and *Staircase* are coloured in the style of an Italian palace, or villa, the former being

† This is considered the largest square in the metropolis: the central area was planned by Inigo Jones, about 1620; and the extent of the garden area is about eight acres, and of the square twelve—being equal to the space covered by the base of the largest Egyptian pyramid.

in imitation of porphyry, and the latter of *giallo antico*. At the entrance are two doors, of which the exterior one is studded with round-headed nails, and bronzed; and the interior one is of mahogany, and ornamented with several panes of painted glass. On the landings of the stairs are windows, filled also with painted and stained glass, and additionally lighted with a coved skylight.

The front apartment forms the *Library and Eating Room*, the southern division being appropriated to the former, and the northern to the latter destination. Singular as the plan of this double room is, in many respects, the effect it produces is both surprising and pleasing: the lines of division are improved by pendent arches; and the walls and ceiling are painted of a deep red colour, in imitation of the walls at Herculaneum and Pompeii. The *Library* is fitted up with glazed mahogany bookcases, filled with valuable works on architecture in particular, and the fine arts generally. On the tops are antique vases, pieces of sculpture, &c.; while other objects of the same class are supported on brackets attached to the pendent arches. Attached to the piers are several bronze idols, and other antique relics. Among the furniture of this room is a series of ancient chairs, of unusual form, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Over the sideboard, opposite the chimney, in the *Eating Room*, is an architectural drawing of a group of parts of buildings, erected by Sir John Soane, between the years 1780 and 1826; including portions of the Bank, the Dulwich Gallery, the House of Lords, Courts at Westminster, National Debt Office, Board of Trade, &c. Opposite, and over the chimney-piece, hangs Sir Joshua Reynolds's painting of the *Snake in the Grass*. A very large square window, with its lower panes filled with specimens of ancient painted glass, occupies the greater part of the north end of the room; which is richly adorned with fragments of classical architecture. There are also busts, pieces of sculpture, drawings, and circular mirrors in this apartment.

The *Breakfast Room* is a small but beautiful apartment, with a flattened dome ceiling perforated by a lantern and four circles; with arched roof windows, north and south, above the ceiling. These throw a vertical light on the side walls, so as to show to advantage the architectural drawings that adorn them. Opposite the fire-place is a large window opening to a Court. There are no less than seven doors in this room, four of which communicate with the *Museum*; and two open laterally to small cabinets, one of which is profusely ornamented with bronzes, *bassi-relievi*, casts, fragments, &c. Turning to the right, the stranger next enters

The *Museum*, a truly unique apartment. Commencing from the west, we perceive a

recess filled up with bookcases, and which may be denominated the *Pennant Library*, from its containing a rich and unrivalled copy of Pennant's "Account of London," illustrated with a great number of original drawings and prints, and bound in six folio volumes.* At this end of the *Museum* is also an assemblage of antique sculptured marble vases; indeed, the whole apartment is filled with a choice and valuable collection of architectural fragments, *bassi-relievi*, busts, statues, &c. It presents, at once, two stories, or floors; the basement being seen from a parapet surrounding an opening in the floor. This is termed

THE SARCOPHAGUS ROOM, (See the Engraving,) from its centre being occupied by the celebrated alabaster Sarcophagus, to be more minutely described in a succeeding page. This space opens by four arches, which are appropriately fitted up in the style of a *Columbarium*,† with niches containing cinerary urns, of various sizes and characters, many of which are in high preservation. There are likewise distributed, in various parts, antique candelabra, cippi; sculptural fragments, busts on columnar pedestals, &c. The recess, on the west side, is more spacious than the others, and has a door-case, between two Doric columns, similar to the one in the opposite recess, but filled with looking-glass. "Considered as a collection of architectural fragments and models," observes Mr. Britton, "this gallery is unrivalled in Great Britain; for here are accumulated the most valuable specimens of architectural details of almost every period."

East of the *Museum* is the *Ante-room to the Picture Cabinet*, containing a variety of capitals, entablatures, cornices, friezes, bas-reliefs: among these is a Corinthian capital from the Temple of Vesta at Tivoli; and a cast of the same order in the Temple of Jupiter Stator.

The *Picture Cabinet* is not only a singular, but an eminently beautiful apartment. Within a space, measuring about 12 feet by 14 feet and 16 feet high to the cornice, is contained a great number of pictures and drawings: the surface of the walls being tripled, by means of large panels, which swing on hinges, and open like folding-doors. The ceiling consists of pendent and highly enriched arches of great and novel beauty. The lower portion of the room is formed of a series of mahogany doors, and panels, inlaid with ebony, and divided into compartments by

* This magnificent specimen of topographical illustration was purchased at the sale of the late Mr. Fauntleroy, of unfortunate memory, for the sum of 650 guineas.

† Literally, a pigeon-house, or dove-cote. In the cemeteries of the ancient Romans—the apertures that were formed in the wall for the reception of the cinerary urns were also called *columbarii*, from their resemblance to the openings of a pigeon-house.

brass rods. At the angles are four richly-carved ivory chairs, which formerly adorned the palace of Tippoo Saib. This apartment communicates with another Cabinet, in which the beautiful statue of the Nymph, by Westmacott, forms a very conspicuous object. Its effect is greatly enhanced by its singular position, and by the deep glow of stained glass in the window behind it: it has, in fact, almost the appearance of being suspended in the air. Here also is the model of the new façade of the Bank. Both Cabinets are richly stored with pictures and architectural drawings. Among the former are the eight paintings by Hogarth, of the *Rake's Progress*; and four, called the *Election*. Here likewise are three pictures by Canaletti, one of which may be regarded as his *chef d'œuvre*: there are others by Howard, Bird, Westall, Bourgeois, &c. The architectural drawings are principally from Sir John Soane's own designs. Descending a flight of steps, we enter

The Monk's Parlour, consisting of two distinct parts, one beneath the Cabinet, having a low ceiling, and the other rising considerably higher. The style of the architecture and of the decorations are what we may fancy to have been adopted in our domestic architecture at the commencement of the sixteenth century. This Cabinet is admirably adapted for seclusion and study; and so well is its character kept up throughout, that the adjoining Court serves to heighten the illusion, being fitted up with arches, and other fragments, from the ancient palace at Westminster, so as, when viewed through the painted window, to have somewhat the appearance of a ruined cloister. The window, which occupies the whole of the bay, or recess, on the south side, is richly "storied" with twenty subjects in chiaroscuro, in small circular compartments, the interstices of which form a deep purple ground, relieved by red and yellow. This window is reflected in an opposite mirror, so as to impart lightness and splendour to that side of the apartment. The walls are adorned with a profusion of Gothic fragments, trefoil and quatrefoil ornaments, foliage, busts, masks, small statues, and other analogous decorations, many of which are from St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, and that of Henry VII., the Painted Chamber, St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, and Westminster Abbey and Hall. Over the chimney-piece, which is painted in imitation of granite, is an ancient picture of the Virgin and Child, on copper. Besides the architectural specimens, there are many other curious pieces of art in this cabinet, particularly some small carvings in ivory, apparently by Greek artists, the inscriptions on some of them being in the Sclavonic language, that of the Russo-Greek church. A passage or corridor leads from

the *Monk's Room* to the opposite end of the house, where is the *Sarcophagus Room* already noticed.

Before we quit the basement story, we must return to the *Courtyard*, which, as we have intimated, is quite in harmony with the *Monk's Room*, and keeps up the sentiment and association produced by that unique apartment. Here we have some antique pointed arches, supporting fragments of an old wall, in which are inserted remnants of mouldings, grotesque heads, corbel-tables, &c. A monk's well and pump, an inclosed mound of earth, and a blank tomb-stone, with the creeping ivy, cypress, are melancholy indications of frail mortality.

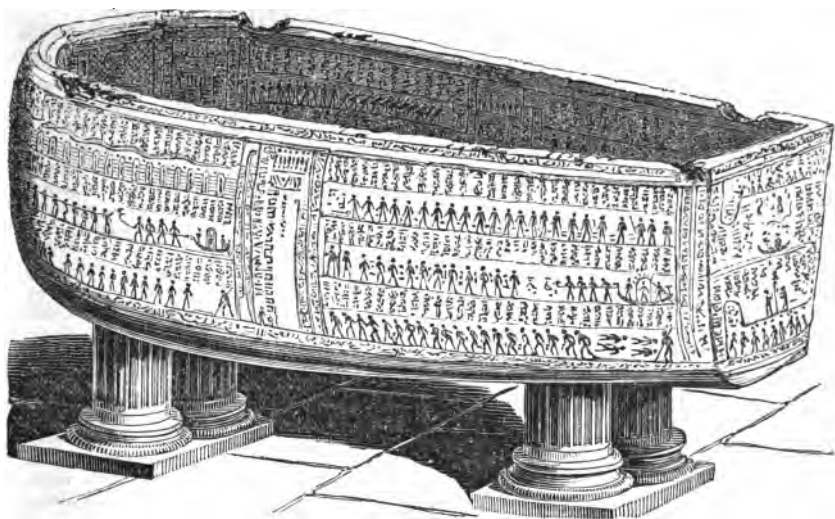
Returning from the subterraneous *Museum*, to the *Library*, we pass through a small *Dressing Room* and *Study*. From a window of the former is a bird's-eye view of the *Courtyard*; and in the *Study* are some exquisite Greek architectural fragments, in marble. On the mantel-piece are bronze and other antique relics; and the cane, containing measuring-rods, compass, &c., formerly belonging to Sir Christopher Wren.

Thus, the whole of the ground floor and the basement story of Sir John Soane's mansion is a richly-stored Museum; and, although apparently adapted merely for spectacle and display, the house contains every domestic accommodation and comfort for a small family.

It remains for us to conduct the reader to the first floor, where two *Drawing*, or *With-drawing Rooms* offer new objects of attraction and interest, and continue the character and sentiment of the lower apartments. The front room contains a series of architectural models in cork, the chief of which, about eight feet square, represents the ruinous city of Pompeii. Here also are models of Pæstum and its three temples. In the back Drawing-room are cases with movable frames, containing some of Sir John Soane's architectural drawings.

The last chapter in Mr. Britton's perspicuous volume is a Brief Essay on the Contents of the House, classed under the respective heads of—1. Egyptian Antiquities; 2. Grecian; 3. Roman; 4. Pictures and Drawings; and 5. Books.

The nucleus of the *Egyptian relics* is the large and highly-wrought *Alabaster Sarcophagus*, which was brought by Belzoni from the banks of the Nile to those of the Thames. It is considered to be of pre-eminent interest, not merely as a work of human skill and labour, but as illustrative of the customs, arts, religion, &c. of a very ancient people. Its surface, internally and externally, is covered with a written language, that seems nearly unintelligible to all, though it has engaged the attention of scholars of different empires, and of the most acute faculties.



(Diabaster Sarcophagus.)

This monument, mausoleum, or coffin, may be regarded as a volume of historic or biographic information. From the accompanying Cut, the reader, who has never seen the *Sarcophagus*, will be inclined to infer it to be the ostentatious sepulchre of a person of wealth and influence, who vainly fancied that his name, titles, and memorable deeds would descend with this imperishable record to the latest posterity. Nothing less than hopes of posthumous fame could occasion such an expenditure of human labour and ingenuity as has been here employed; and we cannot suppose that so much was indiscriminately used. "It is more rational," observes Mr. Britton, "to conclude that the surface of the tomb contains an account of the public deeds and private virtues of the monarch or hero whose mortal frame was encased within its sides."

To Belzoni we are indebted for this *Sarcophagus*: it was found by him in one of the deep and pestiferous caves at Gournon, on the banks of the Nile;—the mummy, he concluded, had been taken away at a former period. With no small difficulty, risk, and expense, this relic was removed from the cave, conveyed to a vessel on the Nile, and wafted across the seas to England. With many other Egyptian antiquities, it was placed in the British Museum, and offered for sale to the British Government: they, strangely and unwisely, refused to purchase the antique treasure, when Sir John (then Mr.) Soane, in right patriotic feeling for the professional character of his native country, came forward promptly to purchase the *Sarcophagus*, rather than suffer it to be conveyed away to enrich

either the French, Russian, or Bavarian capital, from each of which a commission had been sent.* The price paid was 2,000*l.*, apparently an immense, but in reality a moderate, sum. "Such a monument," observes Mr. Britton, "speaks volumes; and while we gaze, we involuntarily exclaim, in the energetic language of Byron—

Admire—exult—despise—laugh—weep; for here
There is such matter for all feeling:—man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
Ages and nations are crowded in this span!

The *Grecian Antiquities* include nine of the *Etruscan Vases*, which exhibit almost every variety of shape to be found in much larger collections. One of these vases, formerly possessed by Sir Henry Englefield, is of extreme rarity; and another, the Cawdor Vase, is of extraordinary size, and elegantly enriched.

Among the *Roman Antiquities* are real specimens and casts from the Temples of Jupiter Stator, at Rome—of the Sybil, or Vesta, at Tivoli, &c. Contrasted with these classic remains are genuine fragments and casts of Christian or Gothic architecture.—From the old palace of Westminster, in the Norman age, and in the times of Richard I. and Edward III., we have columns with bases and capitals—arches, friezes, and other ornaments. The fluctuations and changes that were progressively made, from those times to the reign of Henry VIII. are exemplified by other specimens from the Abbey-church of Westminster, Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Salisbury Cathedral, and from other edifices.

Among the *Pictures* are the twelve by

* For this munificent act, a knighthood, conferred on Mr. Soane in 1832, was but a tardy honour.

Hogarth: for eight of these—the Rake's Progress—Sir John Soane gave 570 guineas; the remaining four—the Election—were purchased by Garrick of the artist, under peculiar circumstances, for 200*l*, and bought by Sir John Soane, at the sale after Mrs. Garrick's death, in June, 1823, for 1,732*l*—the auctioneer knocking down the lot with this pithy award: "As returning officer, I have the honour of declaring that John Soane, Esq., is the successful candidate in this warmly-contested election." We have only space to enumerate, of the remaining pictures, *Love and Beauty*, (or, *the Snake in the Grass*), by Sir Joshua Reynolds; three *Views of Venice*, by Canaletti; *Lear and his Daughters*, by Howard; *Rustic Gamblers*, by Bird; a water-colour drawing of *Milton and his Daughters*, by Westall; a picture by Angelica Kauffman; four by Piranesi, &c.

The Books include, on architecture and the fine arts, generally, all the works of English authors, and most of the valuable writings and illustrations of the Italian, French, German, and even Russian artists and literati.

In the collection also are many original drawings and MSS. by Italian and French artists,—by Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir John Vanburgh, Sir William Chambers, &c.; besides several volumes richly illustrated.

Such is an outline of the *Soanean Museum*. It is indeed a boon to the public of much value; and its gift is an act of individual munificence, in these times of parsimonious legislation for the interests of arts and artists. Happily, Sir John Soane leaves to the country the house, as well as its treasures; and, be it remembered, for the free gratification and benefit of admiring posterity.

ORIGIN OF THE WORDS YULE, AND CAROL.

(To the Editor.)

In page 430, No. 582, of *The Mirror*, the derivation of the word *Yule* is not a correct one;—it is the corruption of the Welsh word *Gwyl*, or *Wyl*, a holiday. Christmas is called by the Welsh, *Gwylia*—literally, the holidays.

Carol is derived from the Welsh words *car*, love; and *awl*,* a panegyric. The song in Wales is called *Carawl*, (in the plural, *Carolau*), and is sung to this day in many churches in the principality, about three or four o'clock in the morning of Christmas-day: sometimes accompanied on the harp. The churches are lighted up, and generally crowded on the occasion; but this good custom, like too many others, is dying away.—I. P.

* *W* is a vowel in the Welsh alphabet, and is pronounced like double *o* in stool: hence, *Cwru* (Aic) is pronounced Kooroo. We often meet in the accounts of festivals given in Wales, with *Cwru Da*, which is the Welsh for Good Ale.

THE CHILD OF MERCY.

(From the German.)

WHEN it was the will of the Almighty that man should be created, he assembled together, to take counsel, the chief angels around him. "Create him not," said the angel of Righteousness, "for he will be unjust towards his brethren, and deal hardly and cruelly towards the weaker." "Create him not," said the angel of Peace, "he will manure the earth with man's blood; the first of his race will be the murderer of his brother." "Thy sanctuary with lies will he profane," said the angel of Truth, "though thou for him, thy likeness, loyalty's seal, stampedest upon his countenance." They continued speaking, when Mercy, the eternal Father's youngest, dearest child, stepped to his throne, his knees encircled, and said: "Form him, Father, in thine image itself, a darling of thy goodness. If all thy servants forsake him, I will seek him, and loving him, stand by, and turn his failings themselves to good. I will make the heart of the weak ones compassionate, and the weaker ones bend towards pity. If he errs from peace and truth; if he righteousness and justice offends; so shall the consequence of his errors themselves, lead him back, and with love be amended." The father of men formed the man, a faulty, weakly creature; but in the failings themselves, a pupil of his goodness, the son of mercy, the son of a love that never forsakes him, he will be ever improving. Be mindful of thy origin, O man, if thou art oppressive and unjust; and consider, that having been, through mercy, elected to life, thou shouldst pity and love the motherly breast.—W. G. C.

The Public Journals.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE SIEGE OF ANTWERP

(From the United Service Journal.)*

Leopold.—King Leopold, after minutely inspecting the fortifications and batteries of the town, rode to the tail of the trenches, near Berchem, and then proceeded to examine every part of the offensive works, up to the heads of the sap. The manner in which the King exposed himself was a source of anxiety to the people in the city, who eagerly watched and gladly hailed his safe return. An anecdote

* The Account whence these anecdotes are abridged occupies upwards of 160 closely printed pages. The description is founded on the official reports of Gerard, Haxo, and Neigre, to the French government; and Chasse, to the Netherlands' Minister at War; and on notes taken by the writer on the spot, or furnished by eye-witnesses, who bore a prominent share in the operations. The whole is strictly descriptive and narrative, scarcely any space being occupied by official documents; and its production within six or seven weeks of the events is, in many important respects, a sign of the times. How many weeks would have been requisite to produce such an account of the last siege of the Citadel in 1793, or forty years since!

dote is recounted, and corroborated by an order of the day from the Marshal, that gave much interest to this visit. On approaching a dangerous portion of the sap, his Majesty met a party conveying a badly wounded sapper to the hospital. The man had a leg fractured, and had received other wounds. The King, as it is stated, stopped the party an instant, to inquire how and where he was wounded. Raising himself up, but not recognising the rank of his interlocutor, the soldier replied, with a firm voice, "General, I've lost a leg, at the head of the sap; I was at my post." "If my cross and a pension can console you for having lost a limb in my service, you shall be satisfied," replied the King; and, on returning to the palace, instantly fulfilled his promise.

This was the first overt occasion which Leopold had of according this favour; and it was impossible to have met with an opportunity so favourable. The place, the time, the manner, and the cause—all contributed to add interest to the scene. It is of rare occurrence that sovereigns are enabled to see with their eyes, and reward military merit with their own hands, on the very spot where the meritorious action has taken place. The Leopold order could not have sprung forth under more favourable or striking auspices; and up to the present hour, not a soldier or officer has received this mark of distinction who has not paid for it with his blood, or merited it by his courage.

Boys.—It was curious to observe, not only many soldiers, of all arms, but the peasantry and boys from the city, eagerly watching the fall of the projectiles that dropped behind the first parallel. No sooner did a shell alight, than they rushed forward, and scarcely waited to see whether it exploded, ere they began to dig, either for the whole or its fragments. The boys showed an extraordinary daring on these occasions, and thus more than one accident occurred.

Antwerp, Dec. 8.—Confidence was now completely restored in the city. All fear of molestation was given up. The exchange was attended, the shops were re-opened, and the markets abundantly supplied. Crowds of strangers filled the hotels, where it was difficult to procure lodging; and had not the thunders of the cannon, amplified by the echoes of the cathedral, reminded one of what was passing, it would have been impossible to suppose oneself within a thousand yards of a fierce bombardment.

Amateurs of all countries, and officers of all nations, were seen eagerly seeking permission to visit the trenches, or to mount the towers or buildings, whence a sight could be obtained of the operations. Some ascended the noble tower of Notre Dame, whence the eye commanded a view of the country, for many leagues around, and enabled one to

judge of the havoc committed by the inundations, which had converted the broad expanse of fertile polders into a broad waste of unwholesome waters. There flowed the broad river, tenanted only by four or five gun-boats, whilst lower down, towards Lillo, the lofty masts of the Dutch vessels of war were visible through the haze. On the left bank, the banner of Holland, floating above the inundations, marked the position of the three forts occupied by them on that side. Beneath, lay the noble city, filled with the hum of voices, the rattling of wheels and clatter of horses' hoofs,—its inhabitants busied with their usual avocations, and its streets thronged with passengers, apparently as little affected by what was going on, as though the citadel had been leagues distant. To the south, was the fortress itself, partly enveloped in the shadow, or marked by the haze of smoke, but a portion of the profile of its bastions plainly traced out by the reflection of the sun gleaming on its ditches. Its interior seemed tenantless, had not sundry columns of light and curling smoke, followed by the loud echo of its guns, and the sharper rattle of its musketry, told the spectator that the garrison were staunchly standing to their posts. From the smoke and fog that generally hovered over the ground, it was difficult, even with the best telescope, to descry the outline of the offensive works, and the eye eagerly sought for the angular projections of earth, behind which one was aware that thousands of active assailants were busily employed. During some intervals it occurred that there was a deep silence, and one was inclined to doubt the reality of hostilities; but suddenly curling eddies of smoke, rising here and there in a semicircle, at some distance, and followed by loud explosions, indicated the positions of the French batteries; whilst here a shell bursting, with tremendous noise, in the air; there another, creating lesser destruction when falling into the buildings; or there again a round shot, whistling and splashing into the Scheldt,—convinced one that the business of war was being vigorously carried on. The tower of the church of St. Andrew, though less lofty than that of the cathedral, was, from its vicinity to the esplanade, a favourite observatory. Its turret was crowded every day with the curious; and it was here that King Leopold, attended by an aide-de-camp, took his station, and watched, with natural and intense anxiety, those operations destined to restore to his dominion the possession of this emporium of Belgian commerce. It was from this point that the effect of the besieging fire could best be observed; and it was curious to remark the anxiety with which each discharge was watched, and the criticisms that were uttered when shot or shells soared over the citadel and fell harmless into the river or upon the esplanade.

One of the most singular anomalies attending this siege was the conversion of the theatre into a place for observing the operations. This building, contiguous to the Malines gate, was favourably situated for obtaining a sight of part of the bastions, trenches, and batteries. A portion of the roof was therefore removed, platforms raised, and the managers, profiting by the eager curiosity of strangers, published the following hand-bill:—

“Notice.—The public is informed, that places are to be procured at the *Théâtre des Variétés*, at Antwerp, for seeing the siege.”

French Gaiety.—Of the characteristic gaiety of the French many examples can be cited. One or two will suffice. On passing the angle of the *boyau* leading into the second parallel opposite St. Laurent, which was partially enfiladed from Kiel, an infantry soldier was met floundering through the mud under the weight of a heavy gabion. A shot struck the parapet, and either from this or a false step, down fell the man and his burden into the mire. One of our countrymen would have risen, and his first impulse would have been to have wished the besieged and the service at a much hotter place than the head of the sap. But the conscript sprang up, shook himself, and exclaimed, with a smile, —“Who says it is not a fine thing to be a soldier? I’ll enlist for ten years more from this day,”—and then, hoisting up his load, on he went. On another occasion, near the descent made in the ditch of the ravelin, the adjutant of the trenches was writing a memorandum: a shell pitched on the reverse of the trench, exploded, and covered him and his paper with a shower of sand. The officer flipped it off quietly with his hand, and said, —“They are more polite than you, Messieurs; they sent me the sand-box.” A round shot struck a gabion close to the Duke of Orleans, and buried itself in the ground, within a few inches of his person. The Prince took off his hat, and bowing, said, —“One ought to be polite to new acquaintances.”

Chassé.—The highest praise is due to General Chassé for the loyalty and humanity he evinced up to the latest moment,—not so much in sparing the city,—but for so directing his fire as not to injure the villages immediately in the rear of the line of attack. Berchem, for instance, the centre of which is not above 2,500 yards from the ramparts, was within easy range of his shells. This village was the head-quarters of the Marshal, of the artillery, and engineers. It was crowded with officers and troops of all arms, and filled with inhabitants. One park of artillery was formed near its entrance, on the Malines side, and a park of engineers was established at the church. General Chassé must have known this, and might have cre-

ated the utmost inconvenience, and, perhaps, loss, by directing his fire upon it:—but he abstained. The same thing may be said of the village of St. Laurent; the church of which was employed as a hospital. One or two projectiles may have fallen in this quarter; but, if they did, they were accidental. In general, the fire of the besieged was entirely confined to the attacks and batteries before them; and it is a matter of astonishment, considering the accuracy of their range, that so few casualties occurred. The multiplicity of the *boyaus* and trenches, the strength of the parapets, and softness of the ground, can alone account for this; for it is not too much to say, that it would have been difficult to have found two square yards of ground between the different parallels and trenches that were not either ploughed with shot or torn with projectiles.

Incessant Fire.—Marshal Gerard, in his report of the 13th, says, “I have given orders that our fire shall be arranged so that there shall be continually a shot and shell in the air; the execution of this measure allows no respite to the enemy, and prevents his quitting the casemates where he has taken refuge.” In fact, taking the number of projectiles hurled on the citadel at 63,000 during the nineteen days,—that is, 33,000 round shot, 14,000 mortar, and 16,000 howitzer shells,—it will be found that the Marshal’s orders were strictly performed; and that, on allowing the time necessary for the shells to perform their parabola, few seconds could have elapsed without a shot or shell being in motion.

Dutch Artillery and Belgian Troops.—The Dutch troops were said to be in a high state of efficiency, and their artillery, though less numerous than that of the Belgians, much superior in practice and experience. The latter arm may be considered the élite of their army. The cause is easily explained; for at the period of the revolution nearly the whole of the field brigades returned complete into Holland; and as an immense proportion of the officers and non-commissioned were Dutchmen, they were enabled to give great extension to this corps, and to supply its ranks with old and experienced men taken from the garrison or militia battalions. Their heavy cavalry were also peculiarly fine, but the light cavalry and infantry were not to be compared in appearance with the Belgian troops; and in point of drill and manoeuvre could boast of no superiority. As regarded the general equipment of the Belgian army, little remained to be desired; and with the exception of the English soldiers, to whom they bear a strong physical resemblance, it would not be possible anywhere in Europe to find a finer body of men. The “staff,” to use the technical term, is admirable, and although the Flemings, as is the case with

all people inhabiting flat or marshy countries, are not good marchers, they possess a number of qualities which are the first requisites for forming good soldiers. Personal courage is not alluded to, for it is an almost admitted fact, that if the officers and non-commissioned are good, and the system of discipline equal, men of all countries would be found equally courageous. For instance, the Italians, Poles, and troops of the Confederation incorporated in the French army, gave constant proofs that they were not behind-hand in gallantry with their French comrades; and in our service, we have seen men of all nations fight side by side with our own people;—more could not be required, nor a greater compliment be paid to them.

Birth-day of the King of the Belgians.—

A grand Te Deum was celebrated in the cathedral of Notre Dame. At 11 o'clock the Belgian officers of the garrison assembled at the house of the commandant, and thence proceeded in a body to the palace, to wait on General Desprez. The latter joined them with his staff, and proceeded at the head of the troops, already paraded on the Place Verte, into the body of the church, where the service immediately commenced. There was something highly affecting and imposing in the sight of the vast body of this mighty edifice filled with dense masses of soldiers and citizens, listening with devout attention to the deep chant of the choristers, and the swelling peals of the organ, whilst between every modulation of the instrument, or pause in the holy songs, the thundering echoes of the cannon, or bursting of projectiles in the air, made the windows of the venerable pile vibrate, and even shook the vaulted floor on which one stood. It was one of those singular moments in men's lives, that lead them to doubt of the real existence of what they hear and see; for so great was the contrast between the pious attitude of the mixed crowd, the melody of the rich voices, the thrilling tones of the swelling organ, and the sight of the servants of God attired in their rich surplices and scapularies, with the thunder of the guns, the explosion of shells, and the thought of the work of violence going on within a few yards, that one required to be shaken from his reverie ere he could credit that the whole was not some dramatic delusion, or that it was possible, that the same men who were devoutly praying on bended knees for God's blessing and protection, should be eagerly panting to rush without the city gates to gorge their hands in blood. If these expressions be wild or confused, they are but the result of the impression left upon the mind by the imposing scene of that morning. It was necessary to have been present to have felt its effects, and, if present, it was impossible not to have been deeply affected.

Vivandières.—A class of persons attached

to the French army deserve especial mention. These were the *vivandières* or licensed sutler-women, of whom a certain number is attached to every regiment, in the proportion of four per battalion. They receive lodgment in barracks, and rations in the field. They wear, for the most part, a particular costume, have a *plaque*, or tin on the arm, denoting their number and the corps to which they belong, and have the exclusive privilege of selling spirits to the troops or battalions to which they are attached. Their dress was generally a glazed hat, a blue petticoat with a tri-coloured border, and red or *garance* military trousers, boots, a short cloak, and a keg slung round the shoulder, with a small basket containing one or two glasses, and a few loaves. Wherever the fire was hottest, there they were to be seen; and it was singular to see the prevailing passion of gain, not only leading these heroines into the most dangerous positions, but to observe them utterly forgetful of the showers of grape and projectiles that, to use the expression of one of them, “fell like plums” around, alone intent on receiving their small change, or rating some debtor who had neglected to pay up his score. Whilst, however, the matter of business was always kept in sight, they were not without frequently exhibiting instances of nobler sentiments. Their devotion and attention to the wounded, and the readiness with which they exposed themselves in the cause of humanity, was as remarkable as praiseworthy.

(To be continued.)

THE FAIRY WELL.

BY S. FERGUSON, ESQ.

MOURNFULLY, sing mournfully—
 “O listen, Ellen, sister dear,
 Is there no help at all for me,
 But only ceaseless sigh and tear?
 Why did not he who left me here,
 With stolen hope steal memory?
 O listen, Ellen, sister dear,
 (Mournfully, sing mournfully)—
 I'll go away to Sleamish-hill,
 I'll pluck the fairy hawthorn-tree,
 And let the spirits work their will;
 I care not if for good or ill,
 So they but lay the memory
 Which all my heart is haunting still!
 (Mournfully, sing mournfully)—
 The Fairies are a silent race,
 And pale as lily flowers to see;
 I care not for a blanched face,
 Nor wandering in a dreaming place,
 So I but banish memory:—
 I wish I were with Anna Grace!
 Mournfully, sing mournfully!
 Harken to my tale of woe—
 'Twas thus to weeping Ellen Con,
 Her sister said in accents low—
 Her only sister, Una baun:
 'Twas in their bed before the dawn,
 And Ellen answer'd sad and slow,—
 “Oh! Una, Una, be not drawn
 (Hearken to my tale of woe)—
 To this unholy grief I pray,
 Which makes me sick at heart to know,

And I will help you if I may :
 —The Fairy Well of Lagnanay—
 Lie nearer me, I tremble so,—
 Una, I've heard wise women say
 (Hearken to my tale of woe)—
 That if before the dews arise,
 True maiden in its icy flow
 With pure hand bathe her bosom thrice,
 Three lady-brackens pluck likewise,
 And three times round the fountain go,
 She straight forgets her tears and sighs."
 Hearken to my tale of woe!
 All alas! and wellaway!
 "Oh, sister Ellen, sister sweet.
 Come with me to the hill I pray,
 And I will prove that blessed fœt!"
 They rose with soft and silent feet,
 They left their mother where she lay,
 Their mother and her care discreet,
 (All, alas! and wellaway!)
 And soon they reached the Fairy Well,
 The mountain's eye, clear, cold, and gray,
 Wide open in the dreary fell;
 How long they stood 'twere vain to tell,
 At last, upon the point of day,
 Baun Una bares her bosom's swell,
 (All, alas! and wellaway!)
 Thrice o'er her shrinking breasts she laves
 The gliding glance that will not stay,
 Of subtly-streaming fairy waves;—
 And now the charm three brackens craves,
 She plucks them in their fring'd array;—
 Now round the well her fate she braves.
 All alas! and wellaway!
 Save us all from Fairy thrall!
 Ellen sees her face the rim
 Twice and thrice, and that is all—
 Fount and hill and maiden swim
 All together melting dim!
 "Una! Una!" thou mayest call,
 Sister sad! but lith or limb
 (Save us all from Fairy thrall!)
 Never again of Una baun,
 Where now she walks in dreamy hall,
 Shall eye of mortal look upon!
 Oh! can it be the guard was gone,
 That better guard than shield or wall?
 Who knows on earth save Jurlagh Daune?
 (Save us all from Fairy thrall!)
 Behold the banks are green and bare;
 No pit is here wherein to fall;
 Aye—at the fount you well may stare;
 But naught save pebbles smooth is there,
 And small straws twirling one and all.
 Hie thee home, and be thy pray'r,
 Save us all from Fairy thrall!

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Naturalist.

THE PRIDE OF COLOUR IN SWANS.

SIR JOHN BYERLEY writes in the *Magazine of Natural History*:—"Some years since, I visited Malmaison, the delightful retreat of the Empress Josephine. I sat in the homely arm-chair, at the still more homely table on which Napoleon wrote the decrees on which depended the fate of empires; the slightest object possessed a secret charm, even the notches cut in the edge of the table with a penknife, where the arbiter of Continental Europe debated within himself the 'to be or not to be;' the destiny of a kingdom; the fate of hundreds of thousands of his fellow-men. I will not describe the grounds of this little paradise, nor the botanical amphitheatre where Josephine listened with delight

to the lectures on vegetable physiology by M. Mirbel, and the other professors attached to her service. The saloon, long untenanted, already bore the vestiges of the ravages of time; the plants testified that the vivifying spirit of their mistress was no more. On the canal sailed, in sullen isolated pride, the majestic black swan, the 'rara avis' of Juvenal. He had lost his mate; his offspring had been transported to Munich. It had been attempted to console him, by presenting him with the most beautiful white female swan that could be procured, but he would not be comforted: her embraces revolted his pride, he considered it would be a *mésalliance* to consort with a being on whom nature had not lavished the beauty of sable plumes. The gardener informed me that he would not suffer her even to approach him, or come into his sight; and, in fact, we found her on the turn of the canal, at the distance of two hundred yards from the mate who despised her snowy charms. I visited Malmaison some time afterward, and found the sable monarch still a widower, faithful to his first love, and still refusing the consolation of beauty, because her colour varied from his own. What a lesson for man!

SERVICES OF THE ROOK TO MAN.

(By a Correspondent of the *Magazine of Natural History*.)

A STRONG prejudice is felt by many persons against rooks, on account of their destroying grain and potatoes; and so far is this carried, that I know persons who offer a reward for every rook that is killed on their land; yet so mistaken do I deem them, as to consider that no living creature is so serviceable to the farmer, except the live stock he keeps on his farm, as the rook. In the neighbourhood of my native place is a rookery belonging to W. Vavasour, Esq., of Weston, in Wharfedale, in which it is estimated there are ten thousand rooks, that 1 lb. of food a week is a very moderate allowance for each bird, and that nine tenths of their food consist of worms, insects, and their larvæ; for, although they do considerable damage to the fields for a few weeks in seedtime and a few weeks in harvest, particularly in backward seasons, yet a very large proportion of their food, even at these seasons, consists of insects and worms, which (if we except a few acorns [and walnuts] in autumn) form at all other times the whole of their subsistence. Here, then, if my data be correct, there is the enormous quantity of 468,000 lbs., or 209 tons, of worms, insects, and their larvæ destroyed by the birds of a single rookery; and to every one who knows how very destructive to vegetation are the larvæ of the tribes of insects (as well as worms) fed upon by rooks, some slight

idea may be formed of the devastation which rooks are the means of preventing. I have understood that in Suffolk, and in some of the southern counties, the larvæ of the cockchafer are so exceedingly abundant that the crops of corn are almost destroyed by them, and that their ravages do not cease even when they have attained to a winged state. Various plans have been proposed to put a stop to their depredations; but I have little doubt that their abundance is to be attributed to the scarcity of rooks, as I have somewhere seen an account that rooks in those counties (I have not been in them) are not numerous, either from the trees being felled in which they nested, or that they had been destroyed by the prejudiced farmers. I am the more inclined to be of this opinion, because we have many rooks in this neighbourhood, where the cockchafer is not known as a destructive insect; and I know that insects of that class and their larvæ are the most favourite food of the rook.

I will mention another proof of the utility of the rook, which occurred in this neighbourhood many years ago:—A flight of locusts visited Craven, and they were so numerous as to create considerable alarm among the farmers of the district. They were, however, soon relieved from their anxiety; for the rooks flocked in from all quarters by thousands and tens of thousands, and devoured them so greedily that they were all destroyed in a short time. Such, at least, is the account which is given; and I have heard it repeatedly mentioned as the reason why the late Lord Ribblesdale was so partial to rooks. But I have no means of ascertaining how far this is true, except general report.

It was stated in the newspapers, a year or two back, that there was such an enormous quantity of caterpillars upon Skiddaw, that they devoured all the vegetation on the mountain, and people were apprehensive they would attack the crops in the enclosed lands; but the rooks (which are fond of high ground in the summer), having discovered them, in a very short time put a stop to their ravages.

THE TURKEY BUZZARD.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE Turkey Buzzard, in the West Indies, is commonly called the John Crow, (*Galinazo*.) It may often be seen, in great numbers, assembled round a dying cow or horse, upon which the birds will commence their work of destruction, even sometime before the departure of life.

During the late rebellion in Jamaica, I remember riding over a hill, which, on the preceding day, had been the scene of a conflict, and whereon lay upwards of fifty dead bodies, with Turkey Buzzards swarming around them. I heard the groans of one man, and on ap-

proaching the spot whence they proceeded, to my horror, I saw a white man lying on the ground: he had been dreadfully cut with a cutlass, and his life was fast drawing to a close, as he was struggling to keep off the Turkey Buzzards, who had torn out one of his eyes, and had begun to eat his feet. I assisted him as well as I could, but he died in about a quarter of an hour.

In the West Indies, a fine of 5*l.* is levied for shooting a Turkey Buzzard, as the bird is of essential service in clearing the country of filth; from that reason it is also denominated *Scavenger*.

SALMON AND SPANIEL.

A SHORT time ago while a sporting friend was plying the luring fly on the river Doon, he was successful in hooking a pretty large salmon, and after running it for some time, the plunging of the fish attracted the attention of a spaniel by which the angler was accompanied; when the dog dashed into the flood, and, grasping the salmon by the back, near the head, actually brought it ashore, and deposited it at his master's feet.—*Ayr Advertiser*.

CHELSEA GARDENS.

ARE to be thrown open to the public on Easter Sunday, in the same manner as they were before Sir David Dundas excluded them, in the year 1806.—*Correspondent of the Morning Herald*.

Notes of a Reader.

PAROCHIAL REGISTERS

SPRUNG from a regulation introduced in 1497, by Cardinal Wolsey, who ordered that the names of children, their godfathers and godmothers, and witnesses who were present at the christening, should be registered. In 1538, an order was issued by Henry VIII. which was the foundation of all present parochial registers. Among the records of St. Margaret's parish, Westminster, is an account, in which 2*d.* is charged for the purchase of a book for registers of baptism. In the reign of Philip and Mary, Parliament had not interfered with the subject; but, in the reign of Elizabeth, it was directed that an annual summary should be made of all parochial registration, to ascertain the number of births, burials, and marriages, as well as the relative amount of the number of offences. This system of statistical information has not been continued. During the Protectorate, Cromwell ordained that there ought not to be a registration of baptisms only, but also an authenticated registration of births, of all denominations, and that the whole should be looked upon as a civil act. This system

was discontinued after the reign of Charles II. No further change took place till, by 6 and 7 William III. the parties were compelled to register all marriages, births, or burials. The registers were to be taken in every parish, of all the persons born therein, within five days after their birth, and of all persons buried, not only in churchyards, but in every common burial-ground. The law continued thus until 52 Geo. III. which regulated the registration of baptisms, marriages, and burials; but the births were not to be included by edict of the House of Lords, who struck out from the Act, the schedule providing for their registration.

These facts were incorporated in a speech by Mr. Wilks, M.P. for Boston, in moving for a Committee in Parliament to amend the present system of Registration, which, notwithstanding these provisions of our forefathers, is represented as singularly defective, more especially as respects Dissenters. On this occasion, the Solicitor-General quoted as "an undeniable fact," that, owing to the existing system of registration, generally, it would be easier to trace a birth which took place five hundred years ago, than one of modern date.

BRIDGE OF BOATS OVER THE MENAI.

EDWARD I. in one of his Welsh wars found it desirable to establish a communication with the main land, either for the purpose of acting upon the rear of the Welsh army, or of combining operations with that part of his own which was then in the heart of the enemy's country. With this view he laid down a bridge of boats in the narrowest part of the Menai Straits, from the point of land called Mod-y-down, nearly opposite to Bangor: the platform which he raised upon it was wide enough for threescore men to pass abreast. Seeing this, the Welsh threw up intrenchments on their side, to obstruct the work in its progress, to check the advance of the English when it should be finished, and to secure the passage into their own mountains. Before it was completed, a party of English, with some of the Gascon lords, and a body of Spaniards who were then in Edward's service, crossed where the water was low enough for them to make their way from the termination of the bridge to the shore. Richard ap Iwalwyn, who commanded the Welsh, let them advance without opposition, to reconnoitre his works at the foot of the mountain; but when the tide came in, and intercepted their retreat, he rushed down upon them with a very superior force, and drove them into the water: many were slain, and many, by reason of the weight of their armour, were drowned in endeavouring to regain the bridge. Thirteen knights, seventeen esquires, and 200 foot soldiers fell,

according to the English account; 1,000 according to the Welsh. Among them was "that famous knight sir Lucas de Thania," who was the leader of the foreign troops, sir William Lindsey, Robert Clifford, and William de la Zouch. Sir William Latimer, who commanded the English, recovered the bridge by the stoutness of his horse.* Edward was at Aberconway at the time,—for no such imprudence would have been committed had he been present; but this loss, and the inconvenience which the passage of those straits occasioned, made him conceive the intention of constructing a stone bridge there. The architects whom he consulted made an unfavourable report, saying that the bottom was doubtful, and the sea at times raging and stormy. Edward was one of those men who think every thing practicable that they know to be greatly needed, and who, in the strength of that persuasion, overcome difficulties which to others would be insuperable: he would have made the attempt, if the inhabitants of Arvon had not petitioned against it, and still more because his attention was engrossed by other schemes of ambition, and objects of more pressing importance.† But he would have failed in it: for what he proposed was more than modern engineers have ventured to undertake. It was reserved for Telford, in our own days, to suspend over those straits, and at the very point where Edward laid his floating bridge, an iron one in the air, which is at once the most stupendous and the most beautiful work of its kind that the world has ever seen.—*Southey's Naval History of England.*

THREE ILLUSTRIOUS ENGLISHMEN.

Bede, Alfred, and Roger Bacon, are the three Englishmen who attained all the knowledge that in their respective times and stations it was possible for them to acquire, and who made the best use of that knowledge for posterity. Bede preserved for us the only materials which exist for no inconsiderable nor unimportant portion of our national history. Roger Bacon anticipated some of the most momentous chemical discoveries which were made in after ages: he had a clear foresight of others; and it was in his then unpublished writings that his namesake, the more celebrated, but not the greater Bacon, found the principles of that experimental and inductive philosophy‡ distinctly stated, which he produced to the world as his own invention. No other sovereign ever manifested so earnest a desire for improving the moral and

* Holinshed, ii. 485. Warrington's Hist. of Wales ii. 256—258.

† Beauties of England and Wales, xvii. 297.

‡ For proof of this, the reader is referred to Mr. Forster's *Mahomedanism Unveiled* (vol. ii. pp. 312—318.), a work which will well repay an attentive perusal.

intellectual condition of his people as Alfred; no one ever entertained wider or wiser views of national defence; and modern legislation has no where yet attempted to institute a system of policy for the prevention of offences, and the security of persons and property so efficacious as that which he established throughout his kingdom.—*Ibid.*

ATTACK OF LONDON BRIDGE.

[In 1013, London fell into the possession of the Danes, and Ethelred, the king, fled to the continent; but, in the following year, he returned to this country with new forces.]

Among them came a certain king Olaf (perhaps the same who had been baptized in this country): he brought with him a strong fleet; and, with the aid of these Scandinavian ships, the king of England resolved upon attempting to retake London from the Danes. The fleet was of little use unless it could pass the bridge. But this, which was of wood, wide enough for the commodious passage of two carriages, and supported upon trestles, had been strongly fortified with towers, and a parapet breast high; and at its south end it was defended by a military work, placed on what the Icelandic historian calls the great emporium of Southwark. This fortress was of great strength, built of wood and stone, with a deep and wide ditch, and ramparts of earth. A first attack upon the bridge failed; for the Danes had manned it well, and defended it bravely. Grieved at his repulse, Ethelred held a council of war, to deliberate in what manner they might hope to destroy the bridge; and Olaf undertook to make the attempt with some of his ships, if the other leaders would join in the assault. Causing, therefore, some deserted houses to be pulled down, he employed the beams and planks in constructing projections from the sides of the ships, under cover of which, when they were laid alongside the bridge, the assault might be made; a contrivance intended to serve the same purpose as those machines which, under the names of "cats" and "sows," were used in sieges. He expected that the roofing would be strong enough to resist the weight of any stones which might be thrown upon it; but in this expectation he had calculated too much upon the solidity of his materials, and too little upon the exertions and activity of the defendants; and when, with the advantage of the flowing tide, the ships had taken their station, stones of such magnitude were let fall upon them, that the cover was beaten in; shields and helmets afforded no protection; the ships themselves were shaken and greatly injured, and many of them sheered off. Olaf, however, persisted in his enterprise. Under cover of such a bulwark, he succeeded in fastening some strong cables or chains to the trestles which

supported the bridge: and, when the tide had turned, his rowers, aided by the returning stream, tore away the middle of it, many of the enemy being precipitated into the river. The others fled into the city, or into Southwark; and the Thames was thus opened to the fleet. The south work was then attacked and carried; and the Danes were no longer able to prevent the Londoners from opening their gates, and joyfully receiving their king.* —*Ibid.*

SWAN RIVER.

(From a Letter, in *Fraser's Magazine*.)

THE first piece of information in this letter is the fact, that a great number of persons who, during the last three years, have gone out to Swan River, have left it in disgust and disappointment, not finding the "promised land," but finding that it bore no signs of "flowing with milk and honey." It is quite evident that the original reports were prematurely made,—whence several important errors have been committed, and delusions engendered. A number of mechanics went out, it appears, under the assurance of speedily making fortunes. The consequence has been a rapid and general desertion, leaving behind indentured servants, who, to a man, are represented as having assumed a genuine Yankee kind of independence and masterdom; and with an uncontrollable spirit of resistance to all authority, accompanied by dissolute habits. This evil was, however, on the point of curing itself, (in June last,) by means of the extreme scarcity of provisions increasing every day, which is said to have brought many of the mechanics to their senses, and taught them their relative duties and interests.

Many of the settlers are reported to have failed, from the great dearth and scarcity of provisions; and whole families are reduced to vegetable diet. A bushel of wheat cost, (up to June last,) thirty-four shillings, and salt pork ten and twelve guineas the cask. Shooting and fishing are precarious; and the natives only are adepts in the latter, and monopolize most of it. A pigeon is represented as a great prize for the table; a beef-steak and a mutton-chop exist only in remembrance; and kangaroo meat is not obtainable but by conciliating the unmanageable natives. In this state of "hope deferred," the frequent and common desertion of the indentured servants tends very greatly to embarrass their employers, and to deprive families of bread. The natives, also, avail them-

* I owe my first knowledge of this interesting fact in English and naval history to Mr. Rickman's *Statement of Progress under the Population Act of 1830*, where the Latin translation of Snorre's narrative is given in a note (16, 17). The original Icelandic may be found in Johnstone's *Antiquitates Celto-Scandicæ*, 89, 90. This is the earliest mention of a bridge over the Thames at London.

selves of their opportunities of plunder, and have made great havoc amongst the stocks of pigs, sheep, and bullocks, wherever they could lay their marauding hands upon them; and in the rencontres so incurred many lives have been lost. The organization of a corps of observation and defence had been suggested, but the necessary materials were mostly wanting. At the same time, from the extent and savage disposition of the hordes that continually annoy distant settlers, a general state of warfare was apprehended and wished for, in the hope that conquest might bring with it more security from the wild marauders of the country, by exterminating and intimidating them. When this letter came away, a meeting had been called to deliberate upon this subject.

In one point of view, the settlers do not appear to have been disappointed, for the productive quality of the soil is represented as equalling the most sanguine expectations. The country generally, and the climate, are spoken of as being all that could be desired on these heads. The last season produced the finest samples of wheat, barley, oats, and potatoes—three crops in one year. "Every description of vegetable seems to arrive at the highest perfection." The melon tribe is represented to flourish wonderfully. The climate is rather hot in summer, but the winter is said to be perfection; and these are the only seasons, without the immediate distinctions and variableness of our European climate. The finest barley and the Swedish turnip have been seen to spring up "from the most common white sand;" and under such circumstances, so favourably represented, it is naturally observed that nothing is wanting "but a little *help* for a year or two, to realize to every man his earliest hopes."

The *finest land* has been found to be farther off than was at first contemplated; but from the extent of coast, and the discovery of *large tracts* beyond the range of mountains, there seems to be sufficient resources of cultivation for the support of an extended community.

Confident expectations are entertained that loans of money would be fully repaid, by affording the means of labour and cultivation, which are extremely limited throughout the colony generally; the governor and his family having been by no means exempted from the general privations of the colonists.

Much of the scarcity existing is attributed to the Freemantle Jews, who are said to have taken good care of themselves; for when the government formerly took measures to afford such supplies as would secure the colony from the possibility of want, the Jews declared that they could no longer act as merchants. Since then, however, they have enjoyed their trade uninterrupted—have "taken the chance of any arrivals, *without the slightest risk*"—not

a ship or a boat belonging to any one of them, with a single exception; and taking perhaps one-third or one-fourth of a cargo, they have let the rest go. By such conduct, the shipowners have been discouraged, and the prices kept up and raised at their own pleasure; whereby, of course, the usual effects of monopoly have fallen upon the settlers.

Some apprehensions have been entertained by those not far from the coast, of visits from pirates cruising at hand, who, they fear, might carry them off before any effective resistance could be made. This, and the increasing audacity and savage disposition of the natives, render it desirable that person and property should be protected by a more powerful and distributed armed force than has hitherto been afforded.

Great as is the annoyance from the natives, our correspondent justly observes, that, after the first effects of intimidation are felt, they ought to be conciliated, as the settlers have much to lose and nothing to gain by warfare with them, when once protected from plunder. The wants of the colonists are stated to be fish, kangaroos, and land; all of which may be obtained easily from the natives, by granting them biscuits, and blankets in winter; if such a system of barter were adopted generally, accompanied by a demonstration of power sufficient to awe them, and suppress their eagerness for plunder. The present disposition of the natives is represented as savage and revengeful to the greatest degree, uniting the imitative qualities of the ape with the cunning of the fox and the fleetness of the roebuck; and hitherto they have afforded no experience of any disposition to be tamed. Indeed, the personal wants and difficulties of the colonists seem to have prevented them from turning their attention to the moral improvement of the aboriginal race, which must be postponed till a sufficient force be acquired to oppose their desultory attacks upon property.

As an enemy, they are, of course, despicable; but as lawless thieves, they must be intimidated before they can be expected to be conciliated. The *ladies* especially, amongst the natives, are represented as cruel in their dispositions; and, in several instances, to have actually sawed off the heads of their victims whom they have captured and killed

Fine Arts.

TENTH EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

(Continued from page 128.)

49. *Hopes and Fears*. E. Prentiss. An affectionate scene from Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall*.

56. *The Young Fisherman's Song*—Bay

of Naples. T. Uwins. This is a pleasing group—a fisherman singing to a pair of pretty maidens—and a very poetical picture has the artist made of such materials, aided by the fine effect of an Italian sky, and a delightful locality. The colouring will be equally admired.

69. *Landscape—Evening.* T. C. Hofland. A charming scene, lit up by “animating warmth” and “vital lustre,” and therefore full of poetry and nature.

92. *The Last Booth in the Fair.* R. B. Davis. The eve of a village festival, and its jovial breaking-up, the saddled and harnessed horses, the parting group, and the warm glow of the sinking sun, are admirably portrayed in this scene of rustic life.

104. *The Spinster.* C. Landseer.

Happy between her bible and her cat,
Plying her daily task, old Jenny sat.

116. *The Earl of Egremont.* W. Derby. An admirable likeness, excellently painted.

131. *Scotch Drink.* J. P. Knight.

Ast clad in massy silver weed,
Wi' gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
The poor man's wine,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Burns.

An aged couple, with their child, seated at table, in their homely cottage: the old man has just half filled a glass of “poor man's wine,” or whiskey, which he is eyeing with truly national gusto: his expression is delightfully characteristic, as is that of the old woman, whose satisfaction appears divided between her husband's glee and the whiskey itself. They are a pair of finely furrowed faces, lit up with joy; and how gratifying is the joy of happy age.

132. *Stirling Castle.* T. C. Hofland. In the artist's best style; the princely brow of Stirling, and

The landscape stretching on the ee,
Corn, meadow, mansion, water, tree,
In varying hue;

though the time, sunset, is not peculiarly favourable for this effect.

160. *The Arrival of Cardinal Wolsey, at Leicester Abbey, two days before his death.* S. A. Hart. By far the most important of the few historical subjects in the Exhibition: indeed, it ranks as one of “the pictures.” Such is the patronage of historical painting by British artists! The Cardinal has just reached the gates of the Abbey, and the abbot with all his convent are meeting him “with the light of many torches.” Notwithstanding the almost dying state of Wolsey, the figure in the picture appears to want dignity; the features too are womanish, an expression we do not remember in the accredited portraits of Wolsey. The sickly glare of the torches, and the confusion and affliction of the retinue are finely expressed; the tottering Cardinal seems to utter, as Cavendish,

his faithful usher records, “Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you.”

179. *His most gracious Majesty, William the Fourth.* J. Holmes. We say with Hamlet, “Is it the king?”

212. *Lady Jane Grey, when in confinement in the Tower, visited by Feckenham.* William Fisk. A picture of touching interest, as the affixed quotation conveys: “we are told, that, finding his own weakness, and his disability to repel her truth with his scholastic fallacies, he lost his temper, and dared to use towards her ‘some immodest speeches, most unsuitable for his gravity:’ an insult, however, which she only answered with smiles and patience.” We can only observe that the lines of the historian and painter are in harmonious keeping.

269. *Mountainous Scenery—windy day.* J. A. O'Connor. And 310. *Baggage-wagon passing a Heath—stormy effect.* J. M. Ince. Both are cleverly painted, the peculiar effects being skilfully managed. They would have accorded with Burns's love of “the stormy wind howling among the trees and raving over the plain.”

270. *Pike Pool, Beresford Dale, Derbyshire.* J. Inskipp. This is “the rock springing up in the middle of the river,” described in honest Isaak Walton's Complete Angler. The scene is full of freshness and poetic vigour, which are admirably preserved in the masterly touches of the artist.

265. *Don Quixote in his Study.* J. Cawse. Painted with considerable spirit and richness of colour, though we prefer the chivalric and other accessories, to the woeful knight.

266. *M'Horr Antelope, a native of the Deserts of Africa.* J. Zeitter. A fine portrait from the Zoological Gardens.

231. *Don Juan.* John King. 294. *Haidée and Don Juan.* These are the well-remembered scenes on the beach. Yet, who can portray the poet's “lovely female face of seventeen,” whose

transparent cheek, all pure and warm,
Pillowed his death-like forehead.

who can catch the Promethean fire of stanzas 113 and 114 of Don Juan!

312. *Hawthornden.* W. Gordon. The ancient house of Drummond, the poet, and the friend of Shakspeare and Jonson. A beautiful cabinet picture.

390. *Frank Osbaldistone's first sight of Diana Vernon.* A. Corbould. Every reader of *Rob Roy* will expect a charming picture from the exquisitely-drawn pages of the great novelist—and they will not be disappointed.

398. *Don Camillo saving the Donna Violletta, whose Gondola was run down by a Felucca.* S. Drummond. This is a gorgeous scene from Cooper's novel of the *Bravo*.

424. *Miss Taylor, of Covent Garden*

Theatre, as Rosalind. J. Harrison. A clever likeness of this clever actress.

444. Will be best described by a quotation from the catalogue :

Lord Ruthven demanding the dismissal of Rizzio from the table of Mary, previous to his murder. S. J. E. Jones. "From all that can be ascertained, Rizzio was seated at the head of the supper-table in a damask gown, furred, and with his cap on, the Countess of Argyle, Mary's half-sister at the foot, the Queen in the centre; the Abbot of Holyrood and Arthur Erskine were also present. Darnley was the first who entered and placed himself at the back of the Queen. Ruthven shortly followed, clad in complete armour," Robertson says, "with that horrid and ghastly appearance which long sickness had given him, and demanded of Mary the dismissal of Rizzio from that honourable station. Rizzio started from his chair, and placed himself for protection behind the Queen, but the rest of the conspirators shortly after entering, they dragged him into the next apartment and there dispatched him." — See "Lord Ruthven's own account of the murder," "Robertson's History," "Mary's Letter to her Ambassador," &c. &c.

462. A spirited whole-length of *Schiller's Robber*, painted with extraordinary power, by J. Zeitter.

463 and 464. Scenes from *As you like it*—Orlando and Adam, and Jaques and the Wounded Stag: cleverly painted by R. T. Bone.

The *Water Colour Room* contains a few drawings of great merit; and the *Sculpture Room* has a few productions which are creditable to the British chisel.

The Gatherer.

Wesley.—In the plenitude of his power, the commissioners of excise, supposing that Wesley possessed plate, which, in order to avoid the duty, he had not returned, wrote him a letter on the subject. Wesley replied—"I have two silver spoons in London, and two at Bristol; this is all the plate that I have at present, and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread." Many persons, however, thought, most erroneously, that notwithstanding the patriarchal simplicity of his habits, and his apparent carelessness of money, he was secretly amassing great riches, and even addicted to sensual excesses, in private. A woman once brought him, as she said, a remonstrance from the Lord, for laying up treasures, taking his ease, and caring for little but eating and drinking. "God knows me better," said Wesley; "and had He sent you, it would have been with a more proper message."—To some of his early opinions Wesley con-

tinued steadfast through life. He was firmly convinced, to the last, of the special interference of Providence on the least important occasions. At one time, while preaching at Durham, the sun shone in such a manner as to incommode him. "I paused a little," he says, "and desired God would provide me a covering if it was for his glory. In a moment it was done; a cloud covered the sun, which troubled me no more." Any impediment that occurred to him during his journeys he ascribed to the immediate agency of Satan. "The old murderer," he observes, "is restrained from hurting me, but he has power over my horses."—*Georgian Era.*

Remarkable Suicide.—The following remarkable instance of deliberate suicide is recorded of Count de Hym, who was Minister of State to the King of Poland, but had been afterwards disgraced, and confined two years in the fortress of Konigstein:—On the night of the 21st of April, 1736, he hanged himself, with a handkerchief fastened to a hook in the wall, leaving the following note for two of his servants: "Be prudent; make no noise or alarm; untie me immediately; put me to bed, and then shut the door after you, by bolting it when you are out, which you may do by the help of this packthread; by this means nobody will know you have been in my chamber. The world will, doubtless, believe I died of apoplexy. If you execute my orders discreetly and faithfully, my family will pay you 1,000 ducats, upon your producing this note to them."—THOMAS GILL.

Dissenters.—It was lately stated in Parliament, that two-thirds of the population of Wales are dissenters from the Church of England; and that there are in England no less than 8,250 Dissenting chapels.

"The Domiciliary Clause."—In 1547, a proclamation was issued by Henry VIII. "that all women should not meet together to babble and talk; and that all men should keep their wives in their houses."—THOMAS GILL.

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[PRICE 2d.]



THE ORIGINAL EAST INDIA HOUSE, 1648.



EAST INDIA HOUSE, 1833.

HOUSES OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

THE annexed Cuts may be interesting illustrations to the somewhat dry discussion of the Charter of the East India Company, which, the reader need not be told, is now occupying thousands of *coteries*—from the Cabinet Council to the family tea-table.

The first Engraving represents the original House of the Company, as it appeared from 1648 to 1726. Upon its site stood originally the mansion of Alderman Kerton, built in the reign of Edward VI.—which was re-built by Alderman Lee, on the accession of Queen Elizabeth, and again enlarged and improved by its next purchaser, Sir William Craven, Lord Mayor in 1610. Here, Sir William's son, the great Lord Craven, was born; and, he let the building to the first East India Company, forty-eight years after the date of their first charter, Dec. 31, 1600. The elevation, as the Cut shows, was grotesquely embellished, in the taste of the times; for, the London houses of that period were usually ornamented in a style characteristic of the trade of their occupants. Thus, the dolphins, and the pictorial entablature of merchant-ships were appropriate emblems of the trade of the East India Company; and the Royal arms, and those of the Company below, bespoke their incorporated importance. The identity of the personage who strides the summit of the building is not so clear; probably, the effigies represents the first Governor of the Company, Alderman Thomas Smythe, Esq. In the street below, the promenaders are in the costume of the latter half of the seventeenth century; their starched coifs, high crowned hats, and short, ample cloaks, having the very "air o'the time." This engraving, we should add, is from an etching, (somewhat scarce), stated to be "from a painting in the possession of Mr. Pulham, of the India House, 12 inches by 8;" as the superscription indicates, the work of a Dutch artist. Malcolm, in his *Londinium Redivivum*, gives a copy, (though not accurately,) of this print, and observes: "when we view the annexed print of the original hall, can we credit that this was the foundation on which such glory, riches, and splendour have been raised? Such are the fruits of industry and enterprise. The first members of the Company, if they could witness the affairs of this world, would learn with astonishment, that ships of 1,200 tons are now used for the trade to China; and, when fully prepared for the voyage, in provisions and stores for 135 men, the cost amounts to nearly 41,000*l*. Three of those ships would monopolize, allowing for the difference in the value of money, their original stock." Malcolm wrote thus in 1800; Mr. Macculloch, in 1833, characterizes the British East India Company as the most celebrated commercial association, either of

ancient or modern times, and which has now extended its sway over the whole of the Mogul empire."

This original House occupied part of the site of the present India House, on the south side of Leadenhall-street. In 1726, the old building was taken down, and a house erected to the extent of the present east wing.

The inconvenient accommodation which this building afforded to the augmented business of the Company, led to the construction of the present fabric, which was executed from the designs of Mr. R. Jupp, architect, in the years 1798 and 1799. A portion of the interior of the old house was preserved, but by far the greatest part was erected from the ground, on the site of various dwellings which had been purposely taken down. The front, which is of stone, has an air of considerable grandeur, principally arising from the extent and elevation of its central portico, which consists of six Ionic columns, fluted, supporting an enriched entablature and pediment. The frieze is sculptured with ornaments, imitative of the antique; and the pediment contains several figures, emblematical of the commerce of the company, protected by George III., who is represented as extending a shield over them. On the apex of the pediment is a statue of Britannia; at the east corner, a figure of Asia seated on a dromedary; and at the west, another representing Europe.

The interior of the India House is well worth visiting: the stranger may see great part of it without expense, and the rest by a *douceur* to any of the porters, or an order from a Director. The *New Sale Room* fully equals in interest the rotunda of the Bank.

The *Grand Court Room*, which is elegantly fitted up, contains a fine *bas-relief* of Britannia, in white marble, attended by her river god, the Thames, and three female figures, emblematical of India, Asia, and Africa, presenting their various productions. In the *Committee Room* is a good portrait of Major-General Stringer Lawrence, whose skill and gallantry so greatly contributed to the preservation of the Company's East India possessions, in the middle of the last century. In the *Old Sale Room* are statues of Lord Clive, Admiral Pocock, Major-General Lawrence, and Sir Eyre Coote. Portraits of the Marquess Cornwallis, Sir Warren Hastings, the famous Nabob of Arcot, and various views of buildings, &c. in the East, are contained in the room where the Committee of Correspondence meet. Within the eastern wing is the *Library* and the *Museum*.* The former contains an unparalleled collection of oriental manuscripts, in all languages, many

* The Museum contained a magnificent *Herbarium*, or collection of dried plants, which the East India Company have lately presented to the Linnean Society.

of which are adorned with historical and mythological drawings, executed in the most brilliant colours, and heightened with gold: among them is Tippoo Saib's copy of the Koran. Here, also, are many volumes of Indian drawings—copies of every work which has been published relative to Asia—and an extensive collection of Chinese printed books. A fine portrait of the Sovereign of Persia, and two busts of Governor Warren Hastings and Mr. Orme, the historian, are likewise preserved here. In the *Museum* are many curiously-sculptured representations of the Hindoo deities, together with inscribed bricks, in the Persepolitan or *nail-headed* character, from the banks of the Euphrates; and numerous other articles of interest from the countries forming the British Empire in India. Here also are many of the trophies taken at Seringapatam by General Harris, and particularly the standards of Tippoo Saib, the golden footstool of his throne, his velvet carpet, mantle, and several pieces of his armour. Three beautiful models of Chinese rock-work, &c., in wood, ivory, embossed silver, and mother-of-pearl,—together with various highly-finished Chinese and Indian paintings, are also preserved here.

The Warehouses of the Company in the neighbourhood are of immense extent, and are well worth inspection, both from the immense value of their merchandise, and from their excellent internal arrangements.

Reverting to the early history of Leadenhall-street, it appears to have been the site of several distinguished houses. The ground upon which the India House now stands was occupied by a building in the possession of Michael Pistoy, a Lombard, in the reign of Richard II., and then, for some unknown reason, called the *Green Gate*. This was a tenement and nine shops, which, in 1439, came into the possession of Philip Malpas, alderman and sheriff—a gentleman whose benevolence to the indigent was almost unexampled. Besides clothing, sheets, &c., he was one of the first that gave one hundred marks as marriage portions—an equal sum for repairing highways—and to five hundred poor persons in the city 6s. 8d. each. This house, however, was plundered by Cade's rebels; and in the reign of Henry VII. was seized by the king: on what account does not appear. Henry VIII. granted it to John Mutas, a Frenchman, who, it is said, employed numbers of his countrymen to calender woollens. This causing the riot of Evil May Day, in 1517, the apprentices and others would have murdered Mutas if he had not made his escape. The executions that followed this riot are said to have been as dreadful as the riot itself. The son of Mutas, who was knighted afterwards, sold these premises. Next to this Green Gate was the first House of the East India Company, already described.

MINERAL WATERS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LONDON.

By Mr. A. Booth, Professor of Chemistry.

(For the Mirror.)

LONDON formerly boasted many springs and waters, of acknowledged medical reputation. More is, however, to be ascribed to the effects of faith in their reputed virtues, than to any real medicinal efficacy possessed by them. In times of pagan darkness, each spring had its tutelary deity, which, in days of monkish ignorance was transferred to a patron saint. Here these latter became a religious excise, to which those who came to seek the benefit of the waters had liberally to contribute. When this last began to fail, *religious interludes* were performed, and as times became more senseless to priestly influence, other and more comic and amusing performances took their places, a relic of which is exhibited in the present day, by many of these remaining waters being places celebrated for recreation and amusement. Clerkenwell was formerly a place much resorted to by priests; and from the old *clerks-well* this place took its name; a modern pump being substituted for the purling stream. On this pump is an inscription which states that the water was much esteemed by the Benedictine nuns and the monks of a neighbouring priory. The Holy-well, near Shoreditch, which gives name to a street in that parish, was also much celebrated. Here, too, the monks dispensed their spiritual nectar. This spring contains considerable quantities of *carbonic acid gas*, which gives it a peculiar sparkling appearance. Those springs in which this gas is liberally contained, or which are remarkably free from saline contents, have always been known by the name of Holy Wells. The most celebrated Holy Well in the kingdom is that of St. Winifred, at Holy-well in Flintshire, North Wales.

It is here to be observed that mineral springs have had their rise and fall, and that many have gained great repute which they have as speedily lost. Indeed, the small quantity of the saline contents of the most celebrated springs, cannot be considered sufficient to impart to them any medicinal efficacy. In the infancy of observation and of science, it is to be considered that much might be ascribed to trifling difference in external properties of colour, taste, and smell; but chemical analysis now shows us the small quantity of saline contents, and their nature, from which their influence may be safely deduced. It is to be expected that the merit which any mineral water first gained when its properties were enveloped in ignorance, would be lost when a knowledge of its real qualities and powers was obtained.

I shall proceed to enumerate those mineral springs in or near the metropolis, which have, at a recent period of history, acquired repu-

tation from their supposed medicinal properties.

Acton Wells.—These wells, three in number, are situated about half a mile from East Acton; they spring from a deep clay, and were in great repute for medicinal virtues about the middle of the last century. The assembly-room was then a place of considerable and fashionable resort, and the neighbouring hamlets of East Acton and Friars Place were filled with persons of all ranks, who came to reside there during the summer season, for the benefit of the waters, which have, however, long since lost their celebrity.

Bagnigge Wells.—These wells were first discovered about the year 1767, when the place of entertainment which now stands upon the spot was opened. A treatise upon these waters, bearing the above date, was published by Dr. John Bevis. There are two waters, one of which is chalybeate, and the other cathartic. No modern analysis has been made of either of these waters.

Barnet Water.—The following notice of the discovery of this water was given in the *Perfect Diurnal*, June 5, 1652:—"There is lately found at Barnet, ten miles from London, an excellent purging water: it springs from a nitre mine; half the quantity works as effectually as that of Epsom; it is much approved of by several eminent physicians. They that have occasion to make use of it may repair thither, and take it free." The Barnet waters subsequently obtained considerable reputation; they are now, however, rarely used. Dr. Trinder, a resident physician, published an analysis of these waters in 1800.

Bermondsey Spa.—Some chalybeate waters were discovered at Bermondsey in the year 1770, and the Bermondsey Spa soon became a place of popular entertainment.

Bromley Water.—The chalybeate water at Bromley rises at the foot of a declivity, a small distance eastward from the palace of the Bishop of Rochester. The soil through which it passes is gravel, and it issues immediately from a bed of pure white sand; its course is from N.N.E. It was discovered in September, 1754, by his Lordship's domestic chaplain. A moat that surrounds the palace having for some reason been drained, he perceived the water issuing from this spring, which used immediately to mix with the water of the moat, trickling along in a small current, leaving a yellow ochry sediment behind it. Upon this, the water was examined, and found to be a good chalybeate. His Lordship (Dr. Wilcox) immediately ordered it to be secured from mixing with other waters, by building a circular wall of stone around it. In digging to execute this purpose, the remains of some steps of oak were discovered, which appeared to have lain under ground for many years, and from which it is

probable that this spring had been previously frequented. A treatise on these waters was published by Mr. Reynolds, a resident surgeon, in 1756.

St. Chad's Well.—This spring is situated at the top of Gray's Inn Lane, near Battle Bridge. It is aperient, and is yet much resorted to by the poorer classes of the metropolis, with whom it enjoys considerable reputation. From an examination, I find it to be a strong solution of sulphate of soda and sulphate of magnesia.

Chigwell.—An aperient spring was discovered the latter part of the last century at Chigwell: this was strongly recommended by the then celebrated Dr. Frewen, who was a native and resident of this place. It is now quite neglected.

Dog and Duck.—Some aperient waters in St. George's Fields, near the Dog and Duck, formerly acquired much reputation from the recommendation of Dr. Fothergill. They are now extinct.

Dulwich.—A mineral water was discovered at Dulwich, in the year 1739, while digging a well at the Green Man in the village. This inn was then a place of much resort, but is now converted into a private house. A particular account of this discovery was sent to the Royal Society, by John Martyn, F.R.S. Professor of Botany, at Cambridge. The stratum of the first twenty feet, he says, was clay, mixed with vegetable substances: at the depth of forty feet, the clay was intermixed with pyrites. The well being sunk to that depth, and no water being found, it was left till the next spring, when, upon being opened, twenty-five feet of water of a cathartic quality was found. This has long lost its reputation.

Epsom Waters.—The waters of Epsom, so well known from their giving a generic name to its predominant salt, *sulphate of magnesia*, were discovered about the year 1670. The Epsom waters are now but little resorted to.

Hampstead Waters.—When the mineral waters of Hampstead were first discovered is not known. They take their rise on a piece of ground which was in the possession of Baptist, Earl of Gainsborough, but of which he made a gift in the year 1698—"To trustees for the use and benefit of the poor of Hampstead." In the original grant it is thus described: "Six acres of heath ground lying, being about, and encompassing the well of medicinal waters." In a decree of the Court of Chancery, the estate is described as having on it in the year 1719, "a tavern, coffee-rooms, dancing-room, tap-house, raffling-shops, a bowling-green, and the spring of mineral waters." Dr. Soame published an account of these waters in 1734. He there regrets that they were less used than formerly, and his work contains a letter from Mr. Watts, then curate of the parish, who

observes, "that the walks are not so well covered as heretofore, twenty or thirty years ago." Their reputation for a time appeared to be extinguished, but was again revived by the publication of a Treatise and an Analysis of the Waters by Mr. Bliss, a resident surgeon in 1802, and Mr. Goodwin, also a resident surgeon, in 1804. The latter gentleman likewise describes a saline water then discovered in Pond Street, in that village. They are now totally in disuse; but most of the water in Hampstead contains traces of iron.

Horton.—Some mineral waters were discovered here about the middle of the last century, and for some time maintained considerable reputation.

Islington Spa.—The well known place of amusement, called Sadlers Wells, takes its name from a chalybeate spring, now called Islington Spa, or New Tunbridge Wells. This spring was discovered by one Sadler in 1680, in the garden of a building which he had just opened to the public as a music-house. A pamphlet was published in 1684, giving an account of this discovery, with the virtues of the water: the author says, that the well at Islington was famed before the Reformation for its extraordinary cures, and was called the Holy Well, but that it had been stopped up some years when it was rediscovered by Sadler.

Lady Mary Montague takes credit in one of her piquant letters for having introduced these waters to the world of fashion. They were drunk by two Princesses of the present House of Brunswick, at the conclusion of the last century, who are reported to have derived considerable efficacy from their use. Sir Samuel Romilly also bears testimony to their virtues, in a letter to a friend. These waters are even now much recommended by several eminent physicians, and have ever since their second discovery maintained a considerable reputation. The accommodations for visitors are excellent, and do credit to the spirited proprietor. On an examination of this water, I found a considerable proportion of iron, and indeed the spring is generally considered to be more strongly impregnated with this metal than any other in the kingdom.

Kensington Water.—An aperient water is spoken of by Munro, in his "History of Mineral Waters," as existing at Kensington; but no trace of its existence is left.

Kilburn Water.—Dr. Hales is the first author who speaks of the Kilburn Well. It is situated in the south-western extremity of the parish of Hampstead, about two miles from Tyburn turnpike, on the road to Edgware. The spring rises about twelve feet below the surface, and is enclosed in a large brick reservoir, which bears the date of 1714 on the key-stone of the arch over the door. An analysis was published by Mr. Schmeisser, in the 82nd volume of the Philosophical Trans-

actions, and more recently in a treatise by Mr. Goodwin. It is more strongly impregnated with carbonic acid gas than any other known spring in England.

Lambeth Wells.—About the beginning of the last century, a house of entertainment was opened at Lambeth, on account of a mineral water then discovered, and which was sold at 1d. per quart.

Norwood. Beulah Spa.—Ample details of the revival of this spring have appeared in earlier numbers of *The Mirror*.*

Richmond Water.—This is an aperient water, possessed neither of much reputation nor efficacy.

St. Pancras Water.—Near the church-yard of St. Pancras is a house, in the yard of which is a well of the once celebrated Pancras water. Of its properties, Dr. Russel speaks very highly.

Shooter's Hill.—At the bottom and at the north-west side of Shooter's Hill, a chalybeate water was discovered in the summer of the year 1672, an account of the medical properties of which was published in the following year. This water does not appear at any time to have gained much celebrity; but the spring is yet resorted to by the country people around.

Streatham Water.—This water, which is aperient and contains sulphuretted hydrogen gas, was discovered in the year 1660, and is now very much resorted to. It was formerly sent in considerable quantities to the hospitals in London.

Sydenham Wells.—The pleasant village of Sydenham was once much frequented on account of its aperient mineral springs.

Shadwell.—Shadwell formerly boasted a chalybeate water of very considerable repute; but it has long been extinct.

Woodford Wells.—The Woodford wells were formerly held in much estimation: they are described by most local writers.

THE PROMISES OF ODIN.

NEAR the lake of Stenhouse, in Orkney, stands a stone, eight feet high, three broad, and about nine inches thick, having a round hole in it, from the side next the lake.—Through this aperture parties, when wishing to make a solemn contract, were wont to join hands, and the act was called "The Promise of Odin;" the party who broke such engagement being ever afterwards held in great disrespect. This custom was nearly forgotten, when, about fifty years ago, it was again brought into notice, by a case of illicit love, in which the faithless swain was visited with extreme rigour, from his having broken "The Promise of Odin." It is quite uncertain how this usage originated.

It was customary with the Scandinavian

* See vol. xix. p. 225—227.

warriors, when going to battle, to vow to send a certain number of souls to Odin, who held in the Icelandic Mythology, the double place of Supreme God and God of Battle; and from some connexion with this ancient rite, the present custom may have had its rise; which, though kept alive for some little time by the beforementioned occurrence, is now finally numbered with things that were; and "The Promises of Odin" are not considered more binding than "promises to pay."

Glasgow.

WM. GARDNER.

New Books.

CAPTURE OF A SLAVE BRIG, IN 1831.

(From Leonard's *Records of a Voyage to the Western Coast of Africa.*)

AT Fernando Po, we found the *Black Joke* refitting, after having had, on the night between the 25th and 26th of April, a severe but successful action off the south-east point of this island, with a large Spanish slave brig, called the *Marinerito*, of three hundred and three tons, five guns, twenty pounders, (one on a pivot,) and seventy-two men, and having four hundred and ninety-six slaves on board. The tender had only two guns mounted, eighteen pounders, and forty-four men. The action was most gallantly contested, and taking place during the night, in calm weather, when each vessel was obliged to use her sweeps, lasted for several hours. The Spaniard did every thing in his power to escape, until a light breeze sprang up, when, finding the tender gained upon him, he shortened sail, and prepared to defend his vessel to the utmost, and the action only terminated by running the tender alongside, boarding, and taking possession of him. The tender lost one man, and had six wounded, among whom was her resolute and excellent commander, Lieutenant William Ramsay. The prize had fifteen of her crew killed, four desperately wounded, and several slightly; and I regret to say, there were also unfortunately two of the slaves killed, and a few wounded, by the shot from the capturing vessel, and the cutlasses of the boarders in the scuffle. Among the numerous affairs of this nature which have occurred on the coast, this is decidedly one of the most spirited. The disparity of force was unusually great. The *Marinerito* is almost new, and one of the finest vessels ever seen afloat, being fifteen feet longer, and having greater beam than the tender, which is allowed by every one to be herself a most symmetrical specimen of naval architecture, but is fast going to decay. The cool determination of our seamen was irresistible, sweeping and firing alternately; while the Spaniard compelled the slaves to take the oar, and had therefore an additional advantage over his pursuers. It is gratifying to think that *Jack* is still the same—

that he fights for the love of it just as he was wont to do—for it is not to be supposed that any notions concerning the inhumanity of slave-dealing, or the boon of emancipation which he is about to confer on so many hundreds of his fellow-creatures, enter his thoughtless head, when he begins the conflict. He is ordered—it is his duty: and, besides this, he likes it, being a pugnacious kind of animal, fond of a little excitement, to vary the monotony of his life, hebetated by seclusion from the rest of the world, and to add another tale to the string of extraordinary "yarns" which he generally has to "spin." I shall give one anecdote, as an instance of the remarkable coolness, intrepidity, and humour of *Jack*, even in the very thick of the fight. Just as the tender got alongside of her antagonist, her commander gave orders for all hands to board. The boatswain's mate, Peter Kenney—a fine old seaman, with only one eye, having perhaps lost the other in some similar "brush," for it seemed to be a pleasant sort of amusement to him—deliberately took out his pipe, and, after a piercing whistle, repeated loudly, "All hands to board!" and called out to one of his shipmates, as he jumped upon the enemy's deck—so confident was he of success—"Give us a rope to lash the ——— with!" One of the young midshipmen, Mr. Pearce, zealous to distinguish himself, had three hairbreadth 'scapes in the confusion of boarding. Besides having a pistol ball through his hat, he was poked overboard, just as he got on the slave vessel's gunwale, by a sabre thrust, which penetrated his clothes, and grazed his side; and he was, also, nearly losing his life after he got there, being unable to swim, and his perilous situation remaining for some time unobserved. When our brave fellows got on board, and the decks were cleared, which was but the work of a moment, the scene of misery which presented itself was truly heart-rending. The inhuman crew (among whom, I regret to say, were several Englishmen) were not to be pitied, but their wounded received every assistance from Mr. Douglas, the medical officer of the tender. It was their victims, the poor hapless slaves, that demanded the commiseration and the fullest exertion of the humanity of the captors. It has been said, that during the action two of them were killed, and several wounded; and, when we consider the mass of human beings on board, so small a number is truly surprising. Crowded to excess below—frightened by the cannonading—without water to drink, the allowance of which is at all times scanty—and almost without air during the whole of the engagement—death had already begun to make frightful ravages among them. In two days from the period of capture thirty of them had paid the debt of nature. One hundred and seven were placed in the wretched hole called

an hospital, at Fernando Po, where every day still added one or two to the fatal list, from privation, terror, and mental affliction. The rest, little able to undertake the voyage, were sent under the superintendence of Mr. Bosanquet, mate of the tender,* to Sierra Leone in the prize for adjudication by the Court of Mixed Commission there. Immediately after the vessel was secured, the living were found sitting on the heads and bodies of the dead and dying below. Witnessing their distress, the captors poured a large quantity of water into a tub for them to drink out of; but, being unused to such generosity, they merely imagined that their usual scanty daily allowance of half-a-pint per man, was about to be served out; and when given to understand that they might take as much of it and as often as they felt inclined, they seemed astonished, and rushed in a body, with headlong eagerness, to dip their parched and feverish tongues into the refreshing liquid. Their heads became wedged in the tub, and were with some difficulty got out—not until several were nearly suffocated in its contents. The drops that fell on the deck were lapped and sucked up with a most frightful eagerness. Jugs were also obtained, and the water handed round to them; and in their precipitation and anxiety to obtain relief from the burning thirst which gnawed their vitals, they madly bit the vessels with their teeth, and champed them into atoms. Then, to see the look of gratification—the breathless unwillingness to part with the vessel from which, by their glistening eyes, they seemed to have drawn such exquisite enjoyment! Only half satisfied, they clung to it, though empty, as if it were more dear to them, and had afforded them more of earthly bliss, than all the nearest and dearest ties of kindred and affection. It was a picture of such utter misery from a natural want, more distressing than any one can conceive who has not witnessed the horrors attendant on the slave trade on the coast of Africa, or who has not felt, for many hours, the cravings of a burning thirst under a tropical sun. On their way ashore to this island from the prize—their thirst still unquenched—they lapped the salt water from the boat's side. The sea to them was new: until they tasted all its bitterness, they, no doubt, looked upon it as one of their own expansive fresh water streams, in which they were wont to bathe, or drink with unrestrained freedom and enjoyment. Before they were landed, many of the Africans already liberated at this settlement went on board to see them, and found among them several of their friends and relations. The meeting, as may be supposed, was for the moment one of pleasure, but soon

changed into pain and grief. The Spanish crew, with the exception of a few sent up in the prize to Sierra Leone, were kept prisoners for some time at Fernando Po, but were afterwards sent in the Atholl to the island of Anobona, where they were landed and turned adrift.

ANCIENT SCOTTISH GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS.
(From *Lives of Scottish Worthies*, vol. xxvii. of *The Family Library*.)

A VALUABLE and curious additional chapter might be added to Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes," from the pages of the manuscript accounts of the Lord High Treasurer, during the reign of the Fourth James. The king's fondness for games, glee, and merriment of every kind is ludicrous: and, when we consider the many grave and valuable qualities which James undoubtedly possessed, presents a singular picture of human nature. The multitude of persons whom he kept in pay, for the sole purposes of amusement, was very great. Take one item, for example, which belongs to his expenses in 1506: "Payments to divers menstres, schawmours, trumpeters, tambrownars, fithelaris, lutars, clarscharis, and pyparis, extending to eighty-nine persons, forty-one pounds eleven shillings." He appears to have been passionately fond of music, both vocal and instrumental. When he took his progresses through his kingdom, he was generally met at the gates of the town by maidens, who welcomed him with songs; and wherever he went, the royal taste appears to have found out those who could please him in his favourite art.* Thus, in the treasurer's accounts, as regularly as the king comes to Dumfries, "a little crukit backit vicar" makes his appearance, who sings to the king; and this deformed vocalist figures from year to year as a recipient of the royal bounty. On his journeys he took his organs, organists, harpers, lutars, and Italiane minstrels along with him; and when the noted papal embassy arrived at his court, which brought him from his Holiness a splendid sword of justice, still to be seen amongst the Scottish regalia, the first attitude in which we discover the king, is "listhening," not to the ambassador, but to the Pap's ambassador's servant, who was a celebrated singer. Many other examples might be given, but let us pass to the games in vogue at court. Chess-tables, dice, and cards, we find common; and the king seems almost invariably to have played for money. Thus, in 1488, we have, "Item, on Yule-day, for the king himself to play at the dice and cards, 28*l*. Item, on St. John's

* Since promoted, as well as the commander and assistant-surgeon of the tender, for the gallantry and skill that each displayed during the unequal conflict.

* He himself played on the lute;—thus, in the high treasurer's accounts, under 6th of December, 1496, we have, "Item to Johne Jamesone, for a lute to the king, 6*sh*. 8*d*." He performed also on the moncords, April 10, 1497.

day at even sent with Archie Dickson to the king to play at the dice at Lithgow, 421." The Bishop of Murray and the queen seem to have been James's most frequent partners at the card-table; but there are other games, of which the names only remain, whilst the meaning and mode of playing have passed away. What, for instance, are we to understand by the king playing at the *prop*, in Strathbogy, and losing four shillings and fourpence?—and what is the difference between the "lang bowlis," with which his majesty amused himself at St. Andrew's, on the 28th of April, 1487, and the "row bowlis" which contributed to his royal diversion on the 20th of June, 1501?—on which occasion Sir John Sinclair, and the prothonotary, Andrew Forman, were his partners in the game. What, again, are we to understand by "the kiles" which the king played at in Glenluce, on the 29th of March, 1506?—and what is the distinction between the game of "Irish gamayne," (March 17, 1507), and the "tables" which occur so constantly? Archery and shooting at the butts, shooting with the cross-bow, and culveryn, playing at the golf and football, not only occur continually, but in all of them the king himself appears to have been no mean proficient. Another favourite sport of James was the exhibition of his skill and strength in striking with the great sledge hammer used by smiths in their forge. Thus, when Sir Anthony D'Arby came into Scotland from the French court, and distinguished himself at the tournaments held at Stirling, in 1506, we find, on the 25th of June, this entry in the books of the high treasurer, "Item to the smith quhen the king and the French knyght strak at the steddye, 13 shillings."

Other examples might be given of such exercises of power and dexterity; but we must look for a moment to the king's more sedantary amusements: amongst these, listening to story-tellers and tale-tellers seems to have been one of the most frequent. Thus, on the 9th of November, 1496, the accounts introduce us to "Wedderspoon the Foular, that tald tales, and brocht foulis to the king." On the 12th of the same month, we meet with Watschod, the tale-teller. On the 9th of April, 1497, we discover the king "listhening to twa filhilaris, who sung to him the ballad of 'Grey Steel,'"—(pity that the lord treasurer had not given us the ballad itself). And on the 13th of March, 1506, "a poor man, wha tald tales to the Majesty of Scotland," received for the issue of his brain the reward of six shillings and eightpence. It would be easy to increase the catalogue of the royal amusements from the same authentic records. Hunting, hawking, racing, plays, and tournaments, are constantly recurring, whilst the King of Bene, the Abbot of Unreason, the Queen of May, the daft

Queen of the Canongate, all contribute their stated and periodic portions of mirth, license, and absurdity. One singular instance of James's love of practical jokes and vulgar merriment is to be met with under the 14th of August, 1491—"Item to a wife at Bathgate bog that the king revit a rung fra,† 18 shillings."

In the midst of all this reckless dissipation of the royal mind, it is curious to remark the outbreaks of superstitious feelings, the strange mixture of levity and austerity which distinguishes his character. Pilgrimages and pantomimes succeed each other with startling rapidity. In the midst of his career of gaiety, the monarch seems to be awakened suddenly by a sting of remorse, and a messenger is dispatched for St. Duthoc's relic, or a profuse donation is made to the grey friars for additional prayers and masses; or, in a still more homely frame of superstition, the monarch borrows an angel, or gold noble, from his high treasurer, and after crooking, or bending it, fixes the talisman to his beads.

I may here be permitted to add a word on the common story of James's iron girdle, which, it is said, the king ever wore as a penance for his having appeared in arms against his father. No evidence of the instrument is to be traced in the treasurer's accounts, and yet such is the minuteness of their information, that we might have expected it to be noticed. It appears, however, that on the 3rd of March, 1496, the king employed a goldsmith to make a case of gold, which was to be worn about his halse, or neck; and that three days after this, the same case was made larger or heavier than it had been originally. It has been conjectured that the wearing this case of gold may have been a penance, and the origin of the story of the iron girdle; but I am inclined to think that it partook rather of ornament than of mortification. It was probably nothing more than a golden collar or gorget.

* Wrested a stick from.

The Naturalist.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

[DR. GORING, and Mr. Andrew Pritchard, author of the *Microscopic Cabinet*, have lately presented us with a series of Novel Illustrations of Living objects for the New Microscope, with complete instructions for constructing and using the latter. In the introductory paragraph of the work, the writers thus briefly explain the recent improvements in the Microscope:]

The discovery of a set of objects for ascertaining the defining and penetrating powers of microscopes has founded a new era in the history of those instruments. The thick aplanatic object-glass for diverging rays, and

the Amician reflecting microscope, have in consequence been perfected. The substitution of diamond and sapphire lenses, for those made of glass, in the single microscope, with the ingenious and most effective method of illumination, contrived by Dr. Wollaston, may also in some measure be attributed to the same source. It may surely be affirmed that no improvements at all commensurate to these in magnitude and importance are likely to be made hereafter. Microscopes are now placed completely on a level with telescopes, and, like them, must remain stationary in their construction.

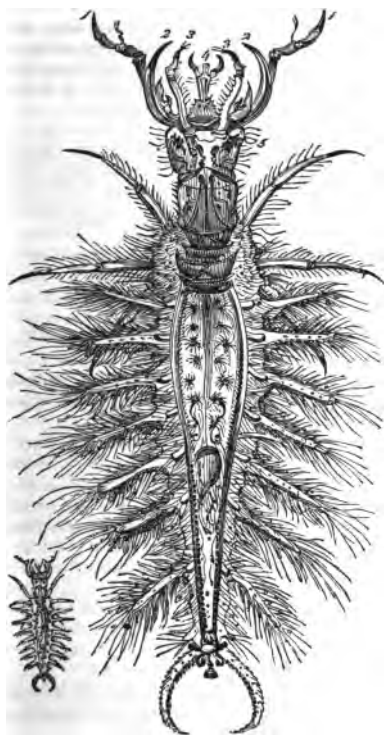
[The scientific details of the work, though adapted for popular purposes, may be here passed over to present the reader with one of the New Objects—the larva of a species of

known species of larva is provided with weapons of destruction so powerful, so numerous, and well adapted to their end, as those which this creature possesses. It measures, when at maturity, an inch and a half in length, while the superior strength and courage manifested in its attacks on small fish, and other animals larger than itself, is truly surprising. Indeed, its natural history and economy, from the perspicuous pen of Mr. Pritchard, will be read with extreme interest.]

About the latter end of April, and during the month of May, small nests of these insects are often found floating among the weeds and water plants, in stagnant pools. They are in the form of balls, of a dusky white colour, and a silky texture, and have each a small stem of the same nature as the nest, by means of which it is attached to the roots or stalks of weeds at the bottom of the water. In this situation it remains during the winter, and is thus effectually preserved from the effects of intense cold. Early in the spring, the stem or cable to which we have referred, is detached from the weeds, by the winds which at that time prevail, and the nest rises to the surface of the water, and there floating, imbibes the genial influence of the sun. These nests may be taken and placed in a basin of water, and, as the season advances, hatched by the heat of the sun. On the larvæ leaving the nest, which they accomplish by gnawing a hole in the side, the infant larva immediately descends to the bottom of the vessel, with its jaws extended in search of prey, and eagerly devours all the small aquatic insects that are within its reach: if, however, there is a scarcity of food in the immediate neighbourhood of the nest, the larva of the same brood may be seen to devour each other.

In its infant state, this larva is very transparent: hence its internal structure may be clearly distinguished. The circulation along the principal artery on each side of the body can be distinctly observed.

The manner in which this larva treats its prey, evinces an extraordinary degree of instinct. Many of the creatures on which it feeds, are crustaceous about the head and back; hence their most vulnerable part is the belly. This part, therefore, the larva attacks, and to accomplish its aim, swims underneath the intended victim, and bending back its head, which is even with the surface of its back, is enabled to reach its prey by means of its jointed antennæ, 1, (*in the Cut.*) which represents a magnified view of the larva taken while young. Its next operation is to pierce it with the mandibles, 2. Having thus secured its object, it immediately ascends to the top of the water, and holding its prey above the surface, so as to prevent it struggling, shakes it as a dog would a rat. The prey, however, of this larva, is often larger than its destroyer. Its next operation is to



British Hydrophilus, or Water Devil, (natural size and magnified.)

nearly allied to the *Dytiscus*, or Diver, another Water Beetle, which it resembles in many particulars. Its popular name bespeaks its savage propensities; and in examining its peculiar structure and habits, the faculty which most strikingly attracts our attention, is its ferocious disposition, and the fitness of its organs for the exercise of its ravenous appetite. It may safely be asserted, that no

insert the piercer and sucker, 4, which is capable of being thrust out or withdrawn at pleasure. When the juices of the victim are not easily procured by suction or exhaustion, the serrated pair of forceps, 3, is employed to tear and masticate it, and thus cause the juices to be more easily obtained. If its food is plentiful, this larva arrives at its full growth in the course of three or four weeks, and is then nearly opaque, and thickly covered with hair. It can be kept several days without food, and by this inanition its structure becomes considerably more transparent,* while its natural ferocity is greatly increased, so that it will attack and fight with creatures much larger than itself, and even with its own species.

On a fine sunny day the larvæ arise to the surface of the water, and delight to bask in the sun, but if watched, they remain motionless, with their claws extended. If a stick, or any other substance, be presented to them, they will immediately seize it, and will sometimes suffer themselves to be cut into pieces before they relinquish their hold. Their bite has been considered poisonous by many persons, as it takes a greater length of time to heal than other wounds of the same extent, so that caution should be used in taking them.

Touching the anatomy of this creature, it may be observed, that the sucker, marked 4, is contained in a crustaceous sheath, and may be considerably protruded or completely withdrawn at the pleasure of the larva: in the cut it is shown extended. The eyes are compound, but of a peculiar conformation, being composed of seven oval lenses, arranged like leaves upon a branch; in the drawing they are denoted by the figure 5. The whole of the head and thorax is curiously marked with a number of lines and spots. The legs are six in number; they are thickly set with rows of hair on their opposite sides, and each is furnished with a sharp claw. The number of swimmers on each side is seven; they are covered with hairs, and in the specimen from which the drawing was taken, a vast number of *vorticella*, or bell polypi, were attached. These will be recognised in the magnified drawing by their bell-shaped figure. They sometimes infest this species of larva to such a degree, as considerably to impede its motions in swimming. On each side of the abdomen, which commences near the origin of the first pair of brachia, or swimmers, arise the great vessels; the two are probably united near the tail, where an exceedingly curious process is also distinctly exhibited. The whole surface of the body is thickly covered with hairs, and several tufts are dis-

posed in clusters, with some regularity down the back and sides. The flexible pulsatory organ, in perpetual motion, is distinctly shown. Its form resembles the letter S, inverted. The use of the curious appendages at the lower extremity of the body, is unknown. Its tail is biforked and crustaceous. As the larva approaches maturity it casts its skin several times, from each of which it escapes by a rent formed down the back.

After this creature has remained for a considerable time in the larva state, it buries itself in a hole, which it forms for that purpose near the edge of the water, and after passing through the chrysalis state, it emerges in the form of a perfect beetle. Several species of this genus have been described by different naturalists, particularly by Dr. Turton, but the precise characteristics of the perfect insect which is produced from this identical species of larva, are at present unknown: it will be recollected, however, that this circumstance does not render it a whit less valuable as a microscopic object.

[To this quotation, we need scarcely add, that the lovers of Nature owe especial obligations to the authors of the present work, for their very attractive display of a few of the new wonders of the microscopic world.]

The Public Journals.

PAUDRIG DHUV: OR IRISH "STORY-TELLING."

"*Paudrig Dhuv*? Hang him, he's the greatest liar in the world; you don't know what to believe from him."

"No matter: this is a good day for the Gap, and his flies are the best in the world for that place; so come along, William," (said I to William Moriarty, not the brightest of country squires,) "even though Truth were to choke herself with vexation at Paddy's stories. But really I don't think that he is guilty of any——"

"Why, his wife is as great a liar as himself. I tell you, he tells lies as fast as a horse can trot, and she swears to every one of them."

"Oh! ungallant man, to talk thus of the soul of love and honour. But *en avant!* as Napoleon used to say in answer to every observation at Waterloo." Far different from William's is my notion of Paddy. A mere fisherman—he is, I think, the man of absolutely the most fertile invention I ever met. Had he been born in the east, he would have excelled that first of story-tellers, Sinbad the Sailor.

Tell any extraordinary story to Paddy, he looks in your face, and immediately outdoes it by another. Get the most extravagant fiction you can, put it on "a white horse;" then

* The subject represented in the engraving was starved, in order to render its interior organization more clear. It may be observed that its intestinal canal is quite empty.

let Paddy get a glimpse of it, and 'tis distanced in a moment. His face is square, hard, and quite matter-of-fact: his voice firm and distinct, with a peculiar tone of frankness. In telling a story he never changes a muscle, never makes a pause, nor shows the slightest doubt of your full unhesitating reliance on his veracity. The story proceeds without delay, in one clear rapid current. There is no admiration of himself no lurking wonder at his genius—his sole business is to tell you a fact that occurred to himself, and which bears out in some degree what you have mentioned. This he does in the most unpretending manner, without a consciousness that there is anything unusual in the transaction he relates.

To return. We called on Paddy; and while he was tying a few flies, the conversation turned on the spirited manner in which a gentleman had lately rescued a brother huntsman from the Laune. "Oh, yes, I heard of that, sir," said Paddy, with a slight smile, "and 'twas very well done indeed of Mr. De Courcy; but I'll tell you what happened myself in the north, one time this way that I was sint by Gusty Crosbie to Lord O'Neill's. There was to be a great hunting and carousing at the Lord's; and he sint me there with the horses. You never saw such a sight of ladies and gentlemen; and maybe there wasn't wine, and brandy, and ale that would make the mug stick to the table like glue? Well, the day of the hunt came,—a deer they had,—and that was the fine field of huntsmen. I rode the ould yellow horse;—a raal black horse is good, so is a grey horse of the right colour; but trust your life, sir, on the yellow. *Smoosuegh* (that was the name I gev him,) you wouldn't think any thing at all of him in the morning; but when his blood warmed, and he had the right man a-top of him, your horse should tighten his garters to keep near him, I promise you. Besides that, the leap he had! On we wint, and such a chase I never saw before or since, I think; from one hound's ditch of the county to the other, until there wasn't a soul to be seen but the three dogs, (our Morgan Rattler—you heard of him often, sir?—was first,) and the Lord's brother, and myself. Well, of course, sir, I let the Lord's brother be foremost; 'twouldn't do for the likes of me to take the front of him; but *Smoosuegh*, I felt him under me as fresh as a daisy, and 'twas all I could do to keep him in. At last, when the deer was just in sight, and he reeling and blowing, we cum across a terrible *feah*,* that you'd know by the very look of it there was 'Good Lodging for Man and Baste' there. I'm sure 'twas thirty feet across; but the Lord's brother run at it. The black horse was good, but the *feah* was too much for him; he jumped right into the

very middle of it, and it began to swallow 'em both fast. There was no time to lose. I gave the yellow horse the spurs; and well it becum him. He cleared the *feah*. As I was going over, I stooped down, and caught the tail of the black horse,—that was all of him you could see then,—and tore it up, back-bone and all, up to the head, and threw out the Lord's brother on the field!"

"Bravo, Paddy!" I exclaimed.

"*Darh an affrin*,"† says Moll, "'tis thrue for the lad, every word of it. The whole country round wint to see the place, that you'd think 'twas a pattern."

Seeing by the perplexity in my friend William's face, that he was endeavouring to detect some improbability in Paddy's narrative, I changed the conversation.

"Talking of large fish (continued Paddy, looking at the fire, and then turning to me,) I was fishing over there at Benson's Point one day: the boat was almost wracked to pieces on that blackguard little quay that the Madam has below,—two or three of her ribs war broken, and so I was obliged to fish from the land. Well, just as I was thinking where I'd put her when she was mended, I feels a mighty heavy pull at the line, that I knew must be from a great fellow. I tried him, but not a stir could I get out of him for any money. Says I, 'this must be the making of me, when he wont rise his head at all out of the sand: 'tis the way with the great salmon, that they wont give any play at all.' Well, we tried him again, and again, and again; but 'twas no use. I thought that may be 'twas a rock, or a stump of a tree, after all, so I goes about every way to get the hook free, but nothing would do. At last he vexed me all out; I didn't care a farthing what became of the rod or tackle; I gave a terrible whip, and tossed something over my head into the bushes behind. 'Yourself and all that came before you to the devil,' says I, going to see what it was. And sure I found that it was an anvil, and that the hook had stuck in its eye. But that wasn't the best of it: there was a fine stag (nine years ould by the horns) sleeping in the bush, and when I thrun back the anvil, I struck him with it in the middle of the forehead, and killed him as dead as a gurnet."

"Who the d—l," interrupted Moriarty, "ever saw a rod or gut that would pitch an anvil out of the lake at Tornies? Weren't Mr. Lynch and I raising an anvil the other day, for a wager? There isn't a rod in the world, unless a rod of iron or steel, that would do it."

Paddy never vindicates a story; I was unable, from laughter, to utter a word; but Moll, as usual, swore "it was thrue for the lad. Wasn't the anvil a block by the fire,

* Literally "a vein," a quagmire.

† By the Mass.

until she gave it to her sister's son-in-law, when he set up the forge at Fahah Cross? And for the stag, didn't an Iveraghan give a full-bound of butter for his skin?"

I saw that Paddy was in great blood this day; and willing to see how far he would run if line enough were given him, I requested Moriarty's silence by a look, and showed Paddy a volume containing some excellent drawings of fishes.

"That one is a shark: he grows to be sixteen or twenty feet long, and is exceedingly ferocious. A man in full armour was once found in the belly of one. Did you Paddy ever see any thing like that?"

"A man in armour? That's a soger I suppose. No, indeed, sir, I never saw any thing quare in a fish. A man in a shuit (suit) of iron! The only thing I ever saw out of the way was one day I caught a brown trout, between twenty and thirty pounds, and we found a wran's (wren's) nest and seventeen eggs in his gills. That was all I ever saw in a fish. I remember, indeed, that I caught, below there, opposite Fussa Quay, a big salmon with an officer's cocked hat on his head; and trouble enough he gave before he was in the boat."

"Man alive!" said Moriarty, "how could he see the fly with the cocked hat?"

"Sure, sir," says Paddy, "'twasn't by the mouth at all I had him; if it was, we'd make aisy work of it: but he wanted to drown the fly with his tail; when I hooked him; and that was the raison he gev all the play. It must be, sir, you often caught a trout that way, and you know how hard 'tis to land him."

"Yeh what is that, sir?" said Paddy, pointing to a plate.

"That is an Indian fish-spear. The wild Indians, it is said, go out on their lakes in a canoe—a cot—by night. A large bundle of blazing splinters is placed in the bow; a man stands near with one of these in his hand; and the moment a fish is seen, 'as quick as lightning he spears it."

"To be sure,—spear-fishing,—many a thousand salmon I killed in the Laune and Dooghlashta that way."

"Ay, Paddy, but the Indian darts the spear out of his hand several fathoms perhaps to the bottom, and nails the salmon to the sand; while ye never let go the spear."

"Thru for you, sir: but our way is surer. Maybe we could do it, if we liked to take a dive for the salmon and spear on a frosty night. At any rate the Injians are very active. Well, I'll tell you a thing that happened me one day. Donulh Plookh and myself were cutting *bwaelhaans* (flails) in the wood at Tornies. There was a hunt the same day in the wood. As soon as we cut a *barth* (a man's load) of 'em,—and I never seen finer ones, of oak, and holly, and ash,—we war

both coming home; when we found Jack Barry and his men cutting turf on the bank that's next the wood. Fine high banks they were, and there's n't better turf in the country than it. 'Well,' says Jack, 'sit down and dress yeer *bwaelhaans*: the divil take me if ye'll go untill ye dine: the mate is boiled long ago, and the froth is on the potatoes; the men are going to rise off the work.' So we stopt and began to open the *barth*. Donulh, sir, was always fond of the bone; so he sat down near the fire with his back to the bank, and the other bank opposite us out. I began to dress and sharpen a fine likely *bwaelhaan*, that would be good enough, you'd think, for Uschur; when we hears the noise in the wood, and out leaps a noble stag with horns that length, sir. The hounds, to be sure, frightened him: but when he seen us he turns, and runs up along the bank. We all looked about us: but there was nothing except the *bwaelhaan* that I had in my hand. Well, just as he was making by us for the bare life, I thrun the *bwaelhaan* at him; it ran through and through his side, and into the bank beyond him, that he couldn't stir one step. We ran up and cut his throat, and I never seen a finer stag. There was that heighth of mate, (measuring off about four inches on his fingers) upon his breast."

"That I might'n't go out of the house but a corpee," said Moll, "if there is a word of lie for him!"

"Do you think I doubt it? But Paddy, what was the greatest bounce you ever saw a salmon make?"

"Why thin, indeed, sir, I never saw anything out of the way that way."

"Well, I've seen the salmon leap at Leixlip, which is at least twenty feet high; and the salmon spring higher still; so that they are sometimes shot *flying*."

"Gondouth. Sure I'll tell you what happened myself, the day they gave the stag-hunt to the Lord Lieutenant—he that had the Black with him here."

"Oh! the black servant:—Lord Talbot, I suppose."

"The very same, sir. Well that day—Maybe you were out yourself, and know it as well as I do? But I believe you were'n't in the country that year,—any how the whole world seen it. The hunt was in Turk Lake; and as soon as it was over, and the stag was in the boat, all the boats were going down Brickeen Bridge, to dine at Innisfallen. Oyeh! what a show there was of 'em, and what a power of ladies and gentleman there was on the bridge! There war boats too coming up from Glenna and Innisfallen. Well, sir, just as the Lord Lieutenant come to the Bridge, Mr. Herbert desired him hear the echo first, and the shot for the stag. 'Paddy,' says he to me, 'let's have a noble shot. I trust you with it before any man.'

So I got the Patterraro,*—you know the place, sir, of course, where the best echo on the lake is,—from the rocks about twenty yards above the bridge?"—(To this I could safely assent.) "Well, I loads it well with powder and a sod of turf; makes a good *divil*; and was just going to put the spunk to it, when I hears the cry, 'The salmon, the salmon;' and sure enough there he was, a huge fellow leaping over the bridge. I suppose he was caught between the boats coming up and going down, and the wather being shallow, he was obliged to jump over the bridge."

"And what did you do Paddy?"

"I claps the patterraro to my shoulder, and kills him as dead as a heiring."

"Oh b—— and o——," exclaimed my friend William, in the agony of his soul; but Paddy went on, "They weighed him and found he was just twenty seven pounds and a quarter. But what do ye think the Lord Lieutenant gev me?—The *raggeen* put a hand in his pocket, and hands me a tinpinny bit!"†

"'Tis thrue for him," said the never-failing Moll: "shure I have it in the box there yet; only the child lost the key yesterday."—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

MARTIN RILEY.

THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER.

On Dover cliffs, where samphire grows,
Young Martin Riley plied,
Undreading still his dreadful trade,
At dawn and even tide.
A samphire gatherer he was born,
A samphire gatherer died.
Stout was his form, his heart was warm,
As hearts should be when young.
His cheek was red, his eye was bright,
His hair in ringlets hung.
With rope and staple as he trudg'd,
Light-heartedly he sung.
At twenty years he took to wife,
His heart-selected Jane,
And yet, though married, would he not
From his one vice refrain:
And Jane she cried and raged to find
Her fond entreaties vain.
'Tis sad to think what happiness
Had Jane's and Martin's been,
More than his wife, more than his life,
Had he not lov'd that sin.
From drink, no thought of love or bliss,
Could Martin Riley win.

* A Patterraro is a small brass cannon, about a foot in length, used for the purposes, and in the way described by Paddy. It is loaded with powder alone,—unless, when to produce a greater report, a ball of loose earth and grass is stuffed into it,—and, being placed on the ground, is fired off without farther precaution. The place is well chosen by him. On the right hand, about fifty yards above the bridge, are some rocks, which form a well-known station for firing. The echoes are magnificent. But the salmon must have leaped to a height of forty or fifty feet.

† Lord Talbot was unpopular, and had moreover the character of not being very liberal of his money. This, no doubt, suggested to Paddy the incident of the "tinpinny bit."

No thought of love, no thought of earth,
No thought of heaven nor hell,
For brandy's fiery, madd'ning draught,
His frightful thirst could quell.
Drink was his life—drink was his death—
'Twas just—but horrible!

One morn by threats and fury urg'd,
His Jane so desperate grew,
That soon he heard her every word,
Though drunk, his ears pierce through.
He curs'd her! sought the samphire cliff,
And, lo, she sought it too.

He reach'd it, and his staple stuck
Full firmly in the ground.
His rope's one end he tied to it,
Himself its other bound.
He let him down the dizzy cliff,
Where samphire might be found.

His dreadful trade he, naught afraid,
There plied, or tried to ply;
When to his ear the voice of Jane,
Came raging, screamingly;
"Now drunken, devilish Riley, look,
Thee in my power have I!

"Look round—thee see'st no mortal near;
All cliff, or sea, or sand!
Look down—thee hang'st two hundred feet
Above the rocky strand!
Look up—behold thy desperate wife,
A knife is in her hand!

"This rope that o'er the dread cliff's edge
Hangs down is all—yes, all
That saves thy drunken carcass, sot,
From death's limb-scattering fall!
Look!—on this rope this blade I rest,
While thus to thee I call!

"I love thee—from our frightful fate
How dearly shall be shown;
But I would scare thy fend away,
And love theeself alone.
Such love as mine for thee—so fond!
Wife ne'er for man hath known!

"Wilt thee come up to me?—to me,
To love, and me, again?
Nor wilt thee ever cease to love,
As first thee lov'dst thy Jane?
Nor bring the devil to thy heart,
Nor madness to thy brain?

"Speak, love, say *yes*—for God's sake, *yes*!
"Nay," cuts the rope! and thee
In mangled death, with me beneath,
It joins!—I say with me,—
For down I'll plunge to find if death
Less harsh than thee may be!"

"Hold! I will love, dear Jane, but thee!
Thee—thee—my injured wife!
Let brandy to the devil go,
Spare—spare thy Martin's life!
Ah! let me up to hug thee, Jane!
Hide—hide that dreadful knife!"

Two years had pass'd away—two years
Had haply never seen
Before such constant love as his,
And doting Jane's had been.
The terror of that dreadful day
Had quell'd his dreadful sin.

For brandy sometimes he would long,
But suddenly would stand,
Struck with the horror he had felt,
High pending o'er the strand!
When he had heard her scream—"Look up!
A knife is in my hand!"

When he two years of sober life
Successfully had tried,
His Jane, whose Martin's love had still
Her every wish supplied,
From hale, grew ill—then better—worse—
Then better still—then died!

These were her awful dying words,
 "Husband, *thou* know'st *thy* Jane
 Hath lov'd thee since thee cast away
 Her cursed cause of pain:
 How *thou* she lov'd, and *that* she loath'd,
 She ne'er may prove again."

"But, ah, beware! a father's care
 Show to our children twain:
 From devilish brandy, for their sakes,
 My own—own love, refrain!
 For them, swear to me, as before
 Thine swore to me for Jane."

A year o'er widower'd Riley scarce
 Had flown, when lo, it proved
 That death of virtue follow'd soon
 Her death, who virtue lov'd.
 And to this devilish thinking thus
 His brain the devil moved:

"I've known that drink was sweet as love,
 And love was sweet as drink,
 Both equal sweet—but having learnt
 From drink, for love, to shrink;
 That now drink's turn has fairly come
 Once more, I 'gin to think."

He drank and work'd, and work'd to drink,
 Gave half his life to quaff
 Dire brandy down; to gathering
 The samphire t' other half;
 And soon at thought of Jane, her love
 And counsel, 'gan to laugh!

"Forsake *thou*, drink, for love!" one morn,
 With brandy mad, cried he.
 "If *thou* dost kill, why so love will,
 Though not so savagely!
 Drink glads my heart, not cuts my rope!
 'Tis kinder, Jane, than *thee*!"

He reach'd the cliff, his staple stack
 Full firmly in the ground;
 His rope's one end he tied to it,
 Himself its other bound.

He let him down the dizzy cliff,
 Where samphire might be found.

His dreadful trade there, naught afraid,
 While plying, thus he said—
 "Delightful! drunk, to dangle here,
 Of no mad Jane afraid!"

Ho, bless *thou*, brandy! curse *thou*, Jane!
 Where now's thy murderous blade?"

A whirr! a shriek! a groan! a dash!
 Is't cut by mortal hand!

That rope? for cut it is—down—down—
 Down to the rocky strand!

Scatter'd and smash'd are his limbs strewn!
 And soak'd and red the sand!

Drunkenly blind his rope he hung.

("Tis thus his brethren tell)

O'er a sharp flint on the cliff's edge;

It cut the rope—he fell—

Thus perish'd Martin Riley there—

'Twas just—but horrible!

Metropolitan.

Retrospective Cleanings.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE JEWS IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 199.)

THE reign of Henry II. seems, upon the whole, not to have been very unfavourable to the prosperity of the Jews. They experienced the usual allowance of imprisonment, fine, and banishment, which does not seem to have much depressed their general state. From the nature of some of the fines, which may be seen in the records, we may infer the wealth and power of individuals among them.

One Josce, it seems, was fined by the king for supplying the rebels, in Ireland, with large sums of money: another Jew, called Sancto, was fined for taking in pawn the abbey-plate of St. Edmondsbury. When the king intended to proceed to the Holy Land, the Jews were appointed to supply nearly half the subsidy requisite for the undertaking: the Christians being taxed seventy thousand pounds, and the Jews at sixty thousand; and, though this money was never levied, yet these are facts which clearly prove the flourishing state of the Jewish finances in England, during this reign. This was not the only great impost laid upon them. The monk of Canterbury tells us, that the king, being in want of money, banished the wealthiest of the Jews from England, and fined those whom he suffered to remain five thousand marks.

The reign of Richard was ushered in by a dreadful massacre of the Jews. Many Jews, had flocked to London on occasion of the king's coronation, with presents for the new monarch, attended with much pomp and display of riches. Either the king or some of his courtiers, afraid of the witchcraft with which the Israelites were commonly charged, gave orders, that no Jew should be admitted into Westminster Abbey, lest they should cast an evil eye on the ceremony of his coronation.

"But several of them, who had come a great way off, on purpose to behold the bravery of it, not caring to lose the labour and expence of their journey, and perswading themselves, that being strangers in London they should pass undiscovered, ventured, notwithstanding the proclamation, to appear at Westminster; but being somehow or other, found out by the officers of the abbey, they were set upon with great violence, and dragged half dead out of the church.

"The rumour of which quickly spreading itself into the city, the populace, believing they should do the king a pleasure, immediately broke open the Jews' houses, and murdered every one they could meet with, not confining their rage to their persons, but destroying likewise their habitations with fire.

"Happy were they who could find a true friend to shelter them! all kinds of cruelty were exercised against them: insomuch that the soberest part of the citizens, who had in vain endeavoured to quiet matters by themselves, sent messengers to Westminster desiring some assistance from the king; for fear the tumult should grow so outrageous as to endanger the whole city."

No interference of the chief-justice and his officers, whom the king had despatched to quell the tumult, availed, until the multitude were gorged with spoil, and tired with the labour of slaughter. Three of the ringleaders

of this dreadful riot were hanged; and it is curious to observe, what were the charges which the prejudices of the times allowed to be brought against them. They were executed, not for the murder of Jews, or for the destruction of their houses and goods, but "two for plundering a Christian, under pretence that he was a Jew; and one for burning a Jew's house, which fired a Christian's that was next it."

"While the uproar lasted, one Benedict, a Jew of York, being seized on, and threatened with immediate death, unless he would receive baptism, and profess himself a Christian, to save his life, consented. But as soon as matters were quieted, being brought before the king, and asked whether or no he retained his late profession, and was still a Christian, he confessed that, for fear of death, he had, indeed, submitted to the ceremony, but that, in his heart, he ever remained a Jew. Upon which the king, turning to the archbishop of Canterbury, it was Baldwin, said, This is a new case, my lord! pray, what must we do in it? to which the archbishop, being an illiterate and worthless man, replied, Do, sir? why, if he is not willing to become a servant of God, he must even continue a servant of the Devil. With which answer the king being something surprised, suffered the man to slip away, and there was no further notice taken of him. This archbishop, delighting more in carnal than spiritual warfare, had his brains knocked out, within a few months after, at the siege of Acres."

This reign was fruitful in sufferings to the poor Jews, in despite of the favourable disposition which the king seems to have entertained for them. But the careless Richard was intent abroad upon his romantic plans of glory and conquest, while his kingdom at home was disgraced by successive massacres of the Jews in almost every principal town of the realm. Norwich, St. Edmundsbury, Stamford, Lincoln, and York, were, one after the other, the scenes of the most barbarous outrages on a spiritless and defenceless people. In the latter city, the circumstances attending the tragedy assume a singularly wild and horrible form.

In justice to the king, it should be observed, that when the news of these outrages reached his ears, he directed strong measures to be pursued for bringing the offenders to punishment. They were, however, in a great measure ineffectual, as the chief leaders in the tumult escaped into Scotland, as soon as the king's proclamation was made public. We may gather the great increase in the Jewish population, in this country, up to this time, from the fact, that no less than five hundred Jews, at least, were slain in this massacre; some say, fifteen hundred. On the return of the king, he took the affairs of

the Jews into particular consideration, and established some curious regulations for their protection and his own profit. The revenues arising from the Jews were placed under the care of an office for that purpose, called the Jew's exchequer, in which the *Justiciaries of the Jews* presided. To these places, Jews and Christians were indifferently appointed. They had not only the Jewish revenues under their care, but were also judges of all civil matters, where a Jew was one of the parties. Lord Coke takes notice of a court, called the "Court of the Justices of the Jews."

Under these regulations they continued to live, without any serious molestation, until the death of Richard, who died in 1199, as he had lived, distinguishing himself by his valour and prowess, before Castle Galliard in Aquitaine. His successor, John, perceiving the rich harvest that might be gathered from the Jews, if they were well cultivated, began his reign with conferring peculiar benefits upon them. Nothing was omitted that seemed likely to induce others of the nation to settle in this country, or which might put those already residing in it in perfect good humour. Among other privileges, he allowed them to choose a high priest.

(To be continued.)

Spirit of Discovery.

ACCURACY OF ENGLISH NAVIGATION.

GENERAL BERTRAND, in a debate upon the Marine Budget, in the French Chamber of Deputies, a short time since, said that when he was on board an English vessel which conveyed him to St. Helena, the captain, when their vessel was in the parallel of Teneriffe, said that land would be visible the next evening at six o'clock; and, in fact, as they were sitting down to dinner, land was announced from the mast-head: and the distinguished M. Arago also mentioned that English mariners had, by the aid of their instruments entered the harbours of India and Mexico during the night, and cast anchor in the very spots indicated by their observations, without seeing the land; while he happened to know that, a very short time since, a French vessel from Senegal was unable to determine the position of a sand-bank, which it observed near the Azores, because it had no chronometer on board. He observed, that although there were watchmakers and philosophical instrument makers in France quite equal to those in England, (since chronometers had frequently been made in Paris which did not vary a second in a year), so little encouragement was given to them, that the only manufacturer of circles of reflection in Paris, told him that he had sold but six in two years, while, in England, a single manufacturer had sold a thousand in the same time. These remarks

were listened to with great attention by the Chamber.

[What reply will be made to this statement by our *Declinarians*, or those who assert that Science is on the decline in England?—Ed. M.]

The Gatherer.

Burke's fondness for Children.—Burke was so very partial to children, that he would play at tee-totum and push-pin with them, and, apparently, take as much delight in the stories of Jack the Giant-killer and Tom Thumb as themselves. "Half an hour might pass," says Murphy, "during which he would keep speaking in such a way that you could see no more in him than an ordinary man, good-naturedly amusing his young auditors, when some observation or suggestion calling his attention, a remark of the most profound wisdom would slip out, and he would return to his tee-totum." It is related of him, that one day, after dining with Fox, Sheridan, Lord John Townshend, and several other eminent men, at Sheridan's cottage, he amused himself by rapidly wheeling his host's little son round the front garden, in a child's hand-chaise. While thus employed, the great orator, it is added, evinced by his looks and activity, that he enjoyed the sport nearly as much as his delightful play-fellow.—*Georgian Era.*

Voltaire and his Bookseller.—At the rehearsal of one of Voltaire's tragedies, as Mr. Cramer, a bookseller at Geneva, was finishing his part, which was to end with some dying sentences, Voltaire cried out aloud—"Cramer, you lived like a prince in the four preceding acts, but in the fifth you die like a bookseller." A medical gentleman present, could not help interfering; with, "Why, Mons. de Voltaire, can you expect gentlemen to be at the expense of dresses, and the fatigue of getting up such long parts, if you thus upbraid them? On the contrary, I think they all deserve the greatest encouragement at your hands; and as to my friend Cramer, I declare, that, as far as I am a judge, he dies with the same dignity as he lived." Voltaire, who detested advice or information, made this cool answer; "Prithce, doctor, when you have got kings to kill, kill them in your own way; but let me kill mine as I please."

Augustan Liberality.—A courtier having asked Augustus for a salary to a place he held, said it was not for the value of the thing, but for the sake of seeming to have deserved it at his hands. "Well," replied Augustus, "tell every body that you receive one, and I will not deny it."

Monk Outwitted.—A monk having introduced himself to the bed-side of a dying

nobleman, of considerable wealth, who was at the time in a state approaching to insensibility, said to him in an urgent tone, "My Lord, will you make a grant of the *priory* to our monastery?" The sick man, unable to speak, nodded his head. The monk, turning round to the son, who was in the room, said, "You see, sir, my Lord, your father, assents to my request." The son immediately exclaimed, with great gravity, "Father, is it your blessed will that I should *kick this monk down stairs*?" The same nod was given as before; upon which the youth said, "You see it is my father's good pleasure;" and with a few lusty kicks, he sent him down headlong.

Poverty Desirable.—Happy art thou, O man, who wast not born amidst the luxuries of life.

Lucky art thou who canst eat the simple fare; whose nose turneth not up at a boiled leg of mutton and turnips, or bacon and eggs.

Health waketh thee at morn, and accompanieth the slumbers of night.

Art thou an alderman, and putteth pounds of turtle into thy paunch; thou devourest an apoplexy. Swallowest thou hot sauces—thou gulpest rheumatism and gout.

Curse not sprats and flounders; peradventure sprats and flounders might blush to enter the doors of thy gullet.

Deem thyself not undone, because thou possessest not more than thou oughtest in reason to use.

Fortunate are thousands in having never been favourites of fortune.

Content sigheth not for venison: she lifteth not her eye for turbot.

She hateth not the sight of the sun at dinner-time, but prefereth his radiance to the greasy light of a candle.

Relief by Perspiration.—A candidate at Surgeons' Hall, after a variety of questions, was thus interrogated:—"In such a case, sir, how would you act?"—"Well, sir, if that did not operate?"—"But if that did not produce the desired effect, of causing perspiration?"—"Why, gentlemen," said the worried student, "if all these should fail, I would direct the patient to be brought *here* for examination!"

Loss of Sight and Speech.—The captain of a trading vessel having some contraband goods on board, which he wished to land, said to an exciseman, whom he knew, "If I was to put a half-crown piece upon each of your eyes, could you see?" The answer was—"No: and if I had another upon my mouth, I could not speak."

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The Mirror

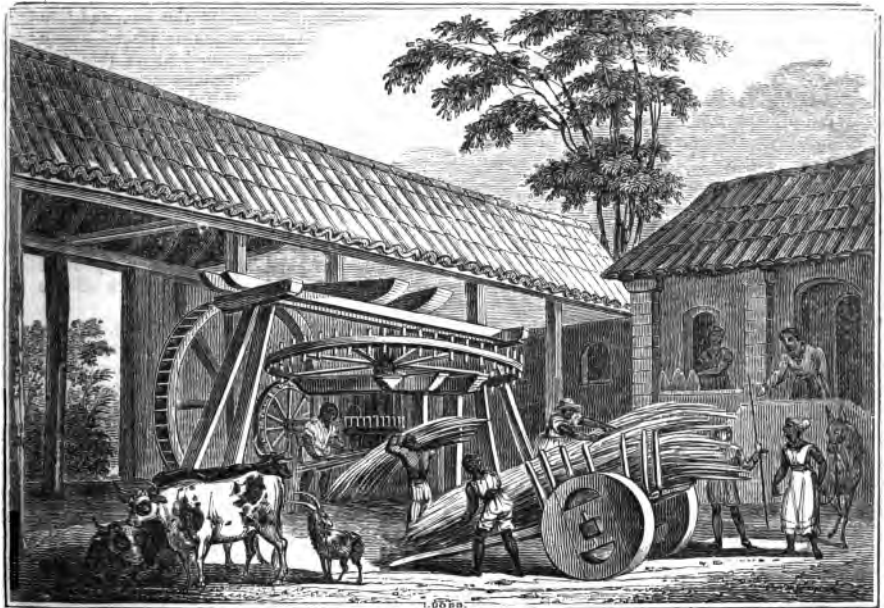
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT. AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 600.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1833.

[PRICE 2/



BRAZILIAN SUGAR MILL.

HISTORY tells us that in 1548, the Jews of Portugal being banished to Brazil, procured sugar-canes from Madeira, and thus began the cultivation of the cane in South America. "But," observes Mr. Maculloch, "there can be no doubt, notwithstanding Humboldt seems to incline to the opposite opinion, that this was a work of supererogation, and that the cane was indigenous both to the American continent and islands. It is not for the plant itself, which flourished spontaneously when it was discovered by Columbus, but for the secret of making sugar from it, that the New World is indebted to the Spanish and Portuguese; and these to the nations of the East.* Be this as it may, Brazil is now one of the principal sources whence are derived the supplies of sugar required for the European and American markets.

The Engraving is a representation of the Mill commonly used in Brazil for crushing the canes, in the first stage of the manufacture

of sugar. The cane being ripe, it is cut close to the ground, and all the leaves are stripped off, which, with the rubbish, are left until the whole field be cut, when they are burnt; and immediately afterwards the roots are irrigated. In some parts of South America, the cane is carried to the mill on the backs of asses, and elsewhere in carts drawn by oxen or mules.

The labours of the sugar plantation must be so distributed, that the different operations go on at the same time. While some negroes cut the canes, others convey them to the mill, where they are ground as fast as they arrive. The juice extracted from the cane is immediately subjected to the process for converting it into sugar. Every thing must be done at once: if the sugar-cane is not pressed as soon as cut, it undergoes a fermentation, which affects the saccharine portion, rendering the manufacture very difficult, and the results less favourable. If the juice be not exposed to the fire as soon as expressed, it contracts a degree of acidity, which greatly embarrasses the refiner. The West India colonists are so well convinced of the celerity

* See Lafitau, *Mœurs des Sauvages*, tome, ii. p. 150; Edwards's *West Indies*, vol. ii. p. 203.—Maculloch's *Dict. Commerce*, art. Sugar.

requisite in the different operations, that, from the moment when they begin to cut the cane, the labours of the plantation continue day and night. The negroes are divided into four companies or relievers, like sailors in the navigation of a vessel, and there is no intermission except on Sunday.

The Mill for pressing the cane generally consists of three vertical, grooved, brass cylinders, which are put in motion by two pairs of oxen, yoked to opposite points of a large wooden wheel, placed above the cylinders and attached at its centre to the axle of the central cylinder, the cogs or teeth of which communicate the rotatory motion to the other two. This tardy method of pressing is used on many plantations in South America; but in the Mill shown in the Engraving, vertical water-wheels supply the place of the bullocks, one wheel being attached to each mill. There is, however, great room for improvement, particularly in the adoption of iron cog and lantern wheels, or, at least, of metal cogs to the large wheels, iron axle trees, &c.; but, rude as the present plan is, by it the expense of keeping a considerable number of oxen is avoided. Again, one water-mill, constructed with accurate dimensions, will furnish, in twenty-four hours, sufficient juice of the cane for one hundred and sixty forms of rough sugar, each weighing fifty-four pounds; while a mill worked with mules, in whatever manner it may be conducted, will not furnish more than half the quantity.

The subsequent stages of the process of manufacturing sugar may be described as follows:—

"The juice of the cane is received in the boiling house, in a large bell-metal pan, a small quantity of lime being first thrown into it; from this receiver it is carried in large calabashes to a pan ten feet deep, where it is evaporated to a proper consistency, and at intervals caustic ley is added to it, prepared at a considerable expense from the ashes of the *espino* or *huarango*. After throwing into the pan about half a pint of this ley, a considerable quantity of fucula rises to the top, which is immediately taken off with a skimmer made of a large calabash, bored full of holes. When the syrup has become cool it is put into another pan, and evaporated to a proper consistency for crystallization; it is then poured into the moulds, made of common baked clay, in which it is repeatedly stirred, and on the following day it is transferred to the purging house, where the plug is taken from the bottom of the mould, and the coarse molasses run from the sugar. It is next removed to the claying house; each mould, like an inverted cone, is placed on a jar, and soft clay of the consistency of batter poured on the sugar. This operation is repeated three or four times, or till the loaf is purged from the molasses it contained, when it is taken out of

the mould and carried into the store to dry. The whole process requires a month or five weeks, according to the season, for it is much sooner ready for the store house in damp weather than in dry.

"The pans for boiling the juice are of brass, being a mixture of copper and tin; the lower pan is generally three feet in diameter at the bottom, five feet at the top, and five feet deep; the rim which is placed above this is three feet deep, and above that the brick and wood work commences, making the whole boiler ten feet deep. The pans, cylinders, and receivers are cast on the estate by the slaves, and by them also all the carpentry and blacksmith work are performed."

Mr. W. B. Stevenson, who resided twenty years in South America, has enabled us to be thus precise in our details. He paid especial attention to the manufacture of sugar in the above country, and his report of the general economy of a sugar plantation there will be read with interest.

Mr. Stevenson, in his *Residence*, says—"While at Barranca, I had an excellent opportunity of judging of the condition of the slaves on the plantations; and I shall here give a brief notice of one of the best regulated that I have visited. This plantation is principally dedicated to the cultivation of cane and the elaboration of sugar; but a part is destined to ordinary agricultural pursuits. The number of slaves employed on it, including all descriptions, is 672; and the weight of sugar produced annually, according to the statement of the superintendent of the manufactory, is as follows:—

	dollars.
Loaves of clayed sugar, 9,555, each weighing 50 lb. - - - - -	47,770
Charicaca, or coarse brown sugar in cakes - - - - -	6,000
Coarse sugar made from the refuse - - - - -	1,500
Molasses sold on the estate - - - - -	600
Value of produce of sugar - - - - -	55,870
Expenses: Clothing of slaves, at 10 dls. each - - - - -	3,790
Chaplain - - - - -	300
Surgeon - - - - -	300
Overseer - - - - -	500
Sugar boiler - - - - -	800
Premium to slaves - - - - -	600
Drugs - - - - -	200
	6,390

"The result of this statement," says Mr. Stevenson, "is, that after defraying all the expenses of the cultivation of the cane, and the elaboration of the sugar, the profit amounted to 49,550 dollars. Besides this profit, another was derived from the feeding of cattle on extensive fields of lucern, and the breeding of hogs. There was also, generally, a surplus of maize and beans beyond the consumption of the estate; but without this, according to the valuation made of the whole estate, including buildings, slaves, and utensils, which amounted to 962,000, the clear

profit on this capital exceeded five per cent.; which, with the assistance of the requisite machinery for cultivating and harvesting cane, and manufacturing sugar, might be doubled. The slaves were maintained by the produce of the estate, leaving a great surplus for sale."

Mr. Stevenson adds, "the management of the slaves here is worthy of the imitation of every planter, both with regard to the comfort of the negroes, and the profitable result to the owner." He also suggests certain improvements in the manufacturing process, which have, probably, been since adopted; as the evaporation of the cane juice by steam; or, *in vacuo*, so as to save much sugar which was burnt by the old method; iron machinery for the mills; and stills on the estates, so as to turn to advantage that refuse which might otherwise be a nuisance, or, if applied to any use, thrown to the oxen and asses.

INSECTS WHICH INFEST THE SUGAR-CANE.

The following observations will be read with peculiar interest, in connexion with the main subject of the preceding pages.

The sugar-cane has many enemies. Among them, naturalists enumerate the large fire-fly, an undetermined aphid, (plant louse,) and the jumper-fly; all of which are said to be bred in the cane. The myriads of ants which once infested, but have now disappeared from, Grenada, committed indeed the most frightful ravages; but it was rather by excavating their little metropolis beneath the roots, than by attacking the body of the cane.

Among the most frequent and formidable enemies is the palm weevil (*calandra palmarum*), of which Fig. 1, is the female creeping; and Fig. 2, the male. This insect is principally injurious to the plants lately stuck in the ground, to which the female is allured

Fig. 1.

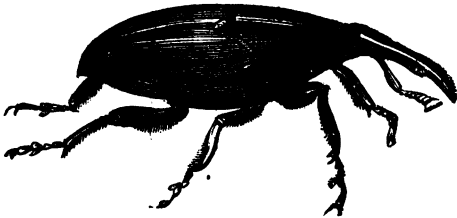


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



(Palm and Sugar Weevils.)

by the juices which are exuded. These they sometimes attack so vigorously, that a fresh planting becomes necessary. They do not seem to deposit their eggs in full-grown canes, when palms are abundant in the neighbourhood.

Another enemy is the sugar weevil (*calandra sacchari*), which confines itself principally to such canes as have been slightly injured; though it sometimes attacks the more vigorous plants, which it excavates to the very ground. Fig. 3 is a specimen, and Fig. 4 a variety of this insect.

But the most destructive and common enemy is the smaller grub of the borer moth sugar borer, (*diatraea sacchari*), from which the sugar-cane is never exempt. Fortunately, in the seasonable climate of St. Vincent, from our improved cultivation, the animal is not very formidable; but, in some other of our colonies, which are subject to dry seasons, they have been known to blast the hopes of the year, to destroy whole acres of canes, and ruin the unfortunate planter. The borers are much more fatal to plant than ratoon canes: one of the latter will sometimes nou-

rish several of the borer worms, which perforate every joint; when the pithy centre becoming discoloured and sour, not only fails to yield at the mill, but communicates a dark colour and bad quality to the syrup of the sounder plants. The Society of Arts has long offered rewards for the expulsion of these borers; but a competent writer* on the subject thinks the object of the planter should be to prevent the insects from depositing eggs in the plants, rather than to kill those which have already begun their operations. Indeed, from long continued experiments, he has discovered, that they may be almost entirely expelled from any quarter in which the canes are carefully stripped of the dry and useless leaves, under which, as they become loose, the female borer deposits her eggs; and, were the ants less prolific than they are, we might encourage them as useful helpmates in the destruction of the borers, which they pursue and kill in their cylindrical labyrinths.

It is worthy of notice, that the grub of the palm weevil, which is the size of the thumb, has long been in request in both Indies. Ælian speaks of an Indian king, who, for a dessert, instead of fruit, set before his Grecian guests, a roasted worm taken from a plant, probably the larva of this insect, which, he says, the Indians esteem very delicious; a character that was confirmed by some of the Greeks who tasted it. Madame Merian says, that the natives of Surinam roast and eat these grubs as something very exquisite; and, says Mr. Kirby, "a friend of mine who has resided a good deal in the West Indies, where the palm grub is called Grugru, informs me that the late Sir John La Forey, who was somewhat of an epicure, was extremely fond of it when properly cooked."†

A VISIT TO THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

(From a Correspondent.)

EVERYTHING relating to eminent men is interesting. We are interested in learning the device of Cicero's mother, to detect her servants in stealing her wines; we dwell with tenfold pleasure upon the page of Meg Dods, which discourses eloquently on Napoleon's manner of making coffee; and the details of the friendship of Shakspeare, with "My John a Combe," will perhaps outlive even the memory of the golden days in which it existed. The history of the lives of the eminent dead forms a never-satiating feast to the admirers of genius; nay, some of the illustrious living have taken time by the forelock, and given auto-biographies to the world,

* The Rev. Lansdown Gilding, B.A.F.L.S.F.G.S. &c. who was, in 1831, honoured by the Society of Arts with the gold Ceres medal, for his memoir on the subject; whence these Engravings and details are extracted.

† Quoted in the Magazine of Nat. Hist. vol. v. p. 470.

which are eagerly devoured: conversations, "some passages in lives," memoirs, &c., are gulped down in quick succession; and even the salmagundi-like work of Mr. Boswell, embracing all Dr. Johnson's sayings and doings, from his criticisms on Shakspeare and Milton, to his criticisms on brown toast, is digested as though it were the most delicate morsel in the world. To this voracity the following sketch owes its existence. As this curiosity is the offspring of that lively gratitude which is excited in us by the writings of men who have afforded us enjoyment, poets, above all others, become the objects of such interest. I love the poets of Scotland: most of them have sprung into eminence from the very humblest grade of society, to the loftiest in the pinnacle of intellect. The sight of unassisted genius working out its way through all obstacles to the path of fame is one of surpassing interest: as the knowledge of the lives of Allan Ramsay, Fergusson, Burns, Leyden, &c. well attest. Our love for Burns is different, perhaps, from that of any other poet; and a triumphant feeling of admiration for his genius, devoted as it was, often to the dearest and holiest affections of our nature, mingles itself even with the pity for his errors in all his admirers:

Look on that brow! the laurel wreath
Beam'd on it like a wreath of fire:

Look on that brow!—the lowest slave,
The veriest wretch of want and care,
Might shudder at the lot that gave
His genius, glory, and despair!

We know that the anticipation of an honest fame was the dearest reward of his labours—as witness his triumphant prognostications in "The Vision," which even the chilling poverty of his clay cottage could not repress, or the cold clay "biggin" of humanity. Other poets have given us lessons of morality, or opened up to us the dreams of imagination. Burns deals in the realities of feeling. His song is of

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs our mortal frame.

I was loitering down the banks of the Tweed, engrossed in these musings, on a beautiful evening in October. I was, in fact, returning from a pilgrimage from "the land of Burns;" and, as I turned off from the beautiful and wide-spreading valley of the Tweed, all glowing in the splendid light of the setting sun, and pursued my way up the Traquhair water, towards the Ettrick Shepherd's, I could not choose but feel delighted I was going to visit a man of the same favoured class of whom I had been thinking, and whose "old and moving stories" had so often thrilled me with awe, filled me with delight, or melted me with sensibility.

My earliest knowledge of the Ettrick Shepherd was drawn from his own simple tales of

shepherd's life; and it was a strange medley of perishing rustics, winter storms, frozen rivers, colley dogs digging the flock from the wreath, and all such phantoms. A change came over the nature of my ideas concerning him; for I had read "Kilmeny," and I thought of him as a plaided shepherd, on the red-brown heather braes, seeing visions "of second sight," and dreaming dreams, and drawing inspiration, from all around of earth, forest, and sky. It was

Late, late in the gloamin', when all was still,
The fringe was red on the western hill,—

—when I first saw the far-famed Yarrow hurrying away over her gravely bed in the heart of Ettrick Forest—so called because there is not a tree, as "*lucus a non lucendo*." As I was ascending the hill towards the unpretending dwelling of the Shepherd, my dog awaked me from a half reverie by running between my legs, for a score of the canine tribe were after him—

Mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree,

came rushing down the hill, growling, yelping, barking, and yelling, in real Freischütz chorus. In the midst of this, by brandishing my ash, I fought my way to the house, and was ushered into the snug little parlour overlooking the Yarrow,—hallowed to me by the thought, that the wild flashes of genius were no strangers to its walls. Presently the Shepherd came down, with a huge pepper and salt coloured shooting-coat on, and his cheeks rolled up in flannels. The bright, intelligent eye, and fine forehead were visible, notwithstanding the *cozey* bandage in which he was buried. Few men within a year or so of three score wear such a hale appearance as James Hogg. Time has *touched* his figure, and sprinkled the frost of age upon his *pou*; but he is erect as the oak of the forest, and his step as free and elastic as any youth of five-and-twenty. There is an extreme resemblance between Hogg and the late Sir Walter Scott—that, as Professor Wilson is accustomed to remark, had they been brothers, they would have *thought* very like each other. Time had dealt differently with them, however, as any one who has seen Sir Walter at his desk in the Court of Session with his thin, silver hair, and his benevolent, contemplative features, and quiet, lustreless eye, that seemed, in the concluding years of his life, as if every passion which it was wont to indicate had gone for ever—will be able to attest: indeed, he seemed to be twenty years in advance of the vigorous Shepherd, (who I believe was born in the same year with him of Waverley),* whose hearty and joyous *guffaw* made

the braes of Yarrow ring, as I have heard him when scouring the heather at the rate of ten miles an hour, with his *plaid* fluttering, and his hair streaming in the wind.

On the evening I arrived, (to continue), soon after it was dark, a search was commenced in the house for old shoes, breeches, hats—with which to equip ourselves for "lester-fishing;"—the reader will remember Sir Walter's description of this sport in *Guy Mannering*, at *Dandie Dinmont's*. The Liddle men call the spear, or instrument to strike the fish with, a "waster;" but about the Tweed and its tributaries it is called a "lester," or "leester."

We proceeded down to the river with our lights, the shifting and lurid glare of which, thrown upon the opposite hills, became fainter and fainter until lost in the surrounding gloom. The bent bodies of the fishermen who accompanied us, their old, grotesque dresses, and huge shadows, were highly picturesque and romantic. The eternal hurrying by of the stream also, irresistibly thrusting reflections on the mind, anything but lessened the interest. We had not gone a hundred yards, ere one of the lesters went crash against the gravel, accompanied with short, but pithy expressions of disappointment. It was a miss. Follow fish! follow fish! was the cry. Then commenced a chase which no fox-hunt could equal for excitement. All those who had lesters rushed into the river. One rolled head over heels into a deep hole; another cursed the carrier of the light by his gods, for burning him with scalding tar from his torch; a third crawled out of the river *sans* shoes and *sans* hat; while a fourth let fly his lester as the fish shot by him, and with a shout of triumph threw it behind him on the green bank.

It was a splendid grilse; and in an hour was smoking on the supper-table. We finished our fourth jug, and the Shepherd's fiftieth tale, ere we thought of retiring. Of these last, he has the most prodigal and entertaining stock imaginable; and I verily believe he coins for the occasion, as he himself used to charge Sir Walter Scott with. Of "heaven itself," no one who has experienced it would ask a kindlier welcome than that of the Ettrick Shepherd, and the good old fashionedness of his hospitality gives it a raciness rarely to be met with.

Next day we visited Altrive Cottage, where the Shepherd keeps his books: and a most

has discovered, from the Session Book of Ettrick, that he is two years older than he always believed himself to be, since ever he remembers. "I am now," he continues, "since the 25th of January, in my 64th year. What good can come out of Yarrow now?" Much, we sincerely trust; and we are happy to announce that Mr. Hogg has in the press a life of his predecessor Burns, with a criticism on his poetry. The life of one rustic genius by another! Truly Scotland is an interesting country.

* Since writing the foregoing, we have had the pleasure of a letter, dated April 11th, from Yarrow. In his own characteristic manner, the "Shepherd" informs us that, "to his great grief and vexation, he

curious collection they are, containing almost every rhyme that has been rhymed since the days of Chaucer, or Thomas of Ercildoune, to the milk-and-water decoctions of the modern verse-mongers, who each claim the right of lumbering the Shepherd with a presentation volume, to have in return an autograph of thanks.

But the Shepherd is "ower deep" to be cheated into such and the like;—so setting down in his mind that "the chiel's intention was gude," he coaxes his eldest lassie to cut open the leaves, and next morning puts the volume in his pocket, carries it up to Altrive, and lays it to sleep on the highest shelf of his sanctuary.

The Ettrick Shepherd's character is not so generally known or appreciated as it ought to be. He is known to many only by name, and to a few by detached portions of his writings. To love the writer, you must know the man. There is about him a frankness and an affection very seldom to be found in literary men; and the love he bears "the flowers of the forest," as he calls his children, and the nameless traits which lend a charm to character, command our esteem for one who has been the same, unchanged by poverty and success, in good and evil report, the friend of his race; and, as Walter Scott, when speaking of him, said, ever "the worthy man and honest shepherd."* I.

THE BELL

It is composed of a mixed metal, compounded of tin and pewter with copper; the proportions being 20 lbs. of pewter or 23 lbs. of tin to 1 cwt. of copper. In music it is classed as an instrument of percussion, and may be divided into three parts; the body, the clapper, and the ear by which it is hung. Its sound arises from the vibration of its parts; the stroke of the clapper changing the circumference from a round to a spherical form, which, while recovering its pristine shape, must undergo alternate changes of figure, and thus give a tremulous motion to the air, in which sound consists. A bell placed on any lofty elevation will be heard at a less distance than one situated in a valley, for this reason, that being in a loftier situation, the space through which the sound has to pass is less confined, the impulse given to the instrument weaker, and it is consequently not so well enabled to convey it to a distance.

Sir Walter Scott, in the 2nd Canto of *Marmion* has described the sound of a bell in language which will ever render apology for its insertion unnecessary:—

* We have in progress an authentic biography of the "Shepherd," both of his literary and domestic career, which, with a spirited Portrait, will grace our present volume, on its completion.—Ed. M.

"They bade the passing bell to toll
For weisfare of a parting soul
Flow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;
To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled;
His beads the wakeful hermit told.
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said.
So far was heard the nightly knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Luted before, beside, behind,
Then couched him down beside the hind,
And quaked, amid the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern."*

The bell is widely known, and in some countries curiously fabricated, the bells of Egypt being generally of wood. To the Turk it was an object of aversion, and in Constantinople its use was prohibited lest the spirits of the dead should be disturbed by its sound. The exact period of its invention has never been ascertained. Some authors are of opinion that it was known to the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, and also to the Jews. The prophet Zachariah, chap. xiv. 20., says, "In that day there shall be upon the bells of the horses," &c., but it may be also rendered from the original as *bridles*, wherefore this does not amount to positive proof; and the rattle, or ringing of the latter, which were frequently covered with and protected by laminae, may have been there expressed by some term altogether synonymous. Its present appellation is genuine Saxon, but we are not thence to infer that it is of Saxon origin; indeed it is more probably an importation from foreign countries about the period of the 7th century. In Latin it is called *campana*, *campanum*, &c.; and in Venice, the celebrated Campanile, or bell tower, remains to this day, all which seem to throw authority on the conjectures of those antiquarians who assert Paulinus, Bishop of Nola in Campania, to have been the inventor of church bells. Prior, however, to the 7th century we find no mention of bells in England; but, at that period there can be no doubt of their having been adopted in the service of the church, for the Venerable Bede, who flourished from 673 to 735, in the 23rd chapter of the 4th book of his *Ecclesiastical History*, describes a circumstance connected with the tolling knell, so exquisitely simple, that it fails not to bring before the reader the nun engaged in her pious avocations; his mind involuntarily reverts to the days that are gone, and he seems to hear the convent bell throwing its sullen sound to the air, now floating through the valley, now rolling over the mountain top, and now mingling itself

* Shakespeare has many beautiful allusions to the music of the bell; and Coleridge calls bells "the poor man's only music." Perhaps the finest poem which has ever been written on bells is Schiller's poem, *Die Glocke*, (the Bell,) in which he describes the casting of the bell, and all its uses, in the true vein of poetry. This has been translated into many languages, and lately into Greek and Latin, by a professor at Liege.—Ed. M.

with the vespers of the assembled votaries engaged in the solemn service of the dead; whilst the long drawn aisles of the Saxon nunnery rise in gloomy magnificence on the enchained imagination.

According to Stow and Dufresnay, there is every reason to conclude that the bell was first introduced into churches about 600. These bells, however, as before observed, must have been manufactured abroad; for the first bell cast in this country was in 940, or from that to 946, by Turkytul, who was Chancellor of England to Edmund I. It was called Guthlac, after the name of the founder of the Abbey wherein it was hung up. His successor, Egelric, who died 984, also made two large bells which he called Bartholomew and Bettelm, two of the middle size named Turkytul and Tatwin, and two smaller named Pega and Bega, which, with the one previously mentioned, formed the finest tuneable set of bells in England, and were set up in Croyland Abbey, Lincolnshire, in 945 or 960. Bells were baptized as early as the time of Pope John XIII., who died 972; but it would be impossible to detail the many and curious appellations by which they have been distinguished. They have been dedicated to the Virgin, the Apostles, and Saints, and, in some instances, have derived their names from the qualities of which they were possessed. At All Saints church, Pontefract, a bell still remains which, as appears from the inscription upon it, in black letter, was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and called the trump of God—"Hæc est Tuba Dei." In the old church, at Margate, are five ancient bells; the third and fourth of which are respectively inscribed with the following lines, also in black letter:

3. Virgilius egregius vocor Campana Mariæ.

4. Missi de cælis habeo nomen Gabrieli.

The tenor bell was the gift of one of an ancient family in that neighbourhood, whose name is still perpetuated by the existence of their mansion, which was the residence of the late gallant Sir Thomas Staines. The bell is thus inscribed:—

Daundelion

I x S. Trinitate sacra sit hæc campana beata.

At the Abbey of Ouseney, near Oxford, according to the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, was a very fine set of musical bells. Prior to the Suppression they were six in number, and called by the names "Hanteclere, Doucement, Austen, Marie, Gabriel, and John." After that period they appear to have been newly cast, and known as Mary and Jesus, Meribus and Lucas, Newbell and Thomas, Cougar, and Godeston, of which bells Thomas, which was probably dedicated to the Apostle, was translated to the then new College of Christchurch; the same work records a whimsical inscription which once adorned its rim:—

"In Thomæ laude resonō Bim Bom sine fraude."

The weight of the bell is 17,000 lbs.; there is a much heavier one at Rouen, called *George d'Anboise*, which weighs 36,000 lbs.; but both are surpassed by the bell at Moscow, which is the largest in the known world, and weighs 432,000 lbs.

The peculiar powers of adaptation in the sound of the bell to circumstances, whether of joy or sorrow, seem to have made it a powerful engine in the hands of the monk; and from the following distich preserved by Spelman:

"Lando Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum,
Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro,"—

we learn that with them, as by us, it was employed in adding hilarity to the festive scene, or marriage rite; that clergy and laity were equally obedient to its summons; that it accompanied the slow and solemn pace of such as mourned the departure of those who had been, but were no more; and that whilst its iron tongue could call together the devout to the glorious duty of praising the Lord in the beauty of his holiness, its dissipating powers were such, that plague and pestilence fled far away from its presence. To such an extent indeed were its supposed virtues carried, that it was imagined the passing bell, a custom still prevalent in many parts of England, had power to drive away those invisible fiends which superstition portrayed as lurking and in wait for the souls of the dying, when released from their perishable tenements of clay. At a funeral, the corpse being consigned to its kindred earth, the bell answered the twofold purpose of inspiring a prayer for the weal of the departed, whilst its mournful sound reminded the survivors how short a period must elapse ere they would be insensible even as the body they had followed. There are some exceedingly curious and singular remarks on the death-bell, in the *Rationale* of Durand, a writer of the 12th century; which show the antiquity of the custom of *ringing out*, as it is termed, with three times for a man, whilst the knell of a female is ended with twice.

And now, courteous Reader, if the foregoing observations, on a subject which for 1,400 years has had a firm though varied estimation among all men, have afforded you either entertainment or instruction, the object of the writer's ambition is fully accomplished. If you be an inhabitant of the busy town, and delight only in the civic peal which pours forth from the steeples of our metropolis, he envies not your feelings: but if, on the contrary, you have felt how good, how glorious a thing it is to gaze upon nature, and meditate on nature's God; if you have been delighted on the Sabbath morn, whilst all around you was bustling into life, to hear the faint booming of the bell in the distant village tower, with its white, tall,

slender steeple, rising in beautiful relief against the dark, soft, neutral tint of valley and of hill; if you have done this, he will mentally accompany you to the lowly, sacred edifice; and near some ancient monument, where antique figures of parents and of children are ranged together in attitudes of simplicity and prayer, we will think of and compare the times in which they lived with those which now flit fast away; and, gathering comfort from that source whence only it can truly flow, learn to regard with composure the period when the solemn tolling of the bell shall have announced to the living that we have passed on our way, and shall be no more seen.

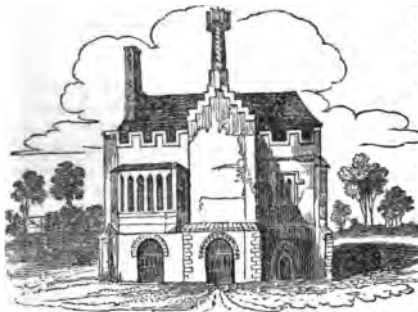
C. S.

The Topographer.

WARDEN ABBEY.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE village of Warden is situated in the hundred of Wexantree, and deanery of Shetford, and is about three miles west of Biggleswade, and seven south-east from Bedford. Its privilege of holding a market on Tuesdays was granted with a fair on the feasts of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the year 1218. The market was confirmed in 1307, with a fair on the feast of St. Leonard. The sketch represents all that remains of *Warden Abbey*.



The manor is now the property of Mr. Whitbread: it is called the Abbey Farm; and as there is a good modern farm-house upon it, the name alone in a few years will probably be the only memorial of this seat of ancient bigotry. It was founded by one Walter de Espec, for monks of the Cistercian order, from Ruesaux, in Yorkshire, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

In the year 1217, Fulk de Brean treated the monks of this abbey with great cruelty, in a dispute respecting a wood, when he carried thirty of them prisoners to his castle at Bedford.

For this offence, the haughty baron, who set all civil power at defiance, submitted to the paramount authority of the church,

gladly making his peace by suffering manual discipline from the monks in the chapter-house at Warden; at the same time confirming them in possession of the wood in dispute. At the time of the dissolution of this abbey, the revenues were estimated at £389 16s. 6½d. clear yearly value. The remains are of brick, embattled; the door-cases and window frames are of stone. Only two rooms and a staircase are entire. In the middle of the front is an immense chimney, diminishing by stages, and finishing in a beautifully twisted shaft. In the field wherein the abbey stands, several stone coffins have been dug up, and, till lately, one lay near the west wall of the abbey.

C. A.

The Naturalist.

APRIL FLOWERS.

(Abridged from Dr. Drummond's *First Steps to Botany*.)

LET us turn our attention a little to a flower which we all know and admire; for who does not acknowledge the *Primrose* as a favourite? All plants, indeed, which herald in the spring, are more or less so. They are the sure signs of that coming season which is to replenish the multifarious lap of nature, and restore the delights of smiling fields, and tranquil skies. The botanic name, *Primula*, is derived from *primus*, first, prime, or early, and hence *prime-rose* contracted into *primrose*. It is not, indeed, the very first flower of the opening year, for the *snowdrop* precedes it, though, in gardens and sheltered situations, some species of *Primula* may be seen all the year round. Added to the early appearance of the *primrose*, its scent is very delicate, and its pale colour gives it a striking expression of modesty and sweetness.

Welcome, pale Primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak, that strew
The very lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest, unaffected pride
Glow on the sunny bank, and wood's warm side!
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The schoolboy roams enchanted along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.—*Clare*.

The root of the common primrose (*Primula vulgaris*), in powder, is said to be a safe and effectual emetic, as was "experimented," according to Gerard, "by a learned and skillful apothecary of Colchester, master *Thomas Buckstone*, and singular in the knowledge of simples."

Another British species of *Primula*, the *Primula veris* or *cowslip*, has been immortalized by Shakespeare. The bases of the segments of its corolla are within of a deep

orange colour, and these spots the unrivalled hard has endowed with the office of giving out the delicious fragrance of the flower, and supposes them to have been the gift of the Fairy Queen. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Puck, meeting a fairy, asks,

How now, spirit! Whither wander you?

Fairy. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The *cowslips* tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every *cowslip's* ear.

Act ii, Scene i.

The snow-wreath excepted, I can scarcely conceive a more perfect emblem of purity than a wild plant, native of the glen or mountain, whose flowers, gemmed with liquid diamond, sparkle to the morning sun, and shiver in the breeze. Or should the orb of day be concealed, still, each simple chalice, impearled with the dews of night, seems equally pure and interesting; and when "ilk *cowslip-cup* has kepped a tear," we may profitably commune with those children of the wild, and from their apparent dejection learn to moralize on the uncertainties and sorrows attendant on the lot of mortality. As in Herrick's exquisite address

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

Why do you weep? Can tears
Speak grief in you
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Team'd her refreshing dew?

Alas! you have not known that shower

That mars a flower;
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years;
Nor warped as we,

Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers like to orphans young,
To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, ... and make known

The reason why
Ye droop and weep;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?

.

No, no; this sorrow, shown

By your tears shed,

Would have this lecture read,

That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.

The Violet.—What the origin of the word *Viola* is cannot be precisely determined. It has been fabled, however, that the Greek name of the plant *Ion* (ion) is taken from the circumstance, that, when the nymph *Io* was changed by Jupiter into a cow, this plant sprang from the earth to become her food.

From the same fable the term *Viola* is supposed to have had its origin, *viola* being formed from *vitula* (which means a young cow), by dropping the *t*.

The syrup of the sweet violet is employed by chemists as a delicate test of the presence of acids and alkalis; and the flowers are highly esteemed by the Egyptians and Turks on account of their colour and fragrance, especially for making sherbet, which is composed of violet-sugar dissolved in water.* They are also said to give a very agreeable odour and taste to vinegar. The flowers of the violet are frequently white, which is a change that blue and purple flowers are peculiarly liable to, though, could we believe in the fancies of poetry, the violet was originally of that colour.

Not from the verdant garden's cultured bound,

That breathes of Pæstum's aromatic gale,
We sprang; but nurslings of the lonely vale,
'Midst woods obscure, and native glooms were found
'Midst woods and glooms whose tangled brakes around
Once Venus sorrowing traced, as all forlorn
She sought Adonis, when a lurking thorn
Deep on her foot impressed an impious wound.
Then prone to earth we bow'd our pallid flowers,
And caught the drops divine; the purple dyes
Tinging the lustre of our native hue;

Nor summer gales, nor art-conducted showers,
Have nursed our slender forms, but lovers' sighs
Have been our gales, and lover's tears our dew.

Roscoe, from *Lorenzo de Medici*.

The Dog-violet (*Viola canina*)† is very common about ditches and banks from April to June. It is a pretty plant, but is destitute of the delightful odour of the *sweet violet*. At the first opening of the flower there is no stem, but one grows afterwards bearing fruit-stalks. The flower is sometimes white. The circumstance of this species being without fragrance has been made use of in the following pretty little address to the scentless violet:—

Deceitful plant, from thee no odours rise,

Perfume the air, nor scent the mossy glade,
Although thy blossoms wear the modest guise,
Of her, the sweetest offspring of the shade.

Yet not like hers, still shunning to be seen,
And by their fragrant breath alone betray'd,
Veil'd in the vesture of a scantier green,

To every gazer are thy flowers display'd.
Thus Virtue's garb Hypocrisy may wear,
Kneel as she kneels, or give as she has given;
But, ah! no meek retiring worth is there,
No incense of the heart exhales to heaven!

Chauncy Hare Townsend.

"The Pansy freaked with jet" is another species of *Viola* which is very common. It is the *Viola tricolor* of botanists, but it has a great variety of provincial names, of which *Heart's Ease* is the most common. Pansy is a corruption of the French *pensee*, a thought, "by which name," says Gerard, "they became known to the Brabanders and those of

* Haselquist, p. 254.

† "The epithet *canina* seems to have been given to it, as to the hedge-rose, to express a degree of inferiority or unworthiness, as if a dog were always a less respectable or useful animal than his master."—*Sir J. E. Smith*.

the Lowe Countries that are next adjoining." Ophelia (in *Hamlet*) says,

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
Pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies,
That's for thoughts.

It is also called "Three faces under a hood," "Cull me to you," and "Love in idleness," under which latter appellation it has been immortalized by Shakspeare in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The Heart's Ease is much improved by culture, and forms endless varieties. It is a curious circumstance that a number of the violets produce occasionally their fructifications without the petals. Withering observes from Curtis, of the *hairy violet* (*Viola hirta*), that "after the first flowers are withered, the plant continues, for a month or more, to throw out others entirely destitute of petals, or with only the rudiments of them, which never appear beyond the calyx, but with all the other parts of fructification perfect, and producing, as the first crop, perfect seeds."

There are about eighty different species of *Viola*, several of which, besides the *Viola odorata*, are sweet-scented. One species, the *subterraneous violet* (*Viola subterranea*), grows in beech-woods on the mountains of Pennsylvania. Its flowers are very small, and of a chocolate colour, and are always covered either with fallen leaves or rotten wood, and the seed-vessels penetrate into the ground.

The Public Journals.

SCHINDERHANNES, THE BRIGAND.

[An outline of this splendid villain's career of crime will be found in vol. xiii. of the *Mirror*: the subjoined details fill in, or complete the picture. They are translated from the *Causées Criminelles Célèbres*, in *Fraser's Magazine* for the current month.]

Schinderhannes was born at Muhlen, on the right bank of the Rhine, in 1779, and his father gained his livelihood by skinning cattle. He was scarcely four years of age when his father left Muhlen to emigrate into Poland; but, on the journey, he enlisted in the imperial regiment of Hildburghausen, which was then in garrison at Olmutz, in Moravia. When he was nine years of age, his father deserted; his mother and himself followed him to the Prussian frontiers, where they again met with him. With a Prussian passport they came to the banks of the Rhine, at Merzweiler, on the Hündsruck, where his father was born. They successively resided at Hommerich, Langweilen, and Hobstetten, where his father was a *garde champeire*. Here Schinderhannes went to school; and at Cappeln he was confirmed in the Lutheran faith. After this his father lived at Hommerich, Kirchenbollach, Idar, and Weitsrod. At this last place he left his father, on ac-

count of his first avowed crime: this was in 1797.

He was then a little more than fifteen years of age. An innkeeper, by name Koch, gave him a louis to buy some brandy at Oberstein. Instead of fulfilling his commission, he spent the money in drink with a man named Hannfried. He dared not after this return to Weitsrod; but wandered into the country, when absolute hunger compelled him to his first open robbery. It was a horse, which he readily sold to one Henri Delis, at Trois Etangs.

He commenced his career singly; but very shortly he associated himself with others, and by his activity, courage, and resources, transcended and led his companions. He was an ardent admirer of the sex, and had several mistresses. At first he was enamoured of Marianne Schäfer: she was only fourteen, but beautiful in face, and lovely in person. Marianne's mother had had various dealings with Schinderhannes' band, the most conspicuous members of which proffered their suit to the youthful beauty; but they were severally rejected for the handsome captain. One of the number, however, nicknamed the Blacken-Klas, determined on the possession of Marianne, and forcing his way into her dwelling, he demanded to see her. Marianne concealed herself in the cellar, and the robber vented his rage in horrible threats, and departed after pillaging the dwelling. The mother complained to Schinderhannes when he came to visit his mistress; and he, accompanied by Seibert, pursued the depredator whom he overtook at Baldenau, where, falling on him without warning, he stabbed him repeatedly with a knife, and then despatched him with a bludgeon. At his trial, the captain said that it was not he, but Seibert, who gave the final blow. He could not be contradicted, for Seibert was dead.

The murder of the Jew Seligmann, by Black Peter, (one of the confederates of Schinderhannes,) made a great noise, and Schinderhannes left the district where it occurred for another; but, after a year's absence, he returned, and by a series of audacious proceedings spread consternation around. Beckenfeld was particularly auspicious to his exploits. Two worthy merchants of Mayence, and a Jew physician of Bingen, went to Bercherbach, near Kirm. The roads were rendered formidable by the banditti; and two individuals were noticed in an inn making inquiries about their return. The conveyance from Kreuznach took up the travellers, who were escorted by four armed men. They arrived at Sobernheim in safety, where they were persuaded to dismiss their escort, and hire two men who were reported to know well Black Peter and his band. They set out to complete their journey; but

the weather was foggy, and roads heavy; and when they were ascending a steep hill, the driver desired the two men to get down and lighten the carriage. They did so; the carriage moved on so rapidly, that they were unable to overtake it; and it was stopped within a short distance of Bockelheim by five men. One discharged a pistol at the party without hurting either of the travellers, and then commanded them to descend. Two of the robbers then fell on them, took every thing valuable from their persons, and ransacked the carriage. They then threatened the travellers with death if they divulged the transaction, and departed, taking with them a very considerable booty.

Each night was witness to fresh violence. Schinderhannes resolved to plunder the dwelling of Reigel of Otzweiler. He came by night to the mill of Antesmuhl, demanded admittance, and ordered the miller to prepare an excellent supper for himself and his companions. Various dainties were laid on the tables, and the robbers made a hearty repast. Not satisfied with their entertainment, they demanded money. But the little which the miller had, enraged the banditti; and they not only beat him severely, but broke his furniture, and then proceeded to Otzweiler. They were fifteen in number, and went directly to the residence of Reigel. Schinderhannes knocked at the door, and said that he was a member of the police come to seize persons denounced. He gained admission, and entered with Benzel and Engers, leaving the others to keep watch outside the house. They wanted to secure the inmates; but Reigel's son-in-law endeavoured to escape, and was wounded dangerously by a musket-ball. The robbers fell upon Reigel's wife, beat her, and threatened her life if she did not on the instant give up her valuables. Reigel on this endeavoured to escape by a window, but was brought down by a sure aim, and fell dead upon the spot. The neighbourhood was by this time awakened by the firing, and the robbers thought fit to retreat; but not before a woman in an adjoining house, who unadvisedly had opened her window, had been mortally wounded in the breast. The expedition was abortive.

Schinderhannes about this time became enamoured of Julie Bläsius, a musician's daughter, and determined to make her his own. She was extremely beautiful; and, on her examination, she thus accounted for having joined the fortunes of the bandit chief. "A man from Dickesbach," she said, "with whose name I am unacquainted, came to my native village, and met me in the cabaret of Jacques Frihsch, with my sister Margaret. This man told me and my sister that we must accompany him to the forest of Dolbach, about a quarter of a league from our abode, as some one wished to speak to

me there. He would neither mention to us his name, nor the reason of his invitation. I was at first unwilling to go there, but this man at last persuaded me. My sister was my companion. When I reached the forest I met a handsome young man, who proposed to me to leave my parents and follow him. Notwithstanding his fine promises, I refused his suit; but he threatened to kill me; and thus was I constrained to accompany this stranger. It was not till long after, and when I was far from my parents, that I learned his name. He was the famous Schinderhannes."

The chief gained considerable sums by levying a kind of *black mail* around the villages, and granting passports to merchants, Jews, and countrymen. He was, moreover, guilty of an act of glaring audacity, which is worth mentioning. With Pick and Dalleimer, he had posted himself on a rock near the castle of Bockelheim, where he was waiting for Jews returning from the fair of Kreutznach. Forty-five of them approached, and five peasants; but the robbers were not intimidated by numbers. The spot which they had selected for the robbery was a hollow in the road. Schinderhannes hid himself behind a rock, while his companions planted themselves in the opening of the pass. The Jews were suddenly called on to stand—the robbers issued from their concealment, and wounding two of their victims who attempted an escape, demanded their money from the party. But they were poor, and had only a few kreutzers. Being satisfied with this, the captain ordered all to take off their shoes and stockings, and place them in a heap. He then desired each to take his own. The consequence was, that a quarrel took place among the Jews: they who had surrendered their lives to the banditti, fought with determined fury about their shoes and stockings. Schinderhannes, to show his contempt for the party, gave his carbine to one of their body to hold, while he gathered from the ground the watches that he had taken from the Israelites.

His next conspicuous exploit was at Hottenbach, where a Jew named Wolff had been pointed out by others of his order as able and fit to come within the robber's black mail system. He sent the Jew an order for some handkerchiefs, tobacco, and money; but not being attended to, he knocked at Wolff's door very late one night, and requested the inmates to bring him forth some brandy. The Jew at first refused; but taking alarm, he opened his door, and the robbers rushed in and struck him to the ground. His wife was equally ill-treated; and even an infant in a cradle was not spared.

While this violence was being perpetrated in Wolff's house, one of the bandits forced the door of a neighbour named Marx, and compelled him to surrender his money

and valuables. The band then brought Wolff, his father-in-law, and Marx, into a cellar, and after making them distribute wine to the party, they desired them to remain quiet for a quarter of an hour, not to speak to any one on the subject of the robbery, and to send fifteen louis by a certain day to a particular spot.

Schinderhannes gained so much by this expedition, that he lived for some time at his ease. After tarrying on the other side of the Rhine, he became as active as ever. Accompanied by his wife, he concerted with some members of the *Niederländer band* to make a trial on the *maitre de poste*, at Wurges. This was successful. He made arrangements for regular tribute from the Jews of Hundsbal, and various other places. In some villages the local authorities allowed his proceedings in silence. He resolved on robbing Jacques Bör, of Marxheim, in 1801. A confederate resident in this place told him that the bailly (rent-meister) wished to see him, and that he must be disguised as a travelling wine-seller, lest his family should suspect the truth. Schinderhannes went to Marxheim; the bailly entertained him well, and proposed that he should rob Bör, against whom he had a deep grudge. The robbers took their station at a windmill near the village, and sent word to the bailly that Bör should be attacked in the night. His messenger brought back a present of wine, and a request that some of the booty should be left in a particular place. At night the robbers, about ten or twelve in number, proceeded to Marxheim, and met the watch, consisting of six men, who demanded where they were going in such number. "To rob a Jew," was the captain's unhesitating reply. They thundered at Bör's door, and told him Hannes wished to see him. He, recognising the robbers' voices, endeavoured to parley; then begged them to desist: but the delay making them savage, the Jew thought of retiring with his wife and children to the upper part of the house. The captain perceived him, forced the shutters, entered with one of his band, and followed Bör to his garret. There they beat him unmercifully, and left him lifeless; then, after collecting all the valuables from the shop into the *riz de chaussee*, they forced the first-floor door, where Madame Bör, who was in the room with her children, opened a chest of drawers, whence they abstracted thirty louis, and many articles in gold and silver. Altogether they collected a rich booty. While they were engaged in the robbery, the *corneur* (watchman) passed by the door, entered into conversation with the robbers, and went on without molesting them. Schinderhannes proceeded to the right bank of the Rhine, to sell the stolen merchandise.

Many robberies were committed at this

time—the robbers got money so fast, and in such plenty, that they gave themselves up to the grossest debauchery. This was not done in the dark forest or the gloomy cavern—but in the open face of day, in the midst of populous villages and towns, where they had not the slightest apprehension in showing themselves.

Schinderhannes had a narrow escape after a robbery at Ullmet. With six of his band he entered the house of a Jew, Herz, and collected an amazing booty: Herz and his wife were most cruelly treated. The alarm was sounded in the village; the inhabitants assembled and pursued the robbers, who were fortunate enough to reach the Schonwald. The captain's escape was more narrow on another occasion. With one comrade he joined Müller, and five others of the *Niederländer band*, and entered the house of a Jew at Bayerthal, in the palatinate. They cruelly treated the Jew, his wife, and servants; ransacked his storehouse; and were returning well satisfied with their acquisitions, when daylight set in, and they divided into two parties. Near Hausen he with his party saw a crowd of peasants, in great hubbub and alarm. Supposing they were in search of him and his comrades, they fled, and were pursued by the countrymen, who gained rapidly upon them. Two of the Belgians hid themselves in some bushes, but were discovered and taken. Schinderhannes and his comrade, Blüm, reached a wood, and climbed a tree; the thick foliage of which sufficiently screened them. The countrymen threaded the wood in vain, and gave up the search in despair. At night the chief reached Wooghausen, where he met Müller, Julie Bläsius, and others: they were in the loft of a small *cabaret*. Presently, the place was surrounded by some French and palatine *chasseurs*, who examined the house. Müller was caught by the side of Schinderhannes, but he lay concealed in some hay and escaped: Müller was released by the bailly of the village. Blüm was caught and delivered over to the civil authorities; and the bandit chief proceeded by the Neckar to the Black Forest.

He was not long before he returned to his old haunts and avocations. Robberies continued to be nightly committed, with stubborn audacity and needless cruelty. On one occasion they were plundering the mill of Kratzmann of Kratzmühle, near Marxheim. They had seized the miller by the throat, flung him to the ground, and tied him hand and foot, when they pulled his sick infirm mother-in-law from her bed, and applied burning *amadou* between her toes. They afterwards burned her chemise on her person with a candle, and held the candle under her arms. Schinderhannes at length took compassion on the expiring old woman, and dashed some water over her body.

After eighteen months of preliminary investigations, the robbers and their accomplices were arraigned: they were sixty-seven in number. The respective cases were minutely heard. Of the prisoners, twenty were found guilty of the crimes imputed to them; and Schinderhannes, Schmidt, Porn, Klein, Welsch, Schulz, and Müller the elder, were condemned to death as assassins; six to twenty-four years in the *bagnes*; three to twenty-two (of these, old Buckler was one); one to fourteen years; two to ten years; two to eight years; one to six years; one to two years' imprisonment. Julie Bläsus was acquitted of participation in the crimes of her husband, but found guilty of vagabondage, and of having received things from Buckler which she knew to have been acquired by robbery. She was condemned to two years' imprisonment. Bossmann and Charles Gabel were to have five months' imprisonment; the women, Schulz and Reinhard, were to be banished the republic. Those who were condemned to irons were for six hours to be exhibited on a scaffold, according to law: all others were to be discharged.

Schinderhannes during his trial had preserved a light and gay demeanour; he was not touched on hearing his own sentence, but gave utterance to an emotion of joy on hearing the mild fate of Julie Bläsus. On leaving the court, the robber said to the assembled multitude, "Regardez-moi, bien; car aujourd'hui et demain c'est pour la dernière fois." His guard wished to hurry him; but he exclaimed, "Hé, quoi! le bourreau est-il donc si impatient?"

The judgment of the criminal tribunal was without appeal; and execution was ordered for the morrow, the 21st of November, 1803. The chief seemed resigned, and received the sacrament. The prisoners were taken in five carts to the scaffold, which was erected where once stood the château of La Favorite. On his way, he saw an old acquaintance, to whom he said "Bon soir!" sending, at the same time, his last adieu to Julie. He then turned to the minister of religion, and said, "I will now explain to you how I came to follow so sad a life." He continued his account till they reached the scaffold, which he mounted with rapid steps. He examined the guillotine, and inquired if the blow were precise and sure, as it was reported to be? The officials told him it was. He wished to prepare himself for the fatal stroke, but was advised to submit to the usual routine. Then looking around on the multitude, he said, "J'ai mérité la mort; mais dix de mes camarades meurent innocens. Voilà mes dernières paroles!"

The twenty criminals were executed in twenty-six minutes. The sight of the coffins, which were arranged along the scaffold, and of the fatal instrument, shook the courage of

the stoutest of its destined victims. Schinderhannes alone laid down his head with calmness. His death was the harbinger of peace and security to the provinces of the Rhine.—(*Abridged.*)

Old Poets.

SPECIMENS OF SHIRLEY.

(From a Paper on his Life and Writings, in the *Quarterly Review*.)

ON THE "RECOVERY OF THE EARL OF STAFFORD."

MY LORD, the voice that did your sickness tell,
Struck like a midnight chime or knell;

At every sound

I took into my sense a wound,
Which had no cure till I did hear
Your health again

Restor'd, and then

There was a balsam pour'd into mine ear. * *

But hymns are now required; 'tis time to rise,

And pay the altar sacrifice:

My heart allows

No gums, nor amber, but pure vows;

There's fire at breathing of your name,

And do not fear—

I have a tear

Of joy, to curb any immodest flame.

DEATH.

— I have not lived

After the rate to fear another world.

We come from nothing into life, a time

We measure with a short breath, and that often

Made tedious too, with our own cares that fill it,

Which like so many atoms in a sunbeam,

But crowd and jostle one another. All

From the adored purple to the haircloth,

Must centre in a shade, and they that have

Their virtues to wait on them, bravely mock

The rugged storms that so much fright them here,

When their soul's launch'd by death into a sea

That's ever calm.

THE PASSING BELL.

HARK! how chimes the passing bell!

There's no music to a knell:

All the other sounds we hear

Flatter, and but cheat the ear.

This doth put us still in mind

That our flesh must be resigned,

And, a general silence made,

The world be muffled in a shade.

Orpheus' lute, as poets tell,

Was but moral of this bell

And the captive soul was she

Which they call Euridice,

Rescued by our holy groan,

A loud echo to this tone.

He that on his pillow lies

Tear-embalmed before he dies,

Carries, like a sheep, his life

To the sacrificer's knife.

FASHION.

[The following scene is from the *Lady of Pleasure*, a play which, but for one wanton and unnecessary blemish, might be quoted almost throughout as a very curious and lively description of fashionable manners in the days of Charles I. Aretina, the wife of Sir Thomas Bornwell, is the Lady Townley, or the Lady Teazle of an older date:]—

Steward. Be patient, madam, you may have your pleasure.

Lady Bornwell. 'Tis that I came to town for. I would not

Endure again the country conversation,

To be the lady of six shires!—The men,

So near the primitive making, they retain

A sense of nothing but the earth; their brains,
And barren heads standing as much in want
Of ploughing as their ground. To hear a fellow
Make himself merry and his horse, with whistling
Selling's Round! To observe with what solemnity
They keep their wakes, and throw for pewter candle-
sticks!

How they become the morris, with whose bells
They ring all in to Whitsun-ales; and sweat,
Through twenty scarfs and napkins, till the hobby-
horse

Tire, and the Maid Marian, dissolv'd to a jelly,
Be kept for spoon-meat!

Stew. These, with your pardon, are no argument
To make the country life appear so hateful;
At least, to your particular, who enjoy'd
A blessing in that calm, would you be pleas'd
To think so, and the pleasure of a kingdom;
While your own will commanded what should move
Delights, your husband's love and power join'd
To give your life more harmony. You liv'd there
Secure and innocent, beloved of all;
Prais'd for your hospitality, and pray'd for:
You might be envied; but malice knew
Not where you dwelt. I would not prophesy,
But leave to your own apprehension
What may succeed your change.

Lady B. You do imagine,
No doubt, you have talk'd wisely, and confuted
London past all defence. Your master should
Do well to send you back into the country,
With title of superintendent-bailiff.

Stew. How, madam!

Enter SIR THOMAS BORNWELL.

Born. How now? What's the matter?

Stew. Nothing, sir.

Born. Angry, sweetheart?

Lady B. I am angry with myself,
To be so miserably restrain'd in things,
Wherein it doth concern your love and honour
To see me satisfied.

Born. In what, Aretina,
Dost thou accuse me? Have I not obey'd
All thy desires?—against mine own opinion
Quitted the country, and removed the hope
Of our return, by sale of that fair lordship
We lived in?—changed a calm and retired life
For this wild town, compos'd of noise and charge?

Lady B. What charge, more than is necessary for
A lady of my birth and education? • • •

Born. Your charge of gaudy furniture, and pictures
Of this Italian master, and that Dutchman;
Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery,
Brought home on engines; the superfluous plate,
Antique and novel; vanities of tires;
Four-score pound suppers for my lord your kinsman,
Banquets for t'other lady aunt, and cousins,
And perfumes that exceed all: train of servants
To stifle us at home, and shew abroad
More motley than the French or the Venetian,
About your coach, whose rude postilion
Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers
And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls;
And common cries pursue your ladyship,
For hindering of their market.

Lady B. Have you done, sir?

Born. I could accuse the gaiety of your wardrobe,
And prodigal embroideries, under which
Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare
Not shew their own complexions; your jewels,
Able to burn out the spectators' eyes,
And shew like bouffes on you by the tapers:
I could urge something more.

Lady B. Pray do, I like
Your homily of thrift.

Born. I could wish, madam,
You would not game so much.

Lady B. A gamester too!

Born. But are not come to that acquaintance yet,
Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit.
You look not through the subtlety of cards,
And mysteries of dice; nor can you save
Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls,

And keep your family by the precious income;
Nor do I wish you should: my poorest servant
Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire,
Purchase'd beneath my honour. You make play
Not a pastime but a tyranny, and vex
Yourself and my estate by it.

Lady B. Good! proceed.

Born. Another game you have, which consumes
more

Your fame than purse: your revels in the night,
Your meetings call'd the BALL, to which repair,
As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants,
And ladies, thither bound by a subpoena
Of Venus, and small Cupid's high displeasure;
'Tis but the Family of Love translated
Into more costly sin!

Lady B. Have you concluded?

Born. I have done; and howsoever
My language may appear to you, it carries
No other than my fair and just intent
To your delights, without curb to their modest
And noble freedom.

Anecdote Gallery.

THAT YOU MUST LOVE ME, AND LOVE MY
DOG.

AN excellent story to this moral is told of
Merry, of Della Cruscan memory. In tender
youth, he loved and courted a modest appa-
nage to the Opera, in truth a dancer, who
had won him by the artless contrast between
her manners and situation. She seemed to
him a native violet, that had been transplanted
by some rude accident into that exotic and
artificial hotbed. Nor, in truth, was she less
genuine and sincere than she appeared to
him. He wooed and won this flower. Only
for appearance's sake, and for due honour to
the bride's relations, she craved that she
might have the attendance of her friends and
kindred at the approaching solemnity. The
request was too amiable not to be conceded;
and in this solicitude for conciliating the
good will of mere relations, he found a pre-
sage of her superior attentions to himself,
when the golden shaft should have "killed
the flock of all affections else." The morn-
ing came; and at the Star and Garter, Rich-
mond—the place appointed for the break-
fasting—accompanied with one English
friend, he impatiently awaited what rein-
forcements the bride should bring to grace
the ceremony. A rich muster she had made.
They came in six coaches—the whole corps
du ballet—French, Italian, men and women.
Monsieur de B., the famous *pirouetter* of the
day, led his fair spouse, but craggy, from the
banks of the Seine. The prima donna had
sent her excuse. But the first and second
buffs were there; and Signor Sc—, and
Signora Ch—, and Madame V—, with a
countless cavalcade besides of chorusers,
figurantes, at the sight of whom Merry
afterwards declared, that "then for the first
time it struck him seriously, that he was
about to marry—a dancer." But there was
no help for it. Besides, it was her day;
These were, in fact, her friends and kinsfolk.

The assemblage, though whimsical, was all very natural. But when the bride—handing out of the last coach a still more extraordinary figure than the rest—presented to him as her *father*—the gentleman that was to *give her away*—no less a person than Signor Delpini himself—with a sort of pride, as much as to say, See what I have brought to do us honour!—the thought of so extraordinary a paternity quite overcame him; and slipping away under some pretence from the bride and her motley adherents, poor Merry took horse from the back yard to the nearest sea-coast, from which, shipping himself to America, he shortly after consoled himself with a more congenial match in the person of Miss Brunton; relieved from his intended clown father, and a bevy of painted buffas for bridesmaids.—*Last Essays of Elia.*

Manners and Customs.

THE BRAHMINS.

(Concluded from page 148.)

THE Hindoo modification of the institution of casts* clearly exhibits the origin of a system which was evidently invented by the priests for their own advantage. The ingenuity of various authors has been exercised in tracing the origin of the Brahmins, or priestly and legislative tribe; who, from their extraordinary ascendancy over the rest of the people, are supposed by some to have been a race of foreign conquerors, by whom the natives were reduced both to moral and political subjection. That India was peopled in the early ages after the deluge, there is scarcely a reason to doubt; and if so, the origin of the Brahminical system may be sought for in what appears, by the evidence of history, to be the natural progression of human society.

The few remaining monuments of ancient history, form a great presumption in favour of their antiquity; since the first Greek philosopher went to them to learn mathematics; and the most ancient curiosities, those col-

lected by the Emperors of China, are all Indian, as it is attested by the relations in Du Halde's collection.

The Shastah is the first theological book of the Brahmins, written about fifteen hundred years before the Vedah. Their annals make no mention of any war undertaken by them at any time; and it is most singular that the Shastah, which speaks of a conspiracy in heaven, makes no mention of any war in the great peninsula between the Indus and Ganges. The Indian books announce only peace and mildness; they even forbid the killing of animals.

According to the Shastah it was a formal disobedience of the orders of the Most High, which God punished by relegating the rebellious angels to a vast place of darkness, called Onderah, for the term of a whole monon-thour, which is a hundred and twenty-six millions of our years: but God vouchsafed to pardon the guilty at the end of five thousand years; and turned them into Mhurd, or men, and placed them on our globe.

The rights and pagods of the Brahmins, prove that among them all was allegorical. They still represent virtue in the form of a woman with ten arms, combating ten mortal sins, typified by monsters.

In the Brahmin law there are ten commandments, which enjoin the avoiding of so many sins. They are divided into three classes;—the sins of the body; those of speech; and those of the will or inclination. To assault or kill our neighbour, to rob him, and to violate the chastity of women, are the sins of the body. To dissemble, to lie, to slander, and speak ill of our neighbour, are the sins of speech. Those of the will, consist in wishing evil; in beholding with envy the possession of others; and, in not feeling compassion for the miseries of other people. These ten commandments tend to obliterate the remembrance of all their ridiculous rites. By them we perceive, that however absurd, or different may be the ceremonies and customs of nations, morality heals the division, and is uniform in its effects. W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

Family Attainments.—A medical gentleman, distinguished not only for his professional ability, but likewise for his attachment to literature, being in a very debilitated condition from the effects of long illness, engaged a young man to read to him. It happened that the person who was recommended to the doctor for this purpose had not exactly received what is termed a *liberal education*; in fact, he had been accustomed to dispense other than literary sweets, having taken his degrees in a magazine of spices and groceries. It will, therefore, not appear surprising, that

* Hamilton derives this word from Khaist. The four original classes are the Brahmins, or priests and legislators; the Kahatryas, rajahs, or soldiers; the Vaisyas, or merchants and cultivators; and the Sudras, or inferior labourers and artificers. In the Manava Dharma Sastra, a work supposed by Sir William Jones to have been written 880 years a.c., a list of sixty mixed and degraded tribes is given, and thirty others alluded to, the names of which are not stated. Abul Fazel says, that there is a branch of the Bless tribe, called in the Hindoo language Bunnick, or grain merchants; and of these there are no less than eighty-four tribes: among whom are mendicants, men of learning, artists, magicians, handicrafts, and such expert jugglers, that their tricks pass for miracles with the vulgar, and impose upon those that are wiser. Of the second cast there are upwards of 500 subdivisions; and one of these subdivisions, the Rajpoots, there are a thousand. It is stated by Mr. Colebrooke, in the Asiatic Researches, that from the intermarriages of the four original tribes, the subdivisions of these classes have further multiplied distinctions to an endless variety.

on being installed in his lectureship, several *apropos linguae* occurred in the execution of his office, which not a little astonished as well as annoyed the sensitive ear of his learned auditor. At length the unfortunate reader, meeting with one of those exquisite polysyllables of Greek derivation, equally the delight of the pedant and the terror of the uninitiated, fairly broke down. Disconcerted at the circumstance, the doctor inquired of him whether he had ever learned Greek or Latin; not receiving an immediate answer to his question, "Do you mean, sir," said the sick gentleman, "to tell me that you know *any* language but English?" The unfortunate catechumen, thus completely screwed to the sticking-place, reluctantly acknowledged that he did not, but gravely assured the interrogator that *he had a brother who was perfectly acquainted with French.*

Novel Deserter.—A naval officer, who held a civil employment at Rhode Island during the American war of independence, and who was of a remarkably spare, skeleton-like figure, was stopped by a sentinel late one night, on his return from a visit, and shut up in the sentry-box, the soldier declaring that he should remain there until his officer came his rounds at twelve o'clock. "My good fellow," said Mr. W—, "I have told you who I am; and I really think you ought to take my word."—"It will not do," replied the soldier; "I am by no means satisfied." Then, taking from his pocket a quarter of a dollar, and presenting it, "Will that satisfy you?"—"Why, yes, I think it will."—"And, now that I am released, pray tell me why you detained me at your post?"—"I apprehended you," said the soldier, "as a deserter from the churchyard."

The same officer, when a young man, and a stranger to London, stopped a gentleman to ask his way to the Admiralty. "Are you not mistaken in your inquiry?" said the gentleman: "I should think that your business lies with the Victualling Office."

Royal Mirth.—In the time of Edward II. a hearty laugh cost the king four crowns. We find in the Antiquarian Repository, the following item in one of the king's accounts: "Item. When the king was at Walmer, to Morris, the clerk of the kitchen, who when the king was hunting did ride before the king, and often fell down from his horse, wherewith the king laughed greatly, 20s.!"

Past and present Slavery in England.—Under the Anglo-Saxons, parents exposed their children for sale in the market-place like cattle. Revolting as this is to human nature, we may be consoled by believing that it was the poverty of the parents in most cases that consented, not the will; for it is less painful to contemplate distress than depravity; and we may be humbled by the

certainty that the condition of the children thus consigned to bondage was far, far happier than that of those who, in our own days, are—not sold indeed,—but bound to a chimney sweeper or a cotton mill.—*Southey's Naval History.*

Excuse for Drinking.—It is related of Mr. Alderman Faulkener, of convivial memory, that one night when he expected his guests to sit late and try the strength of his claret and his head, he took the precaution of placing in his wine-glass a strawberry, which his doctor, he said, had recommended to him on account of its cooling qualities: on the faith of this specific, he drank even more deeply, and, as might be expected, was carried away at an earlier period and in rather a worse state, than was usual with him. When some of his friends condoled with him next day, and attributed his misfortune to six bottles of claret which he had imbibed, the Alderman was extremely indignant—"the claret," he said, "was sound, and never could do any man any harm—his discomfiture was altogether caused by that damned single strawberry" which he had kept all night at the bottom of his glass.—*Quarterly Review.*

Dry Rot.—In buildings on shore, more particularly large and public ones, only occasionally heated by fires, the effects of this timber-pest have of late been almost as destructive and costly as in the fleet and the dock-yard. The palace of Kew, a very recent structure, was obliged to be levelled to the ground solely from this cause: we believe we might say very nearly the same of the Royal Lodge in Windsor Park, demolished, all but a single room, immediately after the death of its founder King George IV.; and we fear there is truth in the prevalent report, that the malady has already manifested itself in the newly restored parts of Windsor Castle itself. In the churches lately erected in and about London, the damage caused in this way is known to be enormous.—*Ibid.*

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OF

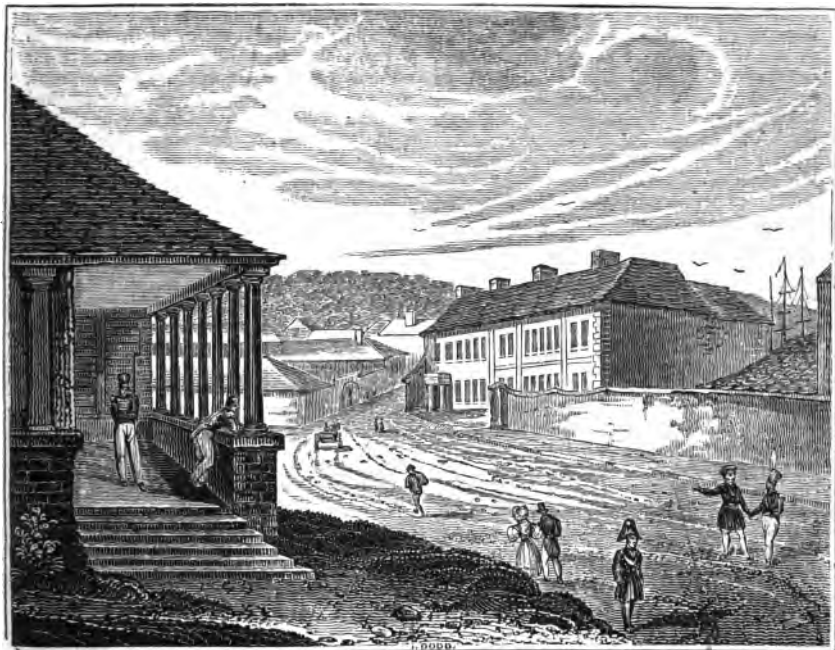
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No. 601.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.

NEW SOUTH WALES.



PRINCIPAL STREET IN SYDNEY.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SYDNEY.

SYDNEY—NEW SOUTH WALES.

FIVE-AND-FORTY years since, the first ship-load of convicts was landed at Botany Bay, and the important labour of colonization commenced. Yet, so rapid has been its progress, that the present capital of the British settlements here may be regarded as the germ of a powerful empire. Sydney has its banks, joint stock associations, schools, newspapers, periodical publications, and we believe, its *Mirror*. Such improvement has outstripped anticipation, and is the more surprising when we consider the character and habits of the convicts annually landed on these shores, and the difficulties which the great distance from England interpose in the way of an emigration of voluntary settlers.

Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, and of the British settlements in New Holland, or Australia, lies in lat. 33° 15' S., lon. 151° 15' E. It is built on a cove on the south side of Port Jackson, about seven miles from its mouth, which you enter between two high bluff points, named the North and South heads, about three quarters of a mile apart. Proceeding onwards, the sweet, natural scenery of the queen of harbours expands upon your view. You steer nearly west to Sydney, which is distant five miles; the first glimpse you have of its situation being the tall and slender spire of St. George's church, shooting up into the clear horizon before you. The shores onward are bold, and often precipitous, agreeably varied in their general outline by romantic little bays. A few rocky islands, feathered lightly with scrubby brushwood, lie carelessly scattered, as it were, along the course of the harbour; but none of them realize the *poetical* image of Campbell,

And the long isles of Sydney Cove to view :

the most noted being one fronting the Cove, bearing the unpoetical name of Pinchgut, on account of its having been the primitive prison of the colony, and the spot, also, whereon malefactors were formerly hung in chains.

Sydney Cove is formed by two ridges running out into the harbour; the one to the left terminating in Bennilong's Point, on the low extremity whereof stands Fort Macquarrie, with its castellated martello towers; and that to the right is Dawes' Point, with a fort bearing that name, which, in like manner occupies its extremity. Down the hollow, between these ridges, a small rill trickles slowly into the head of the Cove, in the rocky sandstone bed of which tanks have been cut, to retain the water during the summer drought. Along this hollow, for upwards of a mile in a westerly direction, extends the main thoroughfare, George-street, (*See the first Engraving*;) while all the other streets either run parallel to, or at right angles,—the town thus occu-

pying the whole of the hollow, and creeping up the gradual ascents on each side.

"The ridge on the left is successively crowned by the lofty-looking buildings of the Horse Barracks, the Colonial Hospital, the Convict Barracks, and a fine Gothic Catholic chapel; beyond which lies the promenade of Hyde Park, flanked towards the town by a row of pretty cottages, and towards the country by a high brick-walled garden, appertaining to the government. On the ridge to the right of the Cove, rows rising above rows of neat, white cottages present themselves, overlooked by the commanding position of Fort Philip, with its signal-post and telegraphic appendages; following which line, we behold in succession the Military Hospital and wind-mill, St. James's Church, the Gothic Presbyterian kirk; and beyond these the Military Barracks, forming three-fourths of a large square, and opening to George-street. A few hundred yards from the head of the Cove, towards the left, stands the Governor's House, with its beautiful domain in front, ornamented by large trees, of the finest and most varied foliage, scattered singly or in clumps; with a fine belt of shrubbery closing in the back ground;—the whole occupying a space from beyond the head of the Cove to near Bennilong's Point."—(*See the Second Engraving*.)

"Near the harbour, where ground is very valuable, the houses are usually contiguous, like those of the towns in England; but, generally speaking, the better sort of houses in Sydney are built in the detached cottage style—of white freestone, or of brick, plastered and whitewashed, one or two stories high, with verandas in front, and enclosed by a neat, wooden paling, lined occasionally with trim-pruned geranium hedges;—they have besides a commodious garden attached.

Although all you see are English faces, and you hear no other language but English spoken, yet you soon become aware you are in a country very different from England, by the number of parrots and other birds of strange note and plumage which you observe hanging at so many doors, and cagefuls of which you will soon see exposed for sale as you proceed. The government gangs of convicts, also, marching backwards and forwards from their work, in single military file, and the solitary ones straggling here and there, with their white woollen Paramatta frocks and trousers, or grey or yellow jackets, with duck overalls, (the different styles of dress denoting the oldness or newness of their arrival,) all daubed over with broad arrows, "P. B.'s," "C. B.'s," and various numerals in black, white, and red, with perhaps the jail-gang straddling sulkily by in their jingling leg-chains—tell a tale too plain to be misunderstood.

Sydney, from the scattered state of its

buildings, necessarily occupies a great extent of ground, stretching from Dawes' Point, in the line of George-street, and a mile and a half in length; and from the top of the ridge on the left, across that on the right, (quite to Darling Harbour beyond,) about one-fifth of that distance in breadth. The streets are commonly named after the various governors, secretaries, and other public officers who have borne sway in the colony: thus we have Phillip, Hunter, King, Bligh, Macquarrie, Brisbane, O'Connell, Erskine, Campbell, and Goulburn-streets.

Sydney contains the parish churches of St. Philip on the right, and St. George on the left; also a Presbyterian kirk; a Methodist and a Catholic chapel; a male orphan school, endowed by the government; and a benevolent asylum, supported by private charity. It has steam flour-mills, water-mills, and wind-mills, in the immediate vicinity; while a number of breweries are scattered about the town; extensive distilleries have also been erected.

George-street contains a commodious market-house, and a jail—a most wretched structure, though “a more commodious” one stands on the South-head road. The Court-house for civil and criminal proceedings stands close to St. Philip's, fronting Hyde Park.

The Government House, shown in the Engraving, is well appointed. The Governor here gives public dinners, and his good lady here even more social *souirées*. “Neither does Mrs. Darling confine her polite attentions solely to the adult; but extends them likewise to the juvenile portion of the population, who are gratified with several youthful fetes. This lady is also one of the most zealous patronizers of the schools for poor children,” and patroness of other laudable institutions.

The population of Sydney was stated in the last census, 1828, at 11,000; and the entire population of the colony at 35,598.

We are indebted for the substance of these details to Mr. Cunningham's sensible and accredited work, entitled *Two Years in New South Wales*.

LONDON AS IT IS.

“CHANGE.”

I REMEMBER my *debut* at the Royal Exchange; it was a hot afternoon, in the earliest day of August; the Revolution across the Channel was effecting, and the thunder of the event was here reverberated from the thousand and one anxious tongues congregated in this deafening arena of commercial activity and strife. Ever curious “to trace the mind's complexion in the face,” so soon as I recovered from the stunning clamour, I essayed to peruse a few leaves from the ponderous and medley chaptered volume offered to my observation.

S 2

Surmise sat on every countenance. Here a group of anxious inquirers and greedy listeners, besetting a retailer of chips and stray faggots from the bundle of political gossip;—there a knot of economists, sagely instituting a new scheme of government for the disorganized state;—here the rubicund countenance of Mr. R., (the great importer), its purplean glow heightened at the anticipated rise in wines and French brandies;—there the woe-begone visage of a chop-fallen speculator in French *rentes*. “The king has fled from Rambouillet!” doled out one. “He has embarked at Cherbourg!” quoth a second—“and intelligence has arrived that he is on his way to England.” “Charles has landed at Plymouth!” interrupted a portentous looking personage, who just joined our *clique*. A bustle at the great southern entrance to ‘Change, with the appearance of a busy, news-gathering, dapper-looking sort of creature—his little grey eyes redolent of intelligence, prematurely consigned the importance of the last speaker to oblivion. “The King has arrived in London—at Jau-nay's, Leicester-square!—the Chambers are convoked—France voted a Republic—Lafayette President—*Rentes* have *rix*!”

“Huzza!” shouted the chop-fallen speculator. “Fudge!” growled Mr. R. “It's a truth, ‘pon honour,” continued the dapper—“just had it of Mr. B., of Mincing-lane, who got it in a note from Sir Charles F——, who procured it of R—th's—d, and who has just seen one of the under sec.'s, who had just arrived from the Treasury, where they had that moment received an express from Paris. I say, R., what will you let me have those brandies for, eh?—give you three and two—only two shillings under what I bade for them this morning.” And R. took three and two. “I say, P——, a friend of mine holds six thousand in *rentes*;—now's your time;—they're yours at five over last quotation!” And P—— accepted the dapper's quotation. Thus much for ‘Change mendacity. The man of intelligence negotiated poor R.'s brandies in half an hour at five and twopence, and the chop-fallen speculator sold out at whatever his *rentes* could bring.

When in the mood, I delight immersing and associating myself in sentiment with the anxious individuals of “many a clime and many a tongue,” who make up the gross concretion of this motley crowd. The swart Indian, of either hemisphere, from the jungles of the east and the savannahs of the west,—the lively Frenchman and phlegmatic Dutchman,—the rich Armenian, and the dexterous Greek,—the effeminate Italian, the haughty Spaniard, and the calculating American,—here they are, tributaries to the mighty stream, which swells up the tide of commerce to our modern Tyre.

It is amusing to ruminate on the various

countenances agitated by one actuating principle. Although one of the crowd, and anxious, (in my brief way,) as any around, I always find in the pauses of my pursuits, an opportunity of retiring within myself, and in the most stunning din, of wrapping on the sable mantle of reflection, which "librates and exempts me from them all ;"

"For mine is not the spirit that avails
'Midst temporal dealings these communings strange:
Albeit 'disgracious in the city's eyes ;'
Often I meet rare Trinculo's at Lloyd's,
And Hamlet sweetly walks with me on 'Change."

The commercial enterprise of London may be divided into four classes—the Capitalists, the Shipping Interest, the Holders, and Brokers. The latter useful class may be divided into Commercial and Billbrokers. To purchase for any market, whatever it may be—of calicoes, wine, wood, tallow, coffee, &c.—the holder of such articles is rarely applied to, but through the intervention of the broker, who negotiates the transaction at a per centage on the amount. The operations of the first class—namely, the Capitalists—are chiefly confined to the Stock Exchange. The last three are more immediately connected with our subject. All bargains of importance are driven and closed on 'Change ; you may trundle a whole morning away in the counting-house, and not effect a single transaction. The hour of 'Change arrives—the stream of population sets in—Lloyd's, the Mart, Toms's, and the other fifty rendezvous, pour forth their myriads—and in a few minutes it is one dense, undulating mass. This is the *trading* time for buying, bartering, selling, insuring ; ships are freighted to all parts of the world ; insurances effected, and the elements estimated at a discount ; cargoes bought, at the time, perhaps, in the maw of Amphitrite ; crops sold, ere Nature has yielded up the birth. Here you may stipulate for timber, now waving on Norwegian hills ; or contract for the oil of Leviathan, whose golden fins are even then gambolling in the pale glory of an Arctic sun. I.

AFTER BATTLE.

Up with our flag,
On tower and crag,
The vanquished crouch before us !
The battle's fought,
The conquest wrought,
And victory's sun shines o'er us !
Our country's name
Was won to fame,
When tyrants o'er ran her ;
With noble soul
She spurned control,
And planted freedom's banner !
And now we stand
A conquering band,
In dauntless ranks assembled ;
Tho' some are slain,
Their loss is gain—
They fell, but never trembled !
One shout for home,
Where'er we roam,

And one for those who love us ;
The blood-red bier
Of Death, a tear—
And thanks to Heaven above us !

Wave, wave our flag,
O'er tower and crag !
The brightest page in story—
This day will crown
With rich renown—
To blaze in deathless glory !

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

EARTH-EATERS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

(By Baron Humboldt.)

SINCE my return to Europe, the fact of eating earth has become a subject of warm dispute, because two assertions have been confounded together, which are extremely different ; that of eating earth, and that of being nourished by it. Though we could stay only one day at Uruana, this short space of time sufficed to instruct us in the preparation of the poya, or balls of earth. I also found some traces of this vitiated appetite among the Guamoos, and between the confluence of the Meta and the Apure, where every body speaks of geophagy as of a thing anciently known. I shall here confine myself to an account of what we ourselves saw, or heard from the missionary whom an unhappy fatality had doomed to live for twelve years among the savage and turbulent tribe of the Otomacs.

The inhabitants of Uruana belong to those nations of the savannahs, who, more difficult to civilize than the nations of the forest, have a decided aversion to cultivate the land, and live almost exclusively on hunting and fishing. They are men of a very robust constitution, but ugly, savage, vindictive, and passionately fond of fermented liquors. They are omnivorous animals in the highest degree ; and therefore the other Indians who consider them as barbarians, have a common saying, "Nothing is so disgusting, that an Otomac will not eat it." While the waters of the Orinoco and its tributary streams are low, the Otomacs subsist on fish and turtles. The former they kill with surprising dexterity, by shooting them with an arrow when they appear at the surface of the water. When the rivers swell, which in South America, as well as in Egypt and in Nubia, is erroneously attributed to the melting of the snows, and which occurs periodically in every part of the torrid zone, fishing almost entirely ceases. It is then as difficult to procure fish in the rivers, which are become deeper, as when you are sailing on the open sea. It often fails the poor missionaries on fast-days as well as flesh-days, though all the young Indians are under the obligation of "fishing for the convent." At the period of these inundations, which last two or three months, the Otomacs swallow a prodigious quantity of earth.

We found heaps of balls in their huts, piled up in pyramids three or four feet high. These balls were five or six inches in diameter. The earth which the Otomacs eat is a very fine and unctuous clay, of a yellowish-grey colour; and being slightly baked in the fire, the hardened crust has a tint inclining to red, owing to the oxide of iron which is mingled with it. We brought away some of this earth, which we took from the winter provision of the Indians; and it is absolutely false that it is steatitic, and contains magnesia. M. Vauquelin did not discover any traces of this earth in it; but he found that it contained more silex than alumina, and three or four per cent of lime.

The Otomacs do not eat every kind of clay indifferently: they choose the alluvial beds or strata that contain the most unctuous earth, and the smoothest to the feel. I inquired of the missionary, whether the moistened clay were made to undergo, as Father Gumilla asserts, that peculiar decomposition which is indicated by a disengagement of carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen, and which is designated in every language by the term putrefaction? but he assured us, that the natives neither cause the clay to rot, nor do they mingle it with flour of maize, oil of turtles' eggs, or fat of the crocodile. We ourselves examined, both at the Orinoco and after our return to Paris, the balls of earth which we brought away with us, and found no trace of the mixture of any organic substance, whether oily or farinaceous. The savage regards every thing as nourishing, that appeases hunger. When therefore you inquire of an Otomac, on what he subsists during the two months when the river is the highest, he shows you his balls of clayey earth. This he calls his principal food; for at this period he can seldom procure a lizard, a root of fern, or a dead fish swimming at the surface of the water.

If the Indian eat earth from want during two months, (and from three quarters to five quarters of a pound in twenty-four hours), he does not the less regale himself with it during the rest of the year. Every day in the season of drought, when fishing is most abundant, he scrapes his balls of poya, and mingles a little clay with his other aliment. What is most surprising is, that the Otomacs do not become lean by swallowing such quantities of earth: they are, on the contrary, extremely robust, and far from having the belly tense and puffed up. The missionary Fray Ramon Bueno asserts, that he never remarked any alteration in the health of the natives at the period of the great risings of the Orinoco.

The following are the facts in all their simplicity, which we were able to verify. The Otomacs during some months eat daily three quarters of a pound of clay, slightly hardened by fire, without their health being sensibly

affected by it. They moisten the earth afresh when they are going to swallow it. It has not been possible to verify hitherto with precision how much nutritious vegetable or animal matter the Indians take in a week at the same time; but it is certain, that they attribute the sensation of satiety which they feel, to the clay, and not to the wretched aliments which they take with it occasionally. No physiological phenomenon being entirely insulated, it may be interesting to examine several analogous phenomena, which I have been able to collect.

I observed everywhere within the torrid zone, in a great number of individuals, children, women, and sometimes even full grown men, an inordinate and almost irresistible desire of swallowing earth—not an alkaline or calcareous earth, to neutralize (as it is vulgarly said) acid juices, but a fat clay, unctuous, and exhaling a strong smell. It is often found necessary to tie the children's hands, or to confine them, to prevent their eating earth when the rain ceases to fall. At the village of Banco, on the bank of the river Magdalena, I saw the Indian women who make pottery, continually swallowing great pieces of clay. These women were not in a state of pregnancy; and they affirmed that "earth is an aliment which they do not find hurtful." In other American tribes, people soon fall sick, and waste away, when they yield too much to this mania of eating earth. We found at the mission of San Borja, an Indian child of the Guahibo nation who was as thin as a skeleton. The mother informed us by an interpreter, that the little girl was reduced to this lamentable state of atrophy in consequence of a disordered appetite, having refused during four months to take almost any other food than clay. Yet San Borja is only twenty-five leagues distant from [the mission of] Uruana, inhabited by that tribe of the Otomacs, who, from the effect no doubt of a habit progressively acquired, swallow the poya without experiencing any pernicious effects. Father Gumilla asserts, that the Otomacs purge themselves with oil, or rather with melted fat of the crocodile, when they feel any gastric obstructions; but the missionary whom we found among them was little disposed to confirm this assertion.

The Negroes on the coast of Guinea delight in eating a yellowish earth, which they call caouac. The slaves who are taken to America try to procure for themselves the same enjoyment; but it is constantly detrimental to their health. They say "that the earth of the West Indies is not so easy of digestion as that of their country." Thibaut de Chanvalon, in his voyage to Martinico, expresses himself very judiciously on that pathological phenomenon. "Another cause," he says, "of this pain in the stomach is, that several of the Negroes who come from

the coast of Guinea eat earth, not from a depraved taste, or in consequence of a disease, but from a habit contracted at home in Africa, where, they eat, they say, a particular earth, the taste of which they find agreeable, without suffering any inconvenience. They seek in our islands for the earth the most similar to this, and prefer a yellowish and volcanic tufa. It is sold secretly in our public markets; but this is an abuse which the police ought to correct. The Negroes who have this habit are so fond of caouac, that no chastisement will prevent their eating it."

In the Indian Archipelago, at the island of Java, M. Labillardière saw, between Surabaga and Samarang, little square and reddish cakes exposed to sale. These cakes, called *tanaampo*, were cakes of clay, slightly baked, which the natives eat with appetite.

The savage inhabitants of New Caledonia also, to appease their hunger in times of scarcity, eat great pieces of a friable lapis ollaris. M. Vauquelin analyzed this stone, and found in it, besides magnesia and silex in equal portions, a small quantity of oxide of copper. Mr. Goldberry had seen the Negroes in Africa, in the islands of Bunck and Los Idolos, eat an earth, of which he had himself eaten without being incommoded by it, and which also was a white and friable steatite.

In looking over these examples, which are all taken from the torrid zone, we are struck by the idea of finding a taste, which nature, it would seem, should have reserved for the inhabitants of the most sterile regions, prevail among races of rude and indolent men, who live in the finest and most fertile countries on the globe. We saw at Popayan, and in several mountainous parts of Peru, lime reduced to a very fine powder, sold in the public markets, to the natives among other articles of provision. This powder, when used, is mingled with cocoa. It is well known that Indian messengers take no other aliment for whole days than lime and cocoa: both excite the secretion of spittle, and of the gastric juice, and they take away the appetite without giving any nourishment to the body. In other parts of South America, on the coast of Rio de la Hacha, the Guajiros swallow lime alone, without adding any vegetable matter to it. They always carry with them a little box filled with the lime, as we do snuff-boxes, and as in Asia people carry a betel box. This American custom excited the curiosity of the first Spanish navigators. Lime blackens the teeth; and in the Indian Archipelago, as among several American hordes, to blacken the teeth is to beautify them. In the cold regions of the kingdom of Quito, the natives of Tigua eat habitually from choice, and without being incommoded by it, a very fine clay, mixed with quartzose sand. This clay suspended in water renders

it milky. We find in their huts large vessels filled with this water, which serves as a beverage, and which the Indians call *agua* or *leche de flanka*, milk of clay.

When we reflect on the whole of these facts, we perceive that this disorderly appetite for clayey, magnesian, and calcareous earth, is most common among the people of the torrid zone; that it is not always a cause of disease; and that some tribes eat earth from choice, while others, (the Otomacs in America, and the inhabitants of New Caledonia, in the Pacific Ocean), eat it from want, and to appease hunger. A great number of physiological phenomena prove, that a temporary cessation of hunger may be produced, without the substances that are submitted to the organs of digestion being, properly speaking, nutritive.

It is known, that great use is still made in the East of the bolar and sigillated earths of Lemnos, which are clay mingled with oxide of iron. In Germany, the workmen employed in the quarries of sandstone worked at the mountain of Kiffhäuser, spread a very fine clay upon their bread instead of butter, which they call stein butter, stone butter; and they find it singularly filling, and easy of digestion.

Like man in a savage state, some animals also, when pressed by hunger in winter, swallow clay or friable steatites: such are the wolves in the north-east of Europe, the reindeer, and, according to the testimony of M. Patrin, the kids in Siberia. The Russian hunters on the banks of the Jenisey and the Amour use a clayey matter, which they call rock butter, as a bait. The animals scent this clay from afar, and are fond of the smell as the clays of Bucaros, known in Portugal and Spain by the name of odoriferous earths (*tieras olorosas*), have an odour agreeable to women.* Brown relates, in his History of Jamaica, that the crocodiles of South America swallow small stones, and pieces of very hard wood, when the lakes which they inhabit are dry, or when they are in want of food. "M. Bonpland and I observed in a crocodile eleven feet long, which we dissected at Batelley, on the banks of the Rio Magdalena, that the stomach of this reptile contained fish half digested, and rounded fragments of granite three or four inches in diameter. It is difficult to admit that the crocodiles swallow these stony masses accidentally, for they do not catch fish with their lower jaw resting on the ground at the bottom of the river. The Indians have framed the absurd hypothesis that these indolent animals like to augment their weight, that they may have less trouble

* Bucaro, *vas fœtile odoriferum*. People are fond of drinking out of these vessels on account of the smell of the clay. The women of the province of Alentejo acquire a habit of chewing the Bucaro earth; and feel a great privation when they cannot indulge this vitiated taste.

in diving! I rather think, that they load their stomach with large pebbles, to excite an abundant secretion of gastric juice. The experiments of M. Magendie render this explanation extremely probable. With respect to the habit of the granivorous birds, particularly the gallinaceæ and ostriches, of swallowing sand and small pebbles, it has been hitherto attributed to an instinctive desire of accelerating the trituration of the aliments in a muscular and thick stomach."

Select Biography.

THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE, L.L.B.

MR. CRABBE has been emphatically styled the *Poet of the Poor*: he tells their annals, not "short and simple," as a fallacious line denotes them to be, in words of impassioned truth, with little of the garnish of fancy, but more of the embellishment of exaggeration. Few men of Mr. Crabbe's fame were so little known personally in the literary world;—of simple and studious habits, he confined himself to the retirement of his rectory, to the unambitious fulfilment of his duties, and to the education of his family. He formed a sort of connecting link between the literature of the last century and that of the present day. With the exception of the venerable Lord Stowell, he was the last surviving man mentioned by Boswell, in connexion with Johnson.

The subject of this sketch was born December 24, 1754, at Aldborough, in Suffolk, where his father and grandfather were officers of his Majesty's Customs. At an early age, he was placed by his father in a school in his native town—probably with no other view than that of his acquiring such a knowledge of arithmetic and accounts as would fit him for the paternal employment; but, when his prospects brightened, Mr. Crabbe removed his son to a classical seminary, where he was competently educated for a surgeon and apothecary, to which business he was in due time apprenticed; but he was subsequently induced to relinquish all views of establishing himself in practice.

Mr. Crabbe, the father, was a mathematician; and in the course of his studies, he became acquainted with, and purchased the periodical works of Mr. Benjamin Martin, the well-known writer on mathematics, which he seasoned with a certain species of poetry.

Mr. Crabbe, having much respect for the scientific part of the publication, and not much for the poetical, separated the different parts, which were paged with that view; and collecting the more favoured portions, mathematics and natural philosophy, in decent binding, he sewed the poetry in paper, and left it to the chance perusal of his children. The verses attracted the attention of young

George: he copied them at school as an amusement: when his memory failed, he supplied the defect by his invention: thus, at a very early period of his life, became a versifier; and among his precocious triumphs, was a prize poem on Hope, which he gained in a *Lady's Magazine*, then published by Mr. Wheble.

In 1778, Mr. Crabbe, having given up the profession of a surgeon, left Aldborough, and came to London. He lodged with a family in the City; and here, in this ungenial, unpoetical place, he made versification his chief study, and obtained such knowledge of mankind from books as his finances enabled him to secure in those days of dear literature. One of his earliest acquaintances was Mr. Bonnycastle, the present Master of the Military Academy at Woolwich, to whom Mr. Crabbe acknowledged himself indebted for many hours of consolation, amusement, and instruction.

Mr. Crabbe's first published work was *The Candidate*, a poem in quarto, published anonymously in 1780, and favourably noticed in the *Monthly Review*. He now began to look out for a patron—for, fifty years since, a great name was nearly as efficient a passport to literary fame as was individual merit. In a fortunate moment, Crabbe fixed upon Edmund Burke, "one of the first of Englishmen, and in the capacity and energy of his mind, one of the greatest of human beings." To Mr. Burke the young poet submitted a large quantity of miscellaneous composition, on a variety of subjects, with a statement of his adverse fortune: that he came to London with 3*l.* in his pocket—that he had a little volume half printed, which the worldly-minded printer would not proceed in without payment—that an opulent peer had accepted the dedication of the volume, but would not advance a small sum of money for its publication: in short, that he was in debt, and threatened with a prison. Crabbe had no introduction to Mr. Burke, but his own letter stating these circumstances,—no recommendation save his distress; but, in the words he used in the letter, hearing that Mr. Burke was "a good man, and presuming to think him a great one," he applied to him. Mr. Burke, with scanty means himself, and unbribed by a dedication, did all that which the rich peer declined to do with it; but this was not all, for he gave the young poet his friendship, criticism, and advice; sent some part of his family round to their friends to collect subscriptions for his work, introduced him to some of the first men in the country, and very speedily became the means of pushing him on to fame and fortune. These interesting circumstances are related in Mr. Prior's *Life of Burke*.

Mr. Burke selected from young Crabbe's compositions, the poems *The Library* and *The Village*; the patron suggested in them

certain improvements, and Burke then took *The Library* to Mr. Dodsley, of Pall Mall, and gave many lines the advantage of his own reading and comment. Dodsley, himself no mean versifier, listened respectfully, and admired the composition, but, even with the strength of Burke's patronage, he short-sightedly declined venturing upon the publication. The poem, however, was printed: Dodsley was very solicitous for its success; and though by no means insensible of money, he gave to the author his publishing profits. The success of *The Library* led to the production of *The Village*, which Crabbe corrected and partly wrote in the house of Mr. Burke; who also invited him to Beaconsfield, and there placed him in a convenient apartment, well supplied with books, and treated the young poet as a member of the family.

While at Beaconsfield, Mr. Crabbe was introduced to the Right Hon. C. J. Fox, who promised him to read and give his opinion of any poetical attempts which might be handed to him. Mr. Fox, however, from several causes, and chiefly by Mr. Crabbe's delay, received no such attempts till the last year of his life.

"*The Parish Register* was submitted to Mr. Fox, and in part read to him during his last illness. "Whatever he approved," says Mr. Crabbe, in his preface, "the reader will readily believe I have carefully retained; the parts he disliked are totally expunged; and others are substituted, which I hope resemble those more conformable to the taste of so admirable a judge. Nor can I deny myself the melancholy satisfaction of adding that this poem, and more especially the story of Phoebe Dawson, with some parts of the second book, were the last compositions of their kind that engaged and amused the capacious, the candid, the benevolent mind of this great man. The above information I owe to the favour of the Right Hon. Lord Holland; nor this only; but to his lordship I am indebted for some excellent remarks upon the other parts of my MS."

Mr. Burke directed Mr. Crabbe's views to the Church: in 1781, he was ordained a deacon by the Bishop of Norwich, and priest by the same prelate in the year afterwards; and next, domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, at Belvoir Castle. As our author had not received a university education, he was offered a Degree by Trinity College, Cambridge; but he ultimately received the grant from the late Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth—thus becoming Bachelor of Laws.

Through Mr. Burke, Crabbe was introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds, at whose hospitable mansion he first beheld, and was made known to, Dr. Johnson, who gave the young poet his opinion of *The Village*.

"Its sentiments," says Boswell, in his *Life of Dr. Johnson*, "as to the false notions of rustic happiness and rustic virtue, were quite congenial with his own (Dr. Johnson's); and he took the trouble not only to suggest light corrections and variations, but to furnish some lines which he thought would give the writer's meaning better than in the words of the manuscript." Dr. Johnson wrote a letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, on returning the poem, "which," he observes, "I read with great delight: it is original, vigorous, and elegant."

(To be concluded in our next.)



(Crabbe's Cottage, Aldborough.)

From an elegant little volume—*The Wreath*; containing Poems from Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum Book, from its commencement to the present year; and, we must add, a few gems of Engraving as well as of Poetry. The Annual Pocket Book, by the way, is one of the most ingenious of its class, and deserves more than the extensive provincial celebrity it enjoys. The recommendation may be late in the season, but our lady-friends will, we hope, remember this note in the ensuing year.

The Naturalist.

ANIMALS OF CEYLON.

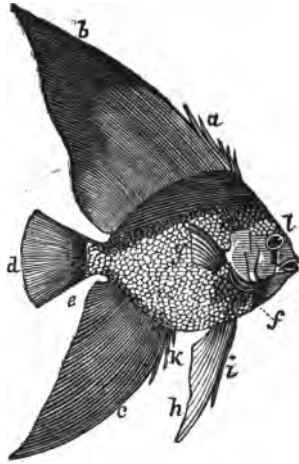
THE island of Ceylon contains an abundance of curious animals, and a collection of them would make a fine Zoological Garden. Bishop Heber gives a few interesting notices of them. He was struck with the almost total absence of small birds in the interior; and he supposes that such scarcity arises from the serpents, with which the island abounds, destroying the birds' eggs. The honey-bird, which points out where the bees have built their combs, is found here. The serpents are among the most striking animals, and of these the Bishop furnishes some entertaining anecdotes. He says:

"There are only four snakes ascertained to be poisonous; the Cobra de Capello is the most common, but its bite is not so certainly

fatal as that of the Tic/Polonga, which destroys life in a few minutes. These are fortunately scarce: experiments have been frequently made on the subtlety of its poison; the first bite will kill a fowl in less than a minute, but frequent repetitions seem to destroy its force, and very considerable provocation is required to make the animal bite, as if it was sensible its power of injury was weakened or quite lost. The ordinary size is between four and five feet: it is at all times indolent, and will not attack unless it is irritated. The Boa Constrictor is occasionally found of the enormous length of thirty feet. The bite is not poisonous, but its size renders it extremely formidable, though the stories of its attacking so large an animal as a buffalo, or even a cheta, seem quite untrue: it preys upon goats, fowls, and the smaller game. Alligators, of a very large size, are numerous in the rivers. The flying leech, which I never heard of before is very common in the jungles in the interior; and the native troops, on their march to Candy, suffered very severely from their bites, occasionally even to the loss of life or limb: their legs were covered with them, and streamed with blood. I saw one of these animals on a horse's leg; it is much smaller than the common leech; the largest is, when at rest, not more than half an inch long, and may be extended till it becomes as thin as a fine string. The smaller ones are very minute, they possess the power of springing, by means of a filament, to a considerable distance, and are very annoying to cattle and horses. There are also large black scorpions, lizards, chameleons, &c. and an astonishing variety of insects, with which we are, as yet, but imperfectly acquainted. The most curious of these are the leaf-insects, which assume the shape, size, and general appearance of the leaf on which they feed so exactly, that it is only on examination one becomes aware of their real character. I saw several, but the most extraordinary was one which lived on a thorny plant, the body of which resembled a stick, and was covered with thorns, like the shrub."

The Bishop, however, does not refer to the fish in Ceylon, which are not less beautiful in appearance than they are, for the most part, delicious as food. Of many of them neither drawing nor description had been given to the public, until Mr. J. W. Bennet, F.H.S. and Member of the Literary and Agricultural Society of Ceylon, commenced in 1829, the publication of a splendid work comprising a selection of the most remarkable and interesting from drawings made in Ceylon, from living specimens. Several of them are so extraordinary, that they might be taken for mere creatures of the artist's imagination, were they not accompanied by a certificate from the head men of the Fisher's caste, affirming them to be correct

delineations. One of the most curious of the specimens figured by Mr. Bennet is



The Leaf Moon Fish,

a species of *Chaetodon* which is very scarce on the southern coast. Its essential specific character will be understood by reference to the annexed Cut.

Dorsal spines, *a*, five. Dorsal and anal fins, *b*, *c*, broad. Caudal fin, *d*, with a brown band, *e*. Description. Branchiostegous rays, *f*, four. Dorsal, *b*, forty-two, five spinous, *a*. Pectoral, *g*, fifteen. Ventral, *h*, six, one, *i*, spinous. Anal, *c*, thirteen, three, *j*, spinous. Caudal, *d*, sixteen. Head without scales, iris, *l*, golden; mouth small, lips thick, lateral line arched.

This fish being considered by the native fishers unwholesome, from a sort of food to which it is partial, as well as to the copper of ships, is never made use of. It attains a very large size, and is called *Kola Handah*, *Leaf Moon*, by the natives, from the resemblance it bears in the dorsal fin to the leaf of a marine plant; and, in the shape of the body, to that of a moon.

The Public Journals.

THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF AN UGLY MAN.

I WAS born under the influence of an eclipse of the sun, on the 10th of November, 1799. Whatever grudges I may owe fate—and verily their name is Legion—I cannot, at least, accuse her of inconsistency; for she has invariably "suited the action to the word," and even the place to the event, with regard to me; for she so contrived it, that my advent should take place in the most frightful part of Cornwall, at a moment when all the winds and waves were at concert pitch, indulging in what the sailors call "an ugly squall."

I shall pass over my childhood, with all its nursery miseries, which were but the preludes to those which befell me in after-life. Suffice it to say, that my mother, being a lady of delicate nerves and high-wrought sensibility could not endure the sight of me, as she declared it always gave her a bad opinion of herself when I called her "mamma." My father was too much occupied with the intellectual amusements of drinking and foxhunting ever to see either me, or my brothers and sisters, of whom I had four; nor do I ever remember his noticing me, beyond remarking, with a sigh, whenever I was brought down to be shown to any uncles and grandmothers "What a pity it was that such a beautiful property should go to so ugly a young dog!" I had no sooner attained my sixth year, than I was transplanted to a preparatory bread-and-milkery. Wretched as my life had been at home from neglect, here it became positively insupportable from persecution. Then I was fag to the whole establishment, but to Mr. Henry Webster in especial, who was my senior by four years, and who generally seasoned his tyrannies by a spice or two of school-boy wit, such as—"I say, Clavering, go and get me my shuttlecock, that got up into the cherry-tree this morning;" or "Give me the pillow out of your bed, mine is so small; do now, there's a good fellow, for as you can't be ornamental you ought to be useful, you know." Upon another occasion, when I had refused to join in a barring-out for fear of the consequences, Webster exclaimed, "Ah, there's a fine fellow; that's right, Clavering, *don't* have anything to do with it, for it will be sure to turn out an *ugly* business, if *you* are concerned." Happy was I when the time came for my removal to a private tutor's. I thought here, at least, my persecutions would cease; but, alas! "Man (ay, and boy too) never *is*, but always to be, blest." Nothing could be more like Paradise and perfection than the first fortnight I passed at Dr. Tithewell's. Though, to be sure, it was only at Grabbingdon Rectory; *n'importe*, it was the first, last, and only place where I ever was "made much of;" and I shall always remember it with gratitude.

* * * *

Behold me, in London, that focus at once of human bliss and bane, where most persons find their level, whether for wealth or for poverty, for birth, for talent, or for folly, for beauty, or for—yes, for ugliness. Why, then, might not I hope what others fear—to be outdone? Yes, for a whole week, while "I took mine ease at mine inn," I laid this "flattering unction to my soul," for I read no warning in the obsequious bows and smiling *impression* of the waiters at the Clarendon. Moreover, I had accumulated a valuable moral capital of maxims, from which I was beginning to derive a comfortable

income of self-conceit. I treasured up the memorable boast of that arch-scoundrel, John Wilkes, that there was only a fortnight's difference between him and the handsomest man in England in gaining a woman's affections. I feasted on the false and absurd assertion of Philip Thicknesse, that "nothing is completely ugly that is not old," (I was only thirty, and lulled myself into a fool's paradise by carefully weeding my library of "Mason on Self-Knowledge," and all such egoistical "Daily Remembrancers.") Having determined to "turn my" own "silver lining on the" crowd, and dandle and conquer by the beauties of my mind, I began to look about for a handsome, *sensible* woman, not *too young*, half Juno, half Minerva, who would be too intellectual to think of a man's person; but although this "bright Egeria" was not to think about my appearance, that was no reason why I should be equally regardless of it. My hair was decidedly against my inspiring a devoted passion, as it might have been easily mistaken for burnt flax; I therefore determined upon educating it into a state of perfectibility, through the medium of Mr. Rigmorole's Tyrian Dye. I never rightly understood the meaning of "the purple light of love," till I saw my own head in the glass the next morning, after my first application of Mr. Rigmorole's promises; but, like a too vivid painting, it melted down in the course of time, and a few hours after my head presented the appearance of a fine old Rembrandt, a great relief after it had so long glared upon my sight in all the aching paleness of one of Flaxman's illustrations: from that hour I began to look

"As hyenas in love are supposed for to look,
A something between Abelard and old Blucher."

The deuce was in it, if, after literally *dying* to please the women, I could not succeed. As I was extended on the sofa one morning in the dog-days, quaffing hock and soda water, in order to allay the parching heat of a large fire which I was enduring, that my hair might dry the sooner, and enable me to get out to Richmond to dinner, my man entered with a note—"From Lord Castleton, sir—the servant waits an answer." Castleton was a college chum of mine.

"Dear Clavering,—If you have not disposed of yourself for this evening, either positively or conditionally, will you look in at Mrs. Damer's, No. —, Grosvenor-street? She is a beauty, a blue, and a widow, therefore thought she might be in your way, and, as she gave me a *carte blanche*, have filled it up with your name; but mind, I give you fair warning, not to think of her sister, who is a perfect goddess *de seize ans*.

"Ever yours, CASTLETON."

This note caused me to relinquish all ideas of Richmond for that day, lest fatigue, heat, and dust should be more malicious than

nature, and make me look less attractive still. I was already in love with Mrs. Damer, for Castleton's sneer of her being a blue was quite as efficacious a spell as six whole months of "becks, and nods, and wreathed smiles," would have been to any other mortal. "You need not fear, Castleton," cried I, in an extacy, as I poured out the remainder of the bottle of hock: "no flippancy and fifteen for me;" and so saying, I rang the bell violently, when my servant entered. "Jefferson," said I, "order Ganymede to be saddled *instantly*, and go *yourself* to Henderson's for my violets. "Ganymede has been bled this morning, sir." "Well, then, take May-fly, and tell them to be sure and send me the large double violets." From the moment of my coming to town, I had contracted with Henderson to let me have violets, *all the year round*, for 150*l.* a year, and I should strenuously recommend —, and —, and —, *cum multis aliis*, who possess no more personal attractions than myself, *never* to be without a bouquet of violets, *except* in the months of February and March, (when all the world can have them, and therefore a moss-rose should be substituted); but it is astonishing the sensation they produce, and the notice they obtain for one, in December or July. Then you will see eyes, that never would have glanced towards you otherwise, fixed admiringly on you; then you will hear the sweetest voices exclaim—"Oh, Mr. Such-a-one, or Lord So-and-so, where *did* you get those *dear* violets?" To have anything belonging to one called dear, and still more, the next moment, to see what was dear in you transferred to the most beautiful bosom in the world! *This*, at least, is cheap at 150*l.* a year; but I am obliged to go farther. Having always a collection of very costly and beautifully designed rings hanging to my chain, they are sure to attract the attention of some fair creature or other; upon which I immediately invent some Polish, or Turkish superstition, as belonging to them, which serves as a pretext for my presenting, and their accepting, them!

I could hardly wait patiently till half past ten, to present myself at Mrs. Damer's. A beauty—she was a perfect goddess; a blue indeed! She was the cleverest woman I had ever met in my life; and then, *such* a voice! She *thanked* me for coming, and said she had heard so much of me from Castleton. I need not say my violets were in her bosom at the end of half an hour. The sister was certainly pretty, looked like a Psyche, not come out, half cherub, half coquette; but the corners of her mouth curled up too much, and her eye was too laughing and restless for me to venture much near her. I soon became an *habitué* in Grosvenor-street. Oh, those delicious, long,

lounging morning visits!—when I had the extacy of hearing—"Not at home" to every one but myself! We talked politics, metaphysics, physiology, and even sometimes common sense; but we had not yet got to sentiment—*N'importe cela viendra*, thought I, and in thinking so, every morning found some new offering on Mrs. Damer's shrine, from her devoted slave. I happened to possess a copy of the original edition of "Shaftebury's Characteristics;" I had valued it as the apple of my eye, but this too was sacrificed to my celestial, or, as Castleton called it, cerulean, passion: but I was more than repaid by the grateful delight with which it was received. A few days after this my last gift, I received a note from Mrs. Damer; it was the first note I had ever had from her. Oh, the effect of that *first* note from a woman one loves! I do not know whether to call it electricity or natural magic, or what; the note was only to ask me if I would go with her and Dora (her sister) to Deville's, and she would call for me at three; but it was read, and re-read; and I had to write my answer over six times before I could indite to my satisfaction this eloquent reply:—

"Dear Mrs. Damer,—Yes, with the greatest pleasure, and I shall be ready when you call for me at three. Ever faithfully yours,

"AUGUSTUS CLAVERING."

Mrs. Damer and Dora were half-an-hour later than they said, and I thought it six hours at least; at length we were *en route*, and I was sitting opposite to all that I cared to behold in the world! I reaped comfort from the harvest of human ugliness which is always to be found in the Strand, and my thoughts actually became pleasant thereupon, till I saw two or three successive pattered and umbrellaed damsels touch their companion's arms, look at me, and laugh; then all became doubt, strife, and bitterness within me—so true is it that

"Life is a comedy to those who think,
A tragedy to those who feel."

Mr. Deville soon explained to us all the "*wacuum*s" and "*horgans*" in our respective craniums; but said so much of the wonders of mine in particular, that Mrs. Damer and Dora became very urgent that I should have a cast of my head taken. I resolutely refused, for very cogent reasons. Mr. Deville pushed back a phalanx of skulls and lamps, and began entreating me with great gesticulation and oratory; still I was immovable, till Dora whispered me, with her little malicious will-o'-the-wisp smile, "If you so obstinately refuse to become a slave of the lamp, you never can expect to have a slave of the ring." Mrs. Damer, coloured at this speech, and said, imploringly, "*Do*, Mr. Clavering, let Mr. Deville take a cast of your head. I should so like to have it." There was no resisting this; so, with the air of a martyr,

I sat down, and, like an excommunicated nun, was soon walled up alive. When I was released from my plaster Pandemonium, Mrs. Damer and her sister were laughing, almost convulsively, over a slip of paper that Miss Dora was holding. I begged to be let into the jest, but they refused. Emboldened by my own great stretch of complaisance, I snatched the paper out of Dora's hand, and had the satisfaction of reading the following epigram on myself, which she had scribbled with a pencil, while I was enduring torments to please herself and her sister:—

Love triumphs, and the struggle's past;
To seem less strange in beauty's eye
He'll "set his fate upon a cast,
And stand the hazard of the *dice*."*

This was too, too much. No sooner were we reseated in the carriage, than I began a pathetic remonstrance with Mrs. Damer upon the impropriety of her allowing her mad-cap of a sister to turn everything into ridicule, and make a laughing-stock of everybody. She replied, with the most insulting *sang froid*, "Really, Mr. Clavering, in this instance I must acquit Dora; for, as Lord Shaftesbury very justly observes, 'there is a great difference between seeking how to raise a laugh from everything, and seeking in everything what justly may be laughed at.'" This was indeed barbing the arrow with a feather from my own wing, and so making the wound rankle more deeply. Was there ever such heartlessness?—but those *clever women* never have any heart. With this thought I dashed open the carriage-door, and sprang into the street. I hurried on, and never stopped till I arrived at my own room; there I forswore all ideas of love, at least of marriage, from that day.

Three years have elapsed since my adventure at Deville's. I am now thirty-four, and most true is it that

"Time, who steals our years away,
Steals our pleasures too;"

for it has stolen away the only pleasure I ever had—*hope*. I am now too old to hope, and consequently unfit to live. My property is also considerably diminished, by foolish generosity, and in all attempts at propitiation I have failed; even a little French opera-dancer, who took my diamonds when I addressed some verses to her, beginning with

"O toi à qui l'amour à prêtait tous les charmes,"

had the impertinence to return me *Ninon de l'Enclos*' well-known answer to a similar effusion—

"Eh bien si l'amour prête des charmes,
Pourquoi n'emprunte-tu pas?"

I shall only record one more of my adventures, or rather failures, as Lord Byron's journal of Mr. Hobhouse's piscatory exploits

* I have heard, Mr. Editor, another story respecting the origin of this epigram, and have known it attributed to another lady. I say, with Mahomet, "Mine is the only true account."

would, with a slight alteration in the wording, serve right well for "an abstract and brief chronicle of the rise, progress, decline, and fall of my *bonnes fortunes*,"—i. e. "Hobhouse went out to fish—caught nothing."

I was beginning to forget the many bitter lessons I had learnt, and feel a great deal more than was either prudent or proper for that prettiest of all pretty women, Lady——; for at all times, and at all places, she not only spoke to me, but spoke kindly to me. She asked me one night if I would go to the Opera with her. We were *tête-à-tête* till nearly the last act of the "*Medea*." I have no doubt Pasta was more divine than ever, but I neither saw nor heard; I was thinking I had never seen such eyes, or such an arm as Lady——'s. I was going to tell her so, when the door opened, and Castleton came in. He was my best friend, but I wished him most sincerely far elsewhere; he stayed out the whole *ballet*, but he left us in the crush-room. Georgiana, as I now began to call her in my own mind, leant on me; I put her into her carriage; in getting in she dropped her handkerchief; I picked it up, and thought I never heard such music as the voice in which she said "Thank you;" she would have said it just as sweetly to an adder that had got out of her way. The next morning saw me in Belgrave-square by two o'clock. I was admitted; Lady—— was in her boudoir; the atmosphere was heavy with the breath of flowers, and the deep shade of the rose-coloured blinds at first prevented my perceiving that she had been in tears. She withdrew her handkerchief, and tried to smile when I came in. "Good heavens, Lady——," said I, "what can have made you so unhappy? I do not ask *who* has done so, for no *one* could be barbarian enough." After a little hesitation, and a fresh burst of tears, she at length sobbed out, "Lord—— is so very unkind to me—so—so angry—about the Opera—last night." The next moment I was at her feet, and grasping her hand, exclaimed, "Dearest Lady——! angry at your going with me!" She withdrew her hand hastily, and smiling, nay almost laughing outright, through her tears, said, "Jealous of *you*! Oh, no, no! Mr. Clavering, no one *could* be jealous of *you*, which was the reason I asked you; but it was be—be—because Lord Castleton came into my box, though I am sure he did not stay ten minutes." Here was another agreeable *denouement*. I rose and strode to the window. My eyes fell upon my five hundred guinea horse (which I had bought solely because Lady—— had admired it).

"A shudder came o'er me, why wert thou so *dear*!" I left the house—I vowed vengeance against love. I next tried public life, and stood the other day for a certain borough, but all the women were against me, and—but what

matter details—I lost my election. My father has been dead some years; my baronetcy is ancient enough, heaven knows; there is moreover a dormant peerage in our family. Will not these soften the heart of some gentle Zelica, and throw a silver veil over my unprepossessing physiognomy. Shall I try an advertisement?—mystery has great attractions—or—What's this, Jefferson? a roll of paper—the last caricature. Ha! confusion—the Lovely Lover! What, this in St. James's-street!—crowds round the window! 'Sdeath;—I shall go mad! Caricature, indeed! I wish it was—it is an exact likeness—a copy from the very picture I gave to the French opera-dancer, after making the painter flatter the resemblance as much as he could!—*New Monthly Magazine.*

TO MY BRIDE.

THE timid dove, when first she dares to wander from the nest,
Mistrusts the very breeze on which her pinions learn to rest;
So tremblingly thou leav'st, my love, the sheltering ark of home,
With one, whose faith must yet be prov'd, the world's wide waste to roam.
I read thy tender doubts in the mute language of those eyes,
I hear them too confess'd in those involuntary sighs;
And now thou turn'st thine head away to hide suspicion's tear,
And the pale cheek that would betray the vague surmise of fear.
Thy bosom, palpitating, tells the pulses of the heart,
That from thy childhood's favourite haunts could not unmov'd depart;
Deeming each object dear on which the light of memory's rays,
Reviving all the early scenes of youthful pleasure, plays.
And there is one, to whose embrace thou still dost fondly cling.
Like a young bird that peril shuns beneath its parent's wing;
'Tis She, who rear'd thee "from the world, unspotted, undefil'd,"
And breathes a farewell blessing now upon her darling child.
I, too, have felt the fervour of a mother's boundless love,
And prize 't as the purest bond that nature ever wove;
Nor think that I could wish thee e'er its golden links to break,
With such as could make light of this, all other ties were weak.
I could not chide the precious tears, that feeling bids thee weep,
For her, who by thy cradle us'd her anxious watch to keep,
Whose tender and unceasing care could never be repaid,
Who would approve with smiles, and by her sighs alone upbraid.
Oh! think not I could e'er awake within thy guileless breast,
One pang that could avail to mar its sweet and hallow'd rest;
Or seek to poison at its source thy young affection's flow,
By mingling with its tide of joy the bitter cup of woe.

Lovely as woman's form may be, 'tis delicate and frail,
And like the pliant willow bends beneath the passing gale;
But I would hope to shield thee from each rude and chilling blast,
And make thy future life as fair and blissful as the past,
Then learn to trust this heart that beats for its belov'd alone,
And swells with an unfeign'd delight to feel thou art its own.
That shall not be found wanting when its constancy is tried,
But to its first devotion ever true, my lovely Bride.
Dublin University Magazine.

Retrospective Cleanings.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE JEWS IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 339.)

IN the next year, came out the great charter of their privileges—an instrument which, if its conditions had been preserved, would have raised them in freedom and security even above the native subjects of the realm. By this charter, it

"Was granted, not only to the English Jews, but likewise to those of Normandy, that they might reside in the king's dominions, freely and honourably; that they might hold of King John, all things which they held of King Henry I. and which they now rightfully hold in lands, fees, mortgages, and purchases; and that they should have all their liberties and customs, as amply as they had them in the time of the said King Henry.

"That if a plaint was moved between a Christian and a Jew, he who appealed the other should produce witnesses to deraign his plaint; namely, a lawful Christian and a lawful Jew; that if the Jew had a writ concerning his plaint, such writ should be his witness; that if a Christian had a plaint against a Jew, the plaint should be tried by the Jew's peers; that when a Jew died, his body should not be detained above ground, and his heirs should have his chatels and credits, in case he had an heir that would answer for him, and do right touching his debts and forfeitures; that the Jews might lawfully receive and buy all things which were offered them, except things belonging to the church, and cloth stained with blood."

"That if a Jew was appealed by another, without a witness, he should be quit of that appeal by his single oath taken upon his book; and if he was appealed for a thing

* So Mr. Madox, in his *Hist. Escheq.* p. 174, translates *Pannus Sanguinolentus*. But I believe it signifies no more than deep red or crimson cloth, which is sometimes called *Pannus Blodeus*, or bloody cloth, relating merely to the colour of it. For in the accounts of the Prior of Burcester, who gave his servants red liveries, we read—*Et in Blodeo panno empto pro Armigeris & Valetis*. Kennet. *Paroch. Antiq.* p. 576. But why the Jews were not permitted to buy red cloth is to me a secret. Bloody cloth, strictly so called, I think they wouldn't buy.—*Ang. Jud.*

that appertained to the king's crown, he should likewise be quit thereof by his single oath taken upon his roll; that if a difference arose between a Christian and a Jew about lending of money, the Jew should prove the principal money, and the Christian the interest; that a Jew might lawfully and quietly sell a mortgage, made to him, when he was certain he had held it a whole year and a day; that the Jews should not enter into plea except before the king, or before the keepers of the king's castles, in whose bailiwicks the Jews lived.

"That the Jews wherever they were, might go whither they pleased, with their chatels, as safely as if they were the king's chatels, nor might any man detain or hinder them: and the king by this charter commanded, that they should be free throughout England and Normandy of all custom, tolls, and modiations of wine, as fully as the king's own chatels were; and that his liege men should keep, defend, and protect them, and no man implead them, touching any of the matters aforesaid, under pain of forfeiture, as the charter of King Henry the Second did import."

By another charter, granted on the same day, it was decreed, that all differences amongst themselves, which did not concern the pleas of the crown, should be determined by themselves, according to their own law.

For these charters the Jews paid four thousand marks. The immediate consequence of these favours was, to excite discontent and envy among the people; who straight began to accuse the Jews of crucifixion, of circumcising their children, and false coining; for which the mayor and barons of London were severely reproved by King John.

This solicitous care of the Jews lasted during the first ten years of the reign of this monarch, without his demonstrating that they were his sole property, except by a great many private exertions of arbitrary power over them, which appear on the records. As in the instance of Robert, the son of Roger, who had married a wife, whose father was much in their debt, for which debts the king granted him a full and complete discharge. And in the taking away a house from a Jew, and giving it without any consideration, to Earl Ferrars.

John, in the eleventh year of his reign, began to act to the Jews in his real character, and disclosed his hitherto concealed purposes. An account of the measures which were adopted by the king is thus given by Dr. Tovey.

"But the next year after, viz. 1210, in the eleventh year of his reign, the king began to lay aside his mask, and finding that no new comers made it worth his while to stay any longer, he set at once upon the old covey

which he had drawn into his net, and commanded all the Jews, of both sexes, throughout England, to be imprisoned, till they would make a discovery of their wealth; which he appointed officers to receive in every county, and return to his exchequer. Many of them, no doubt, pleaded poverty, or pretended to have given up all: but as the tyrant was in earnest to have their last farthing, he extorted it by the most cruel torments.

"Stow* says, that the generality of them had one eye put out. And Matthew Paris tells us, that from one particular Jew at Bristol, the king demanded no less than ten thousand marks of silver, (a prodigious sum in those days!) which being resolutely denied him, he commanded one of his great teeth to be pulled out, daily, till he consented. The poor wretch, whose money was his life, had the courage to hold out seven operations, but then, sinking under the violence of the pain, ransomed the remainder of his teeth, at the price demanded. The whole sum extorted from them, at this time, amounted to three-score thousand marks of silver."

Again:

"John therefore being disappointed of any foreign assistance, his subjects were able for some time to cope with him, and the troubles continued. Which continuing, likewise, his occasion for money, the Jews were called upon a second time, after their fleeces had been suffered to grow for four years. In vain did they take refuge in their common plea of inability. For some of them, who dwelt at Southampton, being tardy in their payments, the sheriff was commanded to imprison them immediately in the castle of Bristol, and send up, forthwith, to London, all such sums of money as he had already received from any of them, or should receive hereafter."

Again, when the king was contending with his barons, the Jews reverted into the hands of the latter as legitimate plunder.

"But after this second storm was blown over, they met with nothing but fair weather for two years; and then, the war continuing between the king and his people, the barons (whose lands had been miserably ravaged by the king's forces) coming to London, made what reprisals they could upon the king's Jews; and after having ransacked their treasures, and demolished all their houses, employed the materials of them to repair the city walls and gates, which they had broken down at their entry."

Our antiquary adds:

"Yet, altho this year proved unfortunate to the Jews at London, it might be reckoned favourable to the Jews in general; for within two months after this accident, they were acknowledged by the king to be so consider-

* Matthew Paris and Stow, ad annum 1210.

able a body of people, as to deserve some notice in his *Magna Charta*; an honour thought proper to be omitted in the new great charter, which was afterwards published by King Henry the Third."

The last act of King John to the Jews was to employ them in a deed, to execute which he could not compel any of his Christian subjects. Having taken a great part of the Scotch army, who assisted the barons, prisoners at Berwick, he determined to inflict such a variety of tortures upon them, that he could find none, except the Jews, whom he was able to force, that did not refuse to be made the instruments of his cruelty. The Jews, in the neighbourhood, were therefore obliged to become his executioners.

The first act of the guardians of King John's successor, Henry the Third, was a measure in favour of the Jews. This monarch, like all his predecessors, began his reign with an indulgence to the Jews. It was soon after this, and for the ostensible purpose of distinguishing and protecting them, that the king, by proclamation, ordered, that all Jews, resident in the kingdom, should wear upon the fore-part of their upper garment two broad stripes of white linen or parchment.

These encouragements, it appears, drew great numbers of foreign Jews to settle in this country, and consequently excited loud complaints among the mass of the people. For, independent of usury being held in abhorrence, and of the detestation which always burnt fiercely against the religious tenets of Judaism, the Jews understood the secrets of trade much better than the native merchants. In consequence of their extensive connexions abroad, and their knowledge of the use of bills of exchange and other negotiable paper, they were enabled to cultivate commerce with great advantage: thus their inland traffic was well supplied; in addition to the convenience resulting from the brotherhood, which existed among them, and amalgamated all the Jews in England, as it were, into one extensive firm. The consequence of all this was, a great outcry in the nation against the Jews, on the part of the people, who were vigorously supported by the clergy and resisted by the king. Stephen Langton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, held a synod, in which, among other things, it was decreed,

"That Jews do not keep Christian slaves. And let the slaves (says he) be compelled by ecclesiastical censure, to observe this; and the Jews by canonical punishment, or by some extraordinary penalty contrived by the diocesan. Let them not be permitted to build any more synagogues; but be looked upon as debtors to the churches of the parishes wherein they reside, as to tithes and offerings."

And both he and the Bishop of Lincoln published an injunction, that no Christian should hold any intercourse with a Jew, or sell him any provisions, under pain of excommunication. These injunctions were quickly dissolved by the precepts of the king, directed to the principal officers of the towns where the Jews chiefly resided. Dr. Tovey observes, on this clerical plan of starving the Jews out of the country:

"Persons unacquainted with the nature of false zeal, when backed by authority, will scarce believe that the Jews had been in any great danger of starving, tho' the king had not interposed in this matter. Yet Rapin tells us, that when the Gerhardine hereticks made their appearance in the time of Henry the Second, and orders were given not to relieve them; the prohibition was so punctually observed, that all those wretches miserably perished with hunger."

The Christians of the middle ages seem to have been very little solicitous about the conversion of the Jews from their erroneous faith, though there was a place in London, called the "House of Converts," established for their reception. For it appears to have been the universal custom of the Christian princes, to seize upon the property of every Jew that embraced the received religion—a practice which held out but small inducement to produce a change.

(To be continued.)

The Gatherer.

Champagne.—In travelling through the great plain of Champagne, the traveller sees nothing that serves to connect that province with the wines of which he has heard so much: plains, unless in hot countries, produce but indifferent wine,—but at Chalons, if he pleases to partake of a *dejeuné à la fourchette*, he may command for the small sum of eightpence, a bottle of as choice Champagne as would cost six shillings in the French metropolis. This is the only thing that can recommend Chalons to the traveller's notice,—the vine that produces the celebrated Champagne, grows on the small rocky eminences that lie towards the frontier of the province.

Vin-de-Bar.—It is at Bar-le-Duc, where grows the *Vin-de-Bar*,—a wine not much known in England, but which is in considerable estimation in France,—the steepes on every side of the town, are covered with the vine which produces it; it is rose coloured,—pleasant in flavour,—and sells at about eight sous per bottle.—*Inglist's Tour in the Tyrol.*

Tea in Bavaria.—I did not venture upon breakfast at Lindau,—because, the evening before, having entrusted my tea-pot to the waiting girl, for a supply of boiling water, I

found myself sipping a cup of bad lemonade; and upon a scrutiny, I discovered that it is the practice in Bavaria, to flavour the tea with a few slices of lemon. Generally speaking, the tea one purchases on the continent, needs nothing to disguise its taste,—it is both good and cheap. An odious monopoly has not forced into existence, puffing establishments to vend trash at a low price; I paid at Strasburg 4s. per lb. for excellent black tea,—and about 4s. 8d. for green. If the traveller in Bavaria wishes to breakfast comfortably, he must carry tea along with him; tea is not to be obtained in the country inns; and if coffee be asked for, it is served up in a most unsatisfactory way. In place of as much coffee and boiled milk being prepared, as will fill two or three breakfast basins,—one small pot, containing about a gill of coffee, and another, containing about as much boiled cream, are placed upon the table. This mixture besides the small quantity, is too rich to be used otherwise than as a cordial.—*Ingli's Tour.*

Singing and Jumping.—Handel was once the proprietor of the Opera-house London, and at the time presided at the harpsichord in the orchestra. His embellishments were so masterly that the attention of the audience was frequently diverted from the singing to the accompaniment, to the frequent mortification of the vocal professors. A pompous Italian singer was once so chagrined at the marked attention paid to the harpsichord, in preference to his own singing, that he swore, that if ever Handel played him a similar trick, he would jump down upon his instrument, and put a stop to the interruption: upon which Handel thus accosted him:—“Oh! oh! you vill jump, vill you? very vell, Sare; be so kind, and tell me de night ven you vill jump, and I vill advertisie it in de bills; and I shall get grate dale more money by your jumping than I shall get by your singing.”

Comfortable Lodgings.—A gentleman about to take apartments at Clifton Hot Wells, remarked that the stucco was broken upon the staircase. “It is very true,” replied Mrs.—, “but I have had the places in question repaired so often, that I am tired of the trouble, expense, and dirt; the mischief you see is occasioned by conveying coffins up and down stairs; and this circumstance occurs so often, and the undertaker's men are so careless, that I really thought it labour in vain to have it repaired, when, perhaps, I might have it to do again in a fortnight.”

Salvation.—There are some always in all ages whom their own happy nature, with the assistance of God's grace, preserves from the contagion of surrounding wickedness. Were it not for these, who are the salt of the earth,

the whole human race would be swept away, as at the deluge.

A Gentle Hint.—An uncle left in his will, eleven silver spoons to his nephew, adding, “if I have not left him the dozen, he knows the reason.” The fact was the nephew had some time before stolen it from his relative.

Guitars.—There is at Mittewald, a small manufacture of guitars; three persons follow this trade, and produce from their workshops, neat looking, and well toned instruments: they cost about fifteen florins (35s. ster.),—and are all sent to Munich, and no doubt sold there, as Spanish guitars,—which they exactly resemble in shape. This little manufacture has given a musical turn to Mittewald: my entertainer possessed a guitar, which he played upon indifferently: I saw another in the inn parlour; and I heard the sound of a third as I was leaving the town.—*Ingli's Tour.*

May Day in Bavaria.—In every village is the garlanded Maypole; so that Bavaria has not yet parted with her old customs: and so little progress have new lights made in Bavaria, that her peasantry do not yet despise a merry-making.—*Ibid.*

Hofer.—Gold cannot purchase any life or account of Hofer, in the Tyrol; and at one time, the sword, and other relics of this patriot, now preserved in the Museum, were shut up, and forbidden to be exhibited; but this it was discovered, was pushing the system too far; his memory was too much cherished to render it safe to suppress every memorial of him; and this order was recalled, that the Tyroleans, if they could not follow the banner, might at least handle the sword of a patriot.—*Ibid.*

Anatomy.—It is said that the earliest law enacted in any country for the promotion of anatomical knowledge, was one passed in 1540. It allowed the united company of Barbers and Surgeons to have yearly the bodies of four criminals to dissect.

T. GILL.

Forestalling.—A gentleman endeavouring to put up his gig at Wandsworth at a review of light horse, was told that there were already three horses in a stall. “O then,” exclaimed his companion, “if that is the case we are completely forestalled.”

Epitaph.

Here lies John Adams, who received a thump Right in the forehead from the Parish pump. Which gave him his quietus in the end. Tho' many doctors did his case attend.

T. GILL.

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QUEEN ELIZABETH'S HUNTING LODGE, IN EPPING FOREST.



EPPING FOREST.

THE topography of Epping Forest, and its olden associations with history, may probably furnish the reader with an entertaining column or two, in connexion with the annexed illustrations. Little importance can, however, be attached to the present celebrity of the spot, though the Epping Hunt lingers among the relics of the ancient sports of London citizens; still, "the common hunt" is a rarity in our times, my Lord Mayor's hounds are broken up, and neither Sir John nor Sir Peter joins in the Easter chase, but there is some sport at the above season; and, much as the antiquity of the custom may be disregarded by those who swell the throng for its novelty, the sports of Epping forest are, at least, annually commemorated. Our own predilection for the spot has never yet merged in the Easter hunt: the picturesque scenery and historical associations of the forest have other and more lasting charms for our indulgence, and accordingly induced us, a few days since, to revisit this interesting neighbourhood; not in the hurly-burly of the Easter holiday, but in the quiet of an April day.

The object of our journey was the inspection of the building represented in the annexed page, and known as *Queen Elizabeth's Lodge*. It stands environed with the Forest, about a mile west of the main road to Epping, and the most direct approach we found to be from about midway between the well-known inn, the Bald-faced Stag, and the village of Loughton. The view from this point is of surpassing beauty and extent; while it is no wide stretch of conjecture to set down the respective forests of Waltham, (now Epping,) and Hainault, to have once formed part of the ancient Forest of Essex, which included a great part of the county. The towns, villages, and seats, which now stud the district, and the roads which intersect its sylvan waste, may have been the labours of a few centuries: inns and lodges would be among the earliest adjuncts to a vast district peopled, as it were, by hundreds of retainers, whose business it was to defend this "royal chase," for, the privileges of hunting here were confined to the sovereign and his favourites. Again, the thousands who flocked thither, with such privilege, would well repay the hospitalities of an inn and "hosteller," even, were we to leave out of the reckoning the boon companionship of foresters, and the debauched habits of marauders who fattened upon the infringement of the royal privilege, as in wholesale deer-stealing for the London markets.*

* Half a century since deer-stealing was not uncommon in Epping Forest; and, we were informed that in Epping churchyard is the tomb of a poor fellow whose business it was to convey the venison to the metropolis, but who, in one of his midnight returns was shot by an unknown hand; the almost headless body being found on the road next morning.

Our road lay across the Forest, through little of its thickness, though by an imperfect track, or path. The turf had its vernal green, save where the hoofs of the Easter hunters had turned up the gravelly sub-soil. The scene had few leafy beauties, the timber being chiefly oak, and the season backward but clumps of brightly blooming heath relieved its bare-bough sadness. The mile had its difficulties: the soil abounds with springs, and the late rains had made the turf and gravel deceitfully yielding to the pedestrian, so that we found the value of our guide in choosing the most accustomed path. After a gentle descent we forded a little brook, and crossed a newly-formed road in the valley, which, we were told, extends to Epping, and will shortly be completed, so as to supersede the present road. Another hill ascended, and we reached the whitened gable and tall chimney of the Lodge, as shown in the first Engraving, seen from the east; whilst the second Engraving shows the opposite or western side. Both gables of the principal building are shown in the Cuts; this contains the apartments, whilst the building abutting upon it is chiefly occupied by the spacious staircase.

The Lodge stands in the parish of Chingford, about one mile from the village, and now serves the purposes of a manor-house, the courts being held here. Chingford Hall, the present manor-house, is situate a short distance hence; but Mr. Lysons thinks it probable that the site of the ancient manor-house was that of the present Lodge.† It was purchased, in or about 1666, by Thomas Boothby, Esq., from whose family it descended by marriage to the wife of the late John Heathcote, Esq., M.P. for Rutland; the present proprietor being a cousin of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart.

The Lodge consists of a basement and two floors, the division of which is shown in the first Cut. The walls are of plaster, except the chimney, which is of substantial brickwork; the roof was tiled so lately as the year 1817, and the whole exterior has little of the air of antiquity comparatively with the interior. The entrance-door is beside the chimney, and the basement is chiefly occupied by the kitchen, where the capacious chimney, well stored with bacon, the antique fire-dogs, and cheerful wood fire, reminded us of the joys of rural life, if they carried us not back to

great Eliza's golden time.

The staircase, to the left of the entrance, is of surprising solidity: its width is about six feet, and it is divided by six landings,

† The manor of Chingford Comitis is described in the Domesday survey as held by Orgar the thane, for five hides; a freeman held it in the time of King Edward, and paid 10*l.* rent at Waltham. This manor has always been valued at 70*l.*—See notes to *Lysons's Environs*, vol. i. pt. ii. p. 664. Sec. Edit.

with four stairs between each, and each stair or step consists of a solid oak sill.

The first floor is occupied by two chambers, the principal of which is hung with tapestry, in fine preservation, and has a chimney opening with a flattened arch. The height of the basement and first floor, as the first Engraving shows, has been sacrificed to the story above, and it will be seen they occupy but half of the whole elevation.

The second floor is entirely occupied by a large room, or hall, if such a term can be applied to an upper apartment. It is entered from the staircase by a low, wide doorway. The dimensions of the room we take to be 24 feet width, and 42 feet length: its height reaches to the roofing, the tiles being merely hidden by plasterwork, and the sides consisting of massive timbers filled in with plaster, and originally lit with four windows, one of which has been blocked up. The roof, we should add, is supported by timbers springing into two pointed arches, which render it probable that the original roof was of a different form as well as material to the present. In this apartment are held the manorial courts; and, on the plain plaster walls hang three large sized whole-length portraits of one of the Booths, (lords of the manor,) in infancy, accompanied by his mother; in boyhood; and in manhood.

The timbers of the staircase sides and roof are massive, and spring into arched forms, so as to impress the beholder with their strength and durability; and, it is observable, that all the doorways in the building consist of flattened arches. These are among the most prominent proofs of the antiquity of the building. Its ancient appropriation remains to be told.

Tradition repotes this Lodge to have been a favourite hunting-seat of Queen Elizabeth: hence, it is to this day called *Queen Elizabeth's Lodge*. Its present occupant is the bailiff of the manor, who has lived here twenty years, and his father occupied the Lodge half a century before him. His civil and communicative wife, who accompanied us over the premises, asserts that the above has been the current tradition, in her time, and her husband's predecessor; adding that Elizabeth was accustomed to ride up stairs on horseback, and alight at the door of the large room, upon a raised place, which is to this day called the *horseblock*. We confess, the story savours of the marvellous, but the width and solidity, and the many landings of the staircase are in its favour; and, a few years since, a wager of ten pounds was won by a sporting gentleman riding an untrained pony up the assigned route of the chivalrous queen. This feat is the most wonderful part of the tradition, and has attracted hundreds of more visitors to the Lodge than did ever the antiquity of its structure.

T 2

There are circumstances which render it more than probable that the Lodge was fitted up for the reception of Elizabeth. That the Queen was extremely fond of the chase, and that she hunted at the age of 57, is well established fact; that her Majesty was delighted with a bear-bait is also known, so that her freak of riding up stairs would be but a trifle. That the Queen hunted in Epping Forest is nearly as certain; for, the Earl of Leicester once owned *Naked-hall Hawke*, or old *Wansted House*,* in the vicinity;—here, in May, 1578, he entertained Queen Elizabeth four or five days;† and one of the rooms in the mansion was called *the Queen's*. Again, at this house was solemnized Leicester's marriage with the Countess of Essex, Sept. 20, 1578, the Queen being then on a visit to Mr. Stonard, at Loughton, in the Forest;‡ and old *Wansted House* is introduced in the background of a picture of Queen Elizabeth, at Welbeck.§

In addition to the Hunting Lodge, we found other memorials of the age of Elizabeth, in this neighbourhood. Thus, the hill, or point whence we left the main road to cross the Forest to the Lodge, is, to this day, called *Buckhurst Hill*, as may be reasonably supposed from Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, the accomplished poet, and favoured flower of Elizabeth's court.

EXTRAORDINARY DREAM.

WE frequently hear people ridicule the idea that any importance is to be attached to dreams. Now, without for one moment wishing to give encouragement to the absurd theory by which it is attempted to affix a precise meaning to every somnambulatory vagary of the brain, and thus to systematize that which is incapable of being subjected to the rules of any known science, we are disposed to think that dreams have in many instances been the result of some secret agency, of the nature of which, however, it is impossible for us, ignorant as we are of the invisible world by which we are surrounded, to form even a conjecture. That in sleep,

* This mansion is mentioned in a document of 7 Richard II. and seems to have been the manorial residence.

† Lodge's Illustrations of English History, vol. II. p. 171.

‡ Collin's Peerage, vol. iv. p. 258.

§ In Miss Aikin's interesting *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth*, we find a few particulars of the Queen taking the amusement of *hunting the hart* in Enfield Chase. "Twelve ladies in white satin attended her on their 'ambling palfreys,' and twenty yeomen clad in green. At the entrance of the forest she was met by fifty archers in scarlet boots and yellow caps, armed with gilded bows; one of whom presented to her a silver-headed arrow winged with peacock's feathers. The splendid show concluded, according to the established laws of the chase, by the offering of the knife to the princess, as first lady on the field; and her taking 'say of the buck with her own fair and royal hand.'"

the mind is the subject of impressions as powerful, and sometimes as rational as those of our waking hours, no one who has ever reflected on the subject can for a moment entertain a doubt. And, if we are unable to trace those impressions to their source, it is, perhaps, because both the senses and the finer powers of observation are in a state of torpidity and relaxation that unfits them for their regular and accustomed exercise; so that, although the details of our dreams (especially those of a frightful or otherwise striking nature,) may be powerfully imprinted on the memory, the agency by which they have been produced is seldom discernible. How frequently do we find ourselves, during sleep, transported to some distant place, the particulars of which are as clearly presented to the mind's eye, as if the hand of the painter had assisted in the delineation; and so vivid and accurate has been the conception in many instances, that it has formed the subject of grave consideration with the learned, whether it be not possible that a temporary separation of the soul from the body may take place during sleep? Whether, in fact, the spirit of a man possesses not the faculty of quitting its torpid companion, and of taking its aerial flight to far distant regions;—to the loved, but long-lost scenes of our childhood, to the residence of valued friends; or to the more ambiguous and less understood precincts of some spot of earth, the localities of which have never presented themselves even to our imaginations, but which are not the less minutely depicted to the mental vision? It is true that in general, these flights of fancy appear to have neither aim nor object, but like the less equivocal starts of our waking moments end in airy nothingness. Nevertheless, many instances are on record, in which the truth and correctness of dreams have been proved beyond doubt by their results. Many such have come to our knowledge in the course of a long life; and of these, two remarkable ones occur to our recollection which strongly illustrate the foregoing observations. The first we shall relate is that of the tinker of Swaffham, which happened, perhaps, two or three hundred years ago. It is both traditional and historical, being well known in its first form in the place where it occurred; and having been recorded in the legendary histories of former ages. The particulars of the tale are as follow:—

There lived at Swaffham, in Norfolk, a hard-working, industrious man, who followed the trade of a tinker. This man dreamed one night that if he took a journey to London, and placed himself on a certain part of London Bridge, he should there meet with a person who would communicate something to him of great importance to his future prospects in life. This dream made some im-

pression on the tinker's mind, and he related it very circumstantially to his wife in the morning. She, however, half laughed and half scolded at him for his folly in paying attention to such idle fancies; and told him he had better get up and go to work. The next night he dreamed the same again, and likewise the third night, when the impression was so powerful on his mind that he determined, in spite of the remonstrances of his wife and the ridicule of his neighbours, to "go to London and see the upshot of it." Accordingly, having made the requisite arrangements as to the management of his business, during his absence, he furnished himself with a sum of money, and set off on foot for the metropolis, distant about 90 miles. He reached the end of his journey late on the third day, and having refreshed himself with a night's rest, he took his station the next morning on a part of the bridge which corresponded with the description in his dream. There he stood all that day without any communication to the purpose of his journey. The next day it was the same,—and the third; so that, towards night his confidence in his dream as well as his patience began to be considerably shaken; and he inwardly cursed himself for his folly in not yielding to his wife's advice, and resolved that next day he would leave London and make the best of his way home again. However, he kept his station until late in the evening, when just as he was about to leave it, a stranger who had noticed him standing doggedly and with anxious looks on the same spot for some days, accosted him and asked what he was waiting there for. After some hesitation, the tinker told him his errand, without, however, acquainting him with the place he came from. The stranger smiled at his simplicity, and advised him to go home, and in future pay no attention to dreams. "I myself," said he, "if I were disposed to put faith in such things might now go a hundred miles into the country upon a similar errand. *I dreamed three nights this week, that if I went to a place called Swaffham, in Norfolk, and dug under an apple tree in a certain garden on the north side of the town, I should find a box of money;* but I have something else to do than to run after such idle fancies. No, no, my friend, go home and work well at your calling, and you will find there the riches you are seeking here." The tinker was astonished. This, he doubted not, was the information he was seeking, but he said nothing further to the stranger than to thank him for his advice and to declare his determination to follow it. He immediately went to his lodging, and the next day set off for home which he reached safe. He said but little to his wife on the subject of his journey, but rose early the next morning and commenced digging on the spot supposed

to be pointed out by the stranger. After proceeding in his work a few feet downward, his spade struck against a hard substance, which upon clearing the mould from the top of it, proved to be an iron chest. He quickly removed it to his house, and having with some difficulty broken off the lid, to his great joy found it full of money. After securing this treasure, he discovered upon the outside of the chest an inscription, which, being no scholar, he was unable to decipher. He, therefore, hit upon the following expedient to ascertain its meaning:—There was in the town a grammar-school, several of the pupils from which were constantly in the habit of passing his smithy, in their way to and from school. The tinker judged that by placing the chest at the door, it would excite the attention of the boys, and thus he should be able to obtain the object in view without exciting any suspicion among his neighbours. He had soon the opportunity he sought; a number of the boys having gathered round, as was their custom, to witness the operations of the forge, he took occasion to challenge their scholastic skill in the translation of the inscription. Some shook their heads; others, after conning over it awhile, said it was not sufficiently legible. At length, one older than the rest, anxious to display his superior learning, after scraping and brushing off the rust, gave the following solution of it:

"Where this stood
Is another twice as good."

Overjoyed at this information, the tinker, next morning, resumed his labour; and, a little below the ground already cleared, he found a second chest double the size of the first, and like it, filled with gold and silver coin. The account goes on to state that, becoming thus suddenly a wealthy man, the tinker showed his gratitude to Providence by building a new chancel to the church, the old one being out of repair. And, whatever fiction the marvellous taste of those ages may have mixed up with the tale, certain it is that there is shown at this day a monument in Swaffham Church having an effigy in marble, said to be that of the tinker, with his dog at his side, and his tools and implements of trade lying around him. A CORRESPONDENT.*

THE GAME OF KYLES.

(To the Editor.)

In No. 599, page 232, of *The Mirror*, in describing the amusements of James IV. of Scotland, reference is made to the *Game of Kyles* as not now known. I find the same game much in use at the present time in Devonshire. It is played with nine pins, about six inches in diameter, and about nine inches high, with a curve round the bottom

and top; the body of the same size, which makes them different in shape to Skittles. They are placed on a frame, about thirteen inches apart, and the player bowls at them from a fixed part of the ground with a light ball, of about twelve inches diameter.

In Devonshire, they call this ground *Kyle Alleys*. Their pronunciation is *Keels*, but the spelling *Kyles*. S. T.

The Public Journals.

TEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY.

[A DRAMATIST imprisoned for treason is, at least, a novelty in this world's chapter of accidents. The situation is a new one; for the dramatist's plots are usually confined to the stage, and his terms of imprisonment end with the scene. Not so, however, in the following narrative of Silvio Pellico, one of the most distinguished of the modern dramatists of Italy, and a rising ornament of Italian literature. His arrest took place at Milan, in October, 1820, on the charge of being implicated in a conspiracy against the Austrian government. Since his liberation, he has published a narrative of his Captivity, from the *Foreign Quarterly Review* of which work, we quote the following extracts, of intense interest.]

At Milan.

After undergoing an examination, as to the particulars of which he is silent—"being," as he says, "like an ill-used lover, determined to bear his injuries with dignity, to leave politics alone"—he was conducted to the prison of St. Marguerite, and consigned to a room on the ground floor, looking out on a court surrounded on all sides by prisons. The first day of imprisonment passed wearily indeed. The gaoler, who had studied the philosophy of imprisonment after his way, advised Pellico to kill time by taking some wine with his meals, and when Pellico informed him that he drank none, "I pity you," said he; "you will suffer doubly from solitude." He was left to gaze out of the window into the court, to listen to the sound of the gaolers' feet as they walked the passages of the prison, and to the half-frenzied songs which at times rose from the different cells. He tried to amuse himself by contrasting the purposes to which the building, which had once been a monastery, had been originally devoted, with its present gloomy application. But the consideration of his own position could not be long excluded; the recollection of a father, mother, two brothers, and two sisters, left at Turin, recurred to him; and Pellico felt the truth of the observation, how certainly, in moments of sorrow, the remembrance of any supposed unkindness to those who should have been dear to us, is

* The second narrative in our next.

sure to rise up in judgment against us, and to haunt the mind with unavailing regret. He had visited his family about three months before at Turin, but occupied by other business, he had had but little time to devote to his relations. "Ah," observed his mother, who probably perceived the difference on this occasion, "I see our Silvio does not now come to Turin to visit us." This observation of his mother now occurred to him; he reproached himself with not having shown more visibly, ere it was too late, the affection he felt for them all; and he wept like a child till evening darkened about him, and he laid himself down on his hard couch, not expecting to sleep. Weariness, however, overpowered him, and he slept soundly for a time.

His first feeling on awaking, which he did some hours after, he describes as one of despair. Frightful visions of his own fate, and that of his family, pursued him in the darkness. He wished they had been in their graves before the news of this stroke should reach them in Turin. "Who," he asked, will enable them to bear it?" At this moment the idea of an overruling God, of the consolations of religion, first became seriously impressed on his mind; hitherto it had exercised but little practical influence on his thoughts, but now, in the gloom and solitude of his cell, he began to dwell upon it long and earnestly, and as he did so he felt his mind grow calm, and a ray of hope seemed to him to emerge where all had at first appeared to be despair. The very turnkeys observed the difference in his appearance next morning, and congratulated him upon it. "Yesterday," said one of them, "you had the look of a basilisk, but to-day I am glad to see you don't look so rascally. Your rascal always looks worse the second day than the first." Pellico had been allowed the use of a copy of Dante and the Bible. Of the former he used to commit a canto to memory every day, till at last the exercise became so mechanical that it ceased to afford any interruption to the train of melancholy thought. It was otherwise with the study of the Bible; for though his attention at first wandered often, yet by degrees he became capable of meditating on it with fixed attention, and of absorbing himself in its perusal to the exclusion of every other intrusive thought. The precept "Pray without ceasing," in particular made a deep impression on his mind, and he determined to realize it, by keeping the idea of the Deity constantly present to his thoughts, and conforming every purpose (for there was little room for action) to the Divine will. Thus a tranquil hope and confidence that he was not left alone in the world, seemed to grow upon him day by day.

Meantime he thought it his duty to preserve his spirits and his cheerfulness, by

finding some objects which might afford interest or occupation to his mind. Even in the first few days of his imprisonment he had found a friend. This was a deaf and dumb child of five or six years old, whose father and mother had been robbers, and had fallen victims to justice. The poor orphan was brought up here by the police, with other children in the same situation. They lived all together in a room in front of Pellico's, and at times they came out to take the air in the court.

"The deaf and dumb boy," says he, "came under my window and smiled and gesticulated to me. I threw him a piece of bread; he took it, leaping for joy, ran to his companions, shared it with them all, and then returned to eat his own small portion opposite my window, expressing his gratitude to me by the smile that beamed in his beautiful eyes. The other children looked at me from a distance, but did not venture to approach. The deaf and dumb boy had a deep sympathy for me, and one not founded on mere motives of interest. Sometimes he did not know what to do with the food I threw him, and made signs to me that he and his companions had had enough, and could not eat more. If he saw a turnkey coming towards my room, he would give him the bread to return to me. Though expecting nothing from me, he would continue to gambol beneath my window with the most amiable grace, delighted that I should see him. One day a turnkey promised that he should be allowed to visit me in my cell: the moment he entered he ran to embrace my knees; with a cry of joy. I took him in my arms, and the transports with which he caressed me are indescribable. What attachment there was in that poor creature! How I longed to educate him, to save him from the abject condition in which I found him!

"I never learnt his name. He himself did not know that he had one. He was always gay; nor did I ever see him weep but once, when he was beaten, I know not for what, by the gaoler. Strange! To live in a prison seems the height of misfortune, and yet assuredly this child was then as happy as the son of a prince. I reflected on this: I learned that it is possible to render the mind independent of place. Let us keep imagination in subjection, and we should be well every where. A day is soon over, and when at night we lie down without hunger or pain, what matters it if our bed be placed between walls which are called a prison, or walls which bear the name of a cottage or a palace?"

Of the consolation and amusement which his intercourse with this poor child afforded, Pellico was soon deprived, by his removal to another room, his own being required for a newer arrival. It was darker, dirtier, and more comfortless than the former, command-

ing on one side a view of a court with the windows of his former room, and on the other, a prospect of part of the prison for the women. Pellico looked anxiously for some days towards his old lodging, to see if he could catch a glimpse of his successor at the window; at last he discovered him to be his friend Melchior Gioia. Gioia had, in his turn, been made aware what part of the prison was occupied by Pellico. The friends could not speak, but they waved their handkerchiefs, and endeavoured to express their feelings by silent yet speaking gestures. But such intercourse was contrary to the rules of the prison, and the turnkey entering, directed Pellico to discontinue it.

In the commencement of the year 1821, Pellico's chamber was again changed, and this time for the better. The day of his removal was a day of events for Pellico. As he crossed the court he again saw the deaf and dumb orphan, and again exchanged a parting greeting with Melchior Gioia. On entering his new apartment, he found some French stanzas written on the wall, and signed "the Duke of Normandy." He began to sing them, adapting them, as he best could, to the air sung by the unseen Magdalen of the women's prison,—when, to his surprise, a voice from an adjoining cell took up the strain and sang them to another air. "Bravo," exclaimed Pellico, as he finished. The singer saluted him politely, and asked him if he was a Frenchman. Pellico told him his name and birthplace, and in return asked the name of his companion. The answer was, "I am the unfortunate Duke of Normandy." This was one of the numerous pretenders to the character of the son of Louis XVI., who had been imprisoned by the vigilance of the Austrian Government.

At Venice.

On the night of the 18th of February, 1821, Pellico was suddenly awakened by the noise of chains and the grating of locks. Count Bolza, the Commissary of Police, entered his prison, and desired him to dress himself as quickly as possible. In the first moments of his surprise the idea occurred to him that the Count might be sent to conduct him to the confines of Piedmont; that he was once more to rejoin his family and enjoy the sweets of liberty. "Where am I going?" said he to the Count as they got into the carriage. "I cannot tell you till we are a mile beyond Milan." But Pellico saw that their course was not towards the Porta Vercellina, and this was a sufficient answer. It was a lovely moonlight night; the streets, the houses, the churches, the public gardens in which he had walked with Foscolo, Monti, Breme, Borsieri, and Porro, could all be recognised as they drove along; his heart swelled at the thought that he was looking at them for the last time,

and when they passed the gate, he pulled his hat over his face to conceal his tears. "I suppose," he said, after a time, "we are going to Verona." "Farther," replied the Count, "we are going to Venice, where you are to be consigned to the charge of a special commission." They reached Venice on the 20th of February.

Pellico's destination was the celebrated *Piombi*, forming the upper part of the old palace of the Doge, and so called from their leaden roofs. From his chamber window he looked out on the roof of the church of St. Mark, beyond which he could catch a glimpse of the extremity of the square with its numerous cupolas and steeples. Rising immediately over the roof of the church was the gigantic *Campanile*, which was so near that he could even in calm weather hear the voices of the persons who were talking on its top. Crowds of Doves fluttered about his windows, or rested in the adjoining spires. At one corner of the church a small portion of the court of the palace, with a public well, were visible; but from the height of his prison, the people in the street beneath looked like children, and their voices were lost as they ascended. He felt his solitude more complete than even in the prison of Milan. The faces of the men about him seemed more solemn and appalling. The gaoler, with his wife and family, which consisted of a daughter about fifteen, and two sons of thirteen and ten years old, had already heard of his name and reputation as a tragic poet. They looked upon him at first as a sort of magician, and scarcely ventured to utter a syllable in his presence; but by degrees all of them, except the wife, whose temper seemed naturally harsh and unamiable, seemed to grow accustomed to him. The daughter and the two boys generally accompanied their mother when she took the prisoner his coffee or his meals, and would often turn round and regard him with a deep expression of pity, when the door was about to be locked.

Meantime the investigation before the special commission was proceeding; day after day Pellico had to undergo long examinations; and often he returned to his cell in such a state of excitement and despair, that he would have committed suicide, if the recollection of his family, and the voice of religion, had not restrained his hand. Yet this harassing scene of never-ending examinations began at last even to shake his religious faith. He neglected prayer—he vented curses on his fellow men and the world;—he tried to still the agitation of his mind, by singing for hours with a forced gaiety; he gossiped with whoever entered his cell, and endeavoured to look on all things with a cynical indifference and contempt.

But happily, these evil days were few. His Bible, neglected in the meantime, had become

covered with dust. "Since you have given up reading that large, ugly book," said one of the gaoler's little boys to him one day, "you don't look so melancholy, I think." "Do you think so?" said Pellico, sorrowfully and with a feeling of shame taking the Bible in his hand and brushing the dust from it. It opened by chance at these words: "It is impossible, but that offences must come, but woe unto him through whom they come! It were better for him, that a millstone were hung about his neck, and that he were thrown into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones." He blushed as he shut the book, and when the boy retired, he fell on his knees, re-opened the Bible, and amidst tears, sweeter than any other enjoyment could have been, he read for an hour, and rose with the feeling, that he had reconciled himself again to a friend whom he had forsaken, and that he could now look on imprisonment, nay, the scaffold itself, with resignation.

His solitude, however, became still more dreary and complete. The two little boys of the gaoler were sent to school; his visitors were now reduced to their mother and sister, and even they no longer lingered in his room as they had been accustomed to do. The mother's absence Pellico scarcely regretted, but he felt the want of the compassionate looks and gentle speech of Angela, the daughter, who, though plain, had a certain sweetness of look and language which were not without their attractions to a solitary prisoner. "When she brought me my coffee," says he, "and told me she had made it, I thought it excellent. When she said her mother made it, it seemed but tepid water." Deprived of human society, Pellico had recourse to that of the insect creation. He feasted large colonies of ants which inhabited his window, and made a pet of a handsome spider on the wall, whom he fed with gnats and flies, and who became at last so domesticated, that he would crawl into his bed, or on his hand, to receive his allowance. It would have been well for Pellico, if these had been the only insects to whose visits he was exposed. But the extreme mildness of the winter, and the heat of the spring, had generated millions of gnats, which filled the sweltering oven in which he was confined. The reflection of the heat from the leaden roof was intolerable, while the bed, the floor, the walls, the air, were filled with these venomous insects, constantly going and coming through the window with their tormenting hum. The suffering produced by the burning heat and the stings of these creatures almost drove the prisoner to distraction. He applied frequently for a change of prison, but no attention was paid to his request. Still, with the assistance of his own firmness of mind, and religious faith, he bore

up against all these miseries. He determined if possible to divert his attention by committing to writing the thoughts which passed through his mind. He was allowed paper, pen and ink, by the gaoler; but was obliged to account for every sheet he used, by exhibiting its contents. He did not venture, therefore, to make use of any part of his allowance of paper for this purpose, but contrived to procure a substitute by scratching the surface of a deal table smooth with a piece of glass, and using it as a tablet. And thus, with his hands in gloves, his legs and head wrapped up as much as possible from the attacks of the gnats, he sat, covering the surface of the table with reflections and recollections of the history of his life, and giving vent in this mute shape to all the anxious visions that crossed his mind. When he heard the gaoler approaching, he used to throw a cloth over the table, and place upon it his *legal* allowance of ink and paper.

(To be continued.)

The Naturalist.

THE BIRD OF WASHINGTON,



Or, Great American Sea Eagle.

To Audubon, the distinguished American naturalist, we are indebted for the most complete account of this stupendous denizen of the air. He describes his first sight of the bird with enthusiasm: "not even Herschell, when he discovered the famous planet which bears his name, could have experienced more happy feelings" than did Audubon at the first sight of this bird. He says:—

"It was on a winter's evening, in the month of February, 1814, that, for the first time in my life, I had an opportunity of seeing this rare and noble bird, and never shall I forget the delight it gave me. We were on a trading voyage, ascending the Upper Mississippi,—the keen winter blasts whistled over our heads, and the cold from which I suffered had, in a great degree, extinguished the deep interest which, at other seasons, this river has been wont to awake in me. I lay stretched beside our patrol; the safety of the cargo was forgotten, and the only thing that called forth my attention was the multitude of ducks, of different species, accompanied by vast flocks of swans, which from time to time would pass us. My patrol, a Canadian, had been engaged many years in the fur trade: he was a man of much intelligence, who, perceiving that these birds had engaged my curiosity, seemed only anxious to find some new object to divert me. The Sea Eagle flew over us. 'How fortunate!' he exclaimed: 'this is what I could have wished. Look, sir! the great eagle, and the only one I have seen since I left the lakes.' I was instantly on my feet, and, having observed it attentively, concluded, as I lost it in the distance, that it was a species quite new to me.

"The Sea Eagle of America is full one-fourth larger in size than any female specimen of the other kind I ever met with, old or young. In the United States, from Massachusetts to Louisiana on the seaboard, or as high as the mouth of the Missouri to the north-west, (I speak only of the extent of country I have visited, and where I have seen them,) these birds are very rare. This will appear to all, when I say that during my many long peregrinations more than eight or nine I never found, and only one nest. Two years had gone by since the discovery of the nest, in fruitless excursions; but my wishes were no longer to remain ungratified. In returning from the little village of Henderson, to the house of Dr. R——, about a mile distant, I saw one rise from a small enclosure not a hundred yards before me, where the doctor had a few days before slaughtered some hogs, and alight upon a low tree branching over the road. I prepared my double-barrelled piece, which I constantly carry, and went slowly and cautiously towards him; quite fearless, he awaited my approach, looking upon me with an undaunted eye. I fired,

and he fell; before I reached him, he was dead. With what delight I surveyed this magnificent bird! Had the finest salmon ever pleased him as he did me? Never. I ran and presented him to my friend. The doctor, who was an experienced hunter, examined the bird with much satisfaction, and frankly acknowledged he had never before seen or heard of it.

"The name I chose for this new species of eagle, 'The Bird of Washington,' may, by some, be considered as preposterous and unfit; but, being indisputably the noblest of the genus known to naturalists, I trust it will be allowed to retain it. To those, however, who may be curious to know my reasons, I can only say, that as the New World gave me birth and liberty, the great man who insured its independence is next to my heart: he had such true nobility of mind, and honest, generous feeling, as is seldom possessed. He was brave, so is the eagle; and his name, extending from pole to pole, resembles the majestic soarings of the mightiest of the feathered tribe.

"The flight of this bird is very different from that of the white-headed eagle, encircling more diameter than the latter;—whilst sailing, keeping nearer to the land and the surface of the water;—and when about to dive for fish, falling in a circuitous spiral manner, as if with an intention of checking all retreating movement which its prey might attempt, and only when within a few yards darting upon it. The fish-hawk often does the same. When rising with a fish, they fly to a considerable distance, forming, in their line of course and that of the water a very acute angle, something not exceeding thirty degrees, when several hundred yards distant from the spot emerged from.

"The glands containing the oil used for the purpose of lubricating the surface of the plumage were, in the specimen here represented, extremely large; the contents had the appearance of hog's fat which had been melted and become rancid. This bird makes more copious use of that substance than the white-headed eagle, or any of the *Falco* genus, except the fish-hawk: the whole plumage looking, upon close examination, as if it had received a general coating of a thin, clear dilution of gum-arabic, and presenting less of the downy gloss exhibited on the upper part of the bald-headed eagle's plumage. The male-bird weighs $14\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. avoirdupois; measures 3 ft. 7 in. in length, and 10 ft. 2 in. in extent. The upper mandible $3\frac{1}{2}$ in., dark bluish black: it is, however, the same colour for half its length, turning into yellow towards the mouth, which is surrounded with a thick yellow skin. Mouth, blue; tongue, the same; cere, greenish yellow; eye large, of a fine chestnut colour; iris, black, the whole protected above by a broad, strong,

bony, cartilaginous substance, giving the eye the appearance of being much sunk. Lores, lightish blue, with much strong recumbent hair; upper part of the head, neck, back, scapulars, rump, tail coverts, femorals, and tail feathers, dark coppery glossy brown; throat, front of the neck, breast, and belly, rich bright cinnamon colour;—the feathers of the whole of which are long, narrow, sharp-pointed, of a hairy texture, each dashed along the centre with the brown of the back; the wings, when closed, reach within an inch and a half of the end of the tail feathers, which are very broad next the body. Lesser coverts, rusty iron grey, forming with that colour an elongated oval, reaching from the shoulders to the lower end of the secondaries, gradually changing to the brown of the back as it meets the scapulars. The secondaries of the last middle tint. Primaries brown, darkest in their inner veins, very broad and firm; the outer one $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. shorter than the second; the longest 24 in. to its roots, and about half an inch in diameter at the barrel. The under wing coverts, iron grey, very broad, and forming the same cavity that is apparent in all this genus with the scapulars, which also are very broad. Legs and feet strong and muscular: the former $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter; the latter measuring, from the base of the hind claw to that of the middle toe, $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. Claws strong, much hooked: the hind one 2 in. long, the inner rather less, all blue black and glossy. Toes warty, with rasp-like advancing hard particles, covered with large scales appearing again on the front of the leg, all of dirty strong yellow. Leg feathers brown cinnamon, pointed backwards.

"From the above account, it will be seen that the bird here described and faithfully figured from a fresh-killed specimen, is a very scarce species, even in those parts where it is a native; and, that it is rarely met with, the few opportunities I have had of seeing it, the dates of which I have generally given, are a sufficient proof."—*Abridged from the Magazine of Natural History, vol. i.*

Notes of a Reader.

THE WIFE: A TALE OF MANTUA.

[The olden drama has been Mr. Knowles's model in this, as in his preceding successful play, *The Haunchback*. The present production is especially adapted for quotation by way of abstract; and, as the plot of the play will be better enjoyed in witnessing its representation, we do not trench upon its interest by an outline. Mr. Knowles's favourite author is Massinger—in age and spirit, kindred to—SHAKESPEARE!—what heaven-born fraternity! Yet the author of our times does not borrow from his model of the early

years of the seventeenth century; but, he looks through a vista of two hundred years in the right earnestness of admiration, such as genius feels without betrayal into imitation. We could read and note from Massinger all the live-long day: his poetry is indeed impassioned truth; it has the startling solidity of gold, the lustre of truth, and the eloquence and force of nature. Need we then add that the *Tale of Mantua* has for us powerful attractions; but, above all, we are delighted to observe that the great mass of readers in the present day are proud of an author whom they can read and enjoy beside Massinger: it is a good, healthy symptom for the stage. Now, to our pleasant task of annotation:]—

RETROSPECTION OF BOYHOOD.

I am a boy again! The days come back
When smallest things made wealth of happiness
And ever were at hand! when I did watch
With panting heart the striking of the clock.
Which hardly sounded ere the book was shut.
Then for the race—the leap—the game—
The vigour and endurance of such joy!
Is't e'er to come again? And care so light,
That, looking back, you smile you thought it care.
And call it part of pleasure!

FRIENDS IN ADVERSITY.

Acquaintance, born and nurtured in
Adversity, is worth the cherishing:
'Tis proved steel which one may trust one's life to.

FRIENDSHIP AND CONFIDENCE.

A dwarf is not to be despis'd,
For he may have a giant for his friend,
And so be master of a giant's strength.
Come, come, have confidence;—'tis the free rein
Which takes the willing courser o'er the leap
He'd miss if you did check him!

TRUE LOVE.

My heart is safe—
Love-proof, with love! which, if it be not,
A passion that can only once be felt—
Hath but one object—lives and dies with us—
And, while it lives, remains itself, while all
Attachments else keep changing—it is nothing!
I used to laugh at love, and deem it fancy;
My heart would choose its mistress by mine eyes,
Whom scarce they found ere my heart sought a new one.

I knew not then the 'haviour of the soul—
How that's the loveliness which it doth lodge,
A world beyond the loveliness of form!
I found it!—when or where—for weal or woe—
It matters not! I found it! wedded it!
Never to be divorce'd from that true love
Which taught me what love was!

THE WIFE'S TALE.

(Related to *Lorenzo, her Advocate*.)

Lorenzo. I dare be sworn your passion
Was such a thing, as by its neighbourhood
Made piety and virtue twice as rich
As e'er they were before. How grew it? Come,
Thou know'st thy heart—look calmly into it,
And see how innocent a thing it is
Which thou dost fear to show. I wait your answer,
How grew your passion?

Mariana. As my stature grew,
Which rose without my noting it, until
They said I was a woman. I kept watch
Beside what seem'd his death-bed. From beneath
An avalanche my father rescued him,
The sole survivor of a company
Who wandered through our mountains. A long time
His life was doubtful, signor, and he called

For help, whence help alone could come, which I,
Morning and night, invoc'd along with him.—
So first our souls did mingle!

Lorenzo. I perceive:—you mingled souls until you
mingled hearts?

You lov'd at last.—Was't not the sequel, maid?

Mariana. I lov'd, indeed! If I but nurs'd a flower
Which to the ground the rain and wind had beaten,
That flow'r of all our garden was my pride:—
What then was he to me, for whom I thought
To make a shroud, when, tending on him still
With hope, that, baffled still, did still keep up,
I saw at last the ruddy dawn of health
Begin to mantle o'er his pallid form,
And glow—and glow—till forth at last it burst
Into confirmed, broad, and glorious day?

Lorenzo. You loved, and he did love?

Mariana. To say he did,
Were to affirm what oft his eyes avouch'd,
What many an action testified—and yet
What wanted confirmation of his tongue.
But if he loved—it brought him not content!
'Twas now abstraction—now a start—anon
A pacing to and fro—anon, a stillness,
As naught remain'd of life, save life itself,
And feeling, thought, and motion, were extinct!
Then all again was action! Disinclin'd
To converse, save he held it with himself;
Which oft he did, in moody vein discoursing,
And ever and anon invoking Honour,
As some high contest there were pending, 'twixt
Himself and him, wherein her aid he needed.

Lorenzo. This spoke impediment: or he was bound
By promise to another; or had friends
Whom it behoved him to consult, and doubted;
Or 'twixt you lay disparity too wide
For love itself to leap.

Mariana. I saw a struggle,
But knew not what it was. I wondered still,
That what to me was all content, to him
Was all disturbance; but my turn did come.
At length he talked of leaving us; at length,
He fixed the parting day, but kept it not—
O how my heart did bound! Then first I knew
It had been sinking. Deeper still it sank
When next he fixed to go; and sank it then
To bound no more! He went.

Lorenzo. To follow him,
You came to Mantua?

Mariana. What could I do?—
Cot, garden, vineyard, rivulet, and wood,
Lake, sky, and mountain, went along with him,—
Could I remain behind? My father found
My heart was not at home: he loved his child,
And asked me, one day, whither we should go?
I said, "to Mantua." I follow'd him
To Mantua, to breathe the air he breath'd,
To walk upon the ground he walk'd upon,
To look upon the things he look'd upon,
To look, perchance, on him!—perchance to hear him,
To touch him! never to be known to him,
Till he was told I lived and died his love.

CONSCIENCE.

O, poverty of earth—
That men do deeds which win them evil names,
And apurn the names, but not the deeds which win
them!

THUNDER.

The herald, earth-accredited of Heaven—
Which when men hear, they think upon Heaven's
king,
And run the items o'er of the account
To which he's sure to call them.

THE BETROTHED.

Mariana. I am a maid betrothed!
All but the rites, a wife! A wedded heart
Although unwedded hand! Reflect on that!
Making me give my hand unto the Count,
You make me give what is another's right:—
Constraining me to an unrighteous act,
Contenting him where it is base to wish,

And doing violence to Heaven itself,
Which curses lips that move 'gainst consciences!
Ferrardo. Lives he of whom you speak in Mantua?
Mariana. In Mantua he told me he did live.
Ferrardo. What! know you not the place of his
sojourn?

Mariana. Yes! where he still sojourns, where'er
he is!

Ferrardo. What place is that?

Mariana. My heart! Tho' travels he
By land or sea—though I'm in Mantua,
And he as distant as the pole away—
I look but into that, and there he is;
It's king enthron'd, with every thought, wish, will,
In waiting at his feet!

COURAGE IN ADVERSITY.

Have a heart, Poverty, thou hast naught to lose,—
Nor land, nor mansion, nor habiliments,
That thou shouldst play the craven! That thou
call'st

Thy life—what is it? Hunger!—Nakedness!
A lodging 'neath the eaves! ten scornful looks,
For one of pity; and that one a proof
That thou'rt an anguish to the aching sight!
Then what car'st thou for cuffs? Nay, cuff again,
That they may fall the heavier!—satisfied
That he, who brains thee, does thee, Poverty,
A thousand times the good, he does thee ill!

PHENOMENA OF THE DEATH-BED.

WHATEVER be the causes of dissolution,
whether sudden violence, or lingering
malady, the immediate modes by which
death is brought about appear to be but two.
In the one, the nervous system is primarily
attacked, and there is a sinking, sometimes
an instantaneous extinction, of the powers of
life; in the other, dissolution is effected by
the circulation of black venous blood in the
arteries of the body, instead of the red arte-
rial blood. The former is termed death by
syncope, or fainting,—the latter, death by
asphyxia. In the last-mentioned manner of
death, when it is the result of disease, the
struggle is long protracted, and accompanied
by all the visible marks of agony which the
imagination associates with the closing scene
of life,—the pinched and pallid features, the
cold clammy skin, the upturned eye, and the
heaving, laborious, rattling respiration. Death
does not strike all the organs of the body at
the same time; some may be said to survive
others; and the lungs are among the last
to give up the performance of their function
and die. As death approaches, they become
gradually more and more oppressed; the
air-cells are loaded with an increased quan-
tity of the fluid, which naturally lubricates
their surfaces; the atmosphere can now no
longer come into contact with the minute
blood-vessels spread over the air-cells, without
first permeating this viscid fluid,—hence the
rattle; nor is the contact sufficiently perfect
to change the black venous into the red arte-
rial blood; an unprepared fluid consequently
issues from the lungs into the heart, and is
thence transmitted to every other organ of
the body. The brain receives it, and its
energies appear to be lulled thereby into
sleep—generally tranquil sleep—filled with

dreams which impel the dying lip to murmur out the names of friends and the occupations and recollections of past life: the peasant "babbles o' green fields," and Napoleon expires amid visions of battle, uttering with his last breath "*tête d'armee*."—*Sir Henry Halford.*

A FACTORY GIRL.

A FACTORY child—say, a *smally* girl, "Simon's sickly daughter"—must be at her work—say at four o'clock of a snowy winter-morning—else she will be cursed—fined—or strapped. Her father's house is a long mile from the mill—and has no clock. To ensure punctuality, the *smally* sickly wretch ("nature," says Mr. Sadler, *laughably*, "is not very wakeful on a short night's rest, after a long day's labour,") has been roused much too early, by one of her parents shaking the sleeper, "more in sorrow than in anger;" and with the sleet in her face, away she sets off to the town just as the cock, after his first few faint crows, has again put his head under his wing, on his perch between his favourite partlets. 'Tis no uncommon case; "whoever," says Mr. Sadler, "has lived in a manufacturing town, must have heard, if he happened to be awake many hours before light on a winter's morning, the patter of little pattens on the pavement, lasting perhaps for half an hour together, though the time appointed for assembling was the same." She works for some hours before breakfast, after what some folks would have called no supper—and then what a breakfast—covered with dust! Nor is she allowed to eat it, such as it is, sitting; but must swallow a mouthful now and then as best she may, standing and working at the beck of that engine. Her work, it is true, may not be of a very hard or heavy kind. Nay, it is even light. But her eye must be quick, and her hand nimble, and her mind on the alert—for if she have "a bad-side," smack comes the strap across her shoulders. It is not so much the degree of the wretch's labour that wears her out, as its duration. Wearisome uniformity, continued position constant and close confinement—these are cruel to body and mind, and these are her portion. A cockney in a counting-house "wielding his delicate pen," as he "pens a stanza while he should engross," is wearier at nightfall in his embroidered vest, than the naked coalheaver who has hoisted from the hold of a Newcastle a ton of black diamonds to each of his twelve pots of porter. At midday "to dinner with what appetite she may," and some hours after, a cup of thin sugarless tea, for nothing else will stay on her stomach. There is a demand—and work must go on till midnight. She gets drowsy, and lies down on the floor to snatch some sleep. The overlooker spies

her white face upon her thin arm for a pillow—blue eyelids shut—pale lips apart; and, to cure that lazy trick, dashes over her head, and neck, and breast, and body, a bucketful of water. Well may our legislator laugh at the recital, for all the imps there laugh louder than he at the reality, and it cannot be denied that the practical joke is of the first water. And now the whole gang of small, sweaty, sickly slaves is at work in spite of the stupor of sleepiness,—and how think ye do they contrive to keep themselves awake? By all manner of indecencies of look, speech, and action, possible in purgatory. Fathers have sworn to it, and wished they had been childless. * * * * *

We have already touched 'incidentally on the cruelties perpetrated in the Factories. What is a billy-roller? A billy-roller is a heavy rod, from two to three yards long, and of two inches diameter, with an iron pivot at each end. Its primary and proper function is to run on the top of the cording over the feeding cloth. Its secondary and improper function is to rap little children "on the head, making their heads crack, so that you may hear the blow at the distance of six or eight yards, in spite of the din and rolling of the machinery." Mr. Whitehead, clothier at Scholes, near Holmfirth, a most respectable and trust-worthy man, tells the Committee, that often when a child, so fatigued as not to know whether it is at work or not, falls into some error, the billy-spinner takes the billy-roller and then smites it over its head, face, or shoulders. It is very difficult, he adds, to go into a mill in the latter part of the day—particularly winter, when the children are weary and sleepy—and not to hear some of them crying for being thus beaten. A young girl has had the end of a billy-roller jammed through her cheek; and a woman in Holmfirth was beaten to death. We have been taking another glance over the cruelties as described by scores of witnesses, not a few of whom had been sufferers, but any detailed account of them would be sickening—so we refrain. Suffice it to say, that unless the witnesses be all liars of the first magnitude, the billy-roller is in active employment in many factories—that black-strap is at frequent work in them all—that cuffs from open and blows from clenched hands are plentiful as blackberries—that samples are shown of every species of shaking—and that there is no dearth of that perhaps most brutal of all 'beastly punishment, kicking.

To be billy-rollered or strapped, after perhaps having been bucketed for falling asleep, is bad to endure; still it seems to be insensate matter that gives the pain—wood or leather. A blow from the fist is hateful; yet the hand being in common use, the degradation is not in such cases utter. The boy wipes his bloody nose, and he forgives

the fist of the overlooker. But a foot—a large, stinking, splay-foot—flung suddenly out “*with a fung*,” ere a boy has time by crouching to elude or supplicate, savage as it is, is yet more insulting, and sends to the core of the heart the shame of slavery, that can be extinguished but by undying hatred and deadly revenge.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

MAY MORN SONG.

THE grass is wet with shining dews,
Their silver bells hang on each tree,
While opening flower and bursting bud
Breathe incense forth unceasingly:
The mavis-pipes in greenwood shaw,
The thrush glads the spreading thorn,
And cheerily the blythsome lark
Salutes the rosy face of morn.
’Tis early prime;
And hark! hark! hark!
His merry chime
Chirrup the lark:
Chirrup! chirrup! he heralds in
The jolly sun with matin hymn.
Come, come, my love! and May-dews shake
In pailfuls from each drooping bough—
They'll give fresh lustre to the bloom
That breaks upon thy young cheek now.
O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood,
Aurora's smiles are streaming free;
With earth it seems brave holyday,
In heaven it looks high jubilee.
And it is right,
For mark, love, mark!
How bathed in light
Chirrup the lark:
Chirrup! chirrup! he upward flies,
Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.
They lack all heart who cannot feel
The voice of heaven within them thrill,
In summer morn, when mounting high,
This merry minstrel sings his fill.
New let us seek yon bosky dell
Where brightest wild-flowers choose to be,
And where its clear stream murmurs on,
Meet type of our love's purity;
— No witness there,
And o'er us, hark!
High in the air
Chirrup the lark:
Chirrup! chirrup! away soars he,
Bearing to heaven my vows to thee!

Blackwood's Magazine.

BRITISH NAVY.

THE Royal Navy consisted on the 1st of January, 1833, of

22 First-rates .. of ..	108 to 120 guns
31 Second-rates	78 to 84 —
68 Third-rates	74 to 76 —
22 Fourth-rates	50 to 52 —
101 Fifth-rates	42 to 50 —
95 Sixth-rates	26 to 36 —

with 74 18-gun vessels, and 161 small craft, making in all 574 armed vessels. Mr. Edye estimates the quantity of wood required for the construction of a first-rate of 120 guns at 5,880 loads—for an 80-gun ship, 4,339 loads—for a 74, 3,600—for a 52, 2,372—for a fifth-rate, 1,800 loads—and for a sixth-rate, 963. According to him, therefore, it would take, to build the existing 574 ships, not

much under a million loads of timber; and the quantity annually requisite to keep them sea-worthy will be 125,000 loads.—*Quarterly Review.*

BRIGHTON FASHION.

AT Brighton, balls and dinners, that would be spurned in London, find favour with the finest people: no where does wealth tell with more direct brute force; and, this season, one of the most successful of the plebeian Amphytrions was the head of the well-known house of Trenchard and Co., Cornhill.

Mr. Trenchard was a plain unaffected man of business; his wife was comely, noisy, loud, vulgar, overbearing; the daughter, a mass of affectation and conceit. As Mrs. Trenchard was aware that her strength was in metal, she never omitted an opportunity of recalling the company to the recollection of the *price* of everything, and was a walking tariff. To those who had wealth and titles, she was invariably good-natured and obliging; to those who did not possess either of these qualifications, she was equally rude and disobliging,—not so much from ill-humour, as from the prudent consideration that she should gain nothing by the opposite conduct, and from the agreeable novelty of finding that she had those whom she might treat as inferiors, and be rude to with impunity.

Mrs. Trenchard was shrewd, and soon saw that a great intimacy subsisted between the Sedley family and Lord Frederick; and caring less for the consequences of promoting it, than she did for the reputation of having “the pleasantest dinners in the world,” (which eulogy she was sure to have from those who met there, whom they considered as the pleasantest people,) she never failed to ask Lord Frederick Danesford to meet Lady Sedley. They were amused; the dinner was gay; Lord Frederick danced at the balls with Miss Trenchard, and spent all the time in their house that he did not spend at Lord Sedley's.

Mrs. Trenchard vindicated the delicacy of her sense of propriety by saying, when she dispatched invitations to both, “I suppose, as I ask Lady Sedley, I *must* ask Lord Frederick: *well*, if I was Lord Sedley, I know what I would do:”—or to those females with whom she was intimate, she observed, “I never saw anything like it in my life!—such a flirtation, quite shocking!—poor thing! what a pity somebody does not *advise* her!” She had the recompense of her courtesy and forbearance, in hearing the sea-breeze on the Chain Pier and Marine Parade bring to her ear the murmur of her passing acquaintance, “Why, Lord Frederick Danesford never leaves the Trenchards!—he *must* mean to marry the daughter.”

This, however, was said by those who had

been friends of the Trenchards years before—who, not being initiated into the deeper mysteries of fashion, were forced to content themselves with hearing of an attachment when the parties were in Doctors' Commons—of a duel, when it appeared headed by "affair of honour" in the *Morning Post*. Such persons are always more eager than any others to obtain some insight into the affairs of their superiors. Much to be pitied as these "fond inquirers" are, it would soothe their pains to know that there is a grade still lower in the scale of worldlings—people who absolutely "burst in ignorance," who, from being unacquainted with persons, confuse and misapply names, and in telling a story, buckle the sins of a young spendthrift on some pious old peer's back, and relate divisions between couples who are known to live like avadavats on the same perch.—*Aims and Ends, a Novel*.

Select Biography.

THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE, L.L.B.

(Concluded from page 264.)

RETURNING to an earlier period of Mr. Crabbe's life, we find that in the year of his introduction to Mr. Burke, he also became known to Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who presented him to rectories in Dorset and Lincoln, consecutively: he had previously a curacy at Strathorn, a village near Belvoir Castle, where he married, and became a father. He left Strathorn for the rectory of Swefling, in Suffolk; but after a lapse of more than twenty years, he returned to Leicestershire, where he prepared for the press those poems which Mr. Fox had approved of. Accordingly, in 1807, Mr. Crabbe collected and published his poems in illustration of Village Manners, under the three parts of a Parish Register—Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials—which passed through several editions. This success awakened the author to new exertions; for, from 1785, in which year he published *The Newspaper*, till the year 1807, Mr. Crabbe did not appear in print. In 1810, he published *The Borough*, combining the homely features of a populous borough with a noisy sea-port, and the manners of the different classes of inhabitants. In 1812, appeared *Tales in Verse*, introducing characters principally from the middle class of life, and incidents such as were likely to befall them. Early in the following year, Mr. Crabbe was presented, by his munificent patron, the Duke of Rutland, to the rectory of Trowbridge, in the diocese of Salisbury, and with it to a smaller benefice in that of Lincoln, which the indulgence of the Bishop enabled him to hold.

The only subsequent poetical publication, by Mr. Crabbe, consisted of two volumes anti-

tled *Tales of the Hall*, which appeared in 1819. It is said that Mr. Murray, the publisher, has for some time had in his hands another poem by Mr. Crabbe, but has not hitherto, in the present state of the public taste, ventured to print a volume of verse, even by so popular an author. There may be some truth in this statement; but, we believe, the more substantial reason for not publishing the volume to be Mr. Murray's intention to include the poem in an uniform and embellished edition of Mr. Crabbe's collected works, the production of which has long been projected, and may now be encouraged by the recent republication of Lord Byron's works, in an economical and elegant form.

Mr. Crabbe's only prose publications are a *Funeral Sermon on the late Duke of Rutland*, and an *Essay on the Natural History of the Vale of Belvoir*, written for Mr. Nichols's *History of Leicestershire*.

The characteristics of Mr. Crabbe's style of poetry are originality of thought, truth, depth, and pathos of description, with much of the happy diction and polished versification of Goldsmith. Exception has, however, been taken by certain critical writers, to his dwelling too long on the dark specks in the character of our rustic population, and painting more deeply its unpleasant than agreeable features. One of these writers, in that excellent critical journal, *The Athenaeum*, however, tempers his summary of Mr. Crabbe's poetical character with the following beautiful passage:—

"It must not be inferred from what we have said, that Crabbe never deviates into the paths of peace, and happiness, and virtue: he indulges us with many beautiful snatches of that nature; yet they are generally as brief as they are brilliant, and may be compared to a few stars in a tempestuous night, which only aggravate the general gloom."

The late Mr. Gifford, in the *Quarterly Review*, had previously expressed kindred opinions of Mr. Crabbe's taste and talent; and Mr. Croker, in his laboriously annotated *Boswell's Johnson*, observes—

"The publications of Mr. Crabbe have placed him high in the roll of British poets; though his having taken a view of life too minute, too humiliating, too painful, and too just, may have deprived his works of so extensive, or at least so brilliant, a popularity as some of his contemporaries have attained. He generally deals with the 'short and simple annals of the poor;' but he exhibits them with such a deep knowledge of human nature—with such general ease and simplicity, and such accurate force of expression, whether grave, gay, or pathetic—as, (in the writer's humble judgment,) no poet, except Shakespeare, has excelled."

But, whatever may be thought of the poet,

it is universally acknowledged that Mr. Crabbe was one of the mildest and most amiable of men; and one of the last records of his kindly nature was his liberal reply to an application in behalf of Mr. Leigh Hunt.

Mr. Crabbe continued to reside at Trowbridge until his death. Of the high estimation in which he was held by his parishioners, and of the circumstances attendant upon his decease, the following passages from a letter which lately appeared in *The Athenæum* convey an interesting outline:—

“Crabbe came to Trowbridge some eighteen years ago; at first he was but lightly looked upon by the Dissenters—a numerous body there; but when they became acquainted with his worth of heart, and vigour of mind, and his unwearied kindness to the poor of all persuasions, he grew a great favourite, and was warmly welcomed to all missionary meetings, Bible societies, and other associations for the benefit of the labouring classes. He mixed but little with the gentry around him; the houses to which he chiefly resorted as a friend, was to that of Mr. Waldron, his colleague in the magistracy, and that of Mr. Norris Clarke, an eminent clothier; with every one else he was friendly, but not intimate. He was fond of the exercise of long walks; and as he studied geology, he seldom went out without a hammer in his pocket, which he applied to all kinds of curious stones. He was sometimes in danger during these examinations; for he would stop readily in the middle of the public road, to pry into the merits of a fractured stone, and did not always hear the warnings of drivers of coaches and carts.

“His income amounted to about eight hundred a year; but he was a mild man in the matter of tithes: when told of many defaulters, his usual reply was, ‘Let it be—probably they cannot afford to pay so well as I can afford to want it—let it be.’ His charitable nature was so well known, that he was regularly visited by mendicants of all grades: he listened to their long stories of wants and woes with some impatience, and when they persevered, he would say, ‘God save you all, I can do no more for you,’ and so shut the door. But the wily wanderers did not on this depart; they knew the nature of the man; he soon sallied out in search of them; and they generally got a more liberal present on the way from his house than at the door. He has even been known to search obscure lodging-houses in Trowbridge, to relieve the sufferers whom misfortunes had driven to beggary. He was, of course, often imposed upon by fictitious tales of woe, which, when he discovered, he merely said, ‘God forgive them—I do.’

“Crabbe was particularly anxious about the education of the humbler classes, and gave much of his time to its furtherance. In

his latter days the Sunday School was his favourite place of resort, and there he was commonly to be found in the evenings between seven and eight, listening to the children; ‘I love them much,’ he once observed; ‘and now old age has made me a fit companion for them.’ He was a great favourite with the scholars; on their leaving school, he gave them a Bible a-piece, and admonished them respecting their future conduct. His health was usually good, though he sometimes suffered from the Tic Douloureux. His sermons were short, but pointed, and to the purpose; but his voice latterly had failed, and he was imperfectly heard. Not long ago, he met a poor old woman in the street, whom he had for some time missed from the church, and asked her if she had been ill. ‘Lord bless you, sir, no,’ was the answer; ‘but it’s of no use going to your church, for I can’t hear you.’ ‘Very well, my good old friend,’ said the pastor, ‘you do right in going where you can hear;’ and he slipped half-a-crown into her hand, and went away. He had prepared a selection of his sermons for the press, as well as a new volume of poems; but he delayed their publication, saying, ‘They will do better when I am dead.’ He was only one week ill. On the night before he died, he said to a maid-servant who had lived long with him, ‘Now, in the morning, when I am dead, go you to bed, and let others do what must be done; but while I am living, stay you beside me.’ He died at seven o’clock on the morning of the 8th of February, 1832.”

“The principal shops in Trowbridge were half closed as soon as the melancholy event became generally known. Mr. Crabbe’s remains were deposited in a vault at the south-east corner of the chancel in Trowbridge Church. The principal inhabitants in the town joined in the funeral procession.”

We abridge many of these facts from the last published volume of the *Annual Biography and Obituary*, wherein the early particulars are acknowledged to be from the *New Monthly Magazine*, 1816.

The Gatherer.

HUFFEY WHITE’S SONG.

“DRINK! drink!

Drink away!

Never think

On what’s to pay!

What is man?—a sigh! a vapour!

What is woman?—whitey-brown paper!

Waiter, quick! another lump

Of sugar in my beaker plump!

Pop it in my brimming cup!

Bravo!—now I’ll drink it up.

Drink! drink!

Drink away!

Never think

On what’s to pay!”

(From “The Wondrous Tale of” Ikey Solomons, in the *New Anti-Jacobin*.)

Former Prosperity of Birmingham.—Mr. John Taylor, of Birmingham, was a man of great industry and ingenuity: to him the public are indebted for the gilt button, the japanned and gilt snuff-box, with the numerous class of enamels; also, the painted snuff-box, at which employ one servant earned 3*l.* 10*s.* per week, by painting the boxes at a farthing each. In his shops were weekly manufactured buttons to the amount of 800*l.* exclusive of other valuable articles; and eighty guineas have been given him for a single toy made at his shop. He died in 1775, at the age of 64, after acquiring a fortune of 200,000*l.* P. T. W.

Lawyers' Beards.—Upon All Soul's Day, in the first year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the Judges made an order, which was imperatively enforced in all the Inns of Court, that gave great offence to the lawyers, "that no fellow of these societies should wear a beard above a fortnight's growth."—T. GILL.

Aristippus.—Aristippus, on his way from Corinth to Asia, was shipwrecked on the island of Rhodes; and accidentally perceiving a geometrical figure on the sand, he exclaimed to his companions—"Take courage, I see the footsteps of men." P. T. W.

"Bigarrures."

A celebrated architect was speaking of the difficulty there would be in *destroying* London Bridge. "None at all," said his friend, "shoot it!"

The other evening, at the performance of the "Israelites in Egypt," a would-be wit asked a gentleman sitting next to him, whether the scene of the Temple was intended to represent the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly. "No, sir," was the reply; "but most likely Mrs. Grange's, within a few doors of it, for it is the Temple of Ices (Isis)."

A countryman, at a loss to describe one of Guerinet's pirouettes, likened it to a *turn-stile in fits*.

Three Reasons for not going to the Play.—"There is nothing in the world I am so fond of as a play, Tom," said an old lady to her nephew, "and, but for three reasons, I should be a great frequenter of the theatres." "And what may those reasons be, my dear aunt?" "Why, Tom, first, I hate the trouble of going thither; next, I hate the trouble of staying there; and, lastly, I hate the trouble of coming home again."

When Rogers was expected at Pisa, on a visit to Byron, his lordship placed the *complimentary* lines that have lately been so much talked about, under the cushion of the sofa whereupon he intended to seat the banker-bard, with the secret pleasure of seeing him repose in unconscious security upon his literary volcano.—*New Anti-Jacobin*.

Curious Chair.—At Longford Castle, Wiltshire, there is a *steel chair*, remarkable for the human labour, perseverance, and ingenuity displayed in its execution. It was made by Thomas Rukers, at the city of Augsburg, in the year 1575; and consists of more than 130 compartments, all occupied by groups of figures, representing a succession of events in the annals of the Roman empire, from the landing of Eneas to the reign of Rodolphus the Second.—P. T. W.

A certain eminent leading Counsel is celebrated at the bar for the following mode of examining a witness:—"Now, pray listen to the question I am going to ask you. Be attentive; remember, you will answer as you please, and remember, I don't care a rush what you answer," &c. &c. The Learned Lord now on the Woolsack, somewhat weary of the monotony of his perorations, one day accosted him in the street. "Ha! is it you, C——? Now, pray listen to the question I'm going to ask you. Be attentive; remember, you will answer as you please, and remember, I don't care a rush what you answer, *How are you?*"

French Blunders.—A French author, who recently published a "Tour through England," calls plumb pudding, *poudin de plomb*, (lead pudding), and translates Shakspeare's Winter's Tale, into *Conte de Mr. Winter!* The Minister Pitt, he says, was called Billy, because he introduced so many bills into parliament. T. GILL.

Chinese Dispensary.—In China there is a stone, ten cubits high, erected in the public squares of the cities; on this stone are engraven the names of all sorts of medicines, with the price of each; and when the poor stand in need of any relief from physic, they go to the Treasury, where they receive the price each medicine is rated at.—P. T. W.

Abernethy.—"Pray, Mr. Abernethy, what is a cure for gout?" was the question of an indolent and luxurious citizen. "*Live upon sixpence a day and earn it,*" was the pithy answer.

Newspaper Duty.—The stamp duty on newspapers began August 12, 1712, and was a halfpenny on all printed single sheets, and half sheets; on the same day, 1789, it was enlarged to twopence; and it has since by two or three further gradations increased to its present sum of fourpence.

Cockfighting.—*Coke* is the sound the cock utters when beaten in a fight, whence Skynner thinks that the bird received the name of cock.

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The Mirror

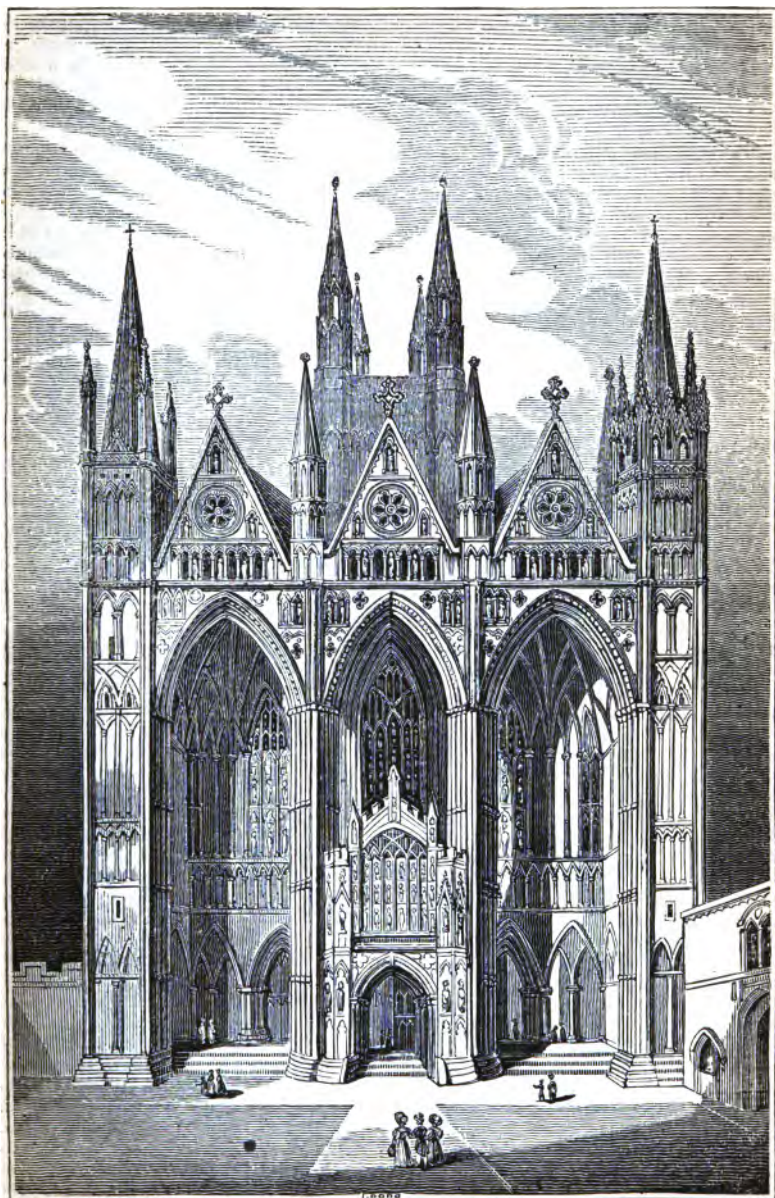
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 603.]

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.]



PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.
(Western Front.)

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

PETERBOROUGH is one of the most interesting and beautiful of our cathedral churches. Exclusive of this magnificent structure and its immediate precincts, the City presents but few attractions for the antiquary, or picturesque features to gratify the artist. Seated in a flat county, with a large tract of fenny land, interspersed with meres and canals, towards the east, and with a dull, sluggish river skirting its southern side, it has slight pretensions to romantic scenery. The cathedral, as seen from various points, groups well with the trees in the vicinity. Excepting the tower of the parish church, which is remarkable neither for altitude nor beauty, there is no commanding edifice in the city to combine or contrast with the minster. Viewed from the west, (the point of the annexed Engraving,) the latter presents an august appearance, from the expansion of the great arches of the front, and when lighted up by the setting sun, and relieved by a dark or hazy sky, it is peculiarly striking and impressive. Such is Mr. Britton's graphic description of the site of the cathedral; and by aid of that gentleman's laborious "History and Antiquities," we are enabled to present to our readers the following outline of its origin, as well as a glance at its architectural beauties.

Medeshamstede,* the ancient name of Peterborough during the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman dynasties, was originally a place of great note. It was afterwards called Gildensburgh, from its riches, or gilded minster; next it bore the name of Burgh, or Burigh, from its fortified walls; and, lastly, Peter's Burgh, or Borough, the minster being dedicated to St. Peter.

The origin of the monastic establishment cannot be ascertained with certainty. It is, however, generally admitted, that Penda, the eldest son of Penda, fourth king of Mercia, the most powerful kingdom of the Saxon Heptarchy, laid the foundation of a monastic edifice in 655, at Medhamsted. He did not live to finish his pious undertaking, being murdered by his wife, in the fourth year of his reign, as related by the Peterborough historians. His successor the Northumbrian King, Oswy, continued the holy labour; he was displaced after a short and tyrannical reign, by Wulfere, the younger son of Penda, who enabled Saxulf the abbot to proceed in the building, the king finding thereto "gold and silver, land and possessions, and all that thereto behoveth. Then went the abbot home, and began to work. So he sped as Christ permitted him; so that in a few years was that minster ready."†

* The etymology of *Medeshamstede* is easy. *Mede*, or Mead, meadow, i.e. watered land; *Ham*, a sheltered situation; and *Stede*, *Stead*, or *Stad*, a bank, station, or place of rest.

† Saxon Chronicle.

In 664, or the seventh year of Wulfere, the building was hallowed, or consecrated, and the charter granted, and sent to Rome, to be ratified by the Pope. Wulfere dying in 675, was succeeded by his brother Ethelred, who appears to have been even a more munificent benefactor to this monastery than any of his brothers. After reigning thirty years, he exchanged his crown and sceptre for a cowl, became first a monk, and afterwards abbot of Bardney, in Lincolnshire, where he died in the year 716.

In the following century, 871, the monastery was entirely destroyed by the Danes, who, led on by Hubba, after laying waste the neighbouring monastery of Croyland, hurried on to Medhamsted, when, finding the gates closed, and the inmates prepared for defence, they battered the walls, by means of the warlike engines then in use. During this assault, Tulba, the brother of Hubba, was mortally wounded by a stone thrown from the walls, which so enraged the Danish leader, that, forcing an entrance into the monastery, he slew all the monks and their superior, and plundered and set fire to the sacred edifice, which is related to have continued burning fifteen days. The library, the archives of the abbey, its charters and writings, were either wantonly torn, or burnt; but the plunderers reaped little advantage from this sacrilege, as the wagons filled with the spoils of the abbey, were lost either in the river Nen, or in the neighbouring marshes. Tranquillity being somewhat restored by the departure of the invaders, a few of the brotherhood of Croyland, who had escaped the carnage there, elected Godric their abbot, who repaired to Medhamsted, and having collected the bones of the murdered monks, to the number of 84, interred them in one large grave, over which he raised a stone, sculptured with the effigies of some of the ecclesiastics. This monument is supposed to be still preserved, and will be found engraved and described at page 292. During the remainder of his life, Godric annually visited this mausoleum of his murdered brethren, pitching a tent over the stone, and saying mass two several days for the souls of those interred beneath.

The monastery at Medhamsted lay in ruins ninety-six years, or till the year 966, when Athelwold, bishop of Winchester, prevailed on Edgar, the successor of Alfred, to assist in its re-erection, by granting a charter, and large donations of gold, silver, relics, and land, Athelwold being the builder or architect. In this king's reign, Medhamsted, now called Burgh, was a sort of vice-papal see, or second Rome, and the minster was enriched with relics and more substantial wealth. Its prosperity continued till soon after the accession of the Conqueror, when Thoroldus, a Norman, was placed by him in

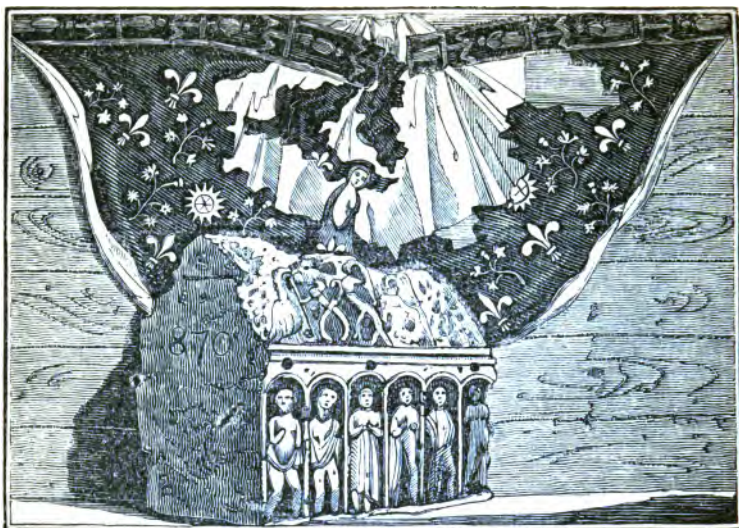
the vacant chair of Burgh Monastery. His unpopularity in the convent urged Hereward de Wake, nephew of the preceding abbot, to join a Danish force in the Isle of Ely, who proceeded to Peterburgh, and set fire to and entered the monastery, and robbed the church of its most valuable treasures; as the golden crown set with gems, and the footstool of pure gold and gems, belonging to the great cross; gold and silver biers and crosses, the great golden table enriched with gems, &c. "there being not the like in all England." The Danes carried these treasures home to Denmark, but they were, in part, recovered for the monastery. The buildings were now repaired and extended: Ernulphus, the abbot in 1107, built a new dormitory and refectory, and finished the chapter-house: he was succeeded by John de Sais, in whose time, soon after 1116, a fire occurred in the monastery, which consumed all but the chapter-house, dormitory, and new refectory; the village was also burnt. This calamity is related by a writer of the time to have been a divine punishment for the blasphemy of the abbot, who, in a passion, "fell a cursing," and one of his servants in the bakehouse, following the example, cursed also, and said, "come devil, and blow the fire."

On the eighth of the ides of March, A. D. 1118, John de Sais laid the foundation of a new church, which is generally supposed to be the origin of the present cathedral, thus entitling it to rank among our earliest specimens of Anglo-Norman architecture. John did not live to witness its completion: his next successor but one, Martin de Vecti, appointed in 1133, not only forwarded the new church, but repaired the other parts of the monastery which had suffered by fire, and in his abbacy, the monks were introduced into the church, which was re-dedicated to St. Peter. His successor, William de Waterville, founded Thomas à Becket's chapel, (considered to be the chapel and porch of the centre arch of the western front; see the *Engraving*;) built the transept, or two cross aisles, and three stories of the great tower of the church. The next abbot, Benedict, appointed in 1177, finished Becket's chapel, and removed thither from Canterbury, the martyr's shirt, surplice, some of his blood, and some of the stones on which he fell; which attracted superstitious visitors, and consequent oblations to the monastery: he also, according to some writers, built the nave of the church, from the lantern to the porch. We pass on to Robert de Lindesey, appointed abbot in 1214, who, among other improvements in the church, "glazed more than thirty-nine windows, which had been previously stuffed with reeds and straw to keep out the rain." In 1273, the lady-chapel was built by the prior, on the north side of the church. Godfrey de Croyland, appointed

abbot in 1299, built a new entrance to the abbey, presumed to be the great gate-house leading to the bishop's palace; he entertained the king and queen here in 1303, and soon afterwards, Prince Edward and Piers Gaveston. Godfrey's successor feasted here in Easter, 1327, Edward III., his queen, and the whole court, at a cost of 487*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.* The east end of the church was begun by Richard Acton, elected abbot in 1438, and completed by Robert Kirton, appointed in 1496. The state of the monastery and town, about this time, may be inferred from the facts that Kirton's predecessor accepted a bribe of 40*s.* to suffer a felon to escape from prison, for which he was indicted at the sessions, and found guilty. In Kirton's time, too, the monks committed themselves strangely: one stole jewels from St. Oswald's shrine, and gave them to his paramour, and others haunted a tavern near the monastery, singing and dancing till near midnight. With the next abbot, John Browne, of Burgh, or Chambers, we close the history of the abbey, and commence that of the cathedral. He was appointed abbot in 1528, and entertained Wolsey here in the same year. This "proud prelate," as Shakspeare calls him, while here, washed and kissed the feet of 59 poor people, to each of whom he gave 12*d.*, three ells of canvass for shirts, a pair of shoes, and a portion of red herrings. In this abbot's time also was the interment of Katharine of Arragon, the first wife of Henry VIII., who dying at Kimbolton Castle, Hunts. Jan. 8, 1535-6, was brought to, and deposited in, the south aisle of the choir; and Lord Herbert and Holinshed ascribe the preservation of the abbey, and its conversion into a cathedral, to this event. Some of the courtiers are said to have suggested to the king how well it would become his greatness to erect a fair monument for her: he answered, "Yes, he would leave her one of the goodliest in the kingdom,—meaning this church." Soon afterwards, the monastery, with many others, was dissolved, and the abbey church was converted into a cathedral.

The first important event in the history of the Cathedral, was in the civil discords of 1638-9, when not only were the monuments and painted windows destroyed, but the building itself greatly injured; and in 1643, Cromwell's soldiers committed similar havoc, from which the ancient register was preserved by a person who had hid it in the choir, and subsequently purchased it of a soldier for 10*s.* —the fellow calling it "an old Latin bible."*

* The name of the Bible, by the help of the 10*s.* preserved this precious treasure from the flames; as Mr. Austin left a record in the first leaf of the book, with a copy of the soldier's acknowledgment, that he had given him satisfaction for it in these words: "I pray let this Scripture Book alone, for he hath paid me for it, and therefore I would desire you to let it



(Anglo-Saxon Tomb, and Abbot's Cloak, in Peterborough Cathedral.)

The cathedral, thus ruined and desolate, was afterwards used as a parish church for Presbyterian worship; after the Restoration, the dilapidated lady-chapel was taken down, and the materials sold to provide money for repairing the cathedral.

We now come to speak more directly of the architecture of the cathedral. We have already remarked it to be strictly Anglo-Norman, since the whole of the present edifice is of date subsequent to 1116, or, after the arrival of the Normans in this country. Without such evidence as we have adduced, few antiquaries would consider the age of the nave so late as 1180, as it is generally believed that the pointed style was commonly adopted at that time. Beneath the great lantern-tower we find two pointed arches employed; and it appears that this part of the church preceded the nave in date.

The plan corresponds with that of most other cathedrals; and consists of a nave with side aisles, and transept, a choir terminating at the east end semicircularly, and surrounded with a continuation of the side aisles of the nave, the whole terminated at the east by what is called the new building. In the centre is a tower, rising from the four arches, by which the several parts of the structure are connected together.

The first of the annexed Engravings represents the *West Front*, of splendid and original design. Its founders are unknown, but, in the absence of documentary evidence, Mr. Britton refers this portion to the times of

Acharius and Robert de Lindesey, between 1200 and 1222. It is formed by a portico, or porch, of three lofty arches, with a chapel in the centre, the origin, purpose, and utility of which have given rise to more differences of opinion than we have space to examine.

The *new building*, (already mentioned,) at the eastern extremity of the choir was the last addition made to the church before the dissolution of the monastery, making a period of 400 years from the foundation of the present church, in 1118, to the final completion of this addition, in the year 1518. This chapel is supposed to have been erected by Sir Reginald Bray, who, in the time of Abbot Kirton, was here; and allowed by the monastery "a due proportion of diet for a number of dishes."

The precincts of the cathedral contain several ancient monastic buildings; among which is the entrance gateway from the town, at the west end of the *close*, the original part of which is strictly Norman.

The interior of the church is characterized by solidity and massiveness of construction: the original fittings of the choir were comparatively mean; but these have, we believe, been displaced by repairs and embellishments in better taste, under the direction of Mr. Edward Blore, the eminent architect; to defray the expense of which, 5,000*l.* were subscribed about six years since.

Among the ancient memorials preserved in the church is the tomb mentioned at p. 290, and called the shrine of the monks who were murdered by the Danes in 870. It is ornamented at the sides and top with rude sculpture of saints, or apostles, in low relief, with

alone. By me Henry Topclyffe, souldyer under Captain Cromwell, Colonel Cromwell's sonn; therefore I pray let it alone. By me Henry Topclyffe."

foliage, &c., and Mr. Britton considers it as a fine specimen of the style and character of Anglo-Saxon art. Another relic is the cloak of Abbot Calet, which was found when the church was newly paved, not many years since, in a stone coffin. It is elegantly embroidered with sprigs, fleurs-de-lis, and gloriolæ; in the centre is a Madonna; and there is a border for the neck, ornamented with figures of saints under double niches. These two relics are represented in the opposite page, the cloak being exactly as it appeared a few years since, nailed upon a white cloth, just over the abbot's stone, at the back of the altar, as shown to the visitors of the cathedral.

The length of the whole cathedral externally, is stated to be 471 feet; and the whole height of the central tower, externally, is 150 feet.

SICILIAN HYMN TO THE MADONNA.

WHEN the cypress tree is weeping
With the bright rose o'er the tomb,
And the sunny orb is sleeping
On the mountain's brow of gloom;
Sweet mother! at thy shrine
Our spirits melt in pray'r,
Beneath the loveliness divine
Which Art has pictured there.
Or, when the crystal star of even
Is mirror'd in the silent sea,
And we can almost deem that heaven
Derives its calmest smile from thee;
Oh! Virgin—if the lute
Invokes thy name in song,
Be thine the only voice that's mute
Amid the tuneful throng.
When Battle waves her falchion gory
Over the dead on sea or land,
And one proud heart receives the glory
Won by the blood of many a band;
If the hero's prayer to thee
From his fading lips be given,
Awake his heart to ecstasy,
With brightest hopes of heaven.
Madonna! on whose bosom slumber'd
The infant Christ with sunny brow,
The viewless hours have pass'd unnumber'd,
Since we adored thy shrine as now.
But not the gorgeous sky,
Or the blue expansive sea,
To us such beauty could supply
As that which hallow'd thee!
And when the scenes of life are faded
From our dim eyes like phantom things,
When gentlest hearts with gloom are shaded,
And cease to thrill at Faucy's strings;
Thou, like the rainbow's form
When summer skies are dark,
Shalt give thy light amid the storm,
And guide the wanderer's bark!

G. R. C.

EXTRAORDINARY DREAM.

(Concluded from page 277.)

Our second tale is of a different character, and more recent date, having occurred about forty years ago, and within the personal observation of the narrator; who, therefore, vouches for the truth of it in every particular. It is as follows:—

A man named Neale, who was given to dissolute and intemperate habits, had been spending the day at a public house, which he left at a late hour in the evening in a state of complete intoxication, to return to his home, distant about two miles. The landlord endeavoured to prevail on him to stop all night, seeing that he was in a very unfit state to travel on horseback, and having a wide and rather rapid river to cross. He, however, could not prevail on him, and the next morning his horse was found, saddled and bridled, at a farm house on the opposite side of the river. This circumstance led to an inquiry as to what had become of Neale; and, it being found that he had left the inn in the state described above, and that he had not reached home, no doubt was entertained but that he was drowned in attempting to cross the ford. Several persons immediately proceeded to search for him, but without success. In the course of the day, the farmer at whose gate the horse was found, called upon a neighbour (the father of the narrator, *who was also present*), to consult with him as to what further steps it was prudent to take. While they were deliberating, a person who lived at a *considerable distance*, came up and requested to speak with Mr. C., the narrator's father. He said he came in consequence of a dream he had had the night previous, respecting a man named Neale. *He had dreamed that he was drowned in crossing the river, and that the body was lying opposite a certain part of Mr. C.'s meadows*, which he thought he could point out. He said he had inquired at Neale's house in passing, and found that he was missing, which induced him to come on, to make further investigation. Mr. C. had but little faith in dreams; nevertheless, as the proofs were so easy and immediately available, the whole party, including the narrator, with the addition of two or three farming servants, proceeded to the river, and conducted by the stranger, *went straight to the very spot, where they found the body of Neale lying in three feet water, and about as many furlongs from the ford he had attempted to cross!* The singularity of the circumstances excited some suspicion that foul play had been used; and a close investigation of all the facts of the case was instituted at the Coroner's Inquest subsequently held upon the body. Every inquiry, however, tended to clear the party suspected from the slightest implication in the man's death. He was a sober, steady man, and it was proved by persons resident in the same house with him, that he had spent the previous evening with his family, and retired to bed at his usual early hour; his wife corroborated his account as to his dream and spoke to the strong impression it appeared to have made on his mind. The landlord of the public house where Neale

spent the day, proved that no one else was there when he left it, nor had the suspected party frequented his house at all. In addition to this, the body when examined, exhibited no marks of violence, and evidently had not been robbed; the watch and purse of the deceased being found in his pockets. Such being the case, a general verdict of "found drowned" was returned, with an accompanying narrative stating the circumstances of the case, and exonerating the man who found the body from all suspicion as to a participation in the death.

A CORRESPONDENT.

"ELIJAH'S VISION."

(1 KINGS, XIX. 11, 13.)

BEHOLD,—the Author of the Universe
The First Great Cause, the Lord himself pass'd by.
And first a rushing and a mighty wind
Brake every rock in pieces numberless,
And, sweeping past, rent mountains on its way!
And there the Prophet stood,—but gaz'd in vain
To penetrate the veil, the viewless veil
Of that swift-spiced and heav'n-directed blast;
It passes on:—no Deity is there!—
And then an earthquake came, such as before
Had never visited this solid globe;
And now convulsions seize the giddy soil,
The footing trembles, yet the Holy Man
Stood up erect,—by unseen Hand sustain'd.
The earthquake ceas'd; but not as yet unvell'd
That first of mysteries, Almighty Presence!
Then came a Fire, of pure ethereal flame
And pass'd on too; Jehovah was not there:—
But when its flickering volumes died away,
There came at last, a murmuring mystery,
A still small Voice! (such as would almost chill
The vital warmth, and bid the awe-struck soul
Shrink in herself, and cling to earth again),
The thrilling, deep-breathed accents,—as they came
O'er the charm'd sense and fill'd the list'ning air,
Proclaim'd the present God!—and keener far
They fell upon that favour'd Prophet's ear,
Than the late raging blast and earthquake-shock;
Deeply sublime! and more appalling far
Than crashing thunder of the torrid zone.
And so indeed it was,—that as he heard,
From the cave's mouth the Man of God stood forth,
And hid his face within his mantle's fold.

F.

Anecdote Gallery.

THE CELEBRATED LORD GEORGE LITTLETON.

THE following anecdote of this erudite and accomplished nobleman, the friend of the poet Thomson, and known to this day by the appellation of "the great and good," was narrated to me in my boyhood, as far back as the year 1794 or 1795, by an elderly female, named Frisby, who lived at that time as housekeeper with my late uncle, Mr. George Smith, of St. Saviour's Churchyard. The subsequent are the narrator's own words:—

"I was at that time a young girl, living as one of the under servants at Hagley, and, not having been in the family long, did not know till then that his lordship was sometimes affected with an impediment in his speech. That this was really the case, was proved by the following—to me and to his lordship—most unpleasant, trying circum-

stance. Passing the library one day, where he was sitting with the door open, he called to me, and holding a guinea in his hand, said, 'Here, girl, go and fetch change for this gig—, gig—, gig—, gig—;' and so continued, endeavouring in vain to pronounce the word guinea. Instead of my looking serious, as I ought to have done, at his lordship's embarrassment, like a great, stupid wench, (as I certainly was,) I burst into a loud fit of laughter in his face. I shall never forget the angry and reproving look his lordship gave me, whilst I was thus unthinkingly exposing my ignorance. 'Shut the door,' said he, in a raised tone of voice; I began to tremble from head to foot, expecting nothing short of an immediate discharge from his service; when, as I turned round to obey his orders, my better feelings overpowered me, and I burst into a violent flood of tears. I continued sobbing and crying a considerable time, with my back turned to his lordship—for I dared not look him in the face. At length, he rose, as soon as my feelings were calmed, and spoke to me these words: 'Go to your work; I see you are penitent, I therefore freely forgive you; only, let me conjure you never to lose sight of discretion so far again.'"

Here was a triumph of temper worthy of the great Newton himself.

ENORT.

BUONAPARTANIA.

WHILST the French troops were encamped at Boulogne, public attention was much excited by a daring attempt at escape made by an English sailor. This person, having escaped from the dépôt, and gained the borders of the sea, the woods on which served him for concealment, constructed, with no other instrument than a knife, a boat, entirely of the bark of trees. When the weather was fair, he mounted a tree and looked out for the English flag; and having at last observed a British cruiser, he ran to the shore, with the boat on his back, and was about to trust himself in his frail vessel to the waves, when he was pursued, arrested, and loaded with chains. Everybody in the army was anxious to see the boat; and Napoleon, having at length heard of the affair, sent for the sailor, and interrogated him. "You must," said Napoleon, "have had a great desire to see your country again, since you could resolve to trust yourself on the open sea in so frail a bark: I suppose you have a sweetheart there."—"No," said the sailor, "but a poor and infirm mother, whom I was anxious to see."—"And you shall see her," said Napoleon—giving at the same time orders to set him at liberty, and bestowing on him a considerable sum of money for his mother; observing, that she must be a good mother who had so good a son.

At the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, in Egypt, Buonaparte had three aides-du-camp, (or officers,) killed in advancing with his orders to the same point. It was necessary to send a fourth. He had no officers near him but Eugene Beauharnais and Lavalette. He called the latter, and, without being overheard by the former, said to him, "Il faut y aller; je ne veux pas y envoyer cet enfant et le faire tuer si jeune; sa mere me l'a confie; vous, vous savez 'ce que c'est que la vie.'"—Lavalette set off, and, contrary to every expectation, returned safe and sound.

During the tour of Napoleon and Maria Louisa in Holland, in 1810, the burgomaster of one of the towns which they visited caused the following inscription to be posted on the triumphal arch through which their Imperial Majesties were to pass:

"Il n'a pass fait une Sottise,
En epousant Marie-Louise."

Napoleon no sooner read the inscription, than he inquired for the burgomaster, and addressed him thus: "So, M. le Maire, they cultivate the French muses in Holland?"—"Sire," answered the burgomaster, "I write a few verses."—"Ah! you are the author, then," said the emperor: "here, do you take snuff? (presenting a snuff-box surrounded with diamonds)—take this, and

Quand vous y prenez une prise,
Rappelez vous de Marie-Louise."

W. G. C.

Notes of a Reader.

A MEXICAN LODGING.

CAPTAIN LYON, in his journal of *A Residence in Mexico*, gives the following description of his lodgings:—"Hogarth's 'Enraged Musician' never suffered more than I have done, in consequence of the utter impossibility of enjoying one quiet hour to attend to my business. I may be pardoned for giving some description of my trouble, in order to show that, with every disposition to accommodate myself to circumstances, it was quite impossible to sit easy under a constant din. The back door of my room, which supplied the place of a window, opened into a yard, in which eighteen hens and numerous chickens were wont to ramble. A horse, tied to a tree, neighed at intervals to two responsive fellow-servants in a small, open stable; four dogs, of various voices and most provoking tempers, growled and barked constantly at each other, or at five starveling cats and their kittens, from daylight until sunset, and from dark again until morning. The projecting eaves of the house formed a kind of covered way, to protect Donna Francisca from the sun—sheltering also one of my greatest torments. On a pole, suspended by a rope at each end, swung a parrot, which talked incessantly, and very much in the same key as its mistress.

Patches of Spanish songs, terms of insult and opprobrium, expressions of endearment, and orisons to the Virgin, succeeded each other in a rapidity of utterance altogether peculiar to the mistress and her bird. It was also my fate to hear two young Indian women and a little talkative girl grind maize, slap tortallis, sing, gossip, and laugh abundantly, within two yards of my door; and at meal times, the smell and sound of fish and other viands frying in oil was added to the harmony. Francisca, of whose tones words can give no idea, had adopted a sickly, yellow, and fretful little child, with a perpetual scream and constant restlessness. The squallings of this poor infant, which were faithfully imitated by the parrot, elicited alternate coaxings, scoldings, and whippings, from its Mandrina; and the general result was, that the wretched baby, on being turned as a punishment into the yard, would creep in and sob in one corner of my little room. I say nothing of a pig or two, (which, unhappily for me, had excellent lungs,) or of Don Antonio's constant squabbles about politics with a sickly fellow-lodger of mine, who, when not otherwise occupied, dropped in to tell me of all his ailments. But when I add to this list of miseries, the insufferable pangs of fleas, bugs, musquitos, sandflies and garrapatos, which feasted upon me in those moments when I most required rest, my situation may be easily imagined."

THE WIFE: A TALE OF MANTUA.

[We quote another column of brilliant passages from Mr. Knowles's new and successful Play, which, both on the stage and in the closet, must be considered superior to either of the author's previous productions.]

CHANGE BY HUNGER.

Ferrardo. How chang'd thou art,—
I ne'er had known thee!

St. Pierre. It were strange if want
Look'd like abundance—which was never yet
Akin to it.

MIND.

Mind is the brightness of the body—lights it,
When, years, its proper but less subtle fire
Begins to dim.

SWITZERLAND.

The land of beauty, and of grandeur,
Where looks the cottage out on a domain.
The palace cannot boast of. Seas of lakes,
And hills of forests! crystal waves that rise
'Midst mountains all of snow, and mock the sun,
Returning him his flaming beams more thick
And radiant than he sent them.—Torrents there
Are bounding floods! and there the tempest roams
At large, in all the terrors of its glory!
And then our valleys! ah, they are the homes
For hearts! our cottages, our vineyards, orchards,—
Our pastures studded with the herd and fold!
Our native strains that melt us as we sing them!
A free—a gentle—simple—honest people!

MARRIAGE.

A woman hath in every state
Most need of circumspection;—most of all

When she becomes a wife!—she is a spring
Must not be doubted; if she is, no oath
That earth can utter will so purge the stream
That men will think it pure.

APPEARANCES.

Let

Appearances be what they may be—you
Shall never shape them so, that evil men
Will not their own construction put upon them,

REPENTANCE.

Repentance is a grace!—but it is one
That grows upon deformity—fair child
To an unsightly mother!—Nor, indeed,
Always a grace!—'tis oftentimes—too oft,
The bootless terror of the stranded soul,
When ebbing passion leaves it all alone.
Upon the bleak and dreary shoals of sin!—
So is't of different kinds.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

Find earth where grows no weed, and you may find
A heart wherein no error grows.

FAIR NAME.

That flow'r of woman's pride, which ta'en away,
From a bright paragon she turns a thing
For basest eyes to look askant upon—
Is blasted past the power of rain and sun
To bring it to its pristine hue again.

DISPATCH.

Make use of time! the hour that is not us'd
Is lost, and might have been the luckiest,
Converted to account.

INADVERTENCE.

When I write
Oftimes I miss the thought, too much intent
On finding it,—looking at something else
Lo, there it stands before me of itself!

SUN-DIAL.

There's
The dial, and the sun is shining on it—
The shadow on the very point of twelve—
My case is desperate! Your signature
Of vital moment is unto my peace!
My eye is on the dial! Pass the shadow
The point of noon, the breadth of but a hair
As can mine eye discern—and, that unsign'd,
The steel is in thy heart—I speak no more!

FRIENDS AND FOES.

When fails our dearest friend,
There may be refuge with our direst foe.

Fine Arts.

WINCHESTER CROSS.

THIS elegant remnant of antiquity stands in the centre of the High-street of the city. It is about 45 feet high and is approached by a flight of six octagonal steps. The stonework is in good preservation; but only one of the statues which formerly decorated it, remains.

Unfortunately this cross is almost hidden from the casual observer by the encroachment of houses. It is usually designated the butter-cross, from the traditional story, that the venders of butter associated on the steps, and there offered their commodity for sale, prior to the erection of the first market-house.

Some years ago, it was in contemplation to remove the cross, but the public spirit of some of the inhabitants happily saved this valuable relic from destruction.

P. Q.



(Winchester Cross.)

The Public Journals.

THE ITALIAN GENTLEMAN.

"Andrea Vivano, the Italian gentleman who lately lived with Master Husborn without the town, was yesterday morning found dead in the bed which the gaoler had permitted him to occupy. The crowner's quest hath already been taken, and it has been pronounced that the deceased had swallowed some potent drug, by which he was enabled to sleep himself to death. There is strange discourse abroad about certain horrible crimes which the dead man attempted, if he did not in truth really perpetrate; but as it is said that the peace and reputation of a lady will be greatly affected by its general publication, we refrain from telling our readers even what little we know of this dark business."—*Woodhead's County Chronicle, Thursday, Sept. 26, 1776.*

The above paragraph appeared at the time mentioned in a newspaper, printed by one W. Woodhead, and published by him at his shop, the King's Head, in a little passage, called Harold-street, in the ancient port of Hastings. The worthy Mr. Woodhead never gave to the public the history of "The Italian Gentleman." A long period, however, having elapsed since its conclusion, and as nothing now lives and breathes which can claim kin or friendship with those whom it concerned, it is given to the world without any suspicion of impropriety or fear of reproach in its publication.

MASTER JACOB HUSBORN lived in a castellated stone house standing between Hastings and Silscomb; a small place in which some medicinal springs had been discovered, and so advertised as to draw to its baths and villas

many visitors. He was proud to believe that his dwelling had been erected by one of his own ancestors about the time of the ascension of Queen Elizabeth; but he possessed no written records of his family by which the fact could be placed beyond controversy. He had, however, a few hundred acres of the good land of Sussex, which had certainly descended to him in direct entail from his great-grandfather; and out of the revenue which they produced (he farmed them not himself), he was enabled to support the fitting establishment of an English country gentleman, who aspired to nothing more than lodging, feeding, and drinking genteelly and sufficiently, without being indebted to either physical or mental exertion, or the still more despised operations of trade and barter. Whenever Mr. Husborn was obliged to deliver his opinion on matters not immediately connected with the dining-room or the stable, he betrayed himself as an *ultra* amongst that class of landholders who took their tone from the minister and court of the day.

The household of Husborn comprised but few individuals; and its monotony must have been unbearable to one of less phlegmatic temperament. He had been early left a jolly, fearless widower, the father of one child, who alone of all created things could bring warmth and expression to his voice, brilliancy to his eye, or emotion to his heart. Margaret Husborn was some years past the season of absolute youth, but she was constitutionally the true offspring of her parent; and it seemed as if the seasons of infancy, womanhood, and mature age, were to pass over her without bringing forth those fruits of feeling, passion, and judgment which are wont to distinguish her sex. She was, indeed, a woman—full of the virtues and full of the weaknesses of her kind—loving, credulous, passive, believing, she was the creature, the slave, the admirer of all beings more intellectual than herself, with whom she became placed in contact. The Italian gentleman lived beneath the roof of the father and daughter thus described. This circumstance is easily explained. The Cinque Ports about the middle of the last century, were the favourite resorts of the idle, the fashionable, and the opulent, who were instructed by their physicians to seek health and amusement on their gay shores. Amongst such visitors to Hastings was the foreigner whose name has been given; and as it was not then accounted disreputable, even amongst people of independence, to receive such inmates within their dwellings, Vivano became domiciled with Jacob Husborn and his gentle daughter Margaret. The Italian was a man of singular aspect and bearing; and though it does not appear, that even from among the most discerning of those who looked upon him, any

judgment was elicited to the prejudice of his personal and moral character.

Signior Andrea Vivano, at the time hinted at, was probably about the age of thirty. He had lived with Master Husborn more than twelve months—a most unusual circumstance, considering the short season-visits which people were in the habit of paying to the coast; and it was remarked that he had much improved the healthful hue of his complexion, and increased the rotundity and apparent strength of his limbs, since he first made his appearance. That which was most remarkable about him was his unvarying sameness of manner. Did the sun shine merrily in the skies, and all animated nature in some manner seem to rejoice in the calm and majestic beauty of the material world, Vivano would walk abroad, in his usual half-quiet and half-sullen mood, and seem as if he feared or disdained to raise his eyes to the glorious clouds above.

Months passed away; and it began to appear, as time fled, that the approach of a more intimate union was about to take place in the little circle. Husborn had for some time seen that Vivano had spent much of his time with his daughter Margaret. He observed his conduct at first with apathy or indifference; and at last, so much had his friendship increased, that he sometimes thought of making a few necessary inquiries into his family and fortune, and accepting him for his son-in-law at once. He was the more induced to arrive at this conclusion, because, dull-eyed as he was, he could not but observe that his fair daughter, nothing loth, accompanied the Italian in all his long and gloomy walks, and, besides, wasted with him many hours in the library,—an apartment in his house into which no intrusion ever occurred. This equivocal intimacy continued to increase; not that, indeed, Vivano was more tender than at first in his attentions to Margaret, but every one could see, save the indolent father, there was a touching submission and respect in the conduct of the lady towards her lover, which declared him the lord of her heart and the master of her destinies, which she had not betrayed during the first few months of their acquaintance.

The dark cloud which had long been rising against the peace of Husborn at length reached its height, and was about to burst on his devoted head. He, too, felt the course of fate concerned him, though he knew not how or wherefore—he fluttered and trembled as a bird does when the heavy air is burdened with the coming storm. Every night he pressed his pillow he determined that the ensuing morn should be dedicated to a long interview with his guest, the conclusion of which, he doubted not, would be the recognition of one of some fortune, perhaps of rank, as the husband of his daughter. Meanwhile,

Margaret partook of the change which seemed to pervade all the family. The gay and almost reckless air, with which the young and innocent are wont to enjoy existence, had fled, and gloom and impatience sat on her once calm brow. She seemed to desire to be alone with her father; yet, when she appeared the most so determined, Vivano would decline his usual walk, or hour of study, and, looking at her full in the face, would declare that he could not, would not, lose her society. It became evident that the manner in which the indolent English gentleman, his simple daughter, and the strange Italian, lived together, had in it nothing of the elements of duration, and strange circumstances presently dissolved it.

A court-martial was about to be held by the officers stationed with their troops at the castle of Hastings, on a fellow who had committed so atrocious a crime, that every one knew, though nobody of course spoke about it, that the trial, the sentence, and its execution, would succeed each other between sun and sun. One morning Vivano said, indifferently (it was his custom to attend all judicial proceedings relating to criminal affairs, and all public punishments and executions which occurred within an easy range of his residence) that he should visit the castle. "There, of course, my dear lady," said he, addressing himself to Margaret, "you will not wander."

Margaret trembled, and was the colour of one who had lain a day in the tomb.

"Where will *you* spend the day?" continued Vivano, in the same careless tone, but with his singular eyes turned broadly on the lady's face.

"I—I," said Margaret, laying her hand on the shoulders of her father, who, almost unconscious of their presence, had been musing with his face towards the fire—"I purpose, as the day is dry and fine, walking hence to the house of Madam Dorothea; my aunt, I hear, is unwell, and—" Margaret again turned and encountered the colourless eyes of the Italian—"and," said she, in a firmer tone, "with your good will, I will visit her and return on the morrow."

"Thy will and mine," said her father, with more sprightliness than was usual, "my good wench, are one; but, prithee, be not long away. And you, Signor Vivano, I shall look for you ere night-fall; you know how our chess-board stands, and to-night I will be revenged."

The Italian smiled after his fashion; and, shortly afterwards, Margaret having twice kissed her father's cheek, a token of affection rarely known to pass in their phlegmatic family, each went forth, apparently to fulfil the purpose each had appointed.

The evening came, the urn hissed, and, the fire hummed cheerfully; the chess-board,

on which a game half played was exhibited, seemed to occupy the entire attention of Master Husborn, except that at intervals he turned somewhat impatiently towards the door. "Ay," said he, mentally, again peering towards the table, "thus I shall circumvent him, and prove my skill." But Vivano did not return; and the disappointed player, after concluding the game in his own mind a dozen times entirely to his own satisfaction, with a dismal air ordered his servant to light him to his chamber; and particularly desired, that *when* the Signior came home, he should be told that master had gone to bed, vexed that he had not returned in time to finish the game.

Some time after midnight the Italian gentleman did return, and, with his usual taciturnity, nodding good-night to the servant, after he had received his message, went to bed. In the morning Husborn looked peevish. Vivano, who had risen before him, accosted him frankly.

"Well, sir," said he, "the foolish wretch was shot—the hour was midnight. I could not forego the sight. You know my foible; it is my philosophy, not my want of humanity, which makes me curious to contemplate the way in which the human taper is extinguished. If I had returned in the evening I should have lost the pleasure—I mean the interest—I take in such scenes, and I should have been vexed to my own death to have been beaten in the match, which must yet, I suppose, be played out between us."

"Well," replied Husborn, with returning good humour, "the night is passed, and the present is a new day; our bonny Margaret will return anon, and we shall all again be merry."

The day did pass, but without its anticipated merriment—the lady returned not; the following night was passed in restlessness—the next day came, and was prolonged in its length by anxious thoughts—the succeeding night was one of trembling fear—the third day, since the departure of Margaret on her little journey, lingered in its course, yet she returned not to her home.

"Sir," said Vivano to Husborn, whose mind, unused to any occurrence out of the common course of an English independent life, seemed utterly broken by the loss of his daughter—"Sir, good and obliging sir, I will instantly take horse, and visit the lady at whose house your daughter is sojourning; doubtless some sudden illness, perhaps, after all, of little import, has imprisoned her in her chamber. Be assured of her good presence, or at least of happy tidings, ere night."

Husborn sank into his chair, bewildered in doubt and fear, and Vivano immediately took his leave. The father passed another day of undefined anguish: the night was destined to give point and purpose to the arrow of

grief which was about to cleave his heart. Long after the clouds of evening had fallen on the earth, the slow approach of a horse was heard at the gate. Husborn hastened to the portal of his house and received Vivano, who seemed labouring with some great sorrow and much physical exertion, and ready to sink to the ground. For a moment he looked as if he had forgotten his own wound, and was conscious only of the apparently prostrate situation of his friend. He led him into the accustomed parlour, and placing him on a chair, sat down in another beside him, unconsciously drawing a third before their position. The instant these movements were completed, Husborn cast his eyes on the seat, and suddenly perceiving it was empty, he struck his open hands on his brow, and wept like a young child. Uncounted groans and sighs passed a few minutes; and Vivano waited the return of comparative placidity and intellect before he spoke. The old man—he had much advanced in age during the last five days—drew his hands from his brows, and drying them mechanically with his handkerchief, turned towards his companion a look which needed not the interpretation of words.

"Sir," said the Italian, recurring to his usual cold equanimity of manner, "I have read in some books of my native land, that the brave English tremble, like curs, on the first approach of danger and bereavement: but that the moment the demons of evil and grief really present themselves, they assume the courage and constancy of their bold country-dogs, and perish not but in the warm and painless hour of struggling and warfare."

Husborn replied to this exordium with a childish look of inquiry. Another minute of silence ensued, when the speaker continued:

"Your——my Margaret has not visited the relation she spoke of, nor has the lady seen your daughter since the spring of the last year."

Again the childless father pressed his hands upon his eyes, as he would shut out for ever the light of heaven, and the consciousness of existence. Vivano paused. After some time, Nature ever true to herself, permitted the paroxysm of grief to subside, and Husborn, slowly taking his rigid fingers from his temples, turned a piteous look towards his companion, which seemed to intimate that he was prepared to hear the worst. The speaker continued,—

"Your daughter, on the evening of the day she left us, was seen walking alone near the White-horse rock; a few hours afterwards, an alarm was raised along the coast that a boat's crew from a pirate brig, which the night before had run into one of the neighbouring creeks, had committed many acts of violence and plunder, and had seized an unprotected woman as she was wandering

by the edge of the waters." Husborn again averted his face; but, as he seemed to retain a consciousness of the meaning of the words addressed to him, Vivano steadily continued:—"Upon hearing this rumour, I spurred my horse to the beach, and after some time lost in tiresome inquiry, I arrived at the huts of a few fishermen, by whom, as it afterwards appeared, the rumour of the atrocious acts of the pirates had been sent abroad. It signifies not to mention that the plunder of the seamen was made up chiefly of the coarse provisions of the country people: they bore with them a woman whom they had seized on an unfrequented strand. Several old and discreet fishermen told me that, when the alarm was raised, and they discovered with their glasses that the rovers were four leagues from land, they saw distinctly, standing up amidst their dark-blue jackets, the figure of a tall lady dressed in flowing white. I inquired why they did not make pursuit? They laughed at my question. Her topmost bit of canvass, said one, only was visible when the first officer of his Majesty's revenue cutter was acquainted with the outrage."

Vivano paused, not as if he had concluded his recital, but with a tone which indicated an expectation of hearing some remark made on that which he had already detailed. Not a word was heard: he gently raised the candle, and looked for some moments intently on the face of Husborn; it was partly hidden from view, having fallen on his right arm, as it lay extended on the back rail of the chair. "Malice domestic" could not for a time "touch him farther." He had fallen into a swoon, and was, for a certain period, dead to the pains of the present hour, and to all the hopes of the future. Vivano silently returned to his seat, and sat down like a piece of art, fashioned in imitation of humanity,—looking like warm life, but being in reality, without breath or pulse. This statue-like position and silence were maintained upwards of an hour, when the Italian gentleman rose with the utterly noiseless manner which distinguished all his movements, gave another look at the unconscious Husborn, and gliding out of the room, passed to his own chamber.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE STEAM ENGINE.

FROM "STEAM," A POEM,

By the Author of "Corn Law Rhymes."

COME, blind old Andrew Turner! link in mine
Thy time-tried arm, and cross the town with me;
For there are wonders, mightier far than thine:
Watt! and his million-feeding enginery!

Steam-miracles of demi-deity!
Thou canst not see, unnumber'd chimneys o'er,
From chimneys tall the smoky cloud aspire;
But thou canst hear th' unwearied crash and roar
Of iron powers, that, urged by restless fire,
Toil ceaseless, day and night, yet never tire,
Or say to greedy man, "Thou dost amiss."

Oh, there is glorious harmony in this
 Tempestuous music of the giant, Steam,
 Commingling growl and roar, and stamp and hiss,
 With flame and darkness! Like a Cyclop's scream
 It stuns our wondering souls, that start and scream
 With joy and terror; while, like gold on snow
 Is morning's beam on Andrew's hoary hair!
 Like gold on pearl is morning on his brow!
 His hat is in his hand, his head is bare;
 And, rolling wide his sightless eyes, he stands
 Before this metal god, that yet shall chase
 The tyrant idols of remotest lands,
 Preach science to the desert, and efface
 The barren curse from every pathless place
 Where virtues have not yet atoned for crimes.
 He loves the thunder of machinery!
 It is beneficent thunder, though, at times,
 Like heav'n's red bolt, it lightens fatally.
 Poor blind old man! what would he give to see
 This bloodless Waterloo! this hell of wheels!
 This dreadful speed, that seems to sleep and snore,
 And dream of earthquake! In his brain he feels
 The mighty arm of mist, that shakes the shore
 Along the throng'd canal in ceaseless roar
 Urging the heavy forge, the clanking mill,
 The rapid tilt, and screaming, sparkling stone.
 Is this the spot where stoop'd the ash-crown'd hill
 To meet the vale, when bee-lov'd banks, o'ergrown
 With broom and woodbine, heard the cushat lone
 Coo for her absent love? Oh, ne'er again
 Shall Andrew pluck the freckled fowler here!
 How like a monster, with a league-long mane,
 Or Titan's rocket, in its high career,
 Towers the dense smoke! The falcon, wheeling
 near,
 Turns, and the angry crow seeks purer skies.
 At first, with lifted hands in mute surprise,
 Old Andrew listens to the mingled sound
 Of hammer, roll, and wheel. His sightless eyes
 Brighten with generous pride, that man hath
 found
 Redemption from the manacles which bound
 His powers for many an age. A poor man's boy
 Constructed these grand works! Lo, like the sun,
 Shines knowledge now on all! He thinks, with joy,
 Of that futurity which is begun—
 Of that great victory which shall be won
 By Truth o'er Falsehood; and already feels
 Earth shaken by the conflict. But a low
 Deep sigh escapes him, sadness o'er him steals,
 Shading his noble heart with selfish woe;
 Yes, *every* clouds his melancholy brow.
 What! shall the good old times, in aught of good
 Yield to these days of cant and parish-pay,
 The sister-growth of twenty years of blood?
 His ancient fame, he feels, is past away;
 He is no more the wonder of his day—
 The far-praised, self-taught, matchless engineer!

New Monthly Magazine.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES, FROM A GENTLEMAN'S PORTFOLIO.

* * * * I have certainly no right deference to rank, for I am continually committing the most unheard-of atrocities against etiquette. This evening, Judge W—— and Lady M—— called on me, having heard I was convalescent. Without thinking that my table was covered with papers, I invited them to take tea; but when Benjamin brought in the tray, there was no place for it. Upon which I desired him to set it on a chair, a wooden-bottomed one; and as my eyes precluded candles, we drank tea with the light of the fire, from the chair. It never once occurred to me till the second cup that this was a very absurd proceeding.

The late Lord Erskine had something of the same infirmity. He sometimes called on me, and always came with the postman's knock; which he commonly made use of, as he had observed servants more readily answered it.

One morning I had occasion to see him, and went to his house. As I was standing at the door, after knocking, and before it was answered, a woman came to it also, with a tea-cup under the corner of her shawl, which the wind blew aside, and I saw and smelt that it contained about half a gill of rum. But before I could speak on the subject to her, his lordship himself opened the door, dressed in a pair of shabby pantaloons, besmeared with whitening, without coat or waistcoat, and wore only a dressing-gown.

Another time, when my old friend Eneas Morrison was seeing the prorogation, (his lordship was then Chancellor,) observing Morrison below the bar, he sent one of the messengers with his card to him, on which was delineated with a pencil the picture of a turtle, and written under it, "Ready at half-past six to-morrow—come." There's a Lord Chancellor of Great Britain for you, on the woolsack in all his dignity!

But I suppose these kinds of eccentricities are more common than the world is willing to believe. I once happened to dine in a party with Prince Camuto, the head of the Septinsular Republic. In going home our way lay in the same direction, and his highness ordered a servant, who was in attendance with a lantern, to go forward to my lodgings, and accompanied me himself to the door.

The late Duke of Kent had occasional fits of this simplicity. He used to appoint me to wait on him at my dinner-hour, which was exceedingly inconvenient; and accordingly I took the liberty of mentioning it, adding, that I would come at any other time. Nor was I aware of the solecism I had committed, till he laughed heartily at the absence of mind in which it was said.

Once I was in the king's closet in the favourite villa near Palermo, and saw on the table a number of petitions, which Ferdinand had been reading. They were written on pieces of paper that a printer's devil would have been ashamed of, and evidently came from persons of the humblest condition. By the way, it was on the evening of the marriage-day of the present citizen King and Queen of the French. The attendant, in speaking of her majesty, said she was a very good person; and drawing the back of his hand upwards on his chin, in the Sicilian manner, said, "Mai, poco spirito." A friend, not well versed in Italian, gave a most calumnious interpretation of the phrase, by inquiring if she was really addicted to dram-drinking.

Dr. Parr was another violator of etiquette.

I met him at dinner once in St. James's Square. When the cloth was removed, his pipe, as usual, was brought in; but the servants forgot that tap-room utensil a spit-box. The old man, however, in no degree disconcerted at the omission, rose and helped himself from the sideboard, which was set out with gold and silver plate, to a golden vase. It served the purpose as well, till a basin of water was procured.

These lapses of decorum are innocent enough, and perhaps would not be deserving of recollection, did they not afford, as it were, chinks to let one peep into the universality of the natural character of men.—*Fraser's Mag.*

New Books.

THE BLACK DEATH

Is the Fourteenth Century. From the German of Hecker. Translated by B. G. Babington, M.D.

THE astounding details contained in the volume before us, and which it was the salutary intention of the translator should appear at this time, that we might be the more sensible how lightly the chastening hand of Providence has fallen on the present generation, and how much reason therefore we have to feel grateful for the mercy shown us in the late pestilence which visited us, has scarcely been given to the world, ere the amiable translator has himself been numbered "with those that were." He has fallen a victim to the milder epidemic, which has annoyed the town the last few weeks; but he has descended to the grave full of years and honours; and to his work we now turn.

It is the recital of the great mortality, or plague, which in the fourteenth century swept away, in the brief space of four years, one quarter of the population of the world: England, among the rest, losing more than double that portion of its inhabitants in the course of a few months.

Dr. Hecker, the writer of this work, is, strange to say, a believer in astral influence, and subscribes to the astrological speculations and conclusions, long since banished from our schools. Strange though it may be considered, we know it to be a fact, that in London, at the present day, the disciples of astrology are neither few nor feeble;—nor are the aberrations of Raphael *et hoc genus omne*, the only in request, but Lilly, and the "bright particular stars" of that science, are in daily requisition; several organized clubs of astrologers exist in various parts of the country; and a nativity can be cast, or a horary question determined, in this, with as much facility, and as *certain* a response, as in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. There is this essential difference between the astral faith of those times and the present period, when the light of true faith has penetrated the superstitious gloom

which wrapped religion in a pall, instead of presenting it in its snowy vestments of purity and truth. Two hundred years ago, astrologers viewed the operations of the Deity through the stars; they now affect to view astral influences through, and subservient to, the will of God. Their motto is—*Astra regunt homines, sed regit astra Deus*.

Those great events which proceed from the distress of nations are mighty instruments in the hands of a gracious Providence, leading to striking changes in general civilization; and it is philosophically remarked by our author, that "all that exists in man, whether of good or evil, is rendered conspicuous by the presence of great danger." The scenes which are depicted in this narrative sufficiently attest this; and as all convulsions are attended with their moral effect, it is observed—

"In conformity with a general law of nature, such a state of excitement brings about a change, beneficial or detrimental, according to circumstances,—so that nations either attain a higher degree of moral worth, or sink deeper in ignorance and vice. All this, however, takes place upon a much grander scale than through the ordinary vicissitudes of war and peace, or the rise and fall of empires, because the powers of nature themselves produce plagues, and subjugate the human will, which, in the contentions of nations, alone predominates."

We will not stop here to detail the effects of this visitation—the Black Death of the fourteenth century. The ameliorated condition of human nature, the passing away of those mists which had shrouded Europe in the middle or dark ages, the pure light of religion which dawned on Europe—all these may as distinctly be laid down as resulting from these providential visitations, as any effect can be said to follow its cause.

It may be remembered that Boccaccio, in his *Decameron*, alludes to the awful calamity, and vouches it as a reason for his leaving Florence, and retiring with the *dramatis personæ* of his inimitable poem, until the dread had passed away. After marching, with terrific strides, from the East, and ravaging Italy, Austria, France, and Germany, it made its appearance in England, where it was attended with the same fatality. Those who were affected with it, vomited blood, and died in some cases almost immediately.—Every spot which the sick had touched, their breath, their clothes, spread contagion: even the eyes of the patient were considered as sources of contagion, which had the power of acting at a distance—whether on account of their unwonted lustre, or the distortion which they always suffer in plague, or whether in conformity with an ancient notion, according to which the sight was considered as the bearer of demoniacal enchantment.

"Thus did the plague spread over England with unexampled rapidity, after it had first broken out in the county of Dorset, whence it advanced through the counties of Devon and Somerset, to Bristol, and thence reached Gloucester, Oxford, and London. Probably few places escaped—perhaps not any; for the annals of contemporaries report, that throughout the land only a tenth part of the inhabitants remained alive. From England the contagion was carried by a ship to Bergen, the capital of Norway, where the plague then broke out in its most frightful form, with vomiting of blood; and throughout the whole country, spared not more than a third of the inhabitants. The sailors found no refuge in their ships; and vessels were often seen driving about on the ocean and drifting on shore, whose crews had perished to the last man."

The reason given by Dr. Hecker of the disease, was in consequence of violent commotions in the earth's organism—"if any disease of cosmical origin can be so considered;" and a detail follows of some of these prodigious revolutions and convulsions. From China to the Atlantic the foundations of the earth were shaken,—throughout Asia and Europe the atmosphere was in commotion, and endangered by its baleful influence, both vegetable and animal life,—the universal pestilence extended from China to Iceland and Greenland;—the disasters were incredible, the despair unbridled and terrific.

"The series of these great events," says Dr. Hecker, "began in the year 1333, fifteen years before the plague broke out in Europe: they first appeared in China. Here a parching drought, accompanied by famine, commenced in the tract of country watered by the rivers Kiang and Hoai. This was followed by such violent torrents of rain, in and about Kingsai, at that time the capital of the empire, that, according to tradition, more than 400,000 peopled perished in the floods. Finally, the mountain Tsincheou fell in, and vast clefts were formed in the earth. In the succeeding year, (1334,) passing over fabulous traditions, the neighbourhood of Canton was visited by inundations; whilst in Tche, after an unexampled drought, a plague arose, which is said to have carried off about 5,000,000 of people.

"According to the Chinese annals, about 4,000,000 of people perished by famine in the neighbourhood of Kiang in 1337; and deluges, swarms of locusts, and an earthquake which lasted six days, caused incredible devastation. In the year 1342, there was in China a constant succession of inundations, earthquakes, and famines. In the same year, great floods occurred in the vicinity of the Rhine and in France, which could not be attributed to rain alone; for, everywhere, even on the tops of mountains, springs

were seen to burst forth, and dry tracts were laid under water in an inexplicable manner.

"The signs of terrestrial commotions commenced in Europe in the year 1348, after the intervening districts of country in Asia had probably been visited in the same manner. On the island of Cyprus, the plague from the East had already broken out; when an earthquake shook the foundations of the island, and was accompanied by so frightful a hurricane, that the inhabitants who had slain their Mahometan slaves, in order that they might not themselves be subjugated by them, fled in dismay, in all directions. The sea overflowed—the ships were dashed to pieces on the rocks, and few outlived the terrific event, whereby this fertile and blooming island was converted into a desert. Before the earthquake, a pestiferous wind spread so poisonous an odour, that many, being overpowered by it, fell down suddenly, and expired in dreadful agonies."

It is a source of unfeigned regret to the author, as it must be to all of scientific habits, that the low condition of science at this extraordinary period precluded those accurate and philosophic observations which might have enriched its annals. German accounts, it is observed, say expressly, that a thick, stinking mist advanced from the East, and spread itself over Italy, and there could be no deception in so palpable a phenomenon.

In conformity to his own prejudices, we have also a recital of some of those phenomena, resulting, we should suppose, from the state of the atmosphere, but which are vaguely insinuated as of a higher and more ominous nature.

"Great and extraordinary meteors appeared in many places, and were regarded with superstitious horror. A pillar of fire, which on the 20th of December, 1348, remained for an hour at sunrise over the pope's palace in Avignon;—a fire-ball, which in August of the same year was seen at sunset over Paris, and was distinguished from similar phenomena, by its longer duration, (not to mention other instances mixed up with wonderful prophecies and omens,) are recorded in the chronicles of that age."

The mortality resulting from these awful events is terrific, and staggers even credulity.

"In China, more than thirteen millions are said to have died; and this is in correspondence with the certainly exaggerated accounts from the rest of Asia. India was depopulated. Tartary, the Tartar Kingdom of Kaptshak, Mesopotamia, Syria, Armenia, were covered with dead bodies—the Kurds fled in vain to the mountains. In Caramania and Caesarea, none were left alive. On the roads—in the camps—in the caravansaries—unburied bodies alone were seen; and a few cities only, (Arabian historians name, Maara el nooman, Schisur and Harem,) remained,

in an unaccountable manner, free. In Aleppo 500 died daily; 22,000 people, and most of the animals, were carried off in Gaza, within six weeks. Cyprus lost almost all its inhabitants; and ships without crews were often seen in the Mediterranean; as afterwards in the North Sea, driving about, and spreading the plague wherever they went on shore. It was reported to Pope Clement, at Avignon, that throughout the east, probably with the exception of China, 23,840,000 people had fallen victims to the plague."

In London, it may be incidentally mentioned, that 100,000 at least fell under the fatal disease. In France it was eminently fatal—two queens, one bishop, and a number of distinguished persons, fell a sacrifice to it; and more than 500 a day died in the Hôtel-Dieu. The records of the disorder seems to have been better preserved in England than elsewhere. "Most of the great cities suffered incredible losses: above all, Yarmouth, in which 7,052 died;—Bristol, Oxford, Norwich, Leicester, York, and London, where, in one burial-ground alone, there were interred upwards of 50,000 corpses, arranged in layers, in large pits. It is said, that in the whole country scarcely a tenth part remained alive; but this estimate is evidently too high."

And of the sister kingdoms—"Ireland was much less heavily visited than England. The disease seems to have scarcely reached the mountainous districts of that kingdom; and Scotland, too, would perhaps have remained free, had not the Scots availed themselves of the discomfiture of the English, to make an irruption into their territory, which terminated in the destruction of their army, by the plague and by the sword, and the extension of the pestilence, through those who escaped, over the whole country."

The Naturalist.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Of all animated beings, (says Buffon,) this is the most elegant in form and most splendid in colouring. Precious stones and metals artificially polished can never be compared to this jewel of nature, who has placed it in the order of birds at the bottom of the scale of magnitude—*maximè miranda in minimis*—while all the gifts, which are only shared among others—nimbleness, rapidity, sprightliness, grace, and rich decoration—have been profusely bestowed upon this little favourite. The emerald, the ruby, and the topaz, sparkle in its plumage, which is never soiled by the dust of the ground, for its whole life being aerial, it rarely alights on the turf. It dwells in the air, and flitting from flower to flower it seems to be itself a flower in freshness and splendour; it feeds on their nectar and resides

in climates where they blow in perpetual succession; for the few which migrate out of the tropics during summer, make but a transitory stay in the temperate zones. They follow the course of the sun, advancing or retiring with him, and flying on the wings of the zephyrs, wanton in eternal spring.

"These beautiful and delicate beings," (Humming Birds) says Sir William Jardine, "appear to have excited the admiration of their discoverers, and, indeed, of every one who has observed them, either revelling in their native glades, or at rest in the mere artificial display of our museums, by the spirited proportions of their form, and the dazzling splendour of their plumage,

"—Delicate and beautiful,

Thick without burden, close as fishes' scales."

The nation of the Aztecs call their capital Tzinzunzan, from the number of humming birds in its vicinity, with which the statues of their gods are adorned; and the Indians of Patzquara are still famous for this art. They compose figures of saints with the feathers of the colibri, which are remarkable for the delicacy of the execution and the brilliancy of the colours.

The ancient Mexicans used their feathers for superb mantles in the time of Montezuma, and the pictures so much extolled by Cortes were embroidered with their skins; the Indian could appreciate their loveliness, delighting to adorn his bride with gems and jewellery plucked from the starry frontlets of these beauteous forms. Every epithet which the ingenuity of language could invent has been employed to depict the richness of their colouring; the lustre of the topaz, of emeralds and rubies, have been compared with them, and applied in their names. "The hue of roses steeped in liquid fire," and even the "*cheveux de l'astre du jour*" of the imaginative Buffon, fall short of their versatile tints. Let us inquire, however, whether an exterior of "gorgeous plumery" is all which they possess, and if there is no beautiful adaptation of structure to supply the wants of so frail a tenement?

These birds are nearly confined to the tropical portions of the New World, and, according to our best information, that great archipelago of islands between Florida and the mouths of the Orinoco, with the mainland of the southern continent, until it passes the Tropic of Capricorn, literally swarms with them. In the wild and uncultivated parts, they inhabit those forests of magnificent timber, overhung with lianas and the superb tribe of bignonaceæ, the huge trunks clothed with a rich drapery of parasites, whose blossoms only give way in beauty to the sparkling tints of their airy tenants; but since the cultivation of various parts of the country they abound in the gardens, and seem to delight in society, become familiar, and

destitute of fear, hovering over one side of a shrub, while the fruit or flowers is plucked from that opposite. There appears to exist great familiarity in their manners. They are of a lively and active disposition, almost constantly on the wing, and performing all their motions with great rapidity: their flight is in darts, and it is at this time, in a brilliant sun, that the variations of their plumage are displayed with the greatest advantage.

"Each rapid movement gives a different dye;
Like scales of burnished gold they dazzling show,
Now sink to shade—now like a furnace glow."

But when performing a lengthened flight, as during migration, they pass through the air in long undulations, raising themselves for some distance, and then falling in a curve. When about to feed, or in search of a favourite flower, they hover stationary, surveying all around, and suddenly dart off to the object. "I have often stopped," says Wilson, "with pleasure, to observe their manoeuvres among the blossoms of a trumpet flower. When arrived before a thicket of these, that are in full bloom, he poises or suspends himself on wing for the space of two or three seconds so steadily, that his wings become invisible or only like a mist." And Bullock says, "they remain suspended in the air in a space barely sufficient for them to move their wings; and the humming noise proceeds entirely from the surprising velocity with which they perform that motion, by which they will keep their bodies in the air, apparently motionless, for hours together." An older writer, Fermin, a Surinam physician, compares this action to the balancing of the beautiful bee-like flies on fœtid waters; perhaps it may be also likened to the motions of a large hawk-moth before alighting on a flower.

They seldom alight upon the ground, but perch easily on branches. The ruby-throated humming-bird settles on twigs and branches, where they move sideways in prettily measured steps, frequently opening and closing their wings, pluming, stroking, and arranging the whole of their apparel with neatness and activity. They are particularly fond of spreading one wing at a time, and passing each of the quill-feathers through their bill in its whole length, when, if the sun is shining, the wing thus plumed is rendered extremely transparent and light.—*Audubon.*

The Gatherer.

Catching Rabbits.—Bacon says, "A company of scholars going to catch conies, carried one with them, which had not much wit, and gave in charge, that if he saw any, he should be silent, for fear of scaring of them; but he no sooner espied a company of rabbits than he cried aloud 'Ecce multi cuniculi;' which he had no sooner said, but the

conies ran to their burrows; and he being checked by them for it, answered, 'Who would have thought that the rabbits understood Latin?'"

P. T. W.

Cat Anecdote.—During Sergeant Talfourd's recent sojourn at Shrewsbury Assizes, a cat was very fond of the learned counsellor's room. His clerk, while packing up, had occasion to leave one of the trunks open, and in the hurry of departure closed it suddenly, and corded it for the journey. On arriving at Hereford, a strange noise was heard to proceed apparently from one of the trunks. The clerk proceeded to open it, when, lo! out jumped the identical cat of Shrewsbury memory, which, on further examination, it appeared, had deposited "a batch of fine young kittens" in the learned sergeant's wig.—*Hereford Journal.*

Believe it who likes.—We are told that the Indian ferret, when it attacks a serpent, first prepares against danger by gnawing a quantity of snake-wood; and when it has thoroughly impregnated its saliva, it wets with it first its fore-feet, and with them daubs over its head and its whole body; and that thus prepared, it boldly attacks the snake, and never leaves off till it has killed it.—P. T. W.

Patronage of the Drama.—The performance of Edwards's drama of *Palemon and Arsite*, in Christ Church Hall, Oxford, is stated to have afforded Queen Elizabeth so much pleasure, that "she called to her the author, and promised what she would do for him, and talked to him in the most familiar way." Neither of Elizabeth's successors has so befriended the English drama.

Gipsies.—The gipsies of Hungary, like those of Turkey, get their principal livelihood by rambling about as blacksmiths and musicians. In winter, they make spoons, ladles, troughs, and other implements of wood; in summer they go nearly naked, and many of them are then employed in washing gold from the sand of the rivers and plains, at which they are particularly expert.—T. GILL.

Drunkenness.—Among the ancient Mexicans, drunkenness in youth was a capital crime, and in advanced years it was punished with severity; in case of a nobleman, it incurred forfeiture of office and rank, and entailed infamy.

P. T. W.

Churchwarden's Entry in 1476.—The following entry is in the churchwarden's accounts of St. Margaret's, Westminster, for the year 1476: "Also, paid to Roger Fylpott, learned in the law, for his counsel, giving 3s. 8d., with 4d. for his dinner."

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The Mirror

OF

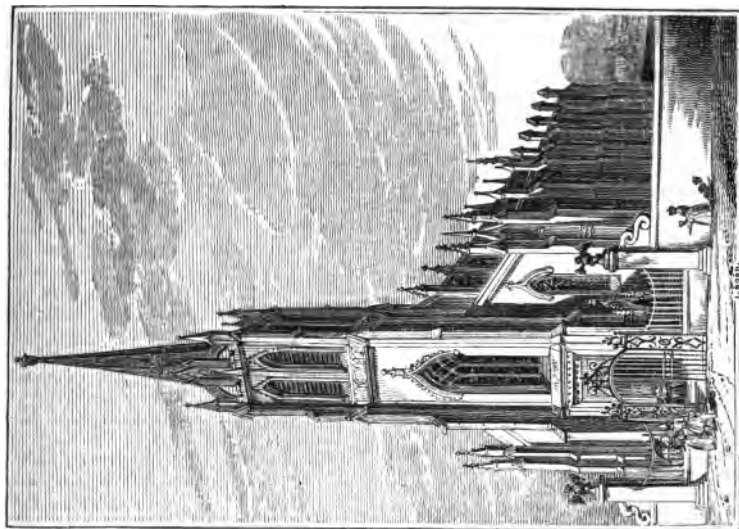
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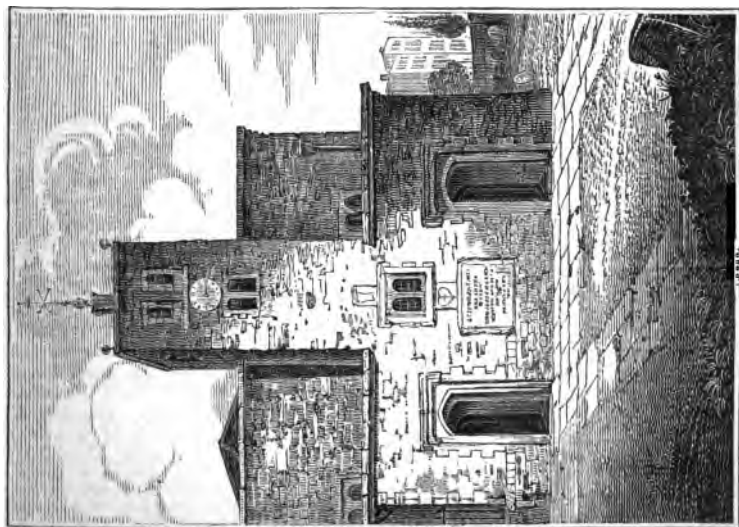
SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.]

HIGHGATE.



NEW CHURCH.



OLD CHAPEL.

HIGHGATE.

Who, in admiring the environs of London, has not halted at

the sister hills* that skirt her plain.

We answer, few, if any, of the mere idlers; and, certainly, none of the lovers of the picturesque. This admiration of our suburban scenery has been treated as puerile; "to babble of green fields" has been received as burlesque upon the genuine love of nature, and its sublimity treated as ridiculous. But, where such reception has been merited, it has resulted from the treatment of the subject, and not from want of interest in the subject itself; and, it would be unjust to receive the fantasies of the few for the judgment of the many. Meanwhile, much of the picturesque character of the scenery round London has been lost sight of; and the proximity of the metropolis, instead of acting beneficially in contrast with the rural features of its environs, has had the reverse effect. Yet, foreigners, and the majority of British travellers acknowledge the suburbs of London to be as fine as, if not finer than, those of any other city in Europe. Apart from these scenic attractions, the circuit has historical and antiquarian associations of the most interesting turn; and every lane, hill, mead, and vale, is storied with the pleasures of retrospection.

Such has long been our view of the general estimate of the scenery round London; and a walk to Highgate, a few days since, has not led us to a change of opinion. Of the salubrity of the spot, we say nothing, since that recommendation is more acknowledged than its other attractions. Norden, a topographer of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, speaking of Highgate, says "upon this hill is most pleasant dwelling, yet not so pleasant as healthful; for the expert inhabitants there report, that divers who have been long visited with sickness, not curable by physick, have in a short time repayed their health, by that sweet salutarie aire."[†]

Highgate is a populous hamlet, situate in the parishes of Hornsey and Pancras, the chapel and two-thirds of the village being in Hornsey. Its name is said to have been taken from the *high gate*, or the gate upon the hill, a derivation which seems sufficiently satisfactory, supported as it is by facts; the toll-gate, belonging to the Bishop of London having stood from time immemorial on the summit of the hill.‡ Here was formerly a chapel, or hermitage, which, in 1386, was

* Highgate and Hampstead.—*Thomson*.

† *Speculum Britannicæ*.

‡ At this point commenced a new road, through Hornsey-park, to Whetstone, which was agreed upon between the Bishop of London and the country people, the old road to Whetstone being in winter so deep and miry, as to be almost impassable. The gate-house was taken down, and the road widened in 1769.

committed by Bishop Braybrooke to William Lichfield, a poor, irfirm hermit, for his support; the last hermit was probably presented in 1531. In 1562, upon the site of this hermitage, Sir Roger Cholmeley, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, built, "by letters patent of Queen Elizabeth," a free grammar-school, and endowed the same. Adjoining the school-house is the chapel represented in the annexed page. In an inscription, placed at the west end, in 1682, it is said to have been built by Edwin Sandys, Bishop of London, in 1565, as a chapel of ease for the inhabitants of Highgate. But, in the ordinances for the school, dated 1571, the chapel is said to have been built by Sir Roger Cholmeley; and in the registry of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, is a conveyance of the same to Sir Roger Cholmeley, by Edmund Grindall, Bishop of London, in 1565. The chapel, which consists of a small chancel, a nave, and two aisles, has been enlarged since its first erection, by sundry benefactions. It was repaired in 1772, with a donation of 500*l.* from a liberal benefactor, aided by other contributions.

The chapel was found inconvenient, and being in a dilapidated state, the inhabitants of Highgate resolved to take down the old building, and erect a new church, of which we shall speak presently.§

We considered the occasion worth a walk to Highgate, and our visit was just in the nick of time. Upon the entrance-door of the burial-ground we read the printed announcement of the chapel materials for sale, with the manuscript addition of the clock, bell, and organ, "for sale." The whole building is of brick, with stone door and window cases, in the west front represented in the subjoined Cut. The vane on the tower is sadly weather-beaten, and its wooden support, as well as the wooden balls at the angles, are fast decaying. The tablet, there shown, and of which we have spoken, with the arms of Sir Richard Cholmeley above, has been removed with due care.

The interior had the very air of the "time to pull down." The monuments and hatchments, which appeared to have nearly covered the walls, had been taken down; the altar embellishments, pulpit, and pewing were untouched, but the pavement was strewn with plaster fragments and dusty timbers. In the organ-loft, the sacred instrument remained undisturbed; but two workmen were busy in removing the seats, &c. and the din of their hammers broke the sanctity and stillness of the scene. The ascent to the clock and bell tower is by a series of

§ Our attention was drawn to the circumstance by an advertisement in the newspapers, a short time since, for the removal of the monuments from the church; and by the obliging suggestion of a subscriber, *B.*, who will perceive that the inscription, of which he has sent a copy, is incorrect.

aboriginal contrivances; we peeped at the massy pendulum, which was taking its accustomed oscillation: its ball bore the rust of ages, and its solemn tick reminded us of the million changes which had taken place whilst this awful monitor pursued its unvarying course. Alas! how impressive is a mere glimpse of the machinery of time.

The burial-ground was undisturbed, and it may probably remain so, as no ground has yet been consecrated for the new church.

Upon inquiry, we found the old school-house adjoining the chapel to be occupied as a parsonage; a new school-house having been built at a short distance, in the year 1819. It is a substantial brick edifice, finished with stone; some useful repairs are in progress, so that the time to "build up" has not been neglected.

Opposite the old chapel is the *Gate-house*, a well-appointed tavern, and part of an old gate or bar.

The new church, (in the second Engraving,) stands to the left of the road upon the entrance to the village, from the road through Kentish Town. It occupies the site of a large mansion, which was built by Sir William Ashurst, Lord Mayor of London in 1694; subsequently occupied by Sir Alan Chambre, one of the justices of the Common Pleas; and lastly, by Mr. Dowling, as an Academy. The original iron entrance gates, and brick jambs, surmounted with eagles, enclose a small plot of lawn, and the walk to the principal entrance to the church.

This church was built from the design of Mr. Lewis Vulliamy, by Messrs. Cubitt. The whole is of fine whitish brick, finished with stone. The style of the architecture is that usually, but unsatisfactorily, termed Gothic: it has a host of buttresses, pinnacles, crockets, and finials. The ornaments of the principal entrance, and the window above it, are among the best portions; the spire, with its stone-framed piercings is remarkably neat; and the church is altogether superior to most of the miscalled Gothic churches of our times.

The monuments in the old chapel were numerous, and of interesting character: some of them are placed on the walls of the new church, the remainder being removed to Horney Church. Among them are the tombs of Dr. Lewis Atterbury, (elder brother of the celebrated prelate,) who was 36 years preacher at the chapel; and Sir Francis Pemberton, one of the counsel for the Seven Bishops.

The beautiful situation of the new church is beyond description; and its fine spire and pinnacles seen rising from the graceful foliage as you approach from the metropolis, alone promise to repay the pedestrian for his toilsome ascent of the hill.

THE SPIRIT OF DESOLATION.

I put forth my wand
O'er the islands that gem the blue sea,
And the mountains beyond
Are crush'd by an earthquake from me.
When the moon, like a queen,
Her empire extends o'er the sky,
I darken the scene
With thunder-clouds floating on high.
From the tombs of past years,
With the voice of a prophet, I call
On the brave chevaliers
Whose songs were the best in the hall.
The dead that were smote
On the sands by the awful simoom,
And the warriors all deaf to the war-trumpet's note
I awake from the desolate tomb.
The angels of death
My power in the battle invoke,
And victors whom fame has adorned with its wreath
Submissively bow to my yoke.
The stormy waves whirl
At my bidding their white surf to heaven,
And their banners unfurl,
As the doom'd wreck beneath them is driven.
From the shores of the Nile,
To the hush of the arctic domains,
I shun summer's smile,
And my spirit unconquer'd there reigns.
But the glory and power
Which hallows this sceptre of mine,
Shall, at some future hour,
Eternity! mingle with thine!
Deaf.

G. R. C.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE:

PUBLIC WALKS AND GARDENS.

"Though the trouble of the mind wears and destroys the constitution even of the most healthful body, all kinds of gardens contribute to health."

Bradley.

THE usefulness of innocent recreations, in preserving a healthful tone of mind, as well as of body, has been uniformly admitted by every observer of mankind. In ages long past, simplicity of manners led to the institution of certain occasions upon which the people of "Merry England" sought relief from the cares of industry in the artless enjoyment of their homes and firesides, or amidst the less artificial pleasures and pursuits of rural life. Amidst the countless beauties of fields, groves, and gardens, they forgot the toils of the crowded city, and exchanged its busy hum for the minstrelsy of the woods, and of rural sound and rural song. The religious observance of the Sabbath brought rest unto the soul, and the cessation from labour became sanctified by the orisons of grateful man. Happily, such holy influence, to this time, beams over each returning seventh day. Various causes have, however, led to the neglect of the secular observance of days set apart for the recreation of the people; and a few observations upon this point may not be unacceptable to the reader, and direct us to the main subject of the present paper.

Foremost among these causes we are induced to place, the increase of cities and

large towns, and the correspondent progress of luxurious refinement in every branch of human ingenuity.

The Londoner will be content with the example of his native city. About two and a half centuries since, the metropolis abounded with open areas and gardens, wherein the inhabitants were accustomed to take their noontide and evening walks;* thus, Cornhill was an open space, and the ground from thence to Bishopsgate-street was occupied as gardens, as were also the Minories; Goodman's Fields was only an extensive enclosure, and most of East Smithfield was an open space, partly used for bleaching. From the gardens and enclosures to the northern side of Whitechapel and Houndsditch, the grounds were merely shaded by trees; and Spitalfields were entirely open. From Houndsditch, a street, but interspersed with openings, gardens, and detached edifices, extended to Shoreditch Church, which was nearly the last building in that direction. Moorfields were used for drying linen; cattle grazed and archers shot in Finsbury Fields, at the verge of which were three windmills. Goswell-street was a lonely road, and Islington Church stood in the distance, with a few houses and gardens near it; in Smithfield, horses were exercised, and on the western side was a row of trees. Clerkenwell was mostly occupied by the precincts of St. John's Priory and St. James's Church, and only a few detached buildings stood on Islington Road, beyond the Priory. From Cow Cross to Gray's Inn Lane, the ground was either vacant or in gardens; and between Shoe Lane and Fetter Lane was much open ground. At Drury Lane commenced the *village* of St. Giles's, which was principally confined to a cluster of buildings forming the north side of Broad-street; near the church stood a few other houses, which were partly enclosed, and surrounded with trees. Beyond the church, to the north and west, all was open country, the Oxford and other main roads being distinguished only by avenues of trees. From the

Oxford Road, southward to Piccadilly, called "the way to Reading," and thence along the highways, named the Haymarket and Hedge Lane, to the vicinity of the Mews, not a house was standing; and those avenues, as well as the upper parts of St. Martin's Lane, were bounded by trees. Leicester Square and Soho, and, indeed, all the country to the north and west, were completely open fields. St. Martin's Lane had scarcely a house beyond the church, which nearly abutted on the Convent Garden, belonging to the Abbot and Monks of Westminster. The Strand was mainly a street of noble mansions—those on the south side having large gardens attached to them, extending down to the Thames. Isaac Walton quotes from a German contemporary poet:

So many gardens, dressed with curious care,
That Thames with royal Tiber may compare.

The Spring Gardens were literally gardens, partly crowded with trees, reaching as far as the present Admiralty. In St. James's Park were deer, and beyond the north wall stood a few houses about the middle of Pall Mall, which had then, actually, "sweet shady sides." That the site of Charing Cross was originally a village, the reader need not be reminded; though he may not be so reminiscent of Westminster being once an island, called Thorney, from its being overgrown with thorns and brambles; and, at the period of which we have just spoken, the few houses in the lower part of Westminster were inns and poor cottages, with small gardens. But, these details crowd upon us unnecessarily; for, enough have been quoted to show that Old London contained a fair proportion of walks and gardens for the exercise and recreation of its inhabitants, and was, in reality, *rus in urbe*. That some of the private gardens were of considerable extent, may be gathered from the description of Ely House, which, with its grounds, occupied twenty acres; and such attention was paid to horticulture by the resident bishops, that they were celebrated for the choice fruit their gardens produced.† In earlier times, vineyards are known to have flourished in the village of Westminster; and the plot of ground which now forms East Smithfield and some adjoining streets was planted with vines.

Of the health of the vegetation of Old London, we find but scanty mention; though, from the open spaces, and the scarcity of coal smoke, we may assume the verdure to have been brighter than that which clads the turf and trees of the metropolis in our time; for, it should be remembered, that coals, at the above period, had been proscribed as a nuisance; and their use became

† Shakspeare alludes to this circumstance in the play of Richard III., when he makes Gloucester thus address the prelate, John Morton:

"My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there,
I do beseech you send for some of them."

* In Sir Thomas More's delightful philosophical romance, *Utopia*, (by the way, a book much more talked of than read or understood,) we find the following notice of the Gardens of Amaurot, (London,) the date about 1516:—"There lie gardens behind all their houses; these are large, but enclosed with buildings, that, on all hands, face the streets; so that every house has both a door to the street, and a back-door to the garden. They cultivate their gardens with great care, so that they have vines, fruits, herbs, and flowers in them; and all is so well ordered, and so finely kept, that I never saw any gardens anywhere that were both so fruitful and so beautiful as theirs; and this humour of ordering their gardens so well is not only kept up by the pleasure they find in it, but also by an emulation between the inhabitants of the several streets, who vie with each other; and there is indeed nothing more beautiful belonging to the whole town, that is both more useful and more pleasant. So that he who founded the town seems to have taken care of nothing more than of their gardens."

not universal in London until the reign of Charles I. These circumstances would materially aid the rural character of the metropolis.

The Londoners appear to have been formerly very tenacious even of any interference with their enjoyment of the suburbs; for, in the 16th century, we find the youth proceeding riotously, in consequence of the enclosure of the fields about Shoreditch, Hoxton, Islington, &c. This jealousy, however, yielded to the rights of property; and the citizens, excluded from the fields, were compelled to turn to such pastimes as the narrower limits of their streets, courts, and squares, and the safety of the passengers, would allow; as the proscribed games of the days of Edward III.—hand-ball, football, throwing of bars, cock-fighting, &c.: and hence the skittle-ground, bowling-greens, &c. of the artisans of our day.

The Great Fire of London next swept away Old London; and we know that in Sir Christopher Wren's noble plans for rebuilding the City, public walks were not forgotten; but private interest interfered, and obstructed the execution of his magnificent design. Hence the few green plots that can be seen in a view of London, resemble so many oases in a vast desert of bricks, mortar, and smoke.

St. James's Park had, at this time, been reclaimed from a marsh by Henry VIII.; but its extent was small, until Charles II. employed Le Notre, gardener to Louis XIV., to lay out the grounds. What was till recently called Bird-cage Walk was formerly an aviary, and near it was a pond, where Charles II. might be seen playing with his dogs, and passing his idle moments in affability.

The Mall was then laid out, and the rows of lime-trees planted. This vista, which was at first a smooth hollow walk, half a mile in length, had an iron hoop at the further end, for playing a game with a ball called a Mall; hence its name. Le Notre also, by command of Charles II., formed a canal, 100 ft. broad, and 2,800 long, with a decoy and other ponds for water-fowl. Succeeding kings allowed the people the privilege of walking in the Mall; and the passage from Spring Gardens was opened in 1699, by permission of King William.

In Charles's time, the Mall was indeed an elysium of fashion: "everything around breathed of beauty and gaiety, the air was courtly, silks rustled, and feathers fluttered in the Mall; fair forms fluttered and bright eyes glanced around; and, at every turn, you encountered lords and beauties." The wits of Queen Anne's time were also wont to resort thither; and many are the glances which we catch of the olden walk in the polished pleantries of the men about town at that period, and in the two succeeding reigns. Here, too, in the summer, till the early part

of the present century, myriads of lovely women and gallant men used to promenade for one or two hours *after dinner*; but the evening dinner has robbed the walk of these charms, and the Mall, with its artificial array of gas-lit lamps, is principally a thoroughfare for busy passengers, whose anxious pace has anything but the listless ease and elegance of a fashionable idler.

To our taste, the rookery of the grounds of Carlton Palace, which flanked the right of the Mall, aided the rural effect of the Park; notwithstanding their unsightly boundary wall, the road beneath the umbrageous gloom of the fine, old trees, had an uncommon, yet pleasing character in a metropolis. The Carlton Palace gardens were originally laid out by Kent, for Lord Carlton, and afterwards by Brown and Holland, for the late King: their greatest beauty was their seclusion. Not a vestige of garden or palace remains here; but a superb range of palatial mansions has sprung up in their place. We prefer the old silvan grounds to Greco-Italianized architecture; though the magnificent opening from Pall Mall to the Park is a boon to the people which we are proud to record as the first act of the reigning sovereign.

The trees of *St. James's Park* have been thinned by various means. A new road on the south side has spoiled the uniformity of the Bird-cage Walk;* and not a year passes, without some of the older denizens of the Park falling to the fury of the winds: a few months since, we thus lost two fine old trees, said to have been planted by the hand of Charles II. Insects prey upon them all.† M. Samouelle, in his *Useful Compendium of Entomology*, figures a species of moth which "is found in July, in *St. James's Park*, against trees;" and we believe some of the trees in Kensington Gardens have been similarly assailed.

In this park, however, the enjoyment of the people has been more studied than in any other, by re-laying out the enclosed or grass portion, and studding and intersecting it with plantations and walks, and a picturesque lake, with evergreen islands.—Few public benefits have been more sensibly appreciated than these improvements, which have formed a delightful promenade, with the great convenience of proximity to the town.

PHILO.

(To be continued.)

* Here were elms, planted by the late Mr. Rench, of Fulham, from trees reared in his own nursery. He married two wives, had 35 children, and died in 1783, in the same room in which he was born, at the age of 101 years.

† A correspondent, "Anticipator," calls our attention to the trees nearest the York Column, and the entrance to the enclosed part of the Park, opposite the Horse Guards; many of which, in appearance, resemble the *Tabernaemontana Utilis*, or Eve's Apple-tree, figured at page 153 of the present volume.

Notes of a Reader.

BLACKBEARD, THE PIRATE.

Memoir of John Teach, Esq., vulgarly called Blackbeard, by Aaron Bang, Esq. F.R.S.

—“He was the mildest manner’d man
That ever scull’d ship, or cut a throat.
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could discern his real thought.
Pity he loved adventurous life’s variety,
He was so great a loss to good society.”

JOHN TEACH, or Blackbeard, was a very eminent man—a very handsome man. He was a Welshman, and introduced the leek into Nassau about the year 1718, and was a very remarkable personage, although, from some singular imperfection in his moral constitution, he never could distinguish clearly between *meum* and *tuum*.

He found his patrimony was not sufficient to support him; and as he disliked agricultural pursuits as much as mercantile, he got together forty or fifty fine young men one day, and borrowed a vessel from some merchants that was lying at the Nore, and set sail for the Bahamas. On his way he fell in with several West Indiamen, and, sending a boat on board of each, he asked them for the loan of provisions and wine, and all their gold, and silver, and clothes, which request was in every instance but one civilly acceded to, whereupon, drinking their good healths, he returned to his ship. In the instance where he had been uncivilly treated, to show his forbearance, he saluted them with twenty-one guns on returning to his ship; but by some accident the shot had not been withdrawn, so that unfortunately the contumacious ill-bred craft sank, and as Blackbeard’s own vessel was very crowded, he was unable to save any of the crew. He was a great admirer of fine air, and accordingly established himself on the island of New Providence, and invited a number of elegant young men, who were fond of pleasure cruises, to visit him, so that presently he found it necessary to launch forth in order to borrow more provisions.

At this period he was a great dandy; and amongst other vagaries, he allowed his beard to grow a foot long at the shortest, and then plaited it into three strands, indicating that he was a bashaw of no common dimensions. He wore red breeches, but no stockings, and sandals of bullock’s hide. He was a perfect Egyptian in his curiousness in fine linen, and his shirt was always white as the driven snow, when it was clean, which was the first Sunday of every month. In waistcoats he was especially select; but the cut of them very much depended on the fashion in favour with the last gentleman he had borrowed any thing from. He never wore any thing but a full dress purple velvet coat, under which bristled three brace of pistols, and two naked

stilettoes, only eighteen inches long; and he had generally a lighted match *fizzing* in the bow of his cocked scraper, whereat he lighted his pipe, or fired off a cannon, as pleased him.

One of his favourite amusements when he got half slewed, was to adjourn to the hold with his computators, and kindling some brimstone matches, to dance and roar, as if he had been the devil himself, until his allies were nearly suffocated. At another time he would blow out the candles in the cabin, and blaze away with his loaded pistols at random, right and left, whereby he severely wounded the feelings of some of his intimates by the poignancy of his wit, all of which he considered a most excellent joke. But he was kind to his fourteen wives so long as he was sober, as it is known that he never murdered above three of them. His borrowing, however, gave offence to our government, no one can tell how; and at length two of our frigates, the Lime and Pearl, then cruising off the American coast, after driving him from his stronghold, hunted him down in an inlet in North Carolina, where, in an eight-gun schooner, with thirty desperate fellows, he made a defence worthy of his honourable life, and fought so furiously that he killed and wounded more men of the attacking party than his own crew consisted of; and following up his success, he, like a hero as he was, boarded, sword in hand, the headmost of the two armed sloops, which had been detached by the frigates, with ninety men on board, to capture him: and being followed by twelve men and his trusty lieutenant, he would have carried her out and out, maugre the disparity of force, had he not fainted from loss of blood, and, falling on his back, died where he fell, like a hero—

“His face to the sky, and his feet to the foe.”

leaving eleven forlorn widows, being the fourteen wives, *minus* the three that he had throttled.—*Tom Cringle’s Log—Blackwood.*

A FOREST IN POLAND.

(Abridged from Mrs. Gore’s Polish Tales.)

Ere yet our course was graced with forest trees,
It lacked not old remains of hawthorn bowers,
Where small birds warbled to their paramours;
And, earlier still, was heard the hum of bees;
Behold them ply their harmless robberies,
And catch the fragrance which the sundry flowers,
Fed by the stream, which soft perpetual showers
Plenteously yield unto the vagrant breeze.
There blooms the strawberry of the wilderness,—
The trembling eyebright shows her sapphire blue,
The thyme her purple, like the blush of even.

WORDSWORTH.

BEAUTIFUL and diversified is the specimen of forest scenery exhibited in the portion of the Wodarodko estate, intervening between the farms of Wranciczko and Lublowicz;—situated at the distance of about ten versts from each other. Comprehending every

variety of woodland, a portion of the forest has been cleared about fifteen years of a fall of beech and oak; and now presents a luxuriant growth of underwood,—interspersed with maple, alder, holly, and entangled with vast thickets of the weed-like juniper.—A coating of short mossy turf covers the avenue, (cleared, but left in all its original wildness,)—that serves as a high road of communication; branching off from which are narrower and still wilder paths, familiarly known to the dwellers in the district as leading to several hamlets situated in different parts of the wood. These, again, are intersected at intervals by almost impervious tracks; connected with the solitary dwellings of a forester or two. Almost on the verge of the wood stands a considerable farm-house, rented by a man of some opulence and education as a *dépôt* for the oak-bark with which he supplies the tanneries of Dantzic and Warsaw;—but this passed, nothing is to be found in the wide expanse of wildness and verdure, but the rough log-cabins of the villagers.

Of all seasons and spots, there is perhaps none in which we encounter nature so closely as in the depths of a forest.—There are many scenes as wild, as beautiful; scenes of mountain, lake and sky,—surveyed from some noble eminence,—where perhaps the cry of a bird in the solitary air—or the rustling of the leveret in the fern at our feet, is the only evidence of breathing life that startles us back to existence.—But wherever there is vastness, *there* also is the divinity!—God sits in the glorious sky;—the majestic hand of the Almighty seems out-stretched over those mountains, valleys, and rivers, created as if to form the cradle of nations, past, present, or to come.

But the Forest is rather the haunt of that secondary spirit,—that handmaiden of Heaven—which the imagination has called into life to satisfy the yearnings of our love of rural beauty; our sympathy with the moss upon the stone,—the flower upon the bank,—the nest upon the bough;—our exultation in the grandeur of the gnarled branches that stretch forth their gigantic arms to heaven, in adoration of their Creator and our own. There,—in those green, grassy, shadowy depths,—is the lonely habitation of Nature!—The breath we breathe is all her own. Scattering at our feet, as if in welcome to her domain, the propitiating tribute of a thousand exquisite flowers, she spreads before our admiring eyes, thickets exhibiting every variety of foliage in pure and characteristic individuality,—spangled with the blossoms of the briar-rose, or tufted over with the entanglement of the wild clematis. She hails us with a chorus of song-birds,—even when loudest and most incongruous, never dissonant; and startles us with bursts and waft-

ings of fragrance, “able to cure all sadness but despair!”—Nothing evil, nothing unholy, seems to infest the sanctuary of her dwelling; and the timid roe-buck, escaping through the brake, flies from the aspect of man to the security of her lonely fastnesses as to the protecting bosom of the common mother.

A precious anodyne is inherent in the breath of nature!—The turfen paths are so silent,—the massive shades of the distant woods so imposing,—the nearer verdure of the over-arching boughs so beautiful,—the whole scene so deeply, powerfully and sacredly tranquil,—that by degrees the beating pulses are subdued, the fevered blood refreshed, and perplexed thoughts disentangled or soothed to rest. It is the very loneliest portion of the Puszeza; one rarely, if ever, visited by the diligent farmer;—one whose rude and silvan barriers seems formed to exclude the world and its clamours;—one where kings and cities become chimerical, and the soft and sinless egotism of meditation expands into the aim and end of life.

The wood gradually assumes a new character, on emerging from the copse of underwood into the region where the forest trees are still standing; where lofty pines are intermingled with noble beeches; and where even the oak, (accounted the national tree of Germany rather than of Poland,) abounds in majestic grandeur. Instead of the shrubby thickets which have hitherto bounded the view, the space beneath the lofty branches is carefully cleared of underwood; forming under the shade of the tall pine trees a smooth, mossy, fibrous carpet; and covered below the feathering boughs of the beeches with gigantic fern,—waving its serrated leaves as if restless to reach and emulate the trees above. Further still, the ground grows broken and wild. Large masses of rock are interspersed with the hoary trunks. The channel of a small brook forms a rough ravine which there is some difficulty in surmounting; and beyond, the ground rises in rude acclivities;—still overshadowed with a continuous shade of colossal pine trees,—and here and there totally obstructed by the irregular growth of an ancient oak-tree, or a beech whose pendent branches droop tent-like on the earth. The daylight comes down subdued by massive verdure; or is desried at intervals through the trees, like the darting of arrows of light, between the plummy tufts of rich green fern.

The track is already glazed with splinters of charcoal, strewed by the carriers, whose business it is to convey it in hods or panniers strapped to their shoulders, from the Jama to a given spot on the base of the hill, in the opposite or Lubloyst direction; whence a rude forest-road leads directly to the town.

Meanwhile the edges of the track indi-

cated by strewings of charred wood, are closely bordered by tall foxglove and fern of the brightest green; and although a heavy black vapour overhangs the spot, the trees seem to put forth their delicate verdure around, as if in defiance of the puny attempts of mankind to introduce defiling labours and speculations into a scene so wildly and picturesquely beautiful; while the begrimed log-hut rises, sheltered in a rock towards the summit of the hill and overlooking a boundless extent of forest, a miserable specimen of human habitation, disfiguring a lovely section of the kingdom of nature!

New Books.

THE PURITAN'S GRAVE.

SELDOM does it fall to our lot to render unmixed homage to genius;—some little alloy occurs, or in our hypercriticism and illnature, we force in, as daubs of shade to relieve our brilliancy of colouring, when we grow warm with our author, or enamoured with his tale, “the soft impeachment,” to remind him of our high taste, but which results not unfrequently from fastidiousness. Seldom does it fall to our lot, indeed, to meet a tale, told with the feeling, delicacy, power, and beauty, such as is “*THE PURITAN'S GRAVE*”;—seldom has poetry and beautiful philosophy “kissed each other,” and met together in such sisterly union, as occurs in the history of the pious Ferdinand Faithful—the non-conforming vicar of Emmerton. It is a tale “that lies too deep for tears;” and the spirit is moderated by the moral discipline of this narrative—that it comes forth nerved, to walk the path of life, in a faith that is felt, and a hope that is realized.

We purpose giving a connected analysis of this exquisite tale; in the meantime we append a few extracts, pregnant with poetry and religious philosophy. The following passage illustrates the character of Adelaide Merrivale,—not the heroine of the story, but a splendid abstraction, whose religious obedience “wore the stern dignity which majestically rises from earth to heaven,” and who is strikingly contrasted with Anne Faithful, the patient martyr of the tale, whose “gentle spirit did sometimes give token of fear and doubt; but presently would these agitations subside by the influence of a sweet hope and filial confidence; and she walked through life as one who, in a rugged way and intricate path, leans on the arm of a wise and affectionate friend.”

“From the earliest maturity of thought, her spirit aspired to the abstracted and the mystical, her delight is, and ever has been, in the splendour of an awful worship, or the profundity of mysterious thought; she is

one, if I may so express myself, whose mind is too expansive for earth's littleness, and too serious for the world's gaieties and cheerfulness; her soul converts sunshine into solemnity, and even the lively song of the birds is heard by her with more of gravity than glee. She regards with equal emotion the flower-besprinkled meadow, and the gloom of a starless night; visible beauty touches her not, and material solemnity awes her not. I have sat with her in the lofty towers of Emmerton Hall, from whence a beautiful extent of country may be seen—one of the finest natural pictures on which the eye of taste can roam and revel—and even there her thoughts and conversation have been solely of the invisible and the eternal. Once, do I well remember, indeed it was a scene not easily to be forgotten, our discourse was on that most inscrutable of all topics, the origin of evil. The sun was shining, cloudlessly indeed, but with a subdued and sickly splendour; every leaf on every tree was as still as in a painting; the birds were silent, and the smooth river crept as heavily along as a stream of molten lead. A dark cloud lifted up its leviathan length on the horizon, the distant thunder was heard, *softly sublime as the breath of a sleeping lion*; it drew rapidly nearer,—streams of vivid lightning dazzling the daylight shot across the heavens or ran along the ground, and the loud thunder from above was answered by the rolling echoes from beneath. It was a scene too terrible for sublimity;—then came a blast of wind howling through the forests and shrieking among the battlements; while the hail in crackling cataracts came crushing the green herbs, and tearing the leaves and slender branches from the trees;—the old hall shook in the tempest, as though its foundations had been moved by an earthquake. All this while did Adelaide sit in calm composure, still pursuing the mighty theme of the conversation, as though the spirit had power to shut up the outward senses. Verily this struck me as the sublimity of self-possession; there was grandeur in the storm that was raging in the heavens, but there was something more awfully beautiful in the quiet majesty of that highly-gifted woman.”

And again—“There are some modifications of the human countenance which describe the character of the mind and her heart so distinctly, that he who runs may read. Thus definitely and strongly had the Creator written in the countenance of Adelaide Merrivale, the lines of strength of mind and gentleness of heart. Her looks were harbingers of glad tidings, or soothers of sorrow; and in her voice there was a pleasant music, for its tones were deep and graceful, and occasionally it was blended with tremblings as though it were on the brink of tears.”

*(La Solfatara, near Naples.)*

The Naturalist.

SOLFA-TARA, (or *Sulphur Land*), is a plain, (about 1,200 feet long, and 1,000 feet broad,) which is so called on account of the great quantity of sulphur, which issues from it, and burns in several places. It is part of the Philegræan Fields, between Naples and the ancient Baia. It is, indeed, the half extinguished crater of an ancient volcano; and, from Strabo, and others, the spot appears to have been much in the same state as represented in the above Engraving, before the Christian era; unceasingly sending forth aqueous vapour, with sulphureous and muriatic gases, similar to those emitted from Vesuvius. The Solfatara is also called *Lago di Zolfo*, or the Lake of Sulphur: as it receives a stream of warm water which continually flows from another lake a few yards above it.

From the base of the cone of the Solfatara issues a rivulet of water, which is said to boil an egg in eight minutes, and is strongly impregnated with alum and vitriol: the latter of which preponderates to such a degree as to produce ink when mixed with galls. Every little aperture in the earth round this hill exhibits sulphur crystallized, sal ammoniac, vitriol, &c. Altogether, it may be termed a laboratory of Nature; and man has availed himself of every stage 'of her processes, in manufactories of alum, vitriol, and sal ammoniac in the neighbourhood; to inspect which hundreds of intelligent tourists halt in their excursions from Naples to Cumæ.

In Sir Humphry Davy's *Consolations in Travel*, (Dialogue III. the Unknown,) we find the phenomena of these lakes exquisitely described. In the lower lake the ancient Romans erected their baths; the water has a blue milkiness, and is actually a saturated solution of carbonic acid, which escapes from

it in such quantities in some parts of its surface, that it has the appearance of being actually in ebullition. Indeed, Sir Humphry experimented with the water from the most tranquil part of the lake, and found that it contained in solution more than its own volume of carbonic acid gas, with a very small quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen, to the presence of which Sir Humphry ascribes its ancient use in curing cutaneous disorders: he found its temperature above 80° of Fahrenheit, and pretty constant; it is therefore supplied with heat from a subterraneous source, being nearly 20° above the mean temperature of the atmosphere.

The Public Journals.

THE ITALIAN GENTLEMAN.

(Concluded from page 299.)

THE sixth morning after the abduction of his daughter, Husborn met again, at the breakfast table, his friend and companion. A strange alteration was seen in his appearance. The hearty rotundity of his countenance was broken up; his fleshy cheeks, which so lately bore the shape and hue of vigour, hung in sallow folds on his sunken jaws; his eyes, which, but a few days before, were round and bright, were now reduced to narrow lines, which, obscured with rheum and tears, scarce could take in the glaring light of day; and his manly hands prematurely shook with the weakness of confirmed palsy and extreme age.

The seventh and the eighth day since the departure of Margaret succeeded each other, and it became evident, in this brief space of time, that the amiable and plethoric Husborn would not suddenly die of grief for the loss of his daughter. He seemed to bear the pressure of his woes, as does the tortoise a huge stone placed upon his enduring back;

the weight which was upon him made him breathe hard, and remain on the spot on which he was fixed, yet he did breathe, and live. Deprived of the companionship and ministrations of his daughter, Vivano became more necessary to him than ever. He now seldom spoke; but, when he did, he called him his son, and entreated him not to leave him alone in a world which contained for him few of kin, friendship, or acquaintance. "When I die," said the old man, "the house and lands are yours; abide here, and wait the coming of my child." Another of those oblivious fits, so common to men of his physical nature, succeeded, and Vivano carried him to his couch.

Husborn's remark that on this earth he should sleep little, proved no chance prophecy, but the emanation of some inward and spiritual knowledge. On the night of the ninth day of his distress, after sitting some hours listlessly in company with Vivano, he said, "My son, I have thrice watched the coming and going of the moon, and the nights appear to me to be treble their usual length. I cannot sleep."

"Sir," said the Italian gentleman, somewhat carelessly, "that should be cured; madness or death must assuredly succeed after a certain number of watching hours. Here now," said he, producing a small phial, "I have the means of commanding tranquil sleep and happy dreams: it is a medicine discovered by a monk of Rome. Take it; seek to slumber without its aid; but should the hour of midnight again strike on your ear, swallow the whole contents, and quickly you will fall asleep, in the pleasing consciousness of the coming of a peaceful and happy morn."

The passive patient took the nostrum from the hand of his friend, and shortly afterwards the household retired to rest.

The Italian gentleman rose early the next morning, and with noiseless tread, approached the sick man's door. He listened with much attention for some minutes, and returned. An hour afterwards he glided again to the chamber; all was yet still. He then dressed himself; and desiring the servant not to awaken his master, who happily was in a deep sleep, departed for a walk, which, as he said, would occupy several hours.

Vivano had scarcely passed beyond call from the house, when the bell of Husborn's chamber was rung somewhat violently. The servant instantly entered, and beheld his master sitting upright in the bed. "Tell Signior Vivano," said he, wildly, "I would speak with him."

"He has left some time," said the man, "on his morning's walk, and I know not which road he has taken."

"Was this done kindly?" rapidly replied the master. "Well, go, and quickly, to

Dr. Mytton, and say I need to see him instantly."

The message was a joyful one to a faithful servant who loved his master, and he hastened to deliver it. Hitherto all men of known skill and advice had been kept from his presence by the interposition of Vivano, who denounced the healing art as one of absolute conjecture.

After a very short lapse of time, the gold-headed cane of the physician preceded him in his progress to the sick chamber. The servant had, in fact, met him within a few paces of Husborn's house, to which he was, as he told him, purposely proceeding. In a few minutes he was standing by the side of his patient, had his hand on his pulse, and was anxiously tracing the fearful contortions which now shook his frame. He saw, in a moment, temporary delirium had seized on his friend, and that the present was no moment to enter on business, which required the highest exertions of sanity and self-possession.

"By what fires are those demons burnt, who steal away a man's heart. See, doctor," said the bewildered man, tearing open his vest, "see, they have stolen mine; what a horrible void is here!"

"Your daughter," said the physician mildly. He had, with learned and humane skill, touched the chord which vibrated to intelligence; "your daughter," he repeated in a soothing tone. The wild aspect of the sick man fled at once; he threw himself forward on the bosom of the doctor, and covered him with his tears. Taking instant advantage of this sudden return of sensibility, Dr. Mytton gently chided his patient for his irritability. "Do you know," said he, "that I come to tell you some chance exists of recovering your lost daughter?"

Husborn raised his head from the bosom of the physician, and sprang up with convulsive strength.

"Nay, my friend," he continued, "I did not say she *had* been recovered; I did not say she was alive and in safety amongst her friends; but be patient, bear the dispensations of Heaven, and cease not to pray that they may fall lightly on you."

The sovereignty of the poor father's intellect at this instant appeared perfectly restored. He placed himself in a quiet, retired posture; and, taking the hand of his attendant, said, in a plaintive but composed tone, "I know you, Dr. Mytton: you have dealt kindly towards me; but it avails not. I know what I have lost. I need now no opiate for the mind, no administration of false hope, to give me peace and resignation. As you have commanded me, I bow to the will of Heaven."

"Master Husborn," said the physician, still more depending on the improved manner

of his patient, "I have spoken to you the words of hope; and when did Dr. Mytton"—rising as he spoke with some dignity—"when did Dr. Mytton give his patient hope of escape from sorrow or death, that he had to thank the churchyard-stone for concealing his falsehood or his ignorance?"

"Never, never!" said the patient. "But where," continued he, in a voice which increased every moment in power and vivacity, "where is my Signior Andrea Vivano? He had used to watch my bedside, though he never spoke to me such words of good cheer as I have heard from you." The physician changed countenance when he heard the name of the Italian; but Husborn did not notice the circumstance, and proceeded. "He will be angered when he returns to find that I have taken counsel of you; he hath heretofore administered to me. Here—ah, here! is a draught which I should have taken last midnight, had not the watching of three nights following each other procured me sleep."

"Let me see it," said the physician, in a quick, tremulous tone, seizing at the same time a very small bottle of some black liquid, which lay on a table within reach of the bed. Without saying another word, the doctor opened the bottle, and tasted the contents. With a convulsive effort he instantly ejected the liquid; and, in a sort of constrained composure of manner, put the phial into his pocket. "Farewell, my friend," said he to Husborn; "remember that I, Dr. Mytton, have given you hopes of soon-coming health and peace. I shall visit you again ere the day be out, and in the mean time repose in quiet. Follow only the directions of your faithful servant, whom I will instruct in his duty."

The physician took a hasty departure; and, at the door, summoned Felix, the honest servant of the house. "When does the Signior return?" quoth he. "Perhaps, sir, in two hours." "Tis well," he replied; "be without your master's door while he is absent; when he returns, on your life remain within his chamber, and see that the patient receive naught from any hands but mine. Anon I shall return." "Safe," said Felix. The doctor and the fellow seemed to understand each other; and, as the one departed, the other proceeded directly to his master's bedroom door, and quietly laid himself across it.

It was near mid-day when the Italian gentleman returned. Upon entering the house, he looked quickly round, and in a somewhat hurried tone inquired the health of his host. "Somewhat better," briefly replied Felix; "he sleeps still, and must not be disturbed." Vivano appeared to recoil for a moment upon himself; but, suddenly recovering, he waved his hand in token of his approbation of the intelligence, and walked into his apartment.

The Italian had scarcely seated himself, and produced from his pocket a parcel of papers, which he was about to peruse, when a peculiar rap at the door called Felix from his post to receive the physician. "Stout Felix," said the doctor, "I will now take charge of your master: stand you at the portal; let none now within go home; but, at your discretion, admit all who seek to enter." The doctor walked slowly towards the room occupied by the foreigner: and as he put his hand on the lock, turning back his head, he saw the mayor of Hastings, his jurats, and attendants, in an imposing, but quiet array, enter the house. He drew back, and gave them precedence; and in a moment the retired parlour of Master Husborn was filled with important personages, and became the scene of grave business. An athletic man, stepping directly up to the Signior, inquired if his name was not Andrea Vivano. "So they call me," said the Italian with hesitation. "Then here I arrest thee," said the man, putting his heavy hand between his neck and his shoulder; "here I arrest thee, Andrea Vivano, for sundry capital felonies."

A hum of expectation filled the apartment, notwithstanding it was occupied nearly altogether by those who knew the mystery of the whole business. The Italian, making no present reply to the momentous summons with which he had been visited, the mayor stepped forward into the middle of the apartment, and spoke as follows:—"Signior, on the oaths of two good and veritable men I have issued my warrant, charging you with having compassed and designed the deaths of more than one of his Majesty's subjects. We are instructed that one of your victims now lies in this house in mortal extremity; and therefore are we here in person to take from him his last evidence, so that your crimes, if they be proved against you, escape not punishment in this world by the untimely death of true witnesses."

"May it please your worship," said Dr. Mytton, stepping forward with alacrity, "the worthy Master Husborn is not in *extremis*. The whole course of examination, which will doubtless end in the committal or deliverance of *that* man, may, with much physical benefit, take place in his presence; nay, I almost predicate that the excitement of his latent feelings, which certainly will be exhibited on the occasion, may determine him at once towards health and reason."

"As you advise, worthy doctor," said the mayor; "such a course will at least save the time and trouble of further examinations."

Presently the whole party were in the spacious chamber occupied by Master Husborn. He sat, after the physician had whispered something earnestly in his ear, with much placidity and self-possession in an easy chair

placed in the centre of the room. The mayor and his attendants were soon suitably accommodated; and the prisoner having been placed between the athletic man who had arrested him and the stout Felix, the worthy Dr. Mytton who seemed to take upon himself the office of public prosecutor, stepped forth. "Call," said he, with the voice of one expecting to be obeyed, "Mistress Colville." An attendant went to the door, and ushered in a matronly woman, of suspicious gentility of appearance. "Look round," said the physician, "and see if you behold any of whom it becomes you on your oath to testify the truth."

The woman turned round, and encountered the figure of the Italian gentleman, as he stood, with folded arms, calmly looking towards the ceiling of the room. "That is the man!" she at once exclaimed; "I know him by his *whitely* eyes."

"Briefly, but truly, declare what you know of him," said the mayor.

"First relieve me of that weight of gold!" exclaimed the woman, throwing down a heavy purse of guineas; "I cannot breathe freely while it lies on my bosom."

For a moment the witness breathed hard, and trembled; then, clasping her hands, and appearing to look upward with joy and gratitude, in a firm tone she spoke as follows:—

"On the night of the 7th of the current month, that gentleman, whose name I know not, but who, as I take it, is a foreigner, entered my obscure lodgings in the outskirts of the neighbouring town of Winchelsea. I need not detail the discourse which privately engaged us. I promised to receive at his hands, at a certain coming time, a lady whose situation required a matron's care, and, for her honour's sake, a matron's vigilance. At the time appointed they came. I thought, while I looked on the young stranger, that she might have withheld her visit for some time, at least; but that was not my business. He had great ado to part from her; she wept much; and I heard her detain him, almost by mere force, until he had made many vows, the purport of which I could scarcely collect. At length he came down stairs. 'Here,' said he, giving me that purse, which then contained five more pieces, 'here is for thy charges; and,' said he, whispering, 'they will serve thee well until I return from that foreign clime to which I have privily told thee I am destined; but,' added he, 'if—and thou knowest the chances of the time—neither mother nor child should remain to be thy burthen, the residue of the purse is thine.' I was about to ask some explanation, but he hastily bade me be silent and discreet, and vanished. The next day I looked on my lodger; her eyes were red with weeping. I could have taken my sacramental oath she had been my

own poor daughter, who died broken-hearted about fifteen years ago, when she was about her age. From that moment I resolved she should receive from my hands all the care and service of a mother. A night or two afterwards, screams of anguish issued from the lady's room: I rushed from my door, and summoned a worthy man, one Master Gournay, who lived near me. He was by her bedside in a few minutes; and in an hour afterwards he made me understand, frightened as I was, that my lodger had given birth to a dead child; and that, being now in a state of high delirium, my sole business was to take care lest in a moment of returning strength she committed violence on herself."

Husborn, who had been sighing audibly during this recital, at length demanded, with emotion, "Does she live—does she live?"

The physician waved his hand, and in a moment his daughter Margaret was on her knees before him. The good man uttered a sort of hysteric laugh; his face and neck then suddenly assumed a purple colour, his eyes closed, and he fell back on his chair. The physician and Master Gournay hastened to him. "This I feared," said the latter.

"If you bleed him," observed the Italian, for the first time breaking his peace, "he dies upon the spot."

The medical men exchanged a brief look of incredulity; and, before ten could be counted, they had struck a lancet into his arm, and his blood spouted directly on the prisoner. Not many minutes elapsed before the benevolent doctors succeeded in restoring, not only animal life, but perfect sensibility to the patient. He spoke not; but he raised his daughter, and placed her by his side.

"May it please your worship now," said Dr. Mytton, "my patient's strength having, contrary to my anticipation, shown itself unequal to the present hearing of the full development of the scenes of guilt whereof the gracious course of events has given me the knowledge, permit me to depose to certain particulars, which, doubtless, will determine your worship at once to hold this man with a strong hand until he abide his trial. Sitting last night alone in my study, this gentleman, Mr. Gournay, a worthy practitioner of Winchelsea, called on me. He told me that he had been suddenly called to attend an unknown female, whom he had delivered from the pains of childbirth, and the imminent danger of madness or death, who had, by the advice of her lover, swallowed an almost certain poison. All, he said, that he could elicit from the poor patient was, that her lover had promised to be her husband; that he had convinced her her confinement must be secret, while he solemnly guaranteed to give full satisfaction to her friends; and, finally, that the last promise he extorted from her was,

that, at the moment she felt the pains of a mother come upon her, she should swallow the contents of a small phial (a portion of which Mr. Gournay presented me with), which, he assured her, would carry her through her hour of trial without pain or consciousness. I immediately set out to visit the young female, and at once knew her to be the daughter of the honest Master Husborn. I said not a word of this recognition, but went home. In the morning, early, I took my way to this house, pondering in my mind what would occur in my interview with its master, whose loss, and consequent illness, I had been made acquainted with. While I was thus filled with doubtful anticipations, walking slowly, I was summoned to hasten my pace, to give aid in a case of imminent danger. I found this sufferer," pointing to Husborn, "bereft of reason. By moral and physical means, I in part restored him to the dignity of his nature. He confided to me his secret sorrows; and amongst other matters which seemed to him of least importance, he showed me this small phial, the contents of which he had been requested, by his dear acquaintance, friend, and son-in-law that should have been, Signior Andrea Vivano, now standing there, to quaff off, at midnight, as the means of procuring the blessing of sleep." A pause ensued, and all eyes were turned towards the Italian gentleman. The physician continued — "The phial found in the hand of the young lady by my colleague, and that delivered to me by Master Husborn, are alike; and the contents of both the syrup of the poppy of Natolia, a thrice mortal poison. A tithe part of the contents now remaining, swallowed by any present would produce instant and unresisted death, unless, as it does happen with the human economy once in about fifty experiments, a retching sickness should supervene, and the drug should be rejected."

A general respiration of breath, which seemed indicative alike of satisfaction and horror, pervaded the whole chamber. Silence ensued; and the mayor, taking up a pen, was about to sign a paper, when he was interrupted by a hollow laugh, which proceeded from the Italian. "Well!" he exclaimed with affected ease, "to what purpose is this mummer? You say I administered my good medicine to this simple man and his daughter, to destroy, and not to save their lives. Be it so: the bad opinion of any here will not affect the peace of an Italian. Behold, they are alive! I have committed no murder; set me free!"

"Signior," said the magistrate with extraordinary gravity, "you contemplated murder, and worked warily for its consummation. I know not the laws of your country; but here, in England, where we know no assassins, if a man take counsel to circumvent the

life of his fellow-creature, and is prevented in his design by the kind interposition of Providence, nevertheless he is amenable to the same mortal penalty as if his machinations had been successful."

The Italian closed his eyes for a moment, but made no reply. The magistrate proceeded to complete his signature; and presently the apartment was cleared of all neighbours and strangers.

The event of the following day has been recorded by the intelligent William Woodhead. It only remains to mention, that, amongst Vivano's papers left in the house of Master Husborn, a fair copy of the will made in his favour was found, and a citation from the elders of the University of Padua, calling on one Signor Vicentino, a physician, to appear at a private examination, in the case of certain libels issued against, charging him with attempting the lives of two women living in that city. The latter document bore the date June 5, 1775.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

A QUADROON GIRL.

SHE was a most lovely clear-skinned quadroon girl. She could not have been twenty; tall and beautifully shaped. Her long coal-black tresses were dressed high on her head, which was bound round with the everlasting Madras handkerchief, in which pale blue was the prevailing colour; but it was elegantly adjusted, and did not come down far enough to shade the fine development of her majestic forehead—Pasta's, in *Semiramide*, was not more commanding. Her eyebrows were delicately arched and sharply defined, and her eyes of jet were large and swimming; her nose had not utterly abjured its African origin, neither had her lips, but, notwithstanding, her countenance shone with all the beauty of expression so conspicuous in the Egyptian sphinx—Abyssinian, but most sweet—while her teeth were as the finest ivory, and her chin and throat, and bosom, as if her bust had been an antique statue of the rarest workmanship. The only ornaments she wore were two large virgin gold earrings, massive yellow hoops without any carving, but so heavy that they seemed to weigh down the small thin transparent ears which they perforated; and a broad black velvet band round her neck, to which was appended a large massive crucifix of the same metal. She also wore two broad bracelets of black velvet clasped with gold. Her beautifully moulded form was scarcely veiled by a cambric *chemise*, with exceedingly short sleeves, over which she wore a rose-coloured silk petticoat, short enough to display a finely formed foot and ankle, with a well-selected pearl-white silk stocking, and a neat low-cut French black kid shoe. As for gown she

had none. She wore a large sparkling diamond ring on her marriage finger.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Retrospective Gleanings.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE JEWS IN ENGLAND.

(Concluded from page 371.)

By this time, however, (1230) the Jews had become a wealthy prey. The king came to be in want of money; and the Jews were consequently ordered to pay down, without delay, into the exchequer, the full third part of all their movable property, to which exaction they were compelled to submit. The history of the Jews, for the remainder of this long reign, is little else, with the exception of two or three massacres of them by the barons and populace, than a series of levies upon the Jews, to an amount which fills the modern reader, accustomed as he is to hear of immense taxes, with surprise. The supplies, indeed, required of them were frequently more than they were able, by any means, to collect—the constant punishment of which was, a general imprisonment, which, more than once in this reign, extended to all the Jews in the land.

It is a singular fact, that so absolutely were the Jews considered the property of the monarch, that he, more than once, made them over to others, either as security for a loan, or farmed them out for a given time in payment of his debts. They were handed over, in turns, in this manner, to the brother of Henry, the Earl Richard; to his son Edward, and to the Caturensian, the deeds of which conveyances are still extant.

One of the most remarkable circumstances of this reign, relating to the Jews, is the summoning of the *Jewish parliament*, as it has been called, by the king, "to consult," says the writ, "with us, as well concerning our, as your own, interest." (*Ad tractandum nobiscum, tam de nostrâ quam suâ utilitate.*)

Nearly the last act of the king was one of oppression against the Jewish community, to whom he had been indebted for the chief means of supporting his lavish expenses.

Edward I. in whose reign their perpetual banishment from England was to take place, began by dealing fiercely with this despised race. They were not only fined, taxed, imprisoned, and confined to live in particular districts as formerly, but any, the slightest defalcation in the payment of the tallage, which was now levied on children as well as their parents, was punished by banishment. In such cases, the defaulter was compelled to appear at Dover, before the expiration of three days, prepared for his migration.

In the third year of this reign, the statute *de Judaismo* was passed, which, though it abolished usury, placed the Jews on a more

comfortable and secure footing than they had been in the reigns of Edward's ancestors. It was not long, however, before the wrath of the king fell upon this devoted people, either through their own folly or the false accusations of their enemies. A general suspicion falling upon them, that they were guilty of adulterating and clipping the coin, every Jew was seized upon in one day.

"It was the seventeenth of November, 1279; and after full conviction, two hundred and eighty of them, both men and women, received sentence of death at London, and were executed without mercy; besides great numbers in other parts. Many more were continued in prison; and our records of this year abound with instances of the king's selling and granting their houses and lands, forfeited upon this occasion."

This was but a prelude to their final banishment—in the 18th year of his reign, the king seized upon all the real estates of the Jews in the kingdom, and banished the whole community for ever.

The misery of the Jews, previous to their migration, from the insults and injuries of the people, it may easily be conceived were excessive.

"One grievous story (says Dr. Tovey) of this kind is given us by my Lord Coke. He says, that the richest of the Jews having embarked themselves, with their treasure, in a tall ship of great burthen; when it was under sail, and gotten down the Thames, towards the mouth of the river, beyond Quinborough, the master of it, confederating with some of the mariners, invented a stratagem to destroy them. And to bring the same to pass, commanded to cast anchor, and rode at the same, till the ship, at low water, lay upon the sands: and then, pretending to walk on shore, for his health and diversion, invited the Jews to go along with him: which they, nothing suspecting, readily consented to; and continued there till the tide began to come in again; which as soon as the master perceived, he privily stole away, and was again drawn up into the ship, as had been before concerted. But the Jews, not knowing the danger, continued to amuse themselves as before. Till at length, observing how fast the tide came in upon them, they crowded all to the ship side, and called out for help. When he, like a profane villain, instead of giving them assistance, scoffingly made answer that they ought rather call upon Moses, by whose conduct their fathers past thro' the Red Sea, and who was still able to deliver them out of those raging floods which came in upon them; and so, without saying any more, leaving them to the mercy of the waves, they all miserably perished.

"But the fact coming, some how or other, to be known, the miscreants were afterwards tried for it by the justices itinerant in Kent,

convicted of murder, and hanged. The same learned author tells us, that the number of Jews thus banished was fifteen thousand and threescore. But Matthew Westminster says, it amounted to sixteen thousand five hundred and eleven."

From this period until the time of the Commonwealth, the history of the Jews, in England, is a complete blank. It was under Cromwell, however, that the Jews, on the Continent, thought they had found a favourable epoch for commencing a negotiation for their return.

After various negotiations and a regular council, at Whitehall, upon the matter, by Cromwell and his advisers, the Jewish agent, Rabbi Menasseh Ben-Israel, an able and learned Jew, who had been sent to England, to procure their return, was obliged to depart from the kingdom, without any decided revocation of their banishment. Though it must be stated, that the Jews themselves have avowed that they received a private consent to their re-admission; and Bishop Burnet says, positively, that Cromwell brought a company of them over to England, and gave them leave to build a synagogue. Dr. Tovey, however, on consulting the Jewish registers, finds, that, by their own account, until the year 1663, the whole number of Jews did not exceed twelve: and he is justly of opinion, that the date of their introduction again into England, must be referred to the reign of Charles II.—a time when the prejudices against the Jewish faith disappeared, not in the light of a tolerant spirit, but lost in that utter carelessness about all religions, which then pervaded the court and became fashionable in the nation. From this time, the history of the Jews ceases to be singularly distinguished from the history of any other religious sect, which was not tolerated by the laws; and, as we have extended this article much beyond the limits assigned to it, we will conclude it at the point where its interest is likely to cease.

The Gatherer.

Dancing Animals.—Geese, turkeys, cocks, &c. are taught to *dance* by the following cruel method:—The wings of the birds are bound close to their sides, and then they are placed upon the arena of a flag-stone, or plate of iron, beneath which is a fire, and the sides of which are barricaded sufficiently high to prevent escape. While one man plays a lively tune on the organ, or some other instrument, another blows the fire, and, as the heat increases, the poor creatures lift their feet quicker and quicker, until the vaults of their contortions and the rapidity of their motions may be supposed to represent a *dance*. This system is persevered in until the birds, when

placed upon the common earth, will dance in a similar manner at the sound of the music—Bears, dogs, monkeys, &c., are taught to dance in a similar manner. The more savage bears, in the first place, are muzzled, and an iron ring being passed through the nose, are subjected to very severe discipline, in order to produce that docility which we see them exemplify in the streets. They are then placed, by the contrivance already mentioned, over a slow fire; and when, at length, at the sound of the organ, he will assume an erect posture, and walk upon his hind legs, he is deemed fit for exhibition.—*Voice of Humanity.*

Humble Origin.—Dr. Prideaux, Bishop of Worcester, a man of great learning, entered Exeter College, Oxford, without money or friends, after having unsuccessfully endeavoured to procure the appointment of parish clerk, at Ugbovon, in Devonshire. He was for some time employed as a menial in the kitchen of Exeter College. While so engaged, his diligence attracted the notice of the fellows, and they took him into protection, scarcely more to his honour than their own.

Reversed Benefaction.—Lincoln College, Oxford, was founded by Richard Flemming, for the purpose of raising a society to oppose all the innovations on ancient church; yet this very structure has witnessed the studies of James Hervey, author of the celebrated *Meditations*, and John Wesley, the distinguished sectarian.

Falstaff.—Among the benefactors to Magdalen College, Oxford, was Sir John Fastolf, one of the bravest generals engaged in the French wars under the fourth, fifth, and sixth Henries. It is now generally believed that Shakspeare did not intend to allude to this eminent man in his inimitable knight of the buck-basket; but it is curious that a hostel, called the *Boar's Head*, in Southwark, formed a part of Sir John Fastolf's benefaction to Magdalen College. The *Boar's Head* in Eastcheap will be recollected as one of the favourite resorts of Shakspeare's knight. The premises of the *Boar's Head* in Southwark, consisting of a narrow court of eleven houses, or tenements, were removed about two years since, for the approach to the New London Bridge.

Curious Custom.—In observance of a fanciful derivation of Eggesfield, the founder of Queen's College, Oxford, from *aiguille*, needle, and *fil*, thread, it has long been customary for the bursar of the college to give to each student, on New-year's Day, a needle and thread, saying at the same time—"Take this, and be thrifty." A needle and thread have long been emblems of thrift; and Holinshed tells us, that when Henry (V.) Prince of Wales repaired to court, to clear himself

of the imputation of dissolute indolence, he wore "a gown of blue satin, full of oilet holes; and at every hole a needle hanging by a silken thread," in token of his careful remembrance of collegiate discipline.

Consistent Humanity.—The following observations from the Rev. Rowland Hill, in behalf of the toad, which occur in his "Journal of a Tour through the North of England," indicate an amiability of disposition worthy of commendation:—"An uncommon degree of odium is fixed to the existence of a toad. They are supposed to be poisonous: this is quite a vulgar error. They are useful reptiles; and are even capable of the knowledge of our attention and humanity. It is wanton cruelty to destroy them. In my country abode, I even attempted to make them a place of retirement, and called it a *toadery*. Every creature that God has sent we should protect, and, in a subordinate degree, they demand our attention.

* * It is no disgrace to the Christian character to plead the persecuted cause of the harmless toad."—*The Voice of Humanity*.

Cock-fighting.—Many years ago a Presbyterian minister in the North of Ireland, desirous of putting a stop to cock-fighting, a barbarous custom to which the people of his parish were addicted, particularly at the season of Easter, requested their attendance to hear a discourse on a particularly interesting subject. The congregation, of course, was crowded. He chose for his text that passage of Matthew or Luke which describes Peter as weeping bitterly when he heard the cock crow; and discoursed upon it with such eloquence and pathos, and made so judicious an application of the subject, that his hearers from that day forth abandoned the cruel practice.—*The Voice of Humanity*.

Publishing Profits.—The Clarendon Printing House, at Oxford, was built in 1711, with the profits arising from Lord Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, which work was presented to the University by the son of the noble author.

St. Giles's.—St. Giles avoided all high places, and comforted the sorrowful, and endeavoured to heal the sick, on the most remote spot he could find. Hence the church erected in honour of this saint is always placed at the extremity of a town, or city; as in London, Oxford, Norwich, &c.

An Antiquary.—Antony à Wood was an odd fellow. For thirty years he almost invariably dined alone in his chamber at Merton College, Oxford, and visited the booksellers' shops while the other students were at dinner. He dealt forth scandal unsparingly; and when visited by mortal sickness, he burned two bushels of notes and

letters; and directed the persons to whom he bequeathed his papers, to destroy any which contained loose and injurious reflections.

Painting Oddity.—The greatest masters, it is well known, have occasionally represented members of the Holy Family under familiar circumstances. One of the most curious instances occurs in the chapel room of Monte Cavallo, where Guido has painted the Virgin Mary in the act of sewing an infant's garment, while some little attendant angels are watching the motion of her needle.

York and Lancaster.—The wars between the houses of York and Lancaster lasted thirty years, and cost the lives of 2 kings, 1 prince, 10 dukes, 2 marquisses, 21 earls, 27 lords, 2 viscounts, 1 lord prior, 1 judge, 139 knights, 441 esquires, and above 100,000 private men, in twelve battles.

Humane Bequest.—In the will of Henry Wigstead, formerly of Elizabeth Terrace, New Cross, Deptford, in the county of Kent, late of Brunswick-place, Brighton, in the county of Sussex, Esq., deceased, dated 15th of October, 1831, is as follows:—"I give and bequeath to the treasurer, for the time being, of the Society for the suppression of Cruelty to Dumb Animals, established in or near London, one hundred pounds, to be applied for the general purposes of the Society; and I direct all the aforesaid legacies shall be paid free of legacy duty."—*The Voice of Humanity*.

Race Plate.—A bell was formerly the prize run for: hence came the expression of "bearing away the bell." Afterwards, a silver bowl or cup was given to the winner: this was the origin of the word plate, which is still used, though only money be given.

April and May.

MAY never was the month of love,
For May is full of flowers;
But rather April wet by kind;
For love is full of showers.

Old Poet.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 605.]

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.]



COFFEE HARVEST IN BRAZIL.

South America expands
Mountain-forests, river-lands.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

This luxuriant scene is the verge of a coffee plantation in Brazil; and it groups a few of the vegetable wonders of that resplendent clime.

The culture of the coffee tree has been very considerably extended in Brazil during the present century, the colonists considering it a safer article than cacao or indigo, and of quicker sale. The plant prefers a new and free soil, a little elevated, where the coolness and the rains moderate the excessive heat of the torrid zone, which would overpower the plant, if exposed to all its violence. Mountains or hills, the elevation is unimportant, provided the thermometer of Fahrenheit never descends below 55° or 65°. But, if the soil be mountainous, in clearing for planting, the stumps of the trees are necessarily retained to prevent the ravages made by the torrents, which sweep away with them, more or less rapidly in proportion to the violence of the rains, the bed of vegetable earth which is the depository of all the

principles of fertility. The distance at which the plants are placed, varies according to the soil: in the poorest lands, it should not be less than four feet; and in the most fertile, never less than eight. The coffee is planted in grains or in shrubs; but the latter method is preferable. The tree bears flowers in the second year, and its flowering lasts only twenty-four hours. At this time, the shrub has a charming appearance; it seeming from afar as if covered with snow. The produce of the third year becomes very abundant. In plantations well weeded and watered, and recently cultivated, we find trees bearing sixteen, eighteen, and twenty pounds of coffee. In general, however, not more than one pound and a half, or two pounds, can be expected from each plant; and even this is greater than the mean produce of the West India Islands. Rains at the time of flowering, the want of water for artificial irrigation, and a parasite plant, a new species of *loranthus*, which clings to the branches,—are extremely injurious to the coffee-trees.

The leaves of the coffee plant are usually

four or five inches long, and two broad, smooth, green, and glossy on the upper surface. The fruit is somewhat of an oval shape, about the size of a cherry, and of a dark, red colour when ripe. Each cherry contains two cells, and each cell a single seed, which is the coffee as we see it, before the process of roasting. Coffee is not, therefore, strictly speaking, a berry, but a seed.

The beauty, goodness, and price of coffee depend much on the manner in which it is harvested and prepared. All that is necessary is to collect, clean, and dry the grain, without impairing its recommendatory qualities. This art is, however, not yet sufficiently understood in Brazil, as the aboriginal scene of the Engraving may lead the reader to imagine. In Arabia, where the finest coffee is produced, the cultivator seeing that his coffee is ripe, spreads large cloths over the trees, which he shakes from time to time to make the ripe cherries fall. He never pulls one grain of coffee with the hand; for he only considers those ripe which fall from the tree. The English, in their colonies, employ negroes, each of whom has a coarse linen bag, which is kept open by means of a hoop in its mouth; which bag is suspended to the neck of the gatherer, and he empties it into a large basket. Each harvest is made in three jobs, because all the grains do not ripen together. The method shown in the Engraving differs from both those described above, the cherries being gathered in baskets as ordinary fruit, &c. while a negro spreads the fruit in layers in the sun to dry, after which the skin is removed by mills or mortars, and the grain of coffee is stripped from the pellicle with which it is immediately covered, and which is called parchment. This is done by mills, as is also the winnowing. The coffee is then put into bags for sale.

The Engraving is altogether a scene of luxuriant beauty. Noble palms rise from the plantation, on the right, and the banana, on the left, where colossal frondes with other leafy prodigies form a refreshing retreat for the cultivators. The limbs of the larger trees are interlaced with creeping plants, adorned with beautiful flowers; while the aloe, two species of cactus, (the torch thistle and prickly pear,) and the pine, are introduced with effect in the foreground; and the river appears in the distance, with bays and mountains, which vary its majestic course.

The cultivation of coffee has of late years increased in Brazil with unprecedented rapidity. Mr. Macculloch states: "so late as 1821, the quantity of coffee exported from Rio de Janeiro did not exceed 7,500 tons; whereas it now amounts to about 28,000 tons."

The total consumption of coffee in the United Kingdom may, at present be esti-

mated at 22,000,000 lbs. producing about 580,000*l.* revenue.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE:

PUBLIC WALKS AND GARDENS.

(Continued from page 309.)

THE *Green Park* is part of the ground inclosed by Henry VIII. Though of limited extent, it possesses many attractions, as the mansions and gardens which flank one side; the Ranger's Lodge, and its picturesque shrubbery, in a little valley; and the fine road, Constitution Hill.

Hyde Park is the site of the manor of Hyde, which anciently belonged to the Abbey church of Westminster, till it became the property of the crown in the reign of Henry VIII. by exchange for other lands. In 1652, this park contained 620 acres. During the Usurpation, it was sold in different lots; but the crown lands being resumed after the Restoration, it was replenished with deer, and surrounded by a brick wall, having, before that time, been fenced with pales. Since the survey in 1652, it has been reduced by the addition to Kensington Gardens; by the survey of 1790, it was found to be 394 acres, 2 rods, 38 poles. In the upper part, or, as it is called, the *deer park*, adjoining Kensington Gardens, are some fine old forest-like trees, and the scenery has more rusticity than any spot so near London. The large sheet of water erroneously called the *Serpentine*, (for it forms nearly a parallelogram,) was made by the command of Queen Caroline, in 1730. This park has maintained the favour of fashion longer than any other, though it has few of the diversions of olden times. *Maying* was formerly enjoyed here; and Ludlow, in his *Memoirs*, notes, "May 1, 1654. This day was more observed for people going a *Maying* than for divers years past. Great resort to Hyde Park: many hundreds of rich coaches, and gallants in attire, but most shameful powdered hair men, and painted spotted women."

Hyde Park has, of late years, been much improved by Government. The roads, rides, and walks have been thoroughly repaired, and an entirely new drive has been made across the Park to Kensington Gardens.—An elegant bridge has also been constructed across the west end of the *Serpentine*, from designs of Sir John Rennie. This bridge, on the Hyde Park side, affords persons on horseback and on foot a communication between the north and south sides of the park, and being divided along the centre by an iron railing, the inner half of the bridge forms the passage for those who frequent Kensington Gardens. Its cost was 36,500*l.*

We should here mention that the present Cumberland Gates to Hyde Park were erected about ten years since, from the

designs, and at the sole expense of, the late Mr. Thomas Hope, author of *Anastastus*. This was an act of individual munificence which must not be forgotten amidst the improvements of succeeding generations.

Kensington Palace, (or rather the nucleus of the present palace,) with the original gardens, only 36 acres, was purchased by William III. Queen Anne added to them 30 acres, which were laid out by her gardener, Wise, pupil of Rose, gardener to Charles II.; but the principal additions were made by Queen Caroline, consort of George II., by whose direction nearly 300 acres were taken from Hyde Park, and laid out by Bridgman—so that they are at present $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in circumference. They were subsequently improved by *Capability Brown*; and some important alterations are now in progress.

The Gardens at Kensington were among the earliest specimens of the new school of landscape-gardening. Before Bridgman's time, Loudon and Wise had stocked our gardens with giants, animals, monsters, coats of arms, and mottoes in yew,* box, and holly. Bridgman banished this verdant sculpture, and disdained to make every division tally with its opposite; and, though he still adhered much to straight walks, with high-clipped hedges, they were only his great lines; the rest he diversified by wilderness and with loose groves, though still with surrounding hedges: nay, he even introduced cultivated fields, and morsels of a forest appearance, by the sides of those endless and tiresome walks that stretched out of one into another without intermission, where

Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the pasture reflects the other.

We fear that the scenery of Kensington is but inadequately appreciated by the London population. These gardens are altogether superior to those of the Tuilleries and the Luxembourg, at Paris;—their distance from the heart of the metropolis is, we admit, inconvenient, especially in comparison with the French gardens, which are in the city itself. The latter are large flower gardens, ornamented with fine sculpture, and bounded with overlooking terraces; but Kensington has the most interesting features of landscape-gardening. Little wildernesses and noble walks, glades, and high, overarching groves, and all the varieties of verdant knoll, hill, and valley, are among their beauties; with water, from a fine, broad sheet, to a winding stream. In truth, nothing can exceed the delightful solitude of this suburban retreat; and were it not for the busy hum of fashion whirling along dusty roads in the neighbourhood, the contemplatist might here imagine himself

* Such as we to this day see at the gates of Bedford churchyard. One of Bridgman's greatest inventions was the *Ha ha!* or sunk wall, which he has introduced with good effect as the inclosure of Kensington Gardens.

many miles from a metropolis. The broad walk, extending from the palace, along the south side of the gardens, was formerly a fashionable spring promenade;—to which Tickell thus alludes:

Now the shrill corn-pipes echoing loud to arms,
To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms;
Thick rows of spears at once, with sudden glare,
A grove of needles glitter in the air;
Loose in the winds small ribbon streamers flow,
Dipt in all colours of the heavenly bow;
And the gay host, that now its march pursues,
Gleams o'er the meadows in a thousand hues.

The fashionable time of walking, in Tickell's time was in the *morning*; but the hour is now changed for the afternoon, and the promenade changed to the western side of the gardens, beneath a nave of fine old trees, upon a carpet of verdant turf. In summer, or the late London season, a military orchestra occasionally enlivens the scene.

Marylebone, or Regent's Park, is a creation of the present century—nay, of the last twenty years; and at the commencement of the last century, Marybone was a small village, nearly a mile distant from any part of the metropolis. This park is already belted with splendid terraces, and studded with elegant villas. It consists of a large tract of plantations, of nearly circular form, inclosed by a fine level drive, planted with trees on each side. Within is a small circle, or roadway, and a semicircular pathway, a straight road equally dividing the large ring, and, in like manner, intersecting the smaller circle and semicircle. The outer area is relieved by a triangular lake, with verdant islets, and a bridge of tasteful design; and on the northern verge of the park are the grounds of the Zoological Society, whose aquatic birds enjoy the range of the beautiful lake.

But the enjoyment of the public has been strangely overlooked in the Regent's Park: they are only admitted to the dusty drives and paths, while the verdant inclosures are let for grazing;—the inhabitants of the park, however, having keys, as in the London squares.

Dr. Kitchiner, dipping his pen in the milk of human comfort, complained of this misappropriation of ground stated to have been given by the late King "to the public." A contemporary also observes—"To call the inclosure of these (Marylebone) fields a Park, is, with all submission, a little bit of a misnomer; at least, it is no park, at present, for the public, who are excluded from all but the gravelled roads." Again, Dr. Kitchiner shows the formation of the park, with such restrictions, to be a public disadvantage, "making it impossible for two-thirds of the inhabitants of London even to enjoy the animating influence of a walk in the fresh and fragrant air of the country—a blessing which was within their reach, when they had only to cross the New Road to be in the Maryle-

bone Fields. It is said that the reason given for excluding the people from the park is, that the trees are so young that they might easily be torn up,—so may those on the north side of Hyde Park, for they are no older; but softly, is not this presuming that Mr. Bull is a greater brute than the beasts which are grazing where he ought to be walking?*" Mr. Loudon also observes—"It is to be regretted that the space available to the public is so much curtailed by interspersed villas, and surrounding rows of houses and gardens; for though, from the number of trees, the wealthy citizen who can view the scenery from his house or coach may recognise the park character, yet, by rendering so great an extent of the surface private property, the wanderings of the pedestrian are limited, and his views of the scenery confined."† Nine years have elapsed since these strictures were made; and we are happy to learn that the growth of the plantation and the disposition of the Government are favourable to a better arrangement of the grass park, which is forthwith to be laid out in the beautiful landscape style of the inner inclosure of St. James's Park.

The formation of the *Zoological Gardens* in the Regent's Park has considerably increased its celebrity; for, thousands who rate lowly the notes of the native nightingale and cuckoo, (both which may often be heard here,) would be attracted thither by the numerous assemblage of exotic animals.‡ This curiosity is rational enough, and one of the healthiest indications of public taste; but, in contemplating the interesting varieties of the menagerie, we cannot be insensible to the very judicious disposal of the gardens, and their floricultural beauty. The sights of the park, natural and artificial, as "the lions," the Colosseum, and the Diorama, have undoubtedly drawn forth thousands to admire the more homely beauties of the neighbourhood: its young wood and flourishing plantation—its verdant meads—its silver lake, and sedgy islands.

The *Surrey Zoological Gardens* may have a similarly beneficial effect, especially on the inhabitants of southern London. In picturesque character, they are decidedly superior to the gardens of the Regent's Park; for, their present appropriation is only new, as regards the menagerie, whereas the Park is the growth and culture of a few years. In the Surrey Gardens, the plants bear their specific names, so that the visitor may study zoology and botany in the same walk;—he may witness the muscular energy of the lion,

and inhale the fragrant breath of the lily, at the same moment. PHILO.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE GRAVE OF THE GIFTED.

A grave for the gifted—Oh! where shall it be?
On the desolate shore of the hollow-voiced sea!

LADY E. S. WORTLEY.

PEACE to his sleep! he thrills no more

The strings instinct with fire,
And blends with immortality
The spirit of the lyre.

The tears like drops of summer rain,
That mingle in the deep,
May now bedew his grassy shrine,—
Peace to the poet's sleep!

Unheeded rings the voice of fame
Around his slumbers now;
The laurel-wreath entwined for him,
Adorns a marble brow!

Can adulation charm the ear,
Or thoughts ecstatic start,
When Death with his unbroken chain
Has bound the poet's heart?

His genius in the lovely calm
Of skies with sapphire dyed,
Or in the flight of parting storms
Betrayed an equal pride.

Nature was his divinity,—
Her pearly tears shall steep
The turf which hides his early grave,—
Peace to the poet's sleep!

The banner o'er the warrior's tomb
Unfurls its symbol bright,
And dark winds breathe a requiem
Amid the aisles at night,

But far more glorious is the charm
Which viewless spirits keep
In sweet communion on the spot
That owns a poet's sleep.

As stormy clouds ere they expire
Peal thunder to the wind,
So Genius leaves immortally
A splendid wreck behind!

Death with a power omnipotent,
Can quench the dreams of fame,
But not the halo which surrounds
Each mighty poet's name.

G. R. C.

DANCING.

If we may consider the wisdom of our ancestors worth a thought, dancing is not necessarily at variance with the most solemn celebrations. They believed dances to have been approved religious exercises in the earlier ages of the world. So far were they from considering them the abomination they are now deemed, that it is a well-known fact, the descendants of the original inhabitants of our island, the Cambro-Britons, down to a period within the memory of man, were usually played out of the church by a fiddle, to form a dance in the churchyard at the conclusion of the sermon;—and among our legal usages, till within a century of this time, it may be mentioned, that one dance was reserved to be annually performed by the judges of the land.

Among the ancients, solemn dances were in constant use, and the most distinguished

* Horse and Carriage Oracles, 1828.

† Encyclopædia of Gardening, 1824—page 1028.

‡ By the annual report of the Society, read a few days since, the visitors to the gardens and museum in 1832-3, were nearly 325,000; and the receipts for their admission, almost 13,000*l*.

philosophers and heroes did not disdain to mingle in them : Socrates and Cato were among the votaries of this graceful art, which has been the delight of countless generations. Funeral dances were common at the interment of those whose merits entitled them to the greatest honours.

Among the priests of Egypt, dancing was held in great respect, and formed no inconsiderable portion of their sacred rites. The Hebrews also attached great importance to the practice : we find them dancing around the Golden Calf, reared by Aaron in the desert. This was idolatry, to be sure ; but it shows what their notions were as to dancing, and proves that they considered this no unfit mode of worshipping the Deity. We further read that the daughters of Shiloh danced in a yearly feast of the Lord ; and David danced, to signify his joy that the ark of God had again been brought into Sion. To complete the obsequies of the great, to celebrate triumphs in war, and to mark gratitude to the Giver of all Good for any signal interposition of his mercy, dancing was, in former times, considered necessary.

But, according to Scaliger and Menestrier, even Christian bishops have sanctioned and taken part in dances. Scaliger says, the first bishops were called *Præsules*, in the Latin tongue, for no other reason but that they led the solemn dance in great festivals ; and the learned antiquarian, Claude Menestrier, writing at the latter end of the 17th century, says, that he had seen the canons and choristers on Whit Sunday take each other by the hand, and dance, while they sang hymns of Jubilation.

The very word "choir" is, he adds, derived from a Greek word, which means *dance* ; and he concludes that the part of each cathedral so called was formerly set apart for that exercise.

J. E. J.

Select Biography.

EDMUND KEAN.

KEAN, the "well-graced actor," left the great stage of life on the 15th instant,* to the great regret of every admirer of the science in which he proved himself so accomplished a master. His professional career, one of almost unequalled vicissitude, has been so frequently set before the public, and his personal or private history is so little to our readers' taste, that we shall merely glance at a few of the leading incidents of his strange and eventful life.

Mr. Kean was born November 4, 1787, in Castle-street, Leicester-square. His father was a tailor, and brother to Moses Kean, the celebrated ventriloquist ; and his mother was a daughter of George Saville Carey, a

* At his house, adjoining the theatre, on Richmond Green.

lyrist of the last century.* He was cradled by chance, and so neglected in nursing, that his deformity at four years of age disqualified him for posturing feats on the Drury Lane stage ; and it was only by timely application of bracing-irons, that his limbs ever resumed anything like symmetry. At five years old he re-appeared at Drury Lane, in John Kemble's goblin corps in *Macbeth* ; but an unfortunate lapsus one night offended the grave Kemble, who characteristically said, "These things must not be *done* after these ways, else they will make us mad."

Kean was afterwards sent to a school in Orange-court, whence he ran away, and "went a cabin boy" on board a vessel bound for Madeira ; here he fell sick, and was returned penniless to his native shore. During his absence, his father had died, and his mother was not to be found ; but his uncle Moses, and Miss Tidswell, of Drury Lane Theatre, supported and instructed him ;—from the former he learned ventriloquism and mimicry—his skill in which, in later life, amused Lord Byron as greatly as his best acting. Kean's uncle died, and the young wight joined Saunders's vaulting troop. He continued an unruly, wayward boy till the age of 14, when he joined a small company, and personated Richard III. Shortly afterwards, being at Windsor, certain members of the Royal Family were much pleased at the able manner in which he spoke Satan's Address to the Sun, and the first soliloquy of Richard III. This notice naturally elevated the boy, and gained him a patron in Dr. Drury, who, impressed with his indications of genius, took him to Eton School for three years. In this time, he is said to have excelled in Latin, and to have fagged at Cicero, mastering all the olden orator's rules for dramatic exhibitions. We fear this statement too much suits the word to the action.

On leaving Eton, Kean played at Birmingham with moderate success ; but at Edinburgh triumphantly, for twelve successive nights, as *Hamlet*. This fame was but ephemeral, for, until 1812, he played all the varieties enumerated by Polonius, his serious personations being often considered least successful ; at Guernsey, as Richard III.,

• He was the son of Henry Carey, a ballad composer of considerable merit, who wrote and composed the celebrated song "Of all the girls that are so smart," which Addison praised for the words, and Geminiani for the music. The merit of the music of the anthem of "God save the King" was long claimed for him ; but this has been disproved, in favour of Dr. John Bull. He committed suicide, in 1743 : though he could find no other consolation for his own distress, he was more successful for others, since he projected the fund for decayed musicians. By the way, Kean himself invariably said that he was born March 17, 1790 ; and he believed himself to be a natural son of the late Duke of Norfolk, by a female of the Drury Lane company, who befriended him in his childhood, and whom Kean subsequently repaid with tenfold gratitude.

he was actually hissed off the stage; and want, not will, only retained him in the profession, aided by the fostering liberality of General Doyle. However, in 1812, the more polished people of Cheltenham made as great an error in judgment as the Guernsey folks had previously done. At Tunbridge Wells he had better fortune, and the manager frequently remarked that Kean possessed talents which one day would make him

The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage.

At length, Dr. Drury, who had not lost sight of his *protégé*, witnessed his performance at Exeter, and was so struck with his improvement, that he wrote to Mr. Greenfell, M.P. to bring out Kean on the London boards. Drury Lane Theatre was now a splendid desert; and Downton, Johnstone, Munden, Elliston, Rae, Lovegrove, Braham, and Dickens, could not attract audiences by their inimitable performances. Mr. Arnold was dispatched in reply to Dr. Drury's letter: he saw Kean play Octavian in the *Mountaineers*, at Dorchester, and he engaged him for three years, at eight, ten, and twelve guineas per week, for the first, second, and third years. Upon Kean's arrival in London, the Managing Committee of Drury Lane thought him anything but a prop to the falling fortune of their theatre. They desired him to speak, and he spoke; but it was to assure them that he came to town to abide by the judgment of the public, and not to be determined in his future views by theirs. The Committee were angry with Arnold for his precipitate judgment, and they tried to evade his agreement; but by the interference of Dr. Drury, Kean was, by his own desire, advertised to play *Shylock*; and it was said at the time, that he chose that character for the purpose of avoiding the ridicule which the Committee said would be vented upon his figure.

On Jan. 26, 1814, Kean, accordingly, first appeared in *Shylock*, in the *Merchant of Venice*. He was well received by a thin audience, there being only about 100 persons in the pit. The critics in the next day's journal were in ecstasy. Mr. Hazlitt wrote the article for the *Morning Chronicle*: in his amusing *Table Talk*, he thus speaks of his share in contributing to Kean's popularity, who was ridiculously said to be written up in the *Chronicle*. Hazlitt's prophetic words are these: "from his masterly and spirited delivery of the first striking speech, 'On such a day, you called me a dog,' &c. I perceived it was a hollow thing. So it was given out in the *Chronicle*, but, Perry was continually at me, as other people were at him, and was afraid it would not last. It was to no purpose I said it *would last*; yet I am in the right hitherto." Other critics hailed Mr. Kean as a *second Garrick*, and one remarked that, in him, there was

"an animating soul distinguishable in all he said or did. It was this that gave fire to his eyes, energy to his tones, and such a variety and expressiveness to all his gestures, that one might almost say his body thought." At this time, too, the town was in want of a first-rate tragedian. Cooke had been dead two years; Kemble, certainly, was rallying; but Kean rushed in at the "tide in the affairs of men." He next played *Richard III.* and the whole town became electrified with his performance; the Committee amended their decision and the actor's salary, and the efforts of him who had been rejected with scorn, replenished their empty treasury.

To analyze or enumerate the range of Mr. Kean's performances would occupy many columns. From this period, till within a few weeks of his death, a period of nineteen years, he continued to perform in London and the chief towns of the United Kingdom with extraordinary, if not always with equal success. However posterity may regard his genius and talents, the age in which he lived has done him justice. Fame and money have been showered upon him unsparingly; and there may be some persons inclined to consider him as a spoiled child of fortune. In the United States of America, his success has been equal to that in his native country. In France, in 1818, he was differently received, and his genius unfairly appreciated; though Talma, a complete master of his science, entertained the highest opinion of Kean's abilities.

In person, Mr. Kean was scarcely of the middle height; he, accordingly, lacked the dignity of deportment requisite for certain characters, as that of the noble Roman, *Coriolanus*. His features, though not sufficiently regular to be termed handsome, were capable of almost illimitable expression; his eyes, as it were, played with the passions in the very spirit of mastery; his voice, in the undertones, boomed with melancholy music, and in sudden transitions abounded with fine, meteor-like effect; and, although, as we have said, he was not of dignified stature, he walked the stage with ease and self-possession attainable only by true genius. In short, the playgoers of the present century will never forget his best performances: as the chuckling scorn and revenge of *Shylock*, in the *Merchant of Venice*; the versatile villany of *Gloster*, in *Richard III.*; the maddening jealousy and anguish of *Othello*; the fine flashes of genius in *Hamlet* (although one of the most unequal of his performances); the wailing melancholy of *Richard II.*; the patriotic spirit of *Brutus*; or the sycophancy and avance of Sir Giles Overreach, in *A new way to pay Old Debts*.

In private life, Mr. Kean was cherished by a large circle of friends "found in sunshine," and, we believe, "not lost in storm." That

he did not enjoy high society is well known ; though, at one period, his talents would have rendered him a welcome guest at any table. But his taste lay elsewhere ; and Kean was no flatterer of the great : he coveted neither courtly acquaintance, as did Garrick, nor had he the dignity of Kemble to usher him into high life. He was generous even to profuseness, and, as he received more money than any actor of his day,* his largesses were often injudicious ; especially as he was known to have disregarded provision for sickness or the infirmities of age. He gave the receipts of benefits to public charities, played gratuitously for needy managers, subscribed liberally to benevolent institutions, and was openhanded to the applications of private suffering. In a right spirit of enthusiasm for his profession, he raised a monument at New York, to the memory of Cooke ; and, after the example of Doggett, he, since the year 1818, gave annually a wherry to be rowed for on the Thames. His eccentricities were unbounded, and he parted with money with the same delight that he seemed to earn it. Yet, with all this generosity, he was just in money transactions, to the letter or figure ; and justice with generosity, should be recorded in letters of gold.

Mr. Kean, it will be seen, died in his 46th year : his high professional career was brief but rapid ; yet he originally possessed an excellent constitution, which, had it not been impaired by excesses, would, in all probability, have enabled him to prop the drama in its decadence, for years to come. About the year 1812, he married Miss Chambers, by whom he has left a son, Mr. Charles Kean, who inherits much of the genius of his father.

Mr. Kean's last public appearance was on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre, as *Othello*, with his son, as *Iago* : during the performance, he was taken ill, and borne from the scene, the last line he uttered being the conclusion of the touching valediction :

Farewell ! *Othello's* occupation's gone.

* Kean's usual engagement in London was 60*l.* per night, for three nights of the week ; and he often performed in the country on the other three nights. In Gloucestershire, Mr. Kean, about five years after his start into popularity, played thrice during the day ; at Tewksbury, in the *morning*, the Theatre being darkened ; at Gloucester, in the *afternoon* ; and at Cheltenham at night ; and, for each performance he received fifty guineas. The total sum received by Mr. Kean in England, America, and France, since 1814, is stated at 176,000*l.* or averaging upwards of 9,000*l.* per annum for nineteen years.

Retrospective Gleanings.

THE PHOENIX.

THE earliest account of the Phoenix, is given by Herodotus, the father of history, and this has been copied with additions by Pliny,

Tacitus, Pomponius, Mela, Horapolla, Mariana, and other writers. Among the rest, by our old English writer Bartholomew Glantville, and printed by Wynkyne de Worde, in 1498, who says :—

“ St. Ambrose in Exameron, sayth, of the linmoure, or ashes of fenix, ariseth a newe byrde and wexeth, and in space of tyme he is clothed with feathers, and wyngis, and restored into the kind of a byrde, and is the most fairest byrde that is, most like to the peccocke in fethers, and loveth wilderness, and gadreth his meate of cleane greenes and fruites.

“ Alauns, speketh of this byrde, and saith, that whan the hyghest byshop Onyas hadde buylded a temple in the cite of Helyopolys in Ægypt, to the lykenes of the temple of Jherusalem, and the fyrste daye of Easter, whanne he hadde gathered moche sweete smellynge woode, and sette it on fyre uppon the altar to offer sacrificy, to all mennes syghte, suche a byrde came sodaynely, and fell into the myddel of the fyre of the sacrificy, and the ashes abode there, and was besely kepte and saved by the commande-mente of the preeste ; and within three dayes, of these ashes was bred a lyttel worme, that took the shape of a byrde atte the laste, and flewe into the wilderness.”

To this we may add, that the Phoenix was considered a *unique* bird ; it was thought to abide one hundred years in the deserts of Arabia, and at the expiration of that period to appear in the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, fall upon the blazing altar, and during its cremation, pour forth a melodious song from, or through, the orifices of its feathers, which thus formed a thousand organ-pipes. The feathers of the belly and breast, were reported to be of a gold colour.

. The fable of the Phoenix has been attempted to be explained by the supposition, that in warm countries, where sacrifices usually took place in the open air, many birds of prey, particularly vultures, undeterred by the fire and smoke of the altars, have stooped down, impelled by hunger, to seize the raw flesh, laid upon them ; when, if some perished in the flames, and others escaped, a sufficient basis was afforded to the marvel-loving ancients, for the erection of their fabulous structure. The Phoenix in its supposed renovation from its own ashes, has been considered a just type of the Resurrection : fire offices, also, adopt it, as an appropriate emblem. We have met with those, even in this enlightened era, who did not understand the metaphorical meaning of the term *Phoenix*, when applied to persons, for instance “ He is a Phoenix of his kind.” “ She is a Phoenix among women ; it may, therefore, be as well to explain, that this expression alludes to the idea, that only *one* Phoenix ever existed at one time ; wherefore,

by a figure of speech, *perfection* is intended. Metastasio, in a neat stanza, compares the fidelity of lovers to the Phoenix, which, says he, "everybody talks of, but nobody has seen."

M. L. B.

EXTRACTS FROM LANGLEY'S "HUNDRED OF DESBOROUGH," 4to. 1797. (SCARCE.)

A Venerated Bishop.

HUGH, prior of Whiteham, called St. Hugh, and canonized after his death for his austere life, and extraordinary piety, was elected Bishop of Lincoln, Aug. 10th, 1186. His memory was so much respected in his diocese, that the anniversary of his death was celebrated for some centuries. "In the old Church Book of Great Marlow," says Langley, "I find this entry:—

"1592. Item:—Paid to the ringars on St. Hugh's Day, 4s. 4d."

He died, Nov. 17th 1200, and his funeral was attended by King John, and William, King of Scotland, who are said to have assisted in carrying his corpse to the cathedral.

M. L. B.

The Naturalist.

THE PITCHER PLANT.



APPENDAGES in which water or fluid collects have been noticed in a variety of plants. The most remarkable of these adjuncts are those which botanists call *Pitchers*, or *Ascidia*, from the resemblance of their form to that of the well-known domestic vessel.—There are several species of the Pitcher Plant, the most striking of which is the *Nepenthes*, found growing in the marshes and ditches of China, and the damper parts of India. In this species, the pitchers are hollow, green bodies, furnished with a green leaf-like lid,

the inside being covered with numerous inverted hairs, and the vessel joined to the leaf by a long, cylindrical, and twisted stalk.

Naturalists have long disputed the uses for which this curious pitcher is destined. Rumphius supposed it to be intended as the nest of a sort of shrimp, frequently found in it; Linnæus conjectured the pitcher to be a reservoir of water, to which animals might repair in time of drought, the lid being especially destined to close up the mouth of the vessel, and thus to prevent evaporation. Sir James Smith thought the pitcher to be intended as an insect trap, because insects are found in the water, and because the stiff, inverted hairs that line it are peculiarly well adapted to prevent the escape of insects once inclosed in it; and that the putrescence of the insects was converted into the food of the plant. But, each of these theories is open to objection, and more especially the second and third; for the plant grows in marshes, where an accumulation of water would be unnecessary for the use of insects, the lid once raised never closes again, and the water evaporates without being renewed, shortly after the elevation of the lid. Dr. Wallich, the distinguished botanist, has beautifully illustrated this ingenious inquiry; and, in conjunction with Mr. Lindley, he thinks that the pitchers are a contrivance to enable the plant to get rid of its excess of oxygen, which is known to be destructive to vegetable life. This opinion is supported by the stem and petioles, (or leaf stalks,) containing more spiral vessels than observed in any other plant;—now, these vessels convey air containing about 28 per cent. of oxygen; the bottoms of some pitchers are beautifully punctured, as if by the mouths of vessels; and the water in the pitchers, at first subacid, has been found to increase in acidity till the whole evaporates.

With respect to the nature of the pitchers, upon the doctrine that a plant consists of only two essential different parts, the axis, (or stem and root,) and the appendages, or mere modifications of leaves,—it follows that pitchers are also leaves.

Mr. Lindley has made this inquiry the subject of a paper, which he submitted to the Royal Institution, in the summer of 1831; of which valuable contribution to vegetable physiology the reader will find an abstract in the *Arcana of Science and Art*, 1832, p. 231-5.

The Topographer.

WEST TWYFORD CHURCH AND ABBEY,
MIDDLESEX.

THIS rural vignette is an illustration of the observations in our last number, on the picturesque character of the scenery round London. It lies about half-a-dozen miles west of the metropolis, on the Paddington Canal.



(Twyford Church and Abbey.)

The district is called *West Twyford*, to distinguish it from a hamlet of the same name, in the adjoining parish of *Wilsdon*. Its extent is about 280 acres, the whole of which, (except a few acres,) belongs to one proprietor; and the rusticity of the place is undisturbed, by its containing only one mansion, its dependent farming establishment, and a small church.

It does not appear that *Twyford* ever possessed numerous residents. In the year 1251, there were ten inhabited houses in this parish, besides the manor-house; in the earlier part of the 15th century, there were six tenements here; when the parish became depopulated is not known, but in the reign of *Elizabeth* there remained only the manor-house: it was occupied by the tenant of the farm, and surrounded by a moat, over which was a drawbridge. The lord of the manor, *Thomas Willan, Esq.*, late of *Marylebone Park*, had the old mansion taken down, and the moat filled up, about twenty-three years since; and nearly on the same site he built a more commodious mansion, in the old English style, from designs by *Mr. Atkinson*. It is an irregular embattled structure, with two octagonal towers. The attached lands are judiciously planted, and are of an ornamental character: only a small portion is exclusively dedicated to pleasure-grounds, and the rest is managed as a hay-farm, with a house for the tenant. The mansion which is called "the Abbey," commands pleasing, though limited views, over some of the most picturesque parts of *Middlesex*. It appears most to advantage from *Wilsdon Hill*, and is in the same point of sight with *Windsor Castle*.

Near the Abbey is the Church of *Twyford*, a very small brick structure,* now stuccoed over, and embellished in the style of the mansion; with pinnacles, ornamented gable,

* A survey or visitation of *Twyford Church*, in 1251, mentions an ancient tower with two bells, two altars, &c.—*Lysons*.

&c. It consists of a nave and chancel. On the north wall is the monument of *Henry Bold*, the lyric poet, who died in 1683. There is no regular benefice attached to this church: *Mr. Willan* nominates the clergyman, and is generally considered to unite all the common parish officers in his own person.

The Public Journals.

TEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY OF SILVIO PELLICO.

(Continued from page 280.)

ANGELA one day confessed that she was in love,—not with *Pellico* himself, (though he pleads guilty to a momentary imagination of that sort having flashed across his mind,) but with a young man of her own age. "The course of true love" had, however, at the moment been interrupted by a quarrel, and she came to seek a comforter, or at least a patient listener, in *Pellico*. The whole of this little idyl is beautifully given. Gradually, *Pellico* begins to find that *Angela* was less plain than he had at first thought, nay, that at times she had even some pretensions to beauty; her visits began to be anxiously longed for, the touch of her hand confused him; and at last, one day, when the innocent girl, in return for some words of consolation and hope which he had spoken to her, threw her arms in a transport of gratitude about his neck, and embraced him as if he had been her father, the agitation he experienced was such, that he was obliged to request that she would not again honour him with such marks of filial confidence.

Angela, however, was taken ill, and here her story, much to the disappointment of the reader, breaks off abruptly. Some hints dropped by the turnkeys as to the cause of her disappearance, were of an unfavourable tendency, but *Pellico* gave no heed to them. So it was, however, she returned no more; and now the solitude of his dungeon pressed

upon him more desolate than ever. It felt, he says, like a tomb.

Another change of apartment now took place. It was not without feelings of regret that Pellico quitted even his former dreary residence—for here were his ants, his spider; here the kindness of the gentle Angela had helped to wile away many a tedious hour; here, in the exercise of composition, in the consolations of devotion, he had often forgotten his misfortunes. The new room, which was also under the *Piombi*, had two windows, the one looking out on the palace of the patriarch, the other, small and high up in the wall, could only be reached by placing a chair upon the table, but, when attained, commanded a view of great part of the city and the Lagune. Here, too, Pellico soon found some human objects of interest. In some small apartments opposite the larger window lived a poor family, who soon evinced, by their kind gestures, the sympathy they felt for the prisoner.

"A little boy of nine or ten," says Pellico, "raised his hand towards me, and I heard him say, 'Mother, mother, they have just put somebody into the *Piombi*—O, poor prisoner! who are you?'—'I am Silvio Pellico.' Another boy came running to the window, and cried, 'You are Silvio Pellico?'—'Yes, and you, my dear children?'—'I am called Antonio S., and this is my brother Joseph.' Then, turning round, I heard him say, 'What more shall I ask?' and a woman, whom I supposed to be their mother, and who stood half concealed behind them, suggested kind expressions to the children, who repeated them, and I thanked them with the warmest tenderness."

These consolations were renewed every morning and evening; when the lamps were lighted, and the windows about to be closed, the children used to call from their window, "good night, Silvio!" and the mother, emboldened by the darkness, would repeat, in a voice of emotion, "good night!"

Suffering and anxiety, which he had now endured for nearly a year, began to produce their natural effects upon his health. His nerves had become so shattered, his frame so weak, and his sleep so broken, that his mind also to a certain extent gave way. He fell into a state nearly resembling that of Tasso in his prison at Ferrara.

Yet do I feel, at times, my mind decline,
But with a sense of its decay: I see
Unwonted lights along my prison shiue,
And a strange demon who is vexing me
With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
The feeling of the healthful and the free;
But much to one who long has suffered so,
Sickness of heart and narrowness of place.

This morbid state which, had it been prolonged, must soon have terminated in madness, was brought to a crisis by a violent convulsive attack, from which Pellico reco-

vered, exhausted, indeed, but freed from the harassing visions which had been the offspring of his disease. A fire, which about this time took place in a building adjacent to the prison, and which for a time threatened the safety of the prison itself, is described with a force and animation that makes us feel as if in our own case, the awful situation of a prisoner awaiting, without the power of escape, the approach of that devouring element. But another change of situation was now awaiting Pellico.

His Sentence.

On the 11th of January, 1822, he was informed that he was to be transported to the prison of St. Michele at Murano, to receive the sentence of the commission. He entered the gondola that was to bear him across the Lagune with mixed sentiments; the pleasure of breathing once more the refreshing air upon the sunny Adriatic, of seeing the lovely picture of the city and the sky without the gloomy framework of prison bars around it, was mingled with a feeling of regret at quitting even the dreary *Piombi*, where some affectionate recollections were blended with many sufferings; and with the idea which he could not exclude, that evil as had been the past, it was yet possible that worse was to come. At St. Michele, while awaiting his own sentence, he contrived secretly to obtain some intelligence of the fate of his companions, who had been arrested along with him.

On the 21st of February, Pellico was conducted to the hall of the commission to receive the announcement of his sentence. The president, rising with an air of dignified commiseration, informed him that the sentence had been a terrible one, but that it had been mitigated by the kindness of the emperor. The sentence had been death; the mitigation was imprisonment for fifteen years in the fortress of Spielberg, in Moravia. Pellico answered, "The will of God be done!" "To-morrow," said the inquisitor, "I am sorry the sentence must be read in public; but the formality is indispensable." "Be it so," said he. "From this moment you will be allowed the society of your friend;" and Pellico was conducted from the hall to embrace once more his friend Maroncelli.

Next morning they were put into a gondola, and re-conducted to the prison at Venice. The scaffold from which the sentence was to be proclaimed was in the centre of the Piazza. Two files of soldiers were drawn up from the foot of the Giant's staircase, down which they descended, to the foot of the scaffold, along which they walked. An immense multitude surrounded it, on whose countenances sat marks of terror and pity, though the consciousness that every part of the square was commanded by cannon, with lighted matches ready, of course controlled

the expression of their feelings. A curious recollection at that moment flashed across the mind of Pellico. On that very spot, in September 1820, a month before his arrest, a beggar had said to him, "Ah! signor, I wonder how so many strangers admire this place. It is an unfortunate spot." The observation had indeed been verified, and Pellico glanced his eye over the multitude, to see whether the beggar was there to witness the fulfilment of his prediction. At that moment, however, the prisoners were directed to turn round and face the palace; an officer appeared on the balcony with a paper in his hand; it was the sentence; he read it aloud, and the deepest silence prevailed, till he came to the words, *condemned to death*, when a general murmur of compassion arose. It subsided when the crowd perceived there still remained something farther to be read, but revived more loudly at the conclusion: "*Condemned to the carcere duro*," Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen." The prisoners were then reconducted to St. Michele, to await their removal to the Austrian fortress.

Before they set out, they received from the German Commissary, who had just arrived from Vienna, the consoling information that he had had an interview with the Emperor, and that his majesty had graciously announced that the days of their imprisonment should be counted by twelve hours instead of twenty-four—a roundabout way of stating the simple fact, that their actual imprisonment would only be of half the duration of the nominal. This was not officially announced to them, but as the information was given publicly there was no reason to doubt that the promise had been made. If so, it will be seen that in Pellico's case it was violated.

We prefer turning to some of those incidents by which the gloom and suffering of the prison were occasionally mitigated. Pellico had more than once heard in the neighbourhood of his cell the sound of some Italian song, but it was generally soon suppressed by the sentinels. One evening, however, when the sentinels had been less attentive, Pellico distinctly heard the song sung in the cell adjoining his own. His heart beat rapidly, he sprang from his pallet, and called through the wall, "Who are you, unfortunate man? I am Silvio Pellico." "O Silvio," answered his neighbour, "I know you not by sight, but I have loved you long. Come, let us to the window, and talk in spite of our gaolers." It was Count Antonio Oroboni, a young man of twenty, imprisoned on a charge similar to his own. Their conversation was soon in-

* "*Carcere duro*," imprisonment accompanied with labour, chains on the feet, sleeping on bare boards, and miserable food. In the *carcere durissimo* the prisoner is chained to the wall, so as to be unable to move beyond a certain distance, and the food is only bread and water.

interrupted by the threats of the sentinels, who had positive orders to prevent all communication between the prisoners; but at last, by watching the moments when the sentinels were farthest off in making their rounds, and talking in a whispering tone, they found themselves able to converse every day, though without seeing each other's faces. A warm friendship sprang up between them. They related to each other the events of their lives—they tried to impart to each other comfort and hope. Oroboni shared the strong religious feelings of Pellico; and even Pellico himself derived lessons of resignation and Christian charity from the tone in which the youth of twenty spoke of his sufferings and his oppressors.

The prisoners at Spielberg were allowed a walk of an hour twice a week, between two guards, upon a platform of the castle, commanding a view of the city of Brünn and a large tract of surrounding country. The path to it led along the range of the prisons in which all the Italian prisoners were confined, with the exception of the unfortunate Maroncelli, who still languished in his subterranean cell below. Each used to whisper to Pellico as he past "*Buon passeggio!*" (a pleasant walk,) but he was not allowed to return their greeting. The people from the town, who were occasionally on business at the castle, used to gather into groups as he passed, and cry, "There is one of the Italians!" and sometimes, thinking that he did not understand them, they would shake their heads and say, "That poor gentleman will soon grow old, he has death in his face." It was with difficulty, in fact, that Pellico was able to drag himself and his chain so far as the platform, and once arrived there he used to throw himself on the grass, and remain there till the expiration of the hour allowed him. The guards stood or sat beside him, and gossiped together. Both were good natured and kind, and one of them, Kral, a Bohemian, was well acquainted with Klopstock, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, and the best German writers. Of these he used to recite long passages with intelligence and feeling, while Pellico lay and listened beside him on the grass. A touching little episode follows, which we shall give in the author's own words.

"At one extremity of the platform were the apartments of the superintendent; at the other lived a head gaoler, with his wife and infant son. Whenever I saw any one come out of these buildings, I used to rise and approach them, never failing to be received with marks of courtesy and pity.

"The wife of the superintendent had long been ill, and was declining slowly. She sometimes made herself be carried out on a sofa into the open air. I cannot describe with what emotion she expressed the compassion she felt for us all. Her look was

very gentle and timid, and yet, timid as it was, it used sometimes to rest as if with intense and inquiring confidence on those who spoke to her.

"I said to her one day, smiling: 'Do you know, lady, that you have some resemblance to a person who was dear to me?' She blushed, and replied, with a serious and amiable simplicity, 'Do not forget me then, when I am gone. Pray for my poor soul, and for the poor little infants I leave behind me.'

"From that day she could not leave her bed. I never saw her more. She languished a few months longer and then died.

"She had three sons, beautiful as cupids, and one of them still at the breast. The poor creature often embraced him in my presence, and said, 'Who knows who will become their mother after me. Ah! whoever it may be, may God give her the bowels of a mother, even for those who are not her own!' And then she wept. A thousand times I have remembered that prayer and those tears.

"When she was no more, I often embraced the children, and with tears in my eyes repeated their mother's prayer. I thought of my own mother, and of the ardent prayers which her loving heart doubtless offered up for me. And I exclaimed with sobs, 'O happier that mother who dies and leaves behind her her children in infancy, than she who lives to have educated them with every care, and to see them taken from her!

"Two kind old women used to accompany the children, one of them the mother, the other the aunt of the superintendent. They wished to know all my history, and I related it to them shortly.

"How unfortunate we are,' they would say, 'that we can do nothing to assist you. But be assured we shall pray for you, and if your pardon some day arrive, it will be a day of joy for all the family.'

"The former of them, whom I was in the habit of seeing most frequently, possessed a wonderful eloquence in imparting consolation. I listened to her with filial gratitude, and treasured her words in my heart.

"She told me things I knew already, which yet struck me as new;—that misfortune does not degrade a man, unless he be a worthless one, but rather elevates him;—that if we could understand God's counsels we should frequently see cause to think the conqueror more to be pitied than the vanquished, the exulting than the afflicted, the rich than the destitute; that the special grace shown to the unfortunate by our Saviour should reconcile us to our situation, and that we ought to glory in the cross which was borne by him.

"But these two good old women, whose company gave me such consolation, were

soon, for family reasons, obliged to leave Spielberg, and the children no longer came upon the platform. How deeply did these losses afflict me!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

Notes of a Reader.

KING TOM STANDEY.

[MR. LEONARD, in his *Records of a Voyage to the Western Coast of Africa*, gives the following entertaining picture of the sovereignty of the Island of Anobona:]

The King (who calls himself "Tom Standey, or Scandey") came on board, (H. M.S. *Dryad*), in a canoe, which showed no superiority over the others in point of size or ornament. His majesty was a tall, thin, personage, considerably on the wrong side of fifty. He was dressed in the cast off garments of some merchant skipper, viz. an old black beaver, blue coat, duck trousers, reaching scarcely to the middle of his leg, cotton stockings, that might once have been white and sound, but were now rather dingy, like his skin, and full of holes, with shoes of a most ponderous construction. He was distinguished from the *canaille* in the other canoes by a coarse cotton umbrella, of English manufacture, and was accompanied by only one attendant, who seemed to stick always close to the old gentleman, and gave himself out to be "Cocoa Jack," the King's Physician. This man of influence, while he basked in the smiles of royalty, afforded, even in savage life, an admirable specimen of the fawning, courtly sycophant. While he enjoyed his share of the good things, he seemed to have little regard for the feelings of his humbler brethren in the canoes, to whom he evinced a rooted antipathy, urging the weak old gentleman to thrust them out of his way, and to offer them other indignities in his passage alongside. The canoe-men seemed to burn with indignation; but their murmurs were scarcely listened to, although the frown of ineffable contempt met the pampered favourite on every side. His Majesty was ushered into the Commodore's cabin, where, after speedily discussing, with the assistance of his henchman, two or three bottles of wine, he was presented with a shirt, a dressing gown, and a green night-cap, all of which he donned instantly, stripping to the buff, for that purpose, in the presence of every one, without the slightest ceremony. We afterwards introduced him to the gun-room, but had good reason to repent of our complaisance. As long as there was any thing to drink, he did not evince the slightest inclination to budge one inch, and we were at length obliged, very unceremoniously, to hand him over the side, pretty nearly as drunk as a lord, to use a commoner's expression.

Some hours after King Tom left the ship, a few of us went on shore, and looked round the village. As there was a heavy surf on the sandy beach, we landed on some rocks to the right of the town, which form a sort of natural pier, and got on terra firma without the slightest difficulty. By his umbrella—which he always had expanded for distinction's sake, whether the sun was bright or clouded, whether it was noon or night—we observed his Majesty King Tom Standey, in the midst of a dense multitude of his black and ragged subjects, approaching to meet us. Before we had gone far, we were surrounded by at least fifteen hundred persons, men, women, and children, dressed every one according to his own fashion, in the cast off clothes of their civilized visitors. Here was one fellow with a tattered dress coat, and no other habiliment but a rag, or *doty*—there another whose sole garment consisted of a cloak of shreds and patches, which, from its "cut," must have once seen better company—and yonder a party of "bloods," I suppose, by their dress being different from that of the more sober part of the community, consisting of inexpressibles only, but arranged in the most novel and fanciful manner, the legs being tied round the loins, and the waist and hinder parts of the garment hanging down before. His majesty, expecting a few presents, received us very graciously, and conducted us—surrounded, and half choked in the clouds of dust raised by all the subjects living in the vicinity of his court, collectively—to his royal residence, a wretched hovel, differing in no respect from the other huts in the village, where we were regaled with palm wine. A rude table was placed under the still ruder verandah of boughs before his door, and three or four chairs, of a construction quite unique, were placed round this 'for our party. A dirty cloth was then laid, which had once apparently been a sheet, appertaining, perhaps, to the bed linen of some drunken skipper, and on this were placed two or three jugs and a tumbler, which one might conclude, from their appearance, had never been washed since they became the property of these unsophisticated ascii. These were filled with the fermented juice of the palm, and we necessarily partook of it, his majesty setting us an excellent example, by quaffing a copious draught, and nodding us a welcome, with regal condescension; while his subjects in myriads surrounded the verandah, within three feet of us, shouldering each other, and almost suffocating us with heat, dust, and the peculiar offensive odour proceeding from their filthy carcasses, and stunning us with the incessant, loud, and discordant clatter of their tongues. They seemed to pay very little deference to the kingly authority. If one might judge from the noise and confu-

sion, the general appearance of equality, the furious intrusion on the king's privacy, and some other mob manifestations of the excellence of liberty, there must certainly be a strong republican feeling among the subjects of his Majesty of Anobona, who, I was informed by the priest, or padre of the village, bear his blushing honours for no longer than a twelvemonth. He is elected annually; but should as many as ten vessels arrive at the island before his year of authority expires, he must resign, and another is appointed to hold the reins of government. This seems a mighty singular sort of anomaly in the forms of government, and is accounted for by the following circumstance. The only revenue which this chief, president, or king, or whatever else he may be called, receives, arises from the presents made to him by those vessels which, like ourselves, happen to touch here for refreshments, it being an invariable practice throughout the whole coast of Africa to give the chief personage a "dash" on arriving and taking leave; and as this is the only means the King of this island has of acquiring riches, it is wisely provided that no single individual of the community should grow too opulent, lest he also grow supercilious, and despise his poorer countrymen; but that all may have an equal chance of profiting by what fortune may throw in their way. The presents from ten vessels are therefore considered by the community to be quite a large enough share of the loaves and fishes for one individual, and on the departure of the tenth he is superseded; consequently there is no zeal wanting on his part in soliciting gifts, and making the most of the present opportunity of adding to his revenues. The importunities of his Majesty King Tom were, in consequence, most troublesome, and his impudence and assurance were occasionally most diverting, as will be presently seen.

We were given to understand by the King that a Spanish slave vessel had put in here some time ago, the crew of which having inveigled many of the natives on board, to trade, tied them hand and foot, and put them in the hold; and, after murdering several people, and committing other excesses on shore, carried them off. The degree of distrust and fear with which many of them, particularly the women and children, received us, may perhaps have been owing to this. They showed an innate horror of weapons of any sort, particularly fire-arms. A few of them had large knives stuck in a belt fastened round their waist, but I saw no other sort of weapon among them. We sometimes took advantage of their terrors for the purpose of keeping them at a distance; and while we were pacing the different streets of the village, closely surrounded and annoyed by upwards of a thousand of them, one of our

party amused himself by playing upon their fears in the following manner. He suddenly stopped, and fixed an angry look on the nearest of the dense mass. They likewise stopped, looked at each other and at him, and shrank back a little, while he continued his look of displeasure, and gradually raised his hand to his pocket as if in search of a weapon; they then fairly took to their heels made one desperate rush, and tumbled over each other in their haste to get out of the way, when he withdrew his snuff-box from his pocket, and, laughing at the success of his exploit, took a hearty pinch; at which they all returned, joining loudly in the laugh at their own ridiculous fears, made him empty his box among them, and surrounded us, to our great discomfort, much more closely, and with much more confidence, than they had done before. Several of them made anxious inquiries concerning Captain Boteler, who died on this coast some time ago, in command of his Majesty's surveying vessel *Hecla*, and evinced much concern when I informed them of his death. After taking leave of King Tom, whose avarice seemed to be as boundless as the ocean which encompassed his island throne, we returned to the ship.

[The narrative of King Tom dining on board the *Dryad* is still more ludicrous.]

When we got on board in the evening, we found King Tom Standey, in his dressing-gown and green cap, at dinner with the Commodore, and affording every one the highest amusement, by his familiar ease and assurance, his unscrupulous demands for whatever was within his reach, and by several unkingly and disgusting solecisms in his manners,—cramping the whole extremity of a fowl into his mouth at a time, and, after crunching the bones between his teeth, ejecting them in his hand, and depositing them on the chair, between his legs! He seemed to be very fond of salt, swallowing, at intervals, whole spoonfuls of it out of the saltcellars. Some gin was put on the table, during dinner, thinking he might perhaps prefer it, for its potency, to wine. He was asked, which he would have?—and very coolly and modestly replied, by a few imperfect Anglo-Portuguese words, and by signs, not to be mistaken, that he, “poo fella, never mind,” he would take some of the gin now, and that, as his belly was full, he would “bag” the wine and the remaining viands, and “make festa” on shore. This was beyond the utmost idea we had formed of his covetousness, liberal as it had been. But it was impossible to keep our gravity, when, so far from thinking there was any chance of a refusal, he immediately followed this expression of his modest and courteous intentions, by letting the Commodore know, that, as he had no such sideboard furniture, he

would also take with him the decanters and glasses! He was shown, in the cabin, a large print of his present Majesty, which he admired very much, and addressed, as if it had been our good King in *propria persona*, introducing himself to the print, in the following words:—“Me King Tom Standey, King Anobona. You ver good King, my fader. Me, poo fella, never mind.” And, observing, with much surprise, his own sable countenance reflected in the glass, as if it were behind the print, he suddenly exclaimed, “Ah, King Tom! you there!—Me see you—me savey you ver well, King Tom Standey, King Anobona.” At last he took his departure, pretty well “stuffed,” as he called it; and, considering the quantity he had drunk, but very slightly fuddled. But before taking leave of us, the Commodore, besides a musket, gunpowder, and many other articles, gave him a mirror, in which he continued to gaze at his own ebony visage, with unceasing and unsatisfied astonishment, all the way on shore. Like the rest of his subjects, he caught at every thing he could get; but had no notion, or took care at least, not to show any, of the value of the articles he had received, or a just sense of the attention he had met with. Some of us, observing this grasping, ungrateful, and unceremonious disposition, endeavoured to make him sensible of the value of what he had received, as he was going away, and told him that he ought to “dash” the Commodore with something, in return for so many favours. After some hesitation, he said he would send some fowls and pigs to our philanthropic chief, as a present. About an hour afterwards, a canoe came alongside, with a single fowl, and a message, saying, that the rest and the pigs had “run in bush,” that is, made their escape into the woods, and were not to be found! This was, of course, a mere excuse; but we could not help laughing at its court-like ingenuity.

BREAKFAST.

We do not dislike, it is pretty well known dining in company with a few friends; but, it is known but to ourselves, that we abhor any such public breakfast. 'Tis with us always a solitary meal. We should murder the man whom, in the morning, we heard munch munching, and snorting with his nose in a tea-cup, like a post-horse at the end of a stage with his head in a pail of water. There is something monstrous in the manner most men eat eggs—putting the open mouth of the shell to their own, and sucking in white and yolk at once with a shocking slobber. Alone, one can be blamelessly guilty of all enormities, and plump in lumps of sugar that none but an outlaw could venture on in presence of any other mortal.

Tea should be like toddy—hot, strong, and sweet; and the fourth and final bowl should be toddy, with a gay gurgle of Glenlivet. An egg to the penny-loaf is the natural proportion—and after these eight, you sit more composedly, “playing at will your virgin fancies,” with the wet and dry toast which, towards the conclusion, “you lay it on thick” with jam or jelly—but mind, never—as you hope to be shaved—spread the fruit with a knife—steel or silver—but drop it on in blobs or splashes, from a table-spoon (not a tea-spoon), or in the case of thin jelly—and especially if it be white-currant—perhaps the most delicious of all—and especially if it has been what is called spoilt in the boiling—you will act wisely by letting it run off from the slowly inclined can—without any intermediate aid—directly down upon the expectant and well-buttered bun, which will then be food equal to any ever presented in Paradise by Eve to Adam.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

AN ENGLISH INN.

THE wayside inns of staid Scotland will not bear comparison with those of merry England. There you see them smiling, with their trellised gables, low windows, and overhanging eaves all a-twitter with swallows, a little way off the road, behind a fine tree, palisaded in the front circle,—

“In winter, shelter, and in summer, shade.”

The porch is bloomy; and the privet hedge running along the low wall, does not shut out a culinary garden, deficient neither in flowers nor in fruits, with a bower at the end of the main gravel-walk, where, at tea or toddy, in love or friendship, you may sit, “the world forgetting, by the world forgot;” or take an occasional peep at the various arrivals. Right opposite, on entering, you see the bar,—and that pretty bar-maid, she is the landlord's daughter. “The parlour on the left, sir, if you please,” says a silver voice, with a sweet southern—that is, English accent—so captivating to every Scotchman's ear—and before you have had time to read the pastoral poem on the paper that gives the parlour walls their cheerful character, the same pretty creature comes trippingly in with her snooded hair comb-surmounted, and having placed you a chair, begins to wipe the table, already dustless as the mirror in which she takes a glance at her shadow, as you take a gaze on her substance; and having heard you sovereign will and pleasure expressed with all the respectful tenderness of a subject, retires with a curtsy,—and leaves you stroking your chin, in a mood of undefinable satisfaction with her, with yourself, and with all the world.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Fine Arts.

DATES OF ANCIENT MONUMENTS.

THE following directions for ascertaining the dates of Ancient Monuments, when their legends can no longer be deciphered, are taken from *Origines Genealogicae*, by Stacey Grimaldi, F.S.A.

Tenth and Eleventh Centuries.—The coffin-lid in the form of a prism, the better to shoot off the wet, because the bottom part of the stone coffin lay on the ground. In armour, the rusted, ringed, trellised, tegulated, masclad, and edge-ringed, obtained use.

Twelfth Century.—Coffin-lids improved, or distinguished with crosses: at first plain, then fleury, in bas-relief. Tables, whereon effigies or sculpture. Priests had chalices in their hands on their breast; prelates had mitres, crosiers, great crosses, and pontifical habits; knights had arms, spurs, and swords. The armour as in the preceding century. No coats of arms, on shields or otherwise, occur prior to this century. The earliest known in England are those of Geoffrey Magnaville, Earl of Essex, buried in the Temple Church, in 1164.

Thirteenth Century.—Coffin-stones, with heads or bodies emerging from them, and placed in walls, with arches turned over them. The first brass statue, that of Henry III. Lombardic capitals became general on tombstones. The first table-monument is that of King John, who died in 1216; and the fashion lasted until the reign of James I. French epitaphs occur. The oldest instance of a skeleton-monument is in 1241. Cross-legged figures are between 1224 and 1313: they imply crusaders, or that the parties had vowed to take the journey. The armour is complete mail, with only knee-pieces of plate.

Fourteenth Century.—Lombardic capitals on tombstones not used after 1361. The text, or old English hand, succeeded, and continued till the reign of Elizabeth. The inscriptions were engraven on brass, and the words abbreviated. The armour is a mixture of mail and plate, but mostly mail. Coats of arms were not quartered by subjects until this century: John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, was the first. Supporters to arms first occur, being used by Richard II. Cornets first appear: the instance is in John of Eltham, who died in 1334.

Fifteenth Century.—Burials in chapels introduced. In armour, from 1400, all plate but the gorget; in 1416, all plate occurs. Henry V. was the first who bore three *Neur-de-lis*, instead of *semée*.

Sixteenth Century.—Inlaid with brass, altar monuments at the beginning of this century. Monuments against the wall, chiefly since the Reformation. Roman round-hand took place about the end of the reign of

Henry VIII. "*Orate pro anima*" was discontinued on monuments at the Reformation. Roman Catholics have only used it since. The first deviation from the Gothic forms of tombs is the monument of Lord Darnley's mother, who died in 1578. Skeletons in shrouds succeeded, and were imitated by corpses in shrouds, tied head and foot. Figures supported their heads on their right hands, an attitude taken from the Greek and Roman monuments. A kneeling attitude for children takes date not till after the Reformation; nor for parents, except to the cross; nor the infant in swaddling clothes, nor cradle.

Seventeenth Century.—The latest date of animals at the feet is 1645. Cumbent figures occur till 1676.

W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

Russian Pleasure Barges.—The barge-men at St. Petersburg are excellent rowers, and dressed very sumptuously, like the gondoliers at Venice. A barge, according to its size, is manned with three to six pairs of oars, besides the cockswain at the helm. The crew consists of stout young men, and care is always taken that they should be good singers, and well acquainted with all the popular songs and airs. When they lie upon their oars, or row with easy pulls, they are generally called upon by the company on board to divert them with a song, or music. The latter consists of the *rojok*, or reed pipe, a hand tabor, with bells, which, according to the cadence, is either beaten or rubbed with the finger, and a pair of wooden spoons, with bells at the handle, which are used in the manner of castanets, by shaking the bells, or beating the spoons against each other.—The effect of this rustic music upon the water is very agreeable, especially at some distance, where the shrillness of the sound is modulated.

D. P. R.

Rustic Wit.—Brewer, in his account of Rutlandshire, says—"I cannot help mentioning the following *rustic bon mot*, which took place in a field near Exton Park:—Seeing the farmer and his men employed in loading a wagon with the sheaves of a very plentiful crop, he entered into conversation on their harvest of the different kinds of grain; and observing that he had heard a farmer in Nottingham complain of the scantiness of his *rye crop*, when another comforted him with the reflection that the less there was of it the more money it would fetch, as *the poor would not eat it when plentiful*. 'Ah! master,' exclaimed an aged swain, 'thank God we have a good *wheat* harvest, and so the *wry* mouths are all shut!'

P. T. W.

Quick Travelling.—The mite makes 500 steps in a second, or 30,000 in a minute. Allowing the horse to move at an equal ratio, he would perform 1,022 miles an hour. The journey from London to Birmingham would then occupy but six minutes and a fraction. (No go for steam-coaches.)

Trade of London.—It appears, by the great roll of the Exchequer, that in the first year of the reign of King John, the farm of the Cambium, or Exchange of London, was let upon lease for a term of ten years, to one Guy de Von, who stood indebted to the Crown, (in the fourth year of the same reign,) in the sum of 1,060*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.*, for the farm of the said Exchange; which proves the trade of London to have been very great at that time.

W. G. C.

Who would be an African Prince.—At Sennaar, in Africa, when a king dies, his eldest son succeeds by right; and immediately afterwards, as many of the brothers of the reigning prince as can be apprehended are put to death. This practice of murdering all the collaterals of the royal family is similar to that which prevails in Abyssinia, of confining the princes all their lives upon a mountain.

P. T. W.

Sporting in Teneriffe.—Here the natives have a less expensive method of obtaining partridges than shooting them. Towards evening, they observe where the birds perch, and taking a covered lantern with them, they proceed to the spot after dark, and suddenly unveil it, when the birds, dazzled by its glare, flutter round the light, and are easily taken hold of with the hand.

The Canary Bird.—In its native country, the Canary Islands, this bird is of a greyish green colour, instead of the light yellow with which we should naturally expect to see it clothed in its own legitimate place of abode.

Epigrams.

On a Sonnet written upon the Dee.

HAD I been U,
And in the Q,
As 'twould have been easy to B;
I'd let you C,
While sipping my T,
Far better lines upon the D.

From the Greek.

An atom met the head of Mark the lean,
It sliced it into halves, and walked between.

Homer.

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

On a Bald Head.

My hair and I are quits d'ye see,
I first cut him, he now cuts me.

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THE EPSOM WATERS.



VIEW OF THE OLD WELLS.

Our present subject may be "a day after the fair," or a week after the Races; but, we hope it will not prove a whit the less interesting to the reader. The fame of Epsom Salts is, at least, as worthy of record as that of Epsom Races.*

The celebrity of the mineral spring at Epsom is of earlier date than that of the Races: indeed, the latter may be regarded as one of the results of the discovery of the waters, in 1618. It was the first found spring of the kind in England, and was the signal for improvement in Epsom. The enlargement of the town did not, however, take place to any extent, until, in 1670, the gay Duchess of Cleveland pulled down the palace of Nonsuch,† with the materials of which many large mansions were built in Epsom.

* We have already illustrated the past and present fame of Epsom Races, see the origin of the races, *Mirror*, vol. xix. p. 399—361; and an Engraving of the New Race Stand, see *Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 353.

† For an Engraving of the Nonsuch Palace, about three miles from Epsom, see *Mirror*, vol. xi. p. 97.

The springs are pleasantly situated on the common, between Epsom and Ashted, to the north-west of the turnpike-road. They were discovered by one Henry Wicker, who, observing a small hole in the ground full of water in a dry summer, enlarged it, for the purpose of watering his cattle; but they would not drink the water. This caused some inquiry to be made into the reason of their refusal, and the water was at length supposed to be aluminous. It was at first used for healing sores and curing wounds; but, about 1630, some labourers, who accidentally drank it, found it to be purgative. The discovery of the spring is, however, much disputed; and other accounts carry it back to the time of Elizabeth, or James I.

In August, 1769, "A Concise Historical Account of the Old Epsom Well" appeared in Lloyd's *Evening Post*. It begins with stating that, before any house was erected, it was called "Flower-dale," on account of its mild, salubrious air; that, towards the end

of the reign of Elizabeth, the pond was frequented by country people who were troubled with ulcers, &c. In the reign of James I. some physicians visited the pond, and analyzed the water, which they found to contain a bitter cathartic salt. The spring now became more generally known, Epsom was visited by strangers, the lord of the manor built a shed to shelter the invalid visitors, and inclosed the wells with a wall. About this period, Drs. Grew, Moulton, and others, analyzed the water: they reported it to contain a soluble bitter acid salt, consisting of eight parts of nitre and one of earth, without any alum, as before supposed; and that it was diluent, absorbent, diuretic, gently cathartic, and innocent in operation. Soon afterwards, salts were prepared from the waters, and sold at the extravagant price of 5s. per ounce.

Fashion had now dignified the Epsom spring with her recommendation; and about the year 1690, the concourse of families and foreigners resorting to Epsom, to drink the waters, was so great, that Mr. Parkhurst, then lord of the manor, enlarged the building at the Wells, by erecting a ball-room, 70 ft. long, with other conveniences; he also inclosed a piece of ground with a brick wall, coped with free-stone, a portion of which wall was standing about eight years since. Mr. Parkhurst also planted the neighbouring grounds with avenues of elms. The village now became a haunt of fashion; lodging-houses were built for the visitors; taverns, at that time reputed to be the largest in England, were opened; sedan chairs and numbered coaches attended. There was a public breakfast, with dancing and music, every morning, at the Wells; there was also a ride, as in Hyde Park; and on the Downs, races were held daily at noon,—with cudgelling and wrestling matches, foot-races, &c. in the afternoon. The evenings were usually spent in private parties, assemblies, or cards; and neither Bath nor Tunbridge boasted of more noble visitors than did Epsom at the time we are describing.

The Wells, however, from 1704 to 1715, gradually lost their reputation, the cause of which was unknown at the time; but afterwards appeared to be owing to the knavery of an adventurous apothecary, who purchased some land in the town of Epsom, and thereon built assembly and gaming-rooms, shops for milliners, jewellers, toymen, &c.; planted a grove, made a bowling-green, sunk a well, and laid on the water into a basin in the assembly-room, calling this establishment the New Wells, and by its novelties alluring the company from the Old Wells.* The water

of the New Wells, however, proved inefficacious, and that of the Old Wells fell into disrepute for want of a distinction. The cunning apothecary subsequently contrived to monopolize the whole concern, by procuring the lease of the Old Wells, which he locked up until near his death, in 1727. At the time of the South Sea Bubble, in 1720, the alchemists, Dutch, Germans, Jews, &c. filled the village; its balls and amusements were revived, and gaming prevailed to an alarming extent; several large houses were built; and among the celebrated visitors of this period was Mrs. Mapp, the female bone-setter, known to all readers of the marvellous. When the Bubble burst, Epsom was again deserted; but it became, as it now remains, a wealthy and respectable village, without retaining any of its former vicious sources of amusement.

From this period, we have little to record of Epsom as a public resort. The buildings of the Old Wells were repaired, and although the town was not so much frequented by strangers, the neighbouring gentry still came to the Wells every Monday in the summer, and had a public breakfast, with music, dancing, and cards, till about three o'clock. This custom, however, soon declined, and the waters gradually fell into disrepute. Between the years 1760 and 1770, a surgeon from London attempted to revive the fame of the spring, by preparing magnesia with the water, and opening the rooms for public breakfast; but he was unsuccessful.

At length, in 1804, the mansion at the Old Wells was entirely pulled down, the ground was sold, and the purchaser built thereon the small dwelling-house seen in the annexed Engraving. The well is preserved, as are also the old walls which inclose the garden; but the spring is now only visited by curious strangers, who have little or no faith in the mineral waters.†

The Epsom water is transparent and colourless, and at first appears tasteless, but leaves a decidedly bitter and saltish taste upon the tongue. Mr. Booth observes, "it has never been analyzed with any considerable accuracy, but the contents are principally sulphate of magnesia, with but a small portion of the muriates of lime and magnesia." Sulphate of magnesia is almost constantly an ingredient of those mineral waters which have purgative properties. It was first discovered in the spring at Epsom, whence it

the attractions, natural and artificial, of Epsom, in glowing colours.

† In the summers of 1822 and 1823, Mr. Whitlaw and Dr. Pidduck, celebrated for their American remedies for scrofula, sent several of their patients, afflicted with diseased livers, scrofula, or an impure state of the blood, &c., to drink the Epsom waters, combined with decoctions of their American medicinal herbs; all of whom were either cured or materially benefited within a few weeks.

* This adventurous, overreaching spirit has ruined other resorts besides Epsom. In the reign of Queen Anne, 1711, Mr. Toland published a flowery *Description of Epsom, with the humours and politics of the place*, in a letter to *Eudoxa*, wherein he enumerates

derives its common name, *Epsom Salts*. Dr. Ure dates its discovery in 1610. As we have stated, such was its celebrity, that, at one period, it could but with difficulty be purchased at 5s. per ounce;—it may now be obtained in any druggist's shop at one penny per ounce. The discovery of the salt in the Epsom water, and its high price led chemists to seek it elsewhere; and, at the present day, probably not an ounce of Epsom salts is annually made from the original water. It is now, according to Brande, usually obtained from sea-water, the residue of which, after the separation of common salt, is known by the name of *bittern*, and contains sulphate and muriate of magnesia; the latter is decomposed by sulphuric acid: a portion of muriate of magnesia often remains in the sulphate, and renders it deliquescent; it is also occasionally obtained from saline springs, (though we believe not from those at Epsom;) and sometimes by the action of sulphuric acid on magnesian lime-stone. It has been found native, constituting the *bitter and hair salt* of mineralogists: it not unfrequently occurs as a fine capillary, (or hair-like,) incrustation upon the damp walls of cellars and new buildings.*

The extensive use of sulphate of magnesia in medicine as an aperient need only be mentioned to show the caprice of the public in neglecting the Epsom waters. Indeed, Epsom salts are often the active principle of a prescription, for which the dyspeptic patient pays a guinea or two to a fashionable physician; and many an eighteenpenny draught is but a coloured solution of a few dwts. of this effective salt. It is difficult, therefore, to account for the neglect of the Epsom water otherwise than we have stated. The activity of the most celebrated mineral springs in England is attributable to their containing this salt; and some in less proportions than the Epsom water. Thus, a gallon of the famed Cheltenham water is found to contain 555 grains, of which 480 grains are pure Epsom Salts combined with Glauber. In the springs of Pyrmont and Seidlitz, this salt also occurs in large proportions; and many years since, Dr. Hoffman decided that the Epsom waters had "a considerable affinity to that of Seidlitz, in Bohemia," the high price of the salts of which, in this country, is to be regretted by all but the vendors.

We suspect, however, that the cause of the sinking fame of all mineral waters is now generally understood. The *rationale* of their beneficial effects lay in the change of air and scene materially aiding the active properties of the waters. Toland sagaciously observed this of the Epsom waters, when he said it was not surprising if citizens of London coming to Epsom, "from the worst of smoke

to the best of airs," speedily found themselves restored to perfect health.

Our acknowledgment for the annexed Engraving, and certain of the historical particulars in the preceding columns, are due to the author of the ingenious *History of Epsom*, already recommended to our readers.

THE PIRATE LEADER, TO HIS BAND.

OVER the wave we're bounding,
As the stag bounds o'er the stream;
And upon the brow of ocean
Our white sails dimly gleam,
Like the phantom-shapes that people
The pirates' mountain dream.
Like sea-birds on the billow,
As tameless and as free,
We sweep our stormy empire,
Whose throne belongs to me;
And monarchs bow submissive
To our thunder on the sea.
The noble oak shall never
To its servile foemen quail;
But brave the wintry tempest,
And stem the wintry gale;
Like a hero's heart unslaken,
When winds and waves prevail!
Then, o'er the foamy billow,
Our gallant bark shall glide;
And our deathless scenes of triumph
Shall consecrate the tide,
With our meteor-flag unfolded—
The symbol of our pride!
Oh! be it ours, companions!
To dare the stormy wave;
And scorn the festive pleasures
Of sensualist and slave;
For battle, wreck, and tempest,
Shall never daunt the brave!

G. R. C.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

THERE are two Libraries within the walls of the Seraglio, for the use of the Imperial Household;—they were founded by Ahmed III. and Mustapha III., and enriched with books acquired by themselves or by their successors. These libraries contain upwards of 15,000 volumes; and the number is continually increasing, either by purchase, by donations made to the sovereign by his grantees, or by the confiscations which he frequently makes of the effects of public officers, among which some books are always to be found.

Concerning the contents of these libraries much uncertainty has prevailed, and many erroneous reports have been circulated. The Abbé Sevin was deterred from making further research by the assurances he had received—that Amurath IV. had burned all the Greek manuscripts they contained. He deemed further inquiry fruitless. Succeeding travellers, relying on assurances that were equally undeserving of credit, have asserted, that in them were preserved the ancient collections of the Greek emperors. More fortunate than preceding travellers, the Abbé Toderini, (after three years' unremit-

* Manual of Chemistry, vol. i. p. 477.

attempts, during his residence in Constantinople,) found means to procure transcripts of the present catalogue of the libraries of the Seraglio, by means of an attendant page, who clandestinely transcribed a few lines every day.

From the inquiries of this learned Abbé, it appears, that the worth of the Seraglio libraries has been greatly exaggerated. The collections are much inferior to some of those which are open to the public. Commentaries, explanations, marginal notes, &c., on the Koran, occupy the largest portion;—to these succeed treatises on jurisprudence, also with commentaries and marginal notes; philosophy, logic, astronomy, arithmetic, medicine, and ethics. The historical works are few in number, and chiefly confined to the Ottoman empire. There are some manuscripts, in the Greek, Latin, and other European languages; but no traces are to be found of the lost Decades of Livy, of the works of Homer or Tacitus, or [of such parts as are wanting to complete the works of other ancient authors.

Besides the libraries of the Seraglio, Constantinople possesses thirty-two public libraries, of various sizes, and all celebrated for the number and value of their manuscripts.

The MSS. in the Turkish libraries are neatly bound in red, green, or black morocco. The Mohammedans have a peculiar method of endorsing, placing, and preserving their books: each volume, besides being bound in morocco leather, is preserved from dust by a case of the same material, on which, as well as on the edges of the leaves, the title is written in large characters.

All these libraries are open to the inspection of the public throughout the year, except on Tuesdays and Fridays; and the librarians are polite and attentive to those whom curiosity or love of study may attract thither. Every one is at liberty, not merely to peruse, but to make extracts from, the books, and even to transcribe them entirely; but only within the library, as the regulations of these establishments do not admit of any volumes being lent out to read.

In order to facilitate military researches, each library is furnished with an exact catalogue, containing the title, and giving a short account of the subject of, each volume. Theology, (including the Koran and commentaries thereon, as well as the oral laws of the prophet,) jurisprudence, philosophy, metaphysics, medicine, ethics, and history, are the sciences chiefly cultivated by the followers of Mohammed. The books are written with the greatest care, on the finest vellum; the text of each page is inclosed in a highly-ornamented and gilt frame-work; the beginning of each chapter, or section, is splendidly illuminated with golden letters. Hence, the value of the manuscripts is greatly enhanced,

and their prices vary in proportion to the beauty of the characters.

FERNANDO.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE:

PUBLIC WALKS AND GARDENS.

(Concluded from page 334.)

In the last century, the suburbs of London had their public walks, which the giant Monopoly has covered with forests of trim-built villas and groves of chimneys. The multiplicity of *Mineral Springs* had their gardens and promenades—as Bagnigge Wells, Bermondsey, St. Chad, Dog and Duck, Dulwich, Hampstead, Hoxton, Islington, Kilburn, Lambeth, Norwood, St. Pancras, Streatham, Shadwell, Woodford, &c. With few exceptions, these fountains have dried up, and public patronage has, as Spenser phrases it, “welled forth away” from them. The mineral springs were neglected, and the medicinal associations of the spot forgotten. The fashion of *Tea-drinking* succeeded: hence the *Tea-gardens* round London.* Sadler’s Wells, Copenhagen House, (originally opened by a Dane,) and Highbury Barn, all in the neighbourhood of Islington, were among the most celebrated resorts north of London. Islington has also been famous for its cows, for centuries past.† Hampstead has been a favourite resort since the commencement of the 17th century, when it teemed with amusements and dissipation. The original tea-gardens at Bayswater were about sixty years ago, the property of the late Sir John Hill, who here cultivated his medicinal plants, and prepared from them his tinctures, essences, &c. Chelsea, though now proverbial for its dulness, was formerly a place of great gaiety. Thousands flocked to Salter’s, or, as it was dubbed, Don Saltero’s Coffee-house, in Cheyne Walk; the buns were eaten by princesses; and the public were allowed to walk in thirteen acres of avenues of lime and horse-chestnut trees, in the extensive gardens adjoining the College. This privilege was disallowed in 1806; but, within these few weeks, these grounds have again been opened to the public.‡

Vauxhall, until the year 1730, resembled a tea-garden of our days, “planted with trees and laid out into walks;” and it was not until the above date that it became exclusively a place of evening entertainment; for, Addison refers to it as Spring Garden, and speaks of “the choirs of birds that sung upon

* It is somewhat curious that Tea should be distinctively drunk in *gardens*, and Coffee in *houses*; for we never hear of a Coffee-garden, or a Tea-house.

† In the entertainment given to Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth Castle, in 1575, by the Earl of Leicester, the Squier Minstrel of Middlesex makes a long speech in praise of Islington, whose motto is declared to be, “*Lac caseus infans*.”

‡ *Kew Gardens* and *Richmond Park*—the former nine, and the latter ten miles from the metropolis—can scarcely be included in its recreative resorts.

the trees."* *Ranelagh* was a still more artificial world than Vauxhall: though the former had its little grove, lake, temple, bridge, &c. fashion marked out the stupendous rotunda, 150 feet diameter, for the favourite display of her follies.

Clapham Common owes its present park-like appearance to the public spirit of the neighbouring residents; for, originally, the common was little better than a morass. In this instance, the Londoner of the present century is a gainer. In the meantime, he has lost the grove at Camberwell, probably, within the reader's recollection, the most delightfully overarching avenue near the metropolis, with the generous Dr. Lettsom's rustic retreat, embosomed in its silvan pride. All has vanished, as by necromantic art, and a vista of lath and plaster appeared in place of the "embowering grove."

Greenwich is scarcely without our pale; so that we extend our walk to its beautiful *Park*. It contains 188 acres, walled round by James I., and planted with elms and Spanish chestnuts in intersecting rows, and avenues by Le Nôtre, in the reign of Charles II. Probably, John Evelyn gave some suggestion in its disposal, for he was the first treasurer of the Hospital. The *Park* itself, independent of its prospects, is delightfully picturesque; and Mr. Loudon considers "the coup d'œil of the metropolis from this park as interesting a thing of the kind as exists."

By this hasty sketch, we have shown that almost the only walks reserved for the people are on the verge of the metropolis. The gardens of the Inns of Court, and the squares, are, we repeat, mere *oases*, in comparison with the promenades of our forefathers. It is true, the *Temple Garden*† is open to the public during the summer months; and circumscribed as is the pleasantness, the brief privilege of its enjoyment, makes the Londoner regret that the margin of the Thames has not many such resorts. Even the sight of the private gardens formerly on the banks of the river must have been refreshing: as, old Somerset House, with its geometrical garden, for which Sir William Chambers's fine terrace is but an uninteresting substitute. Inigo Jones built a water-gate for the Somerset gardens, as he did also for York Palace, the gate of which remains to this day, at the end of Buckingham-street, Strand.‡

* Monoconys, about 1663, describes Spring Gardens, or Vauxhall, "as much resorted to, having grass and sand walks; dividing squares of twenty or thirty yards, which were inclosed with hedges of gooseberries, whilst within were raspberries, roses, beans, and asparagus." For a concise description of Vauxhall, with an Engraving of the Gardens, nearly a century since, see *Mirror*, vol. xvi.

† The Temple Garden is referred to by Shakespeare as the arena of the feud which gave rise to the celebrated York and Lancaster wars.—See Henry IV.

‡ Leading to this Water Gate is a short terrace,

The gardens of the Inns of Court, except those of the Temple and Gray's Inn, are open only to the residents. In Gray's Inn there is one of the finest avenues in or near the metropolis; and Verulam Buildings, close by, will remind the visiter that the great Lord Bacon studied here, and probably enjoyed this very walk; for he was a philosophical lover of gardens. The grounds of Lincoln's Inn are likewise of some extent, and have a noble terrace; but those of the remaining Inns are, for the most part, pent up with buildings, with here and there a mutilated and forlorn tree; and the name of Fig-tree Court, in the Temple, denotes the spot to have once had more rural scenery than at present. In Covent Garden the olden association is more strictly preserved; though we have colonnades of stone for leafy arcades, the display of Nature's bounty is still profuse; and, in certain respects, it is still a garden, though with none of her refreshing quiet.

The *Squares* of London scarcely fall within the list of its public gardens; though some of these inclosures are laid out with much taste: that of Lincoln's Inn, or the "Fields," is one of the finest. Few of the western squares existed before 1770; their sites were then rather sheep-walks, paddocks, and kitchen-gardens.

The scarcity of public walks in London has led to innumerable suggestions. A few years since, Colonel Trench proposed the formation of an open quay on the banks of the Thames, for pleasure as well as commerce; but the plan was considered too expensive, and was not entertained. Another project, of opening to view St. Paul's Cathedral from the river, by public walks and terraces, experienced a similar reception; and we have just seen an engraved plan of Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross, planted and laid out in parterres and walks, with a trophied fountain and other embellishments; a project which may not be lost sight of in the alterations in progress in that quarter.

Boulevards, or bulwark walks, are among the most admired recreations of the cities on the continent: they are broad roads, planted on both sides with trees, near the margin of the city, originally formed on ramparts, and completely encircling it. Paris has eighteen of these Boulevards, which are fine equestrian promenades, though many of their trees were cut down in the late revolution.

Mr. Loudon suggests that "a promenade might be formed in the margin of London, of a very interesting kind, by continuing the street called the New Road through Hyde Park, entering close to where Kensington Gardens leave off, proceeding thence across

planted with rows of lime-trees; to which the residents in the neighbourhood have access by keys; and the walk is neatly kept by a person who is paid by subscription among those who enjoy the privilege.

the Serpentine River, and coming out exactly opposite Sloane-street: then along this street and part of the King's Road, to the road leading to Vauxhall Bridge; from this bridge along roads already formed, and as may be seen by the map, well suited to lead to Blackheath; then turn towards London through Greenwich Park, so as to display the best views of the metropolis over Greenwich Hospital; form a viaduct, or road, or a cast-iron colonnade, across the river, sufficiently high to admit ships in full sail to pass under; descend this, and join the City Road, which joins the New Road, and completes the circle.*

What a joyful scene would be the holiday population of London poured forth upon this boulevard, and thus gaining a grand view of the metropolis, and by a few digressions, glancing at all the most interesting gardens, scenery, and objects in the suburbs, in one day. This would indeed be a fit scene for the amusement of the people; and if such a road were margined with gardens, their exhilarating beauties would gladden the eyes and hearts of thousands who now seek relaxation in pleasures that poison life, and wither up the best energies of man. To whom can pure air and gardens furnish more enjoyment than to the inhabitants of a densely populated city? and we see the zest for such pleasures in thousands of houses in our metropolis. But, this almost universal passion for gardens has been thus forcibly illustrated by the ingenious author just quoted:

"The laborious journeyman mechanic, whose residence in large cities is often in the air, rather than on the earth, decorates his garret window with a few garden pots. The debtor, deprived of personal liberty, and the pauper in the workhouse, divested of all property in external things, and without any fixed object on which to place their affections, sometimes resort to this symbol of the territorial appropriation and enjoyment. So natural is it for all to fancy they have an inherent right in the soil, and so necessary to happiness to exercise the affections, by having some object on which to place them."†

PHILO.

* *Encyclopædia of Gardening.*

† *Ibid.*

Anecdote Gallery.

BUONAPARTANIA.*

ONE day, at the camp of Boulogne, Napoleon, accompanied by some engineers, was walking on the beach, and an old sailor was there also; they met, and the old tar, without seeming the least embarrassed, answered with much promptness to the questions put to him. During this discourse, the Emperor took out his gold snuff-box and opened it mechanically; the sailor, on seeing it, first

saluted the Emperor familiarly, and then plunged his two fingers into the box. "The deuce!" exclaimed Napoleon, "it seems, comrade, that you like it." The sailor disconcerted at this remark, let fall the pinch, and began to apologize. The Emperor shut the box. "Here, my brave fellow," said he, "as you like the snuff so well, take the box also." The old sailor ever after was continually relating this anecdote. There was not a cabin boy but was anxious to see the snuff-box; and this little adventure rendered Napoleon more popular in the fleet, than if they had received a present of six months' day.

Soon after the elevation of Buonaparte to the consulship, he sent for Madame de Montesson, the reputed widow of the Duke of Orleans, and desired to know if there was any thing in which he could be of service to her. "General," said she, "I have no claim upon your generosity." "Do you not know," said Buonaparte, "that I received from you my first crown? You came to Brienne, with the Duke of Orleans, to distribute the prizes, and placing upon my head the laurel wreath, which was the precursor of others, you said, 'May it be lucky to you!' It is said that I am a fatalist: thus it is very natural that I should remember this circumstance, which you have forgotten. It will afford me great pleasure to be of service to you."

No WHERE, unless it were on the field of battle, (says M. de Bourrienne,) have I seen Buonaparte more delighted, than in his gardens at Malmaison. During the early part of the consulate, we retired thither every Saturday evening, staying over Sunday, and sometimes Monday. Here the Consul made study give place a little to walking, and overseeing in person the improvements which he had ordered. At first he sometimes visited the environs, until the report of the police poisoned his native feelings of security, by insinuating fears of royalist partisans lying in wait to carry him off. For the first four or five days, on getting possession, he amused himself, after breakfast, in calculating the income, omitting nothing, not even the care of the park, and the price of the vegetables. He found the whole amount to be 8,000 francs (333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*) of rent. "That is not so bad," were his words, "but to live here, one would require an income of 30,000 francs." (1,250*l.*) I fell a laughing heartily to see him seriously apply to this inquiry. These humble desires were not of long duration.

IN 1815, Lanjuinais was elected President of the Chamber of Representatives. On this occasion he had an interview with Napoleon. Napoleon.—Sir, there is now no room for

* See also page 294.

double dealing, you must reply to my questions. Lanjuinais.—Sire, I will with the rapidity of lightning; I make no compromise with my conscience. Napoleon.—Are you of my party? Lanjuinais.—I have never been of any man's party; I have always belonged to my duty. Napoleon.—You equivocate; will you obey me? Lanjuinais.—Yes, Sire, according to the tenor of my duty. Napoleon.—But you hate me? Lanjuinais.—I have the happiness never to have hated any one; I have always, as far as possible, indulged a kindly disposition, and exercised beneficence even towards those who for eighteen months made me liable to be killed at sight. At these words the Emperor held out his arms and embraced him; and from that moment they stood in amicable relation to each other. W. G. C.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ASSIMILATION.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—"Through the whole world this holds in general, and is the end of all, that every thing labours to make the thing it meets with, like itself. Fire converts all to fire. Air exsiccates and draws to itself. Water moistens, and resolveth what it meets withal. Earth changes all that we commit to her, to her own nature. The world is all vicissitude and conversion. Nor is it only true in materials and substances, but even in spirits, in incorporeals; nay, in these there is more aptness; they mix more subtilly, and pass into one another with a nimbler glide. So we see infection sooner taken by breath than contact: and thus it is in dispositions too. The soldier labours to make his companion valiant; the scholar endeavours to have his friend learned; the bad man would have his company like himself; and the good man strives to frame others virtuous. Every man will be busy in depending that quality, which is predominant in him. Whence this caveat may well become us, to beware both whom and what we choose to live withal. We can converse with nothing, but will work upon us; and by the unperceived stealth of time, assimilate us to itself. The choice, therefore, of a man's company, is one of the most weighty actions of our lives: for, our future well or ill being depends on that election. If we choose ill, every day declines us to worse; we have a perpetual weight hanging on us, that is ever sinking us down to vice. But if we choose well, we have a hand of virtue, gently lifting us to a continual rising nobleness. Antisthenes used to wonder at those, that were curious but in buying an earthen dish, to see that it had no cracks, nor inconveniences, and yet would be careless in the choice of friends; to take them with the

flaws of vice. Surely a man's companion is a second genius, to sway him to the white, or bad. A good man is like the day, enlightening and warming all he shines on, and is always raising upward, to a region of more constant purity, than that wherein it finds the object. The bad man is like the night, dark, obstruding fears, and dimmitting unwholesome vapours upon all that rest beneath. Nature is so far from making any thing absolutely idle, that even to stones and dullest metals, she hath given an operation: they grow, and spread, in our general mother's veins: and by a cunning way of encroachment, cozen the earth of itself: and when they meet a brothered constitution, they then unite and fortify. Hence grows the height of friendship, when two similar souls shall blend in their commixions. This causes, that we seldom see different dispositions to be entirely loving. It is likeness that makes the true love, not of friendship. When we find another of our own disposition, what is it, but the same soul in a divided body? What find we, but ourselves intermutually transposed, each into other? And nature, that makes us love ourselves, makes us, with the same reason, love those that are like us. For this, a friend is a more sacred name than a brother. What avails it to have the bodies from the same original, when the souls within them differ? I believe, that the applause which the ancients gave to equal friendship, was to be understood of the likeness of minds, rather than of estate, or years: for, we find no season, nor no degree of man, but hath been happy with this sun of the world, friendship: whereas in joining dispositions, we never as yet found it true. Nay, I think, if the minds be consonant, the best friendship is between different fortunes. He that is low, looks upward with a greater loving reverence: and he that is high looks downward more affectionately; when he takes it to be for his honour, to favour his inferior, whom he cannot choose but love the more for magnifying him. Something I would look to outwards; but in a friend, I would especially choose him full of worth, that if I be not so myself, he yet may work me like him. So for company, books, or whatsoever; I would, if I have freedom, choose the best: though at first I should not fancy them, continual use will alter me, and then I shall gain by their graces. If judgment direct me right in my choice, custom, winning upon my will, will never fail in time to draw that after it." W. G. C.

From the Court Rolls of Temple Wycombe.
20 Hen. 8.—April 14. Geo. Sawyer's wife, presented, for keeping ill government in her inn. Bailiffs ordered to remove her.
26 Eliz.—March 12. A presentment against the inhabitants of Wycomb, for not keeping bows and arrows. M. L. B.



SITE OF BABYLON.

"Babylon is fallen." *Isaiah, xxxi. 9.*

BABYLON was for ages the most famous city in the whole world. Its walls, which were reckoned among the "wonders of the world," appeared rather like the bulwarks of nature than the workmanship of man. Their extent, height and breadth, are variously stated: the first is estimated by Major Rennell, from conflicting testimonies, to have been 34 miles; and the lowest statement of their height is 75 feet, and the breadth at 32 feet. The temple of Belus, half a mile in circumference and a furlong in height—the hanging gardens, which, piled in successive terraces, towered as high as the walls—the embankments which restrained the Euphrates—the hundred brazen gates—and the adjoining artificial lake—all displayed many of the mightiest works of mortals concentrated in a single spot, which is now a trackless desert. Immense tumuli of temples, palaces, and human habitations of every description are everywhere seen, and form long and varied lines of ruins, which, in some places, rather resemble natural hills than mounds which cover the remains of great and splendid edifices. Babylon is fallen, literally fallen to such a degree, that those who stand on its site, and look on numerous parallel mounds with a hollow space between them, are sometimes at a loss to distinguish between the remains of a street or a canal, or to tell where the crowds frequented, or where the water flowed. The view of Babylon, as taken from the spot, is truly a picture of utter desolation, presenting its heaps to the eye, and showing how, as if literally buried under them, Babylon is brought down to the grave. One traveller, towards the end of the last century, passed over the site of this renowned city, without being conscious of having traversed it.

To the left in the Engraving is seen the majestic Euphrates, and in the opposite direction are vast pools or excavations which have been formed by workmen in digging

for bricks; these pools have been filled by the overflowing of the river. The whole scene has a dreary, lonely nakedness, and there reigns around "a silence profound as the grave: Babylon is now a silent scene, a sublime solitude." Neither the shepherd nor the Arab, who fearlessly traverse the spot by day could now be persuaded to remain a single night among the ruins. The superstitious dread of evil spirits, far more than the natural terror of the wild beasts, effectually prevents them. The caverns in the ruins are the refuge of jackalls. Two or three lordly lions were seen upon the heights by Sir Robert Ker Porter, and the broad prints of their feet were left plain in the clayey soil.

We quote these impressive details from the Rev. Mr. Keith's valuable work on Prophecy;* wherein the author has shown the most erudite and unwearied research in identifying the fulfilment of prophecy with the present face of the countries, their ruins of past ages, &c. The Engraving is from a print in Sir Robert Ker Porter's *Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c.* In parting with this very interesting subject, we must acknowledge the truth and force of an observation in a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review*: "the records of the human race do not present a contrast more striking than that between the primeval magnificence of Babylon and its long desolation."

GRATITUDE.

EPICURUS says—"Gratitude is a virtue that has commonly profit annexed to it." And where is the virtue, say I, that has not? But still the virtue is to be valued for itself, and not for the profit that attends it.—*Seneca.*

* Evidence of the Truth of the Christian Religion, derived from the literal fulfilment of Prophecy; particularly as illustrated by the history of the Jews and by the discoveries of recent Travellers. By the Rev. Alexander Keith. Tenth Edition, 1833.

MEMORIALS OF THE RESTORATION.



(Watch Key.)

THE above Engravings represent a curious heart-shaped watch-key, and a pair of snuffers, stand, and extinguisher. The originals were given by Charles II. to the Pendrell family, as a mark of his gratitude, for their having been very instrumental in his preservation.* The snuffers are somewhat larger than the size now in common use; the stand and extinguisher are in the same proportion. The angular and circular parts, which form a sort of frame-work, are made of brass, and the interstices are filled up with plates of coloured porcelain. The watch-key is the size of the engraving, and is made of the heart of oak: it is about three-eighths of an inch thick, is faced on each side with a plate of silver, and is surmounted by an acorn of the same metal. On one side is engraved the branching oak, with the head of Charles II.; and on the other is the following inscription—"Quercus Car. 2d. Conservatrix. 1651." The pipe of the key is of brass.

These relics are in the possession of Mrs. Cope, of No. 3, Regent-street, Westminster; who is a descendant of the Pendrell family. Her father lies buried in St. Giles's churchyard, where a tomb erected to his memory may be seen.

Mrs. Cope is the rightful heir to the pension granted by King Charles to her ancestors; but the registers that would have proved this were burnt, with the Catholic Chapel, Moorfields, many years ago, by a mob excited to desperation by the cry, "No Popery."

AMICULUS.



(Snuffers.)

* For some particulars of the family, see *Mirror* vol. xiii. p. 419—vol. xiv. p. 35.

The Public Journals.

BERANGER, THE FRENCH POET.

[In the last number of *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* there is a spirited analysis of the songs of this celebrated *chansonnier*. Pierre Jean de Beranger was born in Paris in 1782, of humble parentage. Having been apprenticed to a printer, a taste for poetry was fostered by his master striving to teach him to spell correctly, who thus repaired the deficiencies of his early education. Amidst the turbulent scenes in Paris during his youth, he appeared to pass his time in an aimless manner, with all the reverses which generally attend the pursuits of a *litterateur*. After wearing on in poverty and disappointment until 1803, as a last expedient he inclosed some of his poems to Lucien Buonaparte, a man of taste, of an amiable mind, and a lover of poetry himself, who lent a helping hand immediately to the young poet and administered to his immediate wants. He also procured for him a small appointment in the Bureau of Public Instruction, which Beranger retained until the Restoration. He now began to study with some definite aim, and devoted himself to the cultivation of that species of writing which has secured for him fame. His first publications were little more than happy specimens of the common French song, (than which, nothing can be more simple and unpretending,) but he soon conceived the ambition of lending bolder wings to his muse: "he was but playing with the foil, until his hand should become familiar with a brighter weapon." On the restoration of the Bourbons began Beranger's decided efforts as a satirist—"He threw his muse," says the reviewer, "into the arms of the people; his songs were composed for the commonest street airs; his language, without losing its grace or propriety, became more pointed, terse, and vernacular; his aim was to give his countrymen a music which should rally them round the banners of the cause for which they were to fight. Various and spirit stirring were its accents; now quick in sarcasm, now indignant in denunciation; at times softened by allusions to former days, and arousing, with thrilling pathos, memories which were dear to the hearts of the people."

In 1821, Beranger published by subscription a second collection of his songs. Ten thousand copies were instantly subscribed for. The Government took alarm, and dismissed him from his little office in the Bureau of Public Instruction: and this was followed up by a prosecution on charges of sedition, blasphemy, &c. He was sentenced to an imprisonment of three months, and a fine of 300 francs. It made his fortune, for as he himself writes, "the nation now took charge of his fortunes."

When Charles X. ascended the throne, Beranger's muse pursued that unhappy dynasty with all its sarcasm and poignancy. The ministers of that monarch did not allow him to escape so easily. He was again persecuted, sentenced to imprisonment for nine months, and a fine levied of 10,000 francs. This was raised by a general subscription. Since the revolution of 1830, the path of emolument and distinction has lain open to Beranger, but he has constantly refused to enter it. "Beranger's personal character," says the writer, "exists in his writings; modest, gay, and affectionate, a lover of independence, not averse to self-indulgence, but alive to all the best emotions of human nature—such is the poet—such is the man. Little need be added to complete the portrait which we have now attempted to give of Beranger. Few who have accompanied us in the examination of his writings, will require to be told that we regard him as a poet of a very high order. A brief enumeration of the qualities on behalf of which we assign to him this great praise, is all that will now be requisite. They are,—a bright and strong imagination; a variety which never exhausts itself; an alternate tenderness and force, blended in the happiest combinations; a clear, intellectual vision, whereby he embraces, with commanding effect, the most striking forms and qualities of whatsoever he portrays; a wit, warm, brilliant, and genial; and a large capacity of soul, which can entertain with equal propriety the slightest and the most elevated themes. Of the graces of his manner and language, no translation, no description can afford the most distant conception; the melody, the simplicity, the sly and caressing tone of his songs, defy all imitation; and, even in the original, require, for their due appreciation, no superficial knowledge of the language, which he employs with such consummate felicity and art. He has left behind him no successor to his reputation; and we do not think it possible that any future time can produce a competitor, to dethrone him from his place of allowed supremacy over his country's song, which his genius has so nobly embellished and enlarged."

We conclude with the poet's own touching and noble farewell.]

ADIEU CHANSONS!

"O late, my faded garland to revive,
In accents soft, or learned, or severe,
I thought to sing,—when lo! I saw arrive
The Fay that nursed my childhood's earliest year.
'Seek shelter for the long, cold eve of life,
For winter's breath hath silvered o'er thy head,
Long years of toil have dulled thy voice,' she said:
'The voice that dared to brave the tempests strife.
My furrowed brow is bare—adieu, my lute!
The north wind groans afar—the bird is mute!
'Gone are the days,' she said, 'when, like a lyre,
Thy bounding soul to every mood could thrill,
And thy glad nature, like a shooting fire,
O'er the dim sky shed meteor-beams at will.

Thy heaven is narrower now, and full of gloom ;
 The friend's long laugh was silenced long ago,
 How many gone ! and thou art following slow,—
 Thine own Lisette is sleeping in the tomb,
 My furrowed brow is bare—adieu, my lute !
 The north wind groans afar—the bird is mute !

“ Yet bless thy lot :—By thee, a voice of song
 Hath stirred the humblest of a noble race ;
 And music, flying, bore thy words along
 To ears unused to learning's rigid grace.
 Your Tullys speak to cultured crowds alone,—
 But thou, in open feud with kingly sway,
 Hast wed, to give full chorus to thy lay,
 The people's measures to the lyric tone.”

My furrowed brow is bare—adieu, my lute !
 The north wind groans afar—the bird is mute !

“ Thy shafts, that even dared to pierce a throne,
 By a fond nation gathered as they fell,
 From far and near, she bade, in concert thrown,
 Back to their aim ten thousands arms impel.
 And when that throne its thunders thought to wield,
 In three brief days old weapons blew it down ;—
 Of all the shots in velvet and in crown,
 How many charges sent thy muse a-field !

My furrowed brow is bare—adieu, my lute !
 The north wind groans afar—the bird is mute !

“ Bright is thy share in these immortal days,
 When booty vainly wooed thine eyes with gold ;—
 That past, adorning all thy years, shall raise
 Content, to live and gracefully grow old
 To younger ears the noble tale repeat.
 Direct their bark, the hidden rock display,—
 If France should boast their deeds, some future day,
 Warm thine old winter at their glories' heat.
 My furrowed brow is bare—adieu, my lute !
 The north wind groans afar—the bird is mute !

“ Kind Fairy, at the needy poet's door,
 Benign, in time you warn him to retire ;
 Then come, new inmate, to my dwelling poor,
 Oblivion—of repose the child and sire !
 Some aged men, who shall not all forget,
 Will say, with moistened eyelids, when I die,
 This star, one evening, shone awhile on high—
 God veiled its lustre long before it set !

My furrowed brow is bare—adieu, my lute !
 The north wind groans afar—the bird is mute !

TEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY OF SILVIO PELLICO.

(Concluded from page 277.)

THE health of Pellico, which had at first improved a little by the change of lodging, now began rapidly again to decline. Severe headaches, with violent fever, and dreadful spasms of the chest, tortured him day and night. In their conversations he mentioned his situation to Oroboni. He too, who had long been declining, was one evening worse than usual. “ My friend,” said he, “ I perceive the day is not far off when one of us two will no longer be able to come to the window. Every time we salute each other may be the last. Let us hold ourselves prepared, therefore, the one to die, the other to survive his friend.” Poor Oroboni's presentiment was correct. Various discharges of blood from the lungs in rapid succession, and followed by dropsy showed that he was destined to precede his friend. He soon became aware of his situation, and often looking towards the burying ground of the castle, of which his window commanded a view, he would express to Pellico the deep pain it gave him, notwithstanding all his efforts at resig-

nation, to think that his remains were destined to moulder beneath a German instead of an Italian sky. After lingering till June, 1823, he expired, his last words being, “ I pardon from my heart all my enemies.” His patience had won the hearts of all his attendants. Kubitzky, the sentinel, who had attended the bier to the grave, and who knew his wish, said to Pellico, with a degree of delicate feeling which surprised him, “ I have marked his burial place exactly, that if any of his friends should obtain permission to carry his bones to his own country, they may know where they lie.”

His death was followed by that of Antonio Villa, another of Pellico's companions in misfortune. Even poor Schiller, worn out with age and infirmities, was removed from the active duties of gaoler, and could no longer by his kindness soften the rigour of imprisonment.

While friend after friend had thus been taken from him by death, one comfort was at last vouchsafed to Pellico. Maroncelli was allowed to share his cell. A new stimulus was given to both for a time by this indulgence. The liberation also of two of the prisoners, which took place about this time, (Solera and Fortini,) one of whom had been condemned to fifteen, and the other to twenty years' imprisonment, revived their hopes that at last the hour of deliverance would approach even for them. The end of 1827 they thought would be the term of their imprisonment ; but December past and it came not. Then they thought that the summer of 1828 would be the time, at which period the seven and a half years' of Pellico's imprisonment terminated, which, from the report of the emperor's observation to the commissary, they had reason to think were to be held equivalent to the fifteen, which formed the nominal amount of the sentence. But this too passed away without a hint of deliverance.

The 1st of August, 1830, was a Sunday. Ten years had now nearly elapsed since Pellico had first been imprisoned ; eight and a half since he had been consigned to the *carcere duro* of Spielberg. Pellico had returned as usual from mass ; he had been looking from the terrace upon the cemetery where the dust of Oroboni and Villa reposed, and thinking that his own would shortly be laid beside them. The prisoners were preparing their table for their meal, when Wegrath, the superintendent, entered. “ I am sorry,” said he, “ to disturb your dinner, but have the goodness to follow me—the director of police is waiting for you.” As this gentleman's visits generally indicated nothing very pleasant, the prisoners, it may be supposed, followed their guide somewhat reluctantly to the audience-room. They found there the director and the superintendent, the former of whom bowed to them

more courteously than usual, then taking a paper from his pocket he began—"Gentlemen, I have the pleasure, the honour, of announcing to you that his majesty the emperor has had the kindness—" Here he stopped without mentioning what the kindness was.

"We thought," says Pellico, "it might be some diminution of punishment, such as freedom from labour, the use of books or a less disgusting diet. 'You do not understand me then,' said he. 'No, Signor. Have the goodness to explain what this favour is.' 'Liberty for both of you, and for a third, whom you will soon embrace.' One would suppose this announcement would have thrown us into transports of joy. Yet it was not so: our hearts instantly reverted to our relations, of whom we had heard nothing for so long a period, and the doubt that we might never meet them again in this world so affected our hearts, as entirely to neutralize the joy which might have been produced by the announcement of liberty.

"Are you silent," said the director of police; "I expected to see you transported with joy." "I beg of you," I answered, "to express to the emperor our gratitude; but, uncertain as we are as to the fate of our families, it is impossible for us not to give way to the thought that some of those who are dear to us may be gone. It is this uncertainty that oppresses our minds, even at the moment when they should be open to nothing but joy."

"The director then gave Maroncelli a letter from his brother, which allayed his anxiety. He told me, however, he could give me no tidings of my family, and this increased my fears that some accident had befallen them.

"Retire," said he, "to your room, and in a short time I shall send to you the third individual to whom the emperor's clemency has been extended." We went and waited with anxiety. Perhaps, we thought, it is the poor old man Murani. We thought of many; there was none, in fact, who had not our good wishes. At last the door opened, and we saw that our companion was to be Andrea Tonelli, of Brescia. We conversed till evening, deeply pitying those whom we were to leave behind. At sunset the director of police returned to rescue us from this ill-omened abode. Our hearts groaned as we passed before the prisons of our friends, at the thought that we could not take them along with us. Who knew how long they were destined to languish there?—how many of them to be the slow victims of death! A soldier's cloak and cap were placed on each of us, and in our old galley-slave attire, but divested of our chains, we descended the fatal hill, and were conducted through the city to the prisons of the police. It was a

lovely moonlight night. The streets, the houses, the people whom we met, all appeared to me so delightful, so strange, after so many years, during which I had looked on no such spectacle. * * * After four days the commissary arrived, and the director of police transferred us to him, putting into his hands at the same time the money we had brought to Spielberg, and that produced by the sale of our books and effects, which was delivered to us at the frontier. The expense of our journey was liberally defrayed by the emperor."

The weakness of Pellico's health when he set out from Brinn rendered it necessary for him to remain for some time in Vienna, for the sake of medical attendance. His anxiety to depart, it may easily be imagined, was not lessened by the news of the *three days* of Paris, which reached him on his arrival. It is a singular coincidence that the day on which the French revolution broke out was that on which the emperor had signed the warrant for their liberation. Pellico knew not however what baleful influence the state of matters in France might have upon the views of the emperor, and began to fear that though they might not again be recommitted to their Moravian prison, they might be transported to some imperial town, far distant from their native country. While visiting the palace at Schonbrunn as he began to be convalescent, in company with the commissary, whose presence was still required, and Maroncelli, the emperor passed, and the prisoners were directed to stand a little aside, that the sight of their miserable figures might not annoy him. At last, however, the warrant arrived for their departure from Vienna. Another attack of illness seized Pellico at Bruck; but, tormented by the home-sickness of the mind, he considered the sickness of the body as comparatively unimportant, and after being bled and taking a liberal supply of the medicine which had formerly relieved him (digitalis), he insisted on their route being resumed. They crossed through Austria and Styria, and entered Carinthia: at Feldkirchen they had to halt again, till new orders for their route should arrive. At last they came—*Italy*—was to be their destination!

"I exulted," says Pellico, "along with my companions at the news, but still the thought occurred that some terrible disclosure for me might be at hand, that father, mother, or some one most dear to me might be no more. My depression of spirits increased as we approached Italy. The entrance to it on that side has few charms for the eye; or rather the traveller descends from the beautiful mountains of Germany into the plains of Italy, by a long, sterile, and unlovely track, which gives to foreigners but an unprepossessing idea of our country. The dull aspect

of the country contributed to render me more melancholy. To see once more our native sky, to meet with human faces whose features bore not the aspect of the north, to hear on all sides our own idiom,—all these melted my heart, but with an emotion more akin to sorrow than joy. How often in the carriage did I cover my face with my hands, pretend to be asleep, and weep. Long years of burial had not indeed extinguished all the energies of my mind, but, alas! they were now so active for sorrow, so dull, so insensible to joy! * * * * Pordenone, Conegliano, Ospedaletto, Vicenza, Verona, Mantua, remained me of so many things! A young man who had been my friend, and had perished in the Russian campaign, had been a native of the first; Conegliano was the place where the Venetian turnkeys told me poor Zanze (Angela) had been conducted during her illness; in Ospedaletto an angelic and unfortunate being had been married, now no more, but whom I had loved and honoured once, whose memory I love and honour still. In all these places, in short, recollections more or less dear crowded upon me, in Mantua particularly. It appeared to me but yesterday since I had come thither with Ludovico in 1815, with Porro in 1820. The same streets, squares, palaces,—but how many social differences! How many of my acquaintances carried off by death, how many in exile! A generation of adults whom I had seen but in infancy! And to be still prevented from flying from house to house, to inquire after one, to impart consolation to another! To complete my distress, Mantua was the point of separation between Maroncelli and myself.

* * * * *

On the morning of the 16th of Sept. the final permission arrived. And from that moment I was liberated from all surveillance. How many years had elapsed since I had enjoyed the privilege of going where I would unaccompanied by guards. I set out about three in the afternoon. My travelling companions were a lady, a merchant, an engraver, and two young painters, one of them deaf and dumb. They came from Rome, and I was gratified to learn that they were acquainted with the family of Maroncelli. We spent the night at Vercelli. The happy morning of the 17th of September dawned. Our journey proceeded. How slow the conveyance seemed! It was evening ere we reached Turin.

"Who can attempt to describe the transport, the consolation my heart received when I again saw and embraced father, mother, and brothers. My dear sister Josephine was not there, for her duties detained her at Chieri, but she hastened as soon as possible to join our happy group. Restored to these five objects of my tenderest affection, I was

—I am the most enviable of mortals. Then, for all these past sorrows and present happiness, for all the good or ill which fate may have in store for me, blessed be that Providence in whose hands men and events, with or without their will, are but wonderful instruments for the promotion of its all-wise and beneficent ends!"

So ends this pure strain of gentle and devotional feeling, leaving at its close an impression on the mind like that produced by soft and melancholy music.

SONG OF THE WATER GUEUSE.

The beggars' band that walks the land
May roam the dale and lea;
But freer still from man's command
Are those that walk the sea.
The landsman sues; but to refuse
He leaves the rich man free.
But none deny the Water Gueuse—
The Beggar of the Sea!
Nor corn, nor grain, has he the pain
To purchase or to till;
And Spanish churls their wines must drain
The Beggar's flask to fill.
His robes are roll'd with many a fold
Of canvass white and fine;
His wallet is the good ship's hold,
His staff the mast of pine.
By land the brave, foul fortune's slave,
May meet by her decree,
The headsman's stroke, the traitor's grave
Beneath the gallows-tree;
But ne'er to kneel before that steel
Shall be the Gueuse's lot,
Or writhing in mid air to feel
The suffocating knot.
If foes prevail, not ours to quail
Or sue for grace to Spain;
Our ensign to the mast we nail
And fire the powder-train;
Nor ours to rest in earth unblest
Or rot beneath the turf.
Old Ocean takes us to his breast,
And wraps us in his surf.
And now to trowl one lusty bowl
Before we mount the wave,
Here's rest to gallant Egmont's soul,
Health to the living brave!
While conquest's fame gilds Nassau's nam—
That leader of the free,—
No chain can bind, no threat can tame,
The Beggar of the Sea!

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Sketch-Book.

THE WALHAM WAG.

(From the Diary of a Joke-Hunter.)

* * SAM answered my knock. "Master's out, sir," said he; "found himself very queer and quishyish this morning, so he's took the Fulham stage, and gone down to Mr. Hook's." Felt exceedingly queer and quishyish myself, and determined on following the example of so good a judge. Made the best of my way to the White Horse Cellar. Mat Webster was there—clean as usual, but evidently down upon his luck. Inquired the reason. "Why, it's a blue

look out, master," said he. "Here now arter trying for more nor a month, and spending within a trifle, one and ten pence to bring the thing to a final commencement, they turns their beggarly backs and laughs in my face. Only I couldn't afford it, mind me, I'd ha' set to and kicked 'em!" Begged him to afford me further particulars. "Why, to tell you the truth, master," said Mat, "I thought I'd made my fortin—but my invention's all smoke, it seems—other people invented the same thought years ago. I found the way to make a shilling bottle o' blacking for two pence—winegar included: but the blacking-makers calls that extravagant, and says a shilling's worth, bottle and all, only costs 'em five farthings—or helse how should I think they could live?"

Condoled with Mat on his misfortune, and inquired for the queerest coachman. Mat said that Walham Jem was the rummest kiddy on the road, barring Duck-nosed Dick. "But the latter warment," added Mat, "arn't so conversible: that's Jem a coming up—he with the blue muzzle and white hat, what looks so wicked—him there what's all clothes and hands—barring his face. I had occasion to tip him a dig in the ogle t'other day, and you see, master, he han't struck my colours yet."

Jem now approached—"Fulham, sir," said he; "a box vacant." Agreed to ride by his side, and in rather more than ten minutes we started. Over the stones conversation was out of the question, but the moment we got on the road we had "a talk" to the following effect.

"Bad black eye that of yours, Jem—how did you get it?"

"I was trying to wink, sir."

"Your near horse is lame in the off fore-foot, Jem?"

"High grand-actioned horse that! Lamed himself last night by striking his toe against his upper teeth. Been a charger!"

"The other's lame too—"

"Yes: he trod upon a frog—poor thing!"

"How he whistles!"

"Ah; he's unvaluable, sir. Got a *thrush* in each foot."

"What time will you reach Fulham?"

"I shall draw the *boot* of my wehecle on the foot of the bridge precisely at eleven."

"Why, you're a punster, I perceive!"

"No; I'm a Chelseaman—birth, parentage, and education."

"Write a good hand?"

"Not at all—I was born a *pen-shunner*—close by the college; but for all that I can make my mark to a receipt for any amount. Twig this here old gentleman—'Fulham, sir?' I only says that to plague him. He's a rear-admiral. *Rear* indeed, and can't ride a rocking-horse! He won't travel with me?"

"How have you offended him?"

"Why one night when we got to his door, being a mighty uppish sort of a cove, he wouldn't lean on my arm; which the step was broken, and down he fell flat under the porch. 'Why, admiral,' says I, 'you've *struck your flag*!'"

"So you lost your passenger by your joke?"

"Joke—I can't see no joke in it."

"Then you don't know what a joke is?"

"Don't I? Only look at this lady with a little boy in her arms what's a coming—now this is what I calls a joke. 'Beg your pardon, ma'am, there's the child's shoe—on its foot!' Did you twig how frustrated she was—and how she looked about her; and how, when I said 'on its foot,' she half-laughed, half-frowned, and went off blushing, giggling, and biting her lip. I had a joke with Buckle what keeps the Goat and Boots this morning. I made a little hole in a horridnge, sucked all the juice out, and then blowed it up with my breath so as to make it look quite nat'ral. Along comes Buckle in a gig with his wife; and just as we was a passing one another, I tosses him this here make-believe horridnge. 'Thankye, Jem,' says he, while it was a falling—but when he cotched it in his whip-hand and found it crumple up to nothing in his grasp—Oh, crikey!—Here he comes—solus and sulky—left his wife at Walham Green, I reckon—won't speak I can see. 'Buckle—Buckle—(and Jem pointed to the vacant seat in the gig as he spoke)—why Buckle you've dropped your *tongue*!'"

"Now that's a very fair joke. Buckle himself turned round and shook his fist and grinned at you for it."

"Well, I can't see nothing of a joke in it for my part. I wish I knowed exactly what a joke was. Then I shouldn't lose no passengers—nor yet get laughed at so often. Now there was t'other day, Mr. Coggan says to Blanch—no, Mr. Blanch says to Mr. Coggan, 'Coggan,' says he, 'that there breed o' bantams I bought of you don't answer—they're all cocks.' 'Well, sir,' says I, 'there's one comfort—if you don't get no chickens you gets lots of *crows*.' With that both of 'em set to and laughed at me—quite disagreeable. Well, presently Coggan says to Blanch, says he, 'It's all the same cocks or hens—for no fowls could thrive in such a hole of a hen-house as that—the water comes in from all quarters—it's a regular fishpond.' 'That's true enough,' says I, 'for one day I saw a *perch* or two in it myself.' Upon this they laughed at me worse than before; but when they began to talk about Mr. Coggan's own poultry—fine black Spanish birds as ever was seen, with combs as big as beef steaks and white ear-bags just like pillow cases, I made an observation which they took up in such a way as put my pipe out completely. 'Tellee what it is,' said Mr. Coggan, 'do all in the power of man, and sometimes birds

will fail as well as coachmasters. Now there's my stock—they don't half get on—not as I could wish; can't tell how it is—but they're overrun with vermin.' 'That's odd too, sir,' says I, 'for no fowls' heads can be better *combed*.' This innocent observation o' mine got me a dig in the ribs on one side from Mr. Coggan, and a ditto ditto on t'other from Mr. Blanch, and away they went, quite ungently, laughing at me like Winkin."

"Who was Winkin, Jem?"

"A printer's apprentice, what run away with little 'Gin and Bitters,' Mother Waterton's barmaid at the Red Cow, and hung himself two days arter, because her breath always smelt of pump water. There goes Miss Evelina Develina Thingumbob—the female swell—she's cut me for a downright good honest hagshun. In course, sir, you can't be so hignorunt as not to know that *bustle* is *tin*, which means money. Very well. One day I sets her down at the bottom of Bond-street, and arter she'd paid me—while I was putting up the steps—I sees a farthing on the flags; so thinking in course it was her property, I runs arter her, calling out, 'Hollo ma'am—you've dropped your *bustle*!' Wi' that she puts down one hand just under her waist in front, and t'other like lightning just under her waist behind, where in some out-and-out swell ladies, there's an opening to the pocket,—which, what with nutmegs, nutmeg graters, the cupboard keys, and so forth, makes them stick out so in that department. 'Good heavens,' says she, 'my *bustle*!' and she'd have fainted if I hadn't showed her the farthing. You'd hardly believe it, may be, but as sure as I'm here sitting, she slapped my face and won't never ride wi' me since. Now there's a gentleman at that bow-window—he in the green coat, with the smutty mug—what looks as though he'd rubbed his face again a nigger—we calls him Dr. Tarpaulin—"

"Why?"

"I suppose, because he's the biggest liar going: he'll make you believe the most unbelievable thing whatsoever—and then laugh at you for believing it. *He* always rides with me. Tellee why—though I don't see no reason in it. There was a bit of a heifer—a poor stinted thing—a downright calf to all appearance, met with a misfortune on Barnes' Common—she fell down a quarry and died. Nobody owned her: so Dr. Tarpaulin had her lugged up to his shop—he's wetinary surgeon—to make into a skeleton. While he was a opening her, I popped in with a horse what had got the grease—my fellow servant had basted him so, and by jingo, the poor little hannimal proved to be in calf. 'Why she's nothing but a calf herself,' says Dr. Tarpaulin. 'Well,' says I, putting in my spoke, 'I've often heard of

such a thing before, but this is the very first time ever I saw a *weal* within a *weal*.' 'Jem,' says he, 'that's a good un!' and he's rid with me regular ever since because o' that common observation, which he must have heard ten thousand times afore."

"Allow me to tell you it was a joke, Jem."

"No such thing, sir, axing your pardon: this is a joke as you shall see. There's Mr. Burchell's man, and Colonel MacLeod's man—both blackeymoors—standing at their masters' garden gates, and looking down the road as if they was a waiting for the milkman or summat, while all the time the lazy wagabones is doing nothing but dawdling to see my coach pass. Now you'll please to notice how I'll make 'em front about. The nearest—this here chap to the left, is Mr. Burchell's Pompey—I say Inky-face—did ee see how he turned? Now for t'other; 'Hollo! Alabaster—what's lignum whitey?' There—he knows his name, because for why? Alabaster and Inky-face is all one—black and white being the same thing. Some people calls me 'Gipsey,' because I'm brownish—and others knows me by the name of 'Lilly white,' for the same reason.—But dash my rags, if here an't some o' the Royal family—notice the coachman." This gentleman was *worthy* of notice; his livery coat was intensely scarlet; his complexion crimson, his eye lurid and blood-shot. My companion hallooed to him in stentorian tones as the two vehicles passed each other, "Why, coachee! you looks as if you'd been put in a smith's forge, and *blowed red-hot*."

"Jem, I must ride with you again: set me down at the top of Fulham town."

"Thankye, sir, but afore we reaches the corner, talking of jokes, I'll make bold to tell you the best joke I knows. One night 'twas my last journey, I'd just stepped into Jermyn-street to get a go of Kennet ale, to wash down my wittles, while my vehicle was at the cellar; when, as I was coming back, I puts up my foot on a stone what propped a post in St. James's-street, to tie my shoe. Well, it so happened, that just then, some nobleman, who'd lost all he had, as I should think, at one of the club-houses, comes along,—chock full of fury, without having nobody to abuse—when he sees me bent double with my back towards him. So—mind me, we'd no acquaintance, it was the first time we met—he takes a bit of a run and gives me a kick behind what sends me bang into the middle of the road, saying, says he, 'Hang you! you're *always* tying that shoe!'"

"Well! and what did you do?"

"I laughed fit to split my sides; for thinks I, he's lost his *tin*; and supposing I'd been regularly *cleaned out* at a club-house and set eyes on a coachman, what I'd never seen afore, a-tying his shoe under a lamp-post, I should have made so free as to kick

him into the middle of the road, saying, says I, 'Hang you! you're *always* tying that shoe of your's!'—Now, that to my fancy, is a joke."—*Monthly Magazine*.

The Gatherer.

WHERE the soul drinks of misery's power,
Each moment seems a lengthened hour;
But when bright joy illumines the mind,
Time passes as the fleetest wind.
How to a wicked soul must be
Whole ages of eternity!

C. L.—s.

Early Rising.—(To the Editor.)—To the list of those eminent persons set forth as early risers, at p. 122 of your present volume, might have been added the name of the venerable John Wesley; who, in his sermon, on redeeming the time, says "that for sixty years he invariably rose at four o'clock in the morning;" and very frequently during that period he preached at five, to very large assemblies, throughout the United Kingdom.

THEOPHILUS.

The Coif.—The use of the coif was to cover the *tonsura clericalis*, or clerical crown, because the crown of the head was originally close shaved, and only a border of hair left around the lower part, which gave it the appearance of a crown.—Spelman conjectures that coifs were introduced to hide the tonsure of such renegade clerks as were still tempted to remain in the secular courts in the quality of advocates, notwithstanding their prohibition by canon.—The modern coif is a badge of a sergeant-at-law, who is called Sergeant of the Coif: it is of lawn, and is worn on the head, under the cap, when they are created, and ever after. In ancient days, coifs were worn by knights, which were iron skull caps under their helmets.

P. T. W.

(From the Latin.)

As swallows shrink before the wintry blast,
And gladly seek a more congenial soil,
So flatterers halt when fortune's lure has past,
And basely court some richer lordling's smile.

C. L.—s.

Chatterton.—This unfortunate youth had written a political essay for the *North Briton*, which, though accepted, was not printed, owing to the death of the Lord Mayor. The patriot thus calculated the death of his great patron, as found among his papers:

	£.	s.	d.
Lost by his death in this essay	-	-	1 11 6
Gained in elegies	£2	2	0
Gained in essays	-	3	3 0
	5	5	0

Am glad he is dead by - - - £3 13 6

News for certain London Criers.—Old clothes are the favourite article of exchange at Prince's Island, money being of little or no value. Again, in the isle of Anobona, money seems to be of no value, for the na-

tives will not receive it, but look upon old clothes as the staple commodity. Shirts, trousers, and handkerchiefs are most in demand; but they seem to have no idea of the relative value of these articles, and take especial care to give as little as possible for every thing.

Inn Signs.—At Grantham, in Lincolnshire, from the eccentricity of the lord of the manor, who formerly possessed the majority of the houses in the town, there is at the present time the following inns that have the word *Blue* attached to their signs: viz.—Blue Boat, Blue Sheep, Blue Bull, Blue Ram, Blue Lion, Blue Bell, Blue Cow, Blue Boar, Blue Horse, and Blue Inn. By way of completing this blue catalogue, a wag, whose house belonged to himself, and who resided near the residence of his lordship, a few years ago, actually had the Blue Ass placed on his sign.—In Castlegate, Grantham, near the church, a Bee-hive is substituted for a sign-board, with the following inscription underneath:

Stop! Traveller, this wondrous sign explore,
And say when thou hast viewed it o'er,
Grantham, now, two rarities are thine,
A lofty steeple,* and a living sign.

W. K. G.

African Militiaman.—A tall, stout black, carrying a rusty musket, having his head covered with an old straw hat; his body with a grey jacket, out at elbows, the sleeves too short for his long arms; coarse shirt, of incalculably remote purification; and unmentionables of an unknown colour, and most perforated and cribiform construction; shoes and stockings *desunt*.

The Pine-Apple.—On the western coast of Africa, the pines, though not so deliciously flavoured as those of English or West Indian growth, are nevertheless very excellent, and so plentiful, that sixty of them may be had for a dollar, or somewhat less than a penny each.

Bread and Milk in Africa.—In the market of Freebourn, on the western coast of Africa, bread and milk are the most expensive of all the articles—a small roll, of the value of one penny in England, costing there three-pence, and a quart of goat's milk nearly two shillings.

* Nearly 300 feet.

With the next Number,
A SUPPLEMENTARY SHEET
or

Literary Nobelties,
(With Two Engravings.)

From Books published during the last Six Weeks.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 607.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.

VIRGINIA WATER:



THE KEEPER'S ROYAL LODGE,

(From the summit of the Cascade.)

We have already described this elysian scene, and recurred to its picturesque beauties upon two or three occasions; so that little need be added by way of explanation of the above Engraving.

It represents a near view of the Keeper's Royal Lodge, from the summit of the Cascade engraved at page 81, vol. xix. of *The Mirror*, this Lodge being there shown in the distance. It is a pretty building, though its battlemented coping is not of the most appropriate character. The sloping roof and ornamented gable would assort better with the rusticity in which the Lodge is embosomed: of the latter style, the Gatekeeper's Lodge, in Windsor Great Park, is a pleasing specimen. Foremost in the first view is the highest point of the Cascade, at the head of the Lake.

The reader may recollect that Virginia Water is with propriety considered a portion of

but, to borrow another line from Pope,

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past.

It was not, therefore, from such scenes as Virginia, that Pope drew his inspirations of Windsor Forest, which the world first enjoyed in 1713; but which the poet stored in the sun-light of his youth at Binfield:

Enough for me, that to the listening swains
First in these fields I sang the silvan strains.

Windsor Forest.

The groves of Virginia were then unthought of; for, Paul Sandby, their ingenious artist, was born twenty years after the publication of Pope's poem. Yet,

Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruise'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd;
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.

Windsor Forest.

The forest, Windsor! and the green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muses' seats:

VOL. XXI.

2 A

ENIGMA ON THE LETTER U.

In Nature I'm seen,—but detect me who can,
 For I first had existence from perishing man;
 Embedded I lie in the heart of the Sun,
 Yet am seen in all Countries his beams are upon.
 Not a Mountain you'll find, but I've wauder'd it
 through,
 From Guinea's coast to the verge of Peru;
 Not a Soul has been born, not a Creature on earth,
 But with it I've been in the Hour of its birth:
 I was present each Minute in life, as it pass'd,
 And I mix'd with the Dust it return'd to at last.
 Without me had Usury never began,
 And Rogue were a word unfamiliar to man:
 And yet it is true that from vice I refrain,
 And let Virtue appear, there am I in her train;
 In the Honours of age and the Pleasures of youth,
 And you'll find me enshrin'd in the bosom of Truth.

In the Cup of the lily I love to repose,
 And I guard like a spirit the Bud of the rose;
 In the feverish Thoughts and the Doubt of a dream,
 In the Murmur that wakes from the bed of the
 stream;

In the Struggle we hear when the tempest is high,
 In the Thunder that breaks ere we dream it is nigh;
 In the Sunbeam that seems for a moment to sleep,
 As it plays on the Surface that covers the deep;
 In the Fortune of war, in the Flame of the brave,
 In the Surge as it chafes on the crest of the wave,
 I have ever been present:—and ever must be
 Tho' the Universe had its beginning with me;
 Tho' my fate is entwin'd with Futurity too,
 Yet perish I must, for I finish in You!

I. F.

ST. LEONARD'S MONASTERY,
STAMFORD.

THE retentive reader may recollect an Engraving of "this interesting relic of monastic times," which appeared at p. 336, vol. xvi. of *The Mirror*. If his memory serve him, he will learn with some degree of interest, that "the beautiful western end of this edifice was *barked* by Vandals, about five months since, until it fell to the earth, and it was supposed to have left us 'like a baseless fabric.' We are pleased, however, to know that a few weeks since, several workmen were employed by the Marquess of Exeter to restore the Norman doorway. Most of the hammer-dressed work was fortunately rescued uninjured; but a considerable portion, through the frittering hand of time, and the destructive effects of the fall, were much damaged. The defaced parts are to be perfected with Roman cement, and made to resemble, as nearly as possible, the original parts of the work. About 750 years have elapsed since William the Conqueror, and Karlioph, Bishop of Durham, rebuilt this monastery. The late Lord Exeter partially repaired it about 30 years since, but it was left in a very insecure condition. A few days since, as the workmen were digging out footing for scaffold-poles, about four feet from the base of the west front, and a foot and a half from the surface of the earth, they came in contact with a stone coffin. Having cleared away the earth, a portion of the slab was removed, and a coarse shroud, or covering, and part of the skeleton, were seen in perfect

preservation. Since that period, the whole has been covered in. Many rumours as to the persons interred have been circulated by the antiquarian connoisseurs; but, as no inscription whatever is to be found upon the coffin, all is but conjecture. We think the remains are those of an ordinary ecclesiastic or monk, buried in his scapulary. St. Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, who flourished A.D. 750, the patron of St. Leonard's, was interred at Durham. It was he who introduced burying in churches and churchyards, which before was not permitted."

Stamford News.

The Robelist.

THE PURITAN'S GRAVE.*

(By the Author of "the Usurer's Daughter.")

"MARK the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace," and such was the end of Ferdinand Faithful. At the period of the Restoration of Charles II. the spiritual charge of the village of Emmerton was in the care of Ferdinand Faithful, who had for twenty years with exemplary fidelity discharged the duties of his office. He was a man, rich in holy and apostolic simplicity, a Puritan, with all the virtues, and none of the spiritual vices which rendered obnoxious that sect. In the train of Charles II. came Sir Thomas Merrivale the lord of the manor of Emmerton, who, on a certain day, entered, with a gallant train of returned cavaliers, the village of Emmerton, to take possession of his patrimonial estates, from which he had been driven by Oliver Cromwell and his Parliament. Sir Thomas was a cavalier in the most significant acceptance of that character; his boisterous loyalty had been displayed by his forsaking his all for his prince, and plunging with him into all the profligacies and extravagances which Charles indulged in, in the capital of France at the period of his banishment. It was a stirring day, however, in the placid vale of Emmerton; all the village had turned out, save only the pious Ferdinand Faithful, whom such scenes, as he knew would be acted, comported not. It was Ferdinand's prayer that the return of the king might be the establishment of peace, but doubting was mingled in the aspiration.

The wife and two daughters of the vicar, in their afternoon's stroll had just arrived at the usual termination of their walk, the village churchyard, when a slight cloud of dust arose at the distant summit of the long hill, where the road began to be visible. It

* In a recent Number, we promised our readers a connected analysis of this exquisitely told tale; we fulfil the same, but earnestly recommend a perusal of the volumes themselves.

was the Royalist cavalcade. Mrs. Faithful shuddered at the sight; for through the mist that was around the party might be seen the glimmering of arms, and the waving of banners in the breeze; and scenes like this came to her recollection, when something more than pageantry was intended by them. The cavalcade moved rapidly towards the bridge, and it seemed as if the whole population of the neighbouring town of Derby had poured itself out to swell the triumphal procession. The bridge which crosses the river, near the churchyard, at the entrance of the village, is a very narrow, inconvenient structure, scarcely admitting the passage of a wheeled carriage; for, being built in the reign of King John, it was only of sufficient width for two horsemen to ride together side by side. When Sir Thomas Merrivale reached the bridge he saw the ladies and paused; and made a low obeisance to them after the gay and gallant manner on which the cavaliers prided themselves. Fain would Mrs. Faithful have shown all due respect to Sir Thomas on his return to the home of his youth, and to the inheritance which he had derived from his ancestors; but a deep depression came over her spirits, and she could not lift up her eyes to see the sight which did now solicit them. Anne Faithful was the only one of the three who saw the notice which Sir Thomas had taken; and she curtsied in a low and graceful manner. The sturdy Sir Thomas determined not to move a step farther till he should receive the greeting of all the ladies; for he regarded it as an ill omen, he said, if any fair lady should refuse to welcome a cavalier back to the halls of his ancestors. Rousing themselves, at length, they made a graceful obeisance to Sir Thomas Merrivale and his party, on which a loud shout of triumph burst from the assembled multitude. This sudden movement over the narrow pass of the bridge, and the discharge of several pieces of musketry, startled the horses on which the cavaliers were mounted; and one horse more impatient than the rest, making a sudden spring, bore himself and rider over the parapet of the bridge into the stream that ran below. The thoughtless company were first excited to laughter at the wetting of the cavalier; but the horse parted from the rider, the latter, from the arms and trappings with which he was encumbered, sinking in the river. Great was the bustle and distress and lamentation of the giddy crowd; but Mrs. Faithful and her daughters who were accustomed to relieve distress, immediately set about that they might contribute to the extrication of the unhappy youth, who was sunk in the gravelly bed of the stream. A coil of rope was procured, and calmly giving her instructions, the rustics who pressed into the churchyard, succeeded in rescuing the cavalier from a

watery grave, though not, as it then appeared, from a watery death. The voice of triumph was changed into the voice of mourning; Sir Thomas and his cavaliers rushed into the churchyard, and kneeled by the drowned man and called him loudly by his name; but he answered not. Then loud was the oath which the cavalier swore, and fearful was his agony. "Sir Thomas Merrivale," said Mrs. Faithful, "I pray you consider what you are saying. Is it becoming that a Christian man should thus boldly and blasphemously repine at the dispensations of his Maker?" But Sir Thomas, who, though he had no Christian piety, had the fashion of cavalier courtesy, turned to the lady and asked her pardon; "Pardon me, I pray you, that in the bitterness of my sorrow I should have uttered any sentiment unworthy of your ear; but there—there lies a friend who is more to me than life, and dearer to me than my own child." Having so said, he relapsed into his passionate exclamations, but Mrs. Faithful restrained him: "Have patience, Sir Thomas Merrivale," she said, "it may be that your friend yet lives. It has been our hap before now to restore to life those who seemed to be drowned irrecoverably." The drowned man was removed to the parsonage house, and the knight would fain have followed him; but it was necessary that he should proceed through the village to receive the congratulations of the people on his arrival at the seat of his ancestors.

Anne Faithful entered her father's study, where during the scene which had just been acting, he had continued intent upon his pleasing toils, gathering from amongst his books, those sweet thoughts which he might lay up in the hive of memory for the spiritual consolation and moral instruction of the people committed to his care. He heard indeed the shouting of the multitude, the braying of the trumpets, and the noise of the firing; but those sounds brought no gladness to his ear, rather were they solemn admonitions to prepare for severe trials, and to gird up the loins of his mind, for a spiritual conflict with the powers of darkness. "So, my beloved child," he said, "the deluded people have returned! It seemed from the tumult, as if the whole town of Derby was come with them." "Alas! my dear father," replied Anne Faithful, "I know not who is come, and who is not; but there is one who now demands under this roof your immediate assistance." "Which he shall have to the utmost of my ability, be he cavalier or not," replied the vicar.

So saying, he hastened to the apartment which was called the Stranger's Chamber, in which lay the drowned cavalier. The vicarage being so near the river, the banks of which being steep and precipitous, such accidents were not of unfrequent occurrence as that

which had just befallen ; Ferdinand Faithful was therefore skilled in the means of restoring suspended animation, and by following his directions they soon restored the cavalier to consciousness and life. The first use which the stranger made of his speech was, naturally, to ask "Where am I? What means this? Am I dreaming?" Ferdinand Faithful quieted the stranger's apprehensions, and informed him that by God's blessing he was among those who had been the happy instruments in rescuing him from death. "Am I in England?" said he in an agitation of doubtful joy. "You are in England," replied the vicar; "you are in the village of Emmerton, in the county of Derby; and in a few minutes, Sir Thomas Merrivale, your friend, shall be informed of your safety." Then breathing deeply, and incoherently connecting the past with the present, the stranger said, "Ah—yes—yes—I see—I understand—I have been nearly drowned in crossing the Channel;" but being benevolently solicited to compose himself, he fell into a gentle slumber, from which he awoke refreshed; when suddenly a sound of music fell upon his ear, which coming upon him at this time seemed soft and gentle, pure as an angel's worship and a seraph's praise. But it was nothing more than the unaccompanied voices of the family of Ferdinand Faithful, singing their evening hymn previously to retiring to rest; and if they did on this occasion make a louder and a livelier strain than usual, it was for the mercy by which they had been the means of saving a fellow creature from an early and sudden death.

When the young stranger woke next morning from his healing and quiet sleep, his blood having recovered its wonted flow, the pulse its healthy beat, he hastened to pay his respects to his benefactors. Greatly was the young cavalier charmed with the simplicity of manners of the family of Ferdinand Faithful. Far different society had he been accustomed to in the profligate city of Paris, among gay, banished cavaliers, who made a mockery of the sober seriousness of deportment which at that time prevailed in England. He admired the sweet seclusion of their dwelling, the sober cheerfulness of the good vicar, the aspect of Mrs. Faithful, and the unaffected good humour of her daughters. Just as breakfast had commenced, Sir Thomas Merrivale entered, impatient to see his young friend, and with unceremonious joy boisterously congratulated him; and then soliciting pardon for his want of courtesy and ill manners, "Od's my life, madam, I believe you have been the means of saving my boy's life!" "If I have saved the life of your son," replied Mrs. Faithful, "I am most happy, and need neither compliments nor thanks." "Not yet my son," answered the knight, "but if he behaves himself well and

is faithful to his king, that honour is in store. But if he turn out a milkop and a roundhead, I renounce him."

Henry St. John, for such was the young cavalier's name, was the son of Colonel St. John who lost his life in the royal cause at the battle of Naseby. The wife of Sir Thomas Merrivale having died at Paris, during the banishment of the Royalists, left an only daughter, Adelaide, who in consequence of this domestic affliction, became possessed of a deep sense of religion. Sir Thomas, fearing that his only daughter should become a Puritan, and being himself inclined to the Church of Rome, strove to occupy her attention with the exterior grandeur of the worship of that Church. She was converted by some Jesuits to the papal faith; and being a woman of meditation and reading, she devoted herself to religious seclusion. Disliking her seclusion from society, Sir Thomas sought among the banished cavaliers for some one by whom Adelaide might be so interested as to give up her solitude. Henry St. John being of good family, and a young man in general estimation, was diligently sought for by Sir Thomas. The young gentleman, though possessed of the levity and carelessness of the king's party, was not altogether frivolous; he loved manly sports, possessed considerable learning, and had carried off several prizes in the theological controversies at Oxford. So the knight thought that he might be an able disputant to prevent the young lady from adhering to a resolution which she had more than once expressed, of taking the veil in a French convent. Adelaide Merrivale and Henry St. John found so much entertainment in talking and disputing concerning theology and metaphysics, that they seemed to forget the lighter theme of love. The knight, however, taking it for granted that a courtship was going on, insisted on bringing Henry St. John into Derbyshire.

On the morning in question, Ferdinand Faithful welcomed Sir Thomas back to the seat of his ancestors, expressing a pious hope that all men might now live at peace with each other: "And I am sure," said Master Faithful, "that any one who has a recollection of the sad scenes which we have witnessed in our land, will not desire to see them repeated. We have all of us much to forget."

"Ay, ay," replied Sir Thomas Merrivale, "and much to remember too; and for myself, I tell you what Master Faithful, I shall always remember your kindness to my young friend; and if there should be any thing awkward in the settlement of the church, I will speak a good word for you. On my life, I think you are the most rational Puritan I ever met withal."

This was said by way of compliment, but

it was not so regarded by Ferdinand Faithful, who knew that thoughtless people took those to be most rational who were least religious. Now, Sir Thomas's opinion of religion may be illustrated by a conversation which occurred after this with the vicar. "Od's my life, Master Faithful, I will not be preached at. I have no objection to religion in its proper place, that is, *the church*, and administered in a proper manner, that is the surplice, and the prayer book, and the liturgy, and all that. But, to talk religion out of church is sheer blasphemy and sedition. Did not Oliver Cromwell cut off King Charles's head with texts of scripture? Look ye, my good fellow, keep the bible locked up in the church which is the proper place for it, and I'll warrant it will do no harm there."

"And very little good," replied Ferdinand Faithful.

So Sir Thomas in his joy invited Ferdinand Faithful up to the Hall, with all his family, to commemorate the Restoration; hard was the struggle which the vicar had with himself to comply with this invitation. "There is nothing but loyalty from Dan to Beersheba," said the knight on the day that he came down to insist on the appearance of the vicar at the jubilee, "so come you must, and come you shall." Little cause of rejoicing did Ferdinand foresee at the Restoration of Charles; but rather a deluge of iniquity upon the land, and that general relaxation of morals among all orders of society. The pressing importunity of Sir Thomas overcame him; "Would you stay at home and be a marked man?" These words went home to the good man's heart.

The day arrived, and great was the riot, and waste, and prodigal hospitality, at Emmer-ton Hall; such scenes were acted as had not been seen in that village before; fain would the vicar have been away: and after the dinner in the great hall, when the ladies withdrew, such speeches were made as are not fit to be repeated; and when they insisted that Ferdinand should drink a toast unbefitting his cloth, Henry St. John remonstrated against it, on which a furious quarrel arose, and Sir Thomas drew his sword on his intended son-in-law, and it was a mercy bloodshed did not ensue. Anne Faithful hearing of her father being mixed up in the quarrel, rushed in, and seeing St. John lying on the ground, for he had fallen in the scuffle with Sir Thomas, screamed and fainted. The presence of the ladies had the good effect of terminating the dispute; the cavaliers cared not of killing a man before God, but not for the world before a lady.

Anne Faithful being carried to an apartment was tended by Adelaide Merrivale, and a friendship sprung up between these two young ladies. Owing to the habitual cheerfulness of spirit which was so peculiar to

Anne Faithful, she presently recovered; her confiding cheerfulness returned to her, and she gracefully and gratefully thanked the young lady for the kind attentions which she received. Anne Faithful and Adelaide Merrivale had never met before; they had been educated in modes vastly different the one from the other, and the language of their lips, and the speculations of their understandings were not alike; but the inward principle of their hearts was the same, and by this they were attracted to each other.

Next day Sir Thomas Merrivale was at the parsonage to apologize to the vicar for the occurrences of the preceding evening. "This young spark," said he, pointing to St. John, "would not let me rest till I consented to yield to his importunities to come and ask pardon for the fright which we put you in yesterday by our brief passage of arms;" and the vicar was pressed to come up to the hall, in token that he had forgiven them. Henry St. John added his importunities, saying, "If you refuse us the favour, we shall conclude you feel resentment for what has passed."

This was an appeal not to be resisted, and Ferdinand Faithful went. When the party had dined, the knight proposed that they should take advantage of the fineness of the afternoon and stroll about the park. The knight thought this would be a good opportunity for Henry St. John to have the company of Adelaide; so he said, "Shall we go all together, or shall we divide. But how can we divide? We must not separate the affectionate family of the Faithfuls. Suppose you, Harry St. John, take Adelaide round one way, and I will take our good vicar and his family the other, that we may meet again at the south entrance to the Hall."

Adelaide suspected his design, she extended her hand to Anne Faithful: "I will so far separate the family as to beg Anne may be of our party," so Anne cheerfully joined her. Anne and St. John fell into a conversation, which the beauty of nature in Emmer-ton Park, and the warmth of youthful imagination provoked. Sir Thomas Merrivale was seen approaching quicker to meet them than they had expected; Adelaide rose hastily from a seat on which they had rested, saying to her companions—"I pray you set still while I go to meet my father I have somewhat to say to him." It was a long tale to tell what Anne and St. John did say and think on this occasion. They returned to the mansion, however, the one wondering that she should be interested for a cavalier, the other that he should feel a tender regard for a Puritan. Accident had thrown them together, and Anne Faithful from that night's conversation saw that a cavalier could entertain and express sentiments of religion, and Henry St. John found that the spirit of a

Puritan was not of necessity a spirit of narrowness and bigotry.

The circumstance of Henry St. John's affection for the Puritan's daughter came at last to the ears of Sir Thomas Merrivale. The infuriated cavalier's first impulse was to proceed to Adelaide's study to vent his rage for having encumbered herself with that puritan chit, Anne Faithful, on the evening in question, and for leaving St. John and her together.

[Continued in the SUPPLEMENT, published with the present Number.]

Manners and Customs.

WELL-FLOWERING.

WE have occasionally referred to the celebrated custom of decorating springs and fountains with flowers in the early ages; and, those who are conservative of old customs will be happy to learn that the festival has not yet fallen into complete desuetude in our own island. At the village of Tissington, near Ashborne, in Derbyshire, the custom of well-flowering has long been observed on every anniversary of Holy Thursday. Accordingly, the celebration took place on Thursday the 16th ult. By 10 o'clock, gay parties on foot, and in various vehicles, were seen making for the place of festivity, where everything wore the aspect of an universal holiday. At the usual hour, service was performed in Tissington Church, and an appropriate sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Gibbs. After this was concluded, the clergyman, accompanied by the church singers and a number of instrumental performers, together with the villagers and visitors, formed a procession, and visited the several wells, five in number, in the village, at each of which the psalms for the day were read, and a hymn sung. This service, which occupied a considerable time, ended the ceremonies of the day; and the remainder was devoted to rural sports and holiday pastimes. The wells were decorated with garlands of newly-gathered flowers, disposed in various devices. The mode of producing the various representations seemed to be thus:—Boards were cut into the required forms, and covered with moist clay, into which the stems of the flowers were inserted, to preserve their freshness, and so arranged as to form a beautiful mosaic work: when thus adorned, the boards were so disposed at the springs, that the water appeared to issue from beds of flowers. Thus, a number of texts from Scripture were written in flowers. Miss Goodwin's Well, (very elegantly decorated,) had the inscription: "Blessed are they that do his commandments;" the Town Well had the words: "Thanks be to God;" Hand's Well: "I go to prepare a place for you," and

"holiness to the Lord;" Miss Frith's Well, situated in a retired nook, and beautifully ornamented, "Our Saviour is gone up on high;" and the Hall Well, "He is our great reward, he hath done great things for us." The editor of the *Derbyshire Courier* thinks the latter Well showed the flower-work to greater advantage than any other; from its excellent situation, and the ivy-mantled arch by which it is overhung, forming, as it were, a rich frame to the floral picture. The ceremony at Tissington originated in a traditional story, that at a very remote period, this village was the only place for many miles which afforded a plentiful supply of water to the neighbouring villages—and that the gratitude of the simple-hearted peasantry established the annual spectacle of "flowering the Wells." Such, at least, is the conjecture in the *Derbyshire Courier*; but, Mr. Rhodes, in his *Peak Scenery*, regards the custom as a relic of more remote ages: "Great festivals were annually celebrated at the fountain of Arethusa, in Syracuse, in honour of the goddess Diana, who was fabled to preside over its water, and the *Fontinalia* of the Romans were religious observances dedicated to the nymphs of wells and fountains, in which rites the throwing flowers upon streams, and decorating the wells with crowns of flowers, formed the chief ceremonies."

Tissington is the seat of the Fitzherbert family, (Baronets,) the chief part of the estates having descended to them from the Meynells, in the fifteenth century. The village is environed with delightful mountainous scenery, and consists of three or four streets, irregularly built, and branching off from the village green; the chief buildings being the church, or rather chapel, and the mansion of the Fitzherbert's. The principal Well is called St. Helen's, and is in the street, opposite to Sir Henry Fitzherbert's house: the water flows from a very large stone basin into two smaller ones, and thence runs down the road. This well is surmounted with a large stone alcove. The inhabitants of Tissington appear to vie with each other in dressing the Wells in their respective neighbourhoods: the number of flowers requisite for the occasion is surprisingly great, and the stranger would wonder where they were obtained; although nearly every house has its front garden.

Mr. Rhodes prefixes a few interesting notes to his record of the Tissington ceremony. Shaw, in his *History of the Province of Morray*, observes that heathenish customs were much practised among the people there; and, as an instance, he cites that "they performed pilgrimages to wells, and built chapels in honour of their fountains." The practice of throwing flowers upon the Severn and other rivers of Wales, as alluded to by Milton, in his *Comus*, and Dyer, in his *Fleece*, is

unquestionably a remnant of this ancient usage. Speaking of the goddess Sabrina, Milton says :

The shepherds at their festivals,
Carol her good deeds loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.

Dyer's words are these:

With light fantastic toe, the nymphs
Thither assembled, thither ev'ry swain;
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flowers,
Pale lilies, roses, violets and pinks,
Mixed with green of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms:
Such custom holds along th' irriguous vales,
From Wrekin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE CASPIAN SEA.

[COLONEL MONTEITH, in the *Journal of his Tour through Azerdijian and the Shores of the Caspian*, relates the following meteorological phenomena of the province of Ghilan:]

The climate of this province is so unhealthy as to have given rise to the saying, "Whoever is tired of his life, let him go to Ghilan;" and the port of Resht is the worst, even the inhabitants bearing signs of its malignity. Fevers, dropsies, and enlargement of the spleen, are the most common disorders; and cutaneous eruptions are so common as not to be here considered disease. The quantity of rain that falls in Ghilan far exceeds that of any other of the Caspian provinces; this appears to be occasioned by the prevalence of north-east winds blowing directly into this bend of the Caspian, here backed by very high mountains, which arrest the clouds, and occasion their descending in torrents of rain in a very confined space. To such a degree does this wind prevail, that all the trees on the mountain are bent in a contrary direction. Cotton will not grow, and the fruits have an acid and harsh taste. Sugar canes and orange trees, which abound in Mazanderan, are here only cultivated as ornamental plants. A most singular phenomenon is said (for I did not witness it myself) to exist during the winter season. A hot, southerly wind sometimes springs up, which instantly changes the temperature in a remarkable manner, and immediately dries wood and other inflammable substances to such a degree as to render them liable to take fire from the slightest spark. The police are sent round to caution the people to extinguish their fires, as many serious accidents have taken place. This generally lasts twenty-four hours, and is immediately followed by a gale from the north-east, bringing snow and rain. As the mountains and high places of Persia are at that season covered with snow, this wind cannot derive its heat from coming over them, nor are there any satisfactory means of ac-

counting for it. I did not at first give credit to the story; however, on inquiring from many people of all ranks, as well in the towns as in the surrounding hamlets, I invariably received the same account.

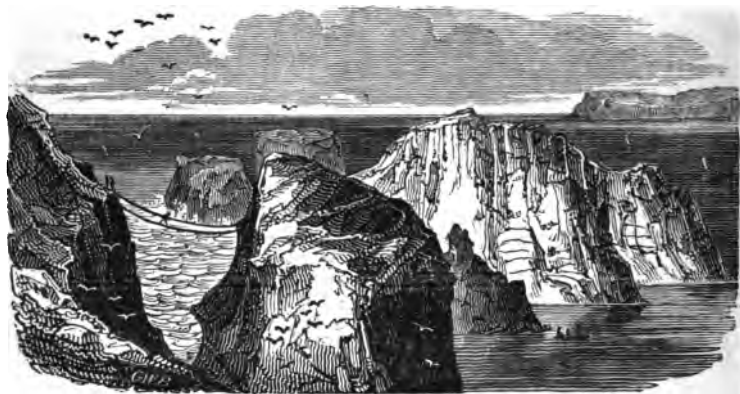
[The Colonel's observations on the controverted level of the Caspian, are still more entitled to quotation.]

Perhaps no question has been so much agitated, or at present remains in such doubt, as the actual level of the Caspian, and the variation which it has been supposed to be subject to. I will here state what information I have been able to collect on the subject. Not having then met with the observations of Engleheart, I had no idea that the Caspian was really lower than the ocean; and on finding water boiled at three-quarters of a degree of Fahrenheit higher (212 $\frac{1}{4}$), I concluded that either some accident had happened to the thermometer, or the water contained impurities, which might occasion it. Fortunately, having four excellent thermometers, one of which had been constructed at the Observatory of Paris, I procured a quantity of distilled water, and repeated the experiment in vessels made expressly for the occasion; the result was invariably the same, which would give a difference (if the same law hold good above and below the boiling point) of 390 feet below the ocean. Considering this as impossible, I took no further notice of the experiments till I saw the measurements of Engleheart, stated at 54 toises, French measure, ascertained by a long series of barometrical observations. I will not say whether this question has been finally decided or not, my observations were purely accidental, having no idea that a difference to that extent existed. Another question has been almost equally discussed, viz.—To what variations the Caspian itself is subject? The people of Enzillon say that it rises and falls several feet in periods of nearly thirty years, independent of the accidental and temporary rise and fall of four feet, occasioned by the long prevalence of winds from any particular quarter. This I have often witnessed; but the greatest variation was three and a half feet, during which three distinct and very high surfs broke along the western coast; the first at a mile from the shore. Several authors have treated on the rise and fall at different periods. Hanway, in the papers he has written on that subject, mentions that, in 1746, the sea was much higher than when the expedition under Peter the Great sailed, in 1722, at which time there were only six feet of water in the channel of the Volga, but in Hanway's, twelve. In 1784, Forster remarked that the water had risen to such a height as to bring down the sea wall of Bakoo; whereas the sea was, in 1828, distant from the nearest buildings of the city of Bakoo at least a quarter of a mile. The mouths of the Volga

can, however, never be taken as a fair criterion, as that river must always be the principal agent in forming the depths of the channel, as also being itself subject to great rises. My experience extending only from the year 1811 to 1828, I cannot pretend to decide this point, except that, during that period, the Caspian, as well as *every other lake in Persia*, decreased most sensibly in depth. In the lake, or back-water, of Enzilli, three new islands (besides the original one, called Mian Pushta) have made their appearance, and are now covered with reeds and grass, where cattle pasture,—even a few wil-

low bushes are springing up. The back-water of Gemishawan, near Lankeran, is now fordable, which it was not in 1812; and, as I before observed, having no defences on the sea side, was nearly taken by the Persians in the year 1826, the town now standing a quarter of a mile from the water.

(Extracted from vol. iii. part 1. of the *Journal of the Geographical Society of London*. In the *SURVEY* published with the present Sheet, the reader will find an interesting account of a recent Ascent of the Peter Bottle Mountain, illustrated with a fine large Engraving; for which novelties we are also indebted to the *Society's Journal*.)



FLYING BRIDGE.

THE cut represents a portion of the coast of Antrim, at the northern extremity of Ireland. This romantic spot is called Carrick-a-Rede, or Carrick-a-Ramhad, *i. e.* the rock in the road; because it interrupts the salmon in their passage along the coast. It consists of an insulated crag of rudely prismatic basalt, connected with the main land by a bridge of ropes, thrown across a chasm sixty feet in breadth, and eighty-four in depth. Its contrivance is as follows:—

"Two strong cables, parallel to each other, are fastened to rings, inserted in the solid rock, on each side of the chasm, and the narrow interval of the ropes is occupied by a boarded path-way. The danger in crossing is attributable to an irregularity in planting the foot upon the board, which of course recoils against the impression too soon, and precipitates the unguarded and courageous venturer into the deep chasm below. Persons accustomed to walk along planks may safely venture over, and the women and boys attached to the fishery, carry great loads across with the utmost contempt of danger, and apparent ease. This dangerous mode of communication exists only for a part of the year, *viz.* during the fishing season; immediately after which it is removed, but restored

again the ensuing season. It should be remarked, that the Island of Carrick-a-Rede is of nearly equal elevation with the main land, 350 feet. In the cliffs, near the island, is a very beautiful cave, about thirty feet in height, formed entirely of columnar basalt, of which the bases appear to have been removed, so that the unsupported polygonal columns compose the cave.

"The chief use of this insulated rock appears to be that of interrupting the salmon, who annually coast along the shore in search of rivers, in which to deposit their spawn. Their passage is generally made close to the shore, so that Carrick-a-Rede is very opportunely situated for projecting the interrupting nets. It will here be inquired, why the fishermen do not spare themselves the trouble of throwing across this very dangerous bridge, and approach the island by water; but this is perfectly impracticable, owing to the extreme perpendicularity of the basaltic cliffs on every side, except in one small bay, which is not accessible but at particular periods. This fishery, and indeed all those along the northern coast are very productive. The only residents in the little cottage on the Island are the clerk and fishermen, and they remain only during the summer months. The

fishermen are paid, and all the expenses of fishing defrayed, by proportionate allowances of salmon."

We are indebted for these details to the clever *Guide to the Giant's Causeway*, by the Rev. G. N. Wright, A.M.; the illustrations to which are executed in a superior style by Mr. G. Cooke.

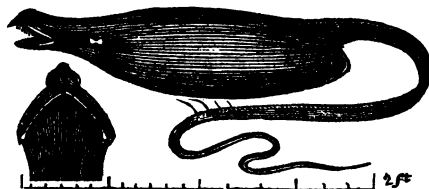
The Naturalist.

NEW SEA SERPENT.

THIS new marine serpentiform animal is the subject of an interesting paper read before the Royal Society, about six years since, by Dr. Harewood, Professor of Natural History in the Royal Institution. The specimen described by Dr. Harewood was taken in Davis's Straits, by Captain Sawyer, of the ship *Harmony*, of Hull, whilst he was pursuing the bottle-nosed porpoise. It was found lying on the surface of the water, and was at first supposed to be an inflated seal-skin, as employed by the Esquimaux to attach to their harpoons, for the purpose of wearying out the larger aquatic animals by its buoyant power. From its continued endeavours, ap-

parently, to gorge a species of perch, of greater circumference than itself, it was in a very exhausted state; and was easily captured. Captain Sawyer brought home the animal preserved in rum. It is about 4 ft. 6 in. in length, is very slender, and the tail has a filamentous termination, occupying about 20 inches of the entire length of the animal. The colour is a purplish black, the filamentous portion of the tail being lighter than the rest. From near the extremity of the snout, a sac extends about 20 inches down the body; this appendage, when partially inflated, is about 9 inches in circumference, and its greatest width, including the slender body of the animal, is 4 inches; its only use appears to be that of a float. The animal has a single row of teeth above and below; no teeth on the palatal bones, and is destitute of a tongue. The jaws are so long, and their articulation of such a nature, that their opening is wider even than that of the rattlesnake.

From its partial resemblance to the Ophidian reptiles, and its large sac, Dr. Harewood has named this curious creature, *Ophiognathus ampullaceus*, or bottle-like.



(New Sea Serpent.)

THE NIGHTINGALE.

(By a Correspondent of the Field Naturalist's Magazine.)

THIS renowned songster is of a size, intermediate, between the thrushes and the warblers; at least, he is much larger than any of our British warblers; and one of the continental nightingales, the *Sylvia Philomela* of M. Temminck, (or, as I should prefer terming it, the *Philomela major*), is a still larger bird. From its usual habit, however, of puffing up its plumage, the nightingale generally appears more bulky than it really is. But they vary considerably in size, and the variation does not indicate the sex, some of both sexes being much larger than others. The hue of the plumage, also, is subject to much variation, some of both sexes being of a rufous tinge, and others inclining to an ash-brown. The sexes, therefore, in this bird are not to be distinguished, either by the colour of their plumage, or by their comparative size.

It makes its first appearance in the neighbourhood of London about the middle of April, the period of its arrival being most remarkably regular, generally even to a day.

The females, however, do not arrive until ten days or a full fortnight after the males; a curious fact which may be observed in all our small migratory birds. It resorts chiefly to woods and thickets, and is often found in large double hedges, and in gardens where there are plenty of thick shrubs. In such situations its powerful and loud song may be heard at all hours over that of every other bird. Like the various warblers, he is very shy of being seen, and is usually concealed in the thickest part of a bush, or small tree, where as soon as he has fixed his abode, he sings almost incessantly until his notes have attracted a mate; after which he is not quite so much heard, though he continues to sing until the young are hatched, when his song ceases for the season. It is well worthy of remark, that caged nightingales, also, cease to sing at precisely the same time with the wild birds, being seldom if ever heard after the first week in June.

The characteristic trait of the nightingale's song consists in his very superior powers of execution; he has an infinite variety of the most beautiful and complex rolls and quavers, all of which are delivered with a perspicuity

and richness of tone peculiar to himself. The best description, however, would convey but an inadequate idea of the musical powers of the nightingale; he must be heard to be duly appreciated. His song is generally wild and unconnected, like that of the thrush; but when he joins his notes a little, as he sometimes though rarely does, nothing can be conceived more exquisite. His habit also of singing during the calm stillness of the night, when almost without a competitor, adds considerably to the effect. To hear him, however, in perfection we should ramble along the margin of a wood on a fine spring morning; when, after a passing shower, the sun bursts forth in all his splendour, and nature smiles in all her vernal loveliness; when drops of water glisten through the opening leaves, and every breeze wafts fragrance; then it is the feathered choristers are heard in all their melody; the thrilling music of the thrush; the deep-toned mellow warble of the blackbird; the whistling of the willow-wren and blackcap, loud and clear; the charming, ever-varied song of the little garden warbler, rising and falling in softest, sweetest cadences on the enraptured sense; with the joint chorus of a thousand little throats each striving to excel the rest in harmony; while the murmuring of the turtles, and the pleasing call of the cuckoo serve to furnish variety, and to give an exquisite finish to the whole,—then it is the nightingale is heard to advantage; high over all the rest he makes the woods re-echo to his song of joy.

The nightingale may easily be distinguished from all other British songsters by the wonderfully clear and distinct manner in which he executes an endless variety of most complicated and inimitable shakes and quavers. His song indeed is quite unlike that of any other British bird, and many of his most frequently repeated notes are known to the London dealers by particular names. Thus, one that is universally admired, is that which is commonly called by them "sweet-jug," from a fancied resemblance in the sound. It is a note that he frequently utters, and may be tolerably expressed thus, *huep, huep, huep, huep, huep, huep, huep, huep, huep, huep*; the former part to be pronounced very slowly, in a kind of half whisper, half whistle; the latter part "chuck," is repeated about a dozen times, and so quick and distinct as to set all imitation at defiance: sometimes instead of *chuck* it is terminated by a kind of roll, resembling *tattle-tattle-tattle*: this sudden transition from high to very deep notes has an extremely pleasing effect. Other remarkably fine notes have been likened to the words *water-bubble whitlow*, &c. This mode of illustrating the song of a bird may perhaps at first sight appear unnecessary, but it is the

only method in which a just idea can be given; and if by this description the bird should be immediately recognised by those who had not before heard it, as I conceive it would, the object is, of course, accomplished.

When the nightingale is singing, concealed in a bush, he will not suffer himself to be approached too near, and though he does not immediately fly, he ceases to sing, and signifies his displeasure by a peculiar croak—resembling the word *curre*, pronounced with a rolling of the *r*'s,—and if, upon his repeating this three or four times, the intruder should not retire, he flies to another bush; yet if he be approached very gently so that he should not be frightened, he will sometimes show himself and sing within a couple of yards of the spectator, when the wonderful distension of his throat will be very obvious, and when it is impossible not to admire the lightness and elegance of his form, and the amazing long hops he frequently takes from bough to bough.

After the young are hatched, should any person approach their nest, the parent nightingales are extremely clamorous, uttering a loud and very plaintive monotonous cry, (resembling *hueep*), and repeating at intervals their usual croak, so well known in places where nightingales abound. The nest is, however, most exceedingly difficult to discover; the colour of the eggs and also of the young birds being exactly that of the ground, or rather of the decayed leaves among which, under covert of a thick bush, the nest is usually concealed.

It appears from the experiments of Montagu, that if the hen nightingale be taken from her nest, the male will resume his song, and continue to sing till very late in the summer, or until his notes have attracted another mate. From this, therefore, it would seem, that the reason the nightingale ceases his song at Midsummer, is, that his whole time is then occupied in procuring food for his young family; but as it is well known that caged nightingales that have no nestlings to provide for, cease to sing at precisely the same time with the wild birds, we must of course endeavour to assign some other cause for its silence.

The very partial distribution of this bird can only be accounted for by a peculiarity of food, which may be found in some places and not in others. Montagu observes that the young were principally fed upon a kind of small, green caterpillar. It has been said, that the nightingale may possibly not be found in any part but where cowslips grow plentifully; and with respect to Devonshire and Cornwall this coincidence is just, but in the woods of Norwich and Dulwich near London, where the nightingale is extremely abundant, the cowslip is not found. Like all other small migratory birds, it will return

year after year to the spot where it first took up its abode; and I have thus often noticed it in gardens and places where I never should expect to have found it, but which were probably at one time more shrubby, and more congenial accordingly to its general habits.

The Public Journals.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.

(Concluded from page 217.)

The Celebrated Mortar.—It having been announced that an experiment would be made on the 24-inch (English) mortar on the heath of Braeschaet, a number of generals and officers of all arms proceeded to that village. The previous experiments made at Liege had not succeeded, either from some defect in the shell, or in the mode of firing. It had been tried with the usual wooden sabot, as well as with a wad of twisted straw; but, with one or two exceptions, the projectile burst at the moment of quitting the piece. This was attributed to a want of thickness in the shell, particularly of the culot or part coming in contact with the charge, which, from the great diameter of the cavity, had not sufficient thickness to resist the shock of the powder and concussion of the air. Fresh shells were subsequently directed to be cast.

The first eight or ten experiments were made with the dead shell filled with its proper weight in sand, and fired with various charges, from six to twelve pounds, gradually increasing. No accident occurred. The artillery officers being satisfied with these trials, the shell was loaded to a third, and so on to its full charge, upwards of a barrel and a quarter. One shell alone burst out of six, at the mouth of the piece; the remainder fell near the target, and exploded with a fierce detonation, tearing up many cubic feet of earth, and scattering splinters to the distance of 450 yards. The shells were hoisted to a level with the mouth of the cylinder by means of a chevalet supporting a swivel bar, on the one end of which were suspended two chains with hooks to catch the rings of the shell, and on the other a weight nearly equalling that of the projectile; it was easily raised by this means, and then lowered without any jar into the chamber. A straw-twisted wad was employed as a sabot. The operation of loading required an average of 37 minutes to 50. The vent was fitted with a spring detonator, and the man who fired stood behind a traverse and pulled the spring with a long cord.

The experiment having succeeded, it was resolved to bring the mortar into Antwerp, and preparations were made to place it in battery on the covered way of the bastion of the city, between the re-entering place of arms of Montebello and the Malines gate. Eight horses were required to draw the car-

riage on which it was placed, and eight others to draw the carriage containing the bed. The weight of the empty shells being nearly 1,000 lbs. it is easy to calculate the number of these projectiles that could be moved in any ordinary ammunition wagon. The weight of the bed, which is of timber, is not given in the scale, but it may be taken as at somewhat more than the mortar itself, making altogether about 30,000 lbs.; add to this 110 shells for 100 rounds at 1,000 lbs. each, and 110 barrels of 90 lbs. each, and it gives the enormous dead weight of 70 tons, exclusive of gins, triangle, chevalet, carriage, and sundries. The name of Monster-mortar seems to have been well selected, for it is scarcely possible to conceive a more ugly or unwieldy implement. With the exception of the mortar at Moscow, which has thirty-six inches in diameter at the mouth of the cylinder, and was, if ever used, employed for projecting masses of granite, the monster-mortar exceeds any other weapon of the kind hitherto known. The original conception is due to Colonel Paixhans; it was executed under the direction of Baron Evain, and cast at the Belgian royal foundry at Liege.

Firing.—At midnight, the twenty-four-inch mortar was loaded with twelve and a half pounds of powder, and the first discharge took place. The huge projectile, of which the internal charge was fifty-four pounds of powder and combustibles, was watched with anxiety as it made its parabola, and a look-out person stationed on the tower of St. André reported that it had fallen and exploded near the great powder magazine at the gorge of bastion Fernando. The success of the experiment was thus demonstrated. At the second shot, which took place nearly an hour later, the shell burst on issuing from the mouth of the mortar, not by explosion from the fuze, but from the weakness of the projectile itself. Great care was therefore ordered to be taken in selecting others, of which the culots were thicker. "The enemy," says General Chassé, in speaking of this mortar, in his report of the 21st, "have put the seal to their brutal and barbarous mode of proceeding, by firing from the great monster-mortar, so long announced."

The dimensions are as follow:

Diameter of Shell	24 in.
Thickness, exclusive of culot ..	2½
Weight of empty shell	916 lb.
Powder contained in shell	99 "
Weight of Shell, full charge	1015 "
Calibre, massive	1666 "
Weight of mortar (metal)	14,700 "
" bed (wood)	16,000 "
Powder in Chamber (full)	30 "

The French weight has been preserved purposely for the sake of greater accuracy.

Smokeless Affair.—We can vouch for the

correctness of the following anecdote:—On rushing into the breach, and descending with charged bayonets into the *terre-plein*, the Lieutenant Duverger, commanding the grenadiers of the 65th, sprung on the Dutch officer, and having secured him, expressed his surprise, in no measured terms, at the want of energy of the garrison, adding, "Sir! if I were your general, I would bring you to a court-martial for not having done your duty." We give this as it was repeated to us by Lieutenant Duverger himself, on the morning subsequent to the affair, in the presence of many other persons. That there was not the shadow of an attempt at defence there is no doubt; indeed, nearly fifty men threw down their arms and escaped by flying into the caponnière, whilst the remainder were found in a supplicating attitude. It is, however, just to the lieutenant to say, that he honourably performed his duty. The above remarks equally affect both defenders and assailants, for where there was no struggle, no defence, there could be no great glory in the achievement; and we may take upon ourselves to state, that when one of the officers commanding an assaulting column was promised a recommendation for the Legion of Honour, he replied to the General (Haxo), "It will be the happiest day of my life when I receive such a distinction, but I do not feel that I deserve it; for we did not fire or receive a shot."

French wounded Soldiers.—As a psychological illustration of national character, it may not be uninteresting to observe that the wounded almost invariably preserved their gaiety under the greatest bodily torment. Their replies or exclamations on these occasions, though often breathing the noblest sentiments, bore the stamp of almost dramatic excitement. Under similar circumstances the British soldier supports pain with his accustomed national firmness and impassibility; reserving, if badly wounded, his strength and resources for the moment of operation, generally more painful than the wound itself. The clenched jaw and contracted brow are the only indications of his bodily agony. The Frenchman, on the other hand, laughs, and as it were endeavours to outwit torture: he seems to bid defiance to pain, and try to overcome corporeal suffering by redoubling his wonted loquacity. Deep resignation and patience show themselves in the one; utter heedlessness and indifference in the other. The courage of the two people in the day of battle has not been inaptly assimilated, the one to the gay bearing of a gallant hastening to a feast; the other, to the tranquil demeanour of a man entering a church.

Terrific Affair.—An accident occurred at a descent, which, for awhile, caused considerable panic. A bomb fell at the very mouth, where, it exploded, killing one lieu-

tenant of the 25th, two sappers, one voltigeur, and wounding another. The concussion of air was so great that the lights were extinguished, and the gallery being filled with smoke and left in utter darkness, officers and men at the bottom supposed the roof had given way and that they were buried; and, as the lateral gallery was not yet completely opened, there was no escape on that side. After a few moments' anxious suspense they were re-assured by hearing the voice of a vivandière, who, though a second bomb followed close on the heels of the first, killing two and wounding three men, with the utmost coolness walked down, and calling to one of the miners said, "Here's your dram, but you must drink from your hand, for the cursed shell has broken my glasses."

The Last Shot.—Immediately after the arrival of the Dutch officers at Berchem orders were issued to stop the fire of the besieging batteries, and an officer with a white flag was directed to hasten to the breaching battery, and thence to communicate with the garrison, in order that General Chassé might issue similar instructions to his gunners, who, not being aware of what was passing, continued to fire a few rounds after the French batteries had entirely ceased. The last shot from the flank of Fernando carried off the arm of a French artillery officer in battery 15. At ten A.M. the fire ceased entirely on both sides, having been maintained by the Dutch from mid-day on the 30th of November, altogether 22 days and 22 hours; and by the French, from 11 A.M. on the 4th of December, making 18 days and 23 hours,—the former having expended 42,000 rounds, and the latter upwards of 63,000, the half of which were hollow projectiles, of which a large proportion passed over the citadel. The moment the batteries ceased firing, the garrison crowded the parapets and ramparts, and some of the besiegers having dashed into the water, waded across the ditch, and, scrambling up the breach, shook hands with the defenders. It was stipulated that both parties should abstain from working during the progress of the negotiations; but some of the garrison, unknown to the governor, having been seen occupied in clearing the breach, and repairing the parapet of Toledo, and the embrasures in Fernando, the General commanding the trenches immediately gave notice, that the fire would be re-opened if this was continued. No further act of hostility took place.

United Service Journal.

FRAGMENTS FROM METASTASIO.

Ah! me, how readily we all can deem
Evil of others! Miserable effect
Of too much love we bear ourselves! Our pride
Is flatter'd by the baseness of our fellows;
And their worst loss is still our dearest gain.
Every man loves to be companion'd, while

He walks in error; every man would see
 All others miss the way, when he walks right;
 And thus we call things by wrong names. In us
 Fear is discreet,—servility most modest;
 While all men's modesty, except our own
 Is servile, and all prudence cowardly;
 So we keep good friends with ourselves. Of others,
 The evil regard comes quickly—the good slow.

The freeborn fountain
 Child of the mountain,
 The close-pent
 In imprisonment,
 Its waters were,
 The lighter leaps,
 And the brighter keeps
 Its pathway in upper air.
 So the noble soul,
 Whom fate to-day
 Weighs down—to-morrow
 Without control,
 Will wing his way
 Through the paths of story,
 And win of sorrow
 Exceeding glory.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

SPLENDID MARINE SCENERY.

(From Tom Cringle's Log.)

I HAD heard much of the magnificence of the scenery in the Bight of Leogane, but the reality far surpassed what I had pictured to myself.

The breeze, towards noon of the following day, had come up in a gentle air from the westward, and we were gliding along before it like a spread eagle, with all our light sails abroad to catch the sweet zephyr, which was not even strong enough to ruffle the silver surface of the landlocked sea, that glowed beneath the blazing mid-day sun, with a dolphin here and there cleaving the shining surface with an arrowy ripple, and a brown-skinned shark glaring on us, far down in the deep, clear, green profound, like a water fiend, and a slow-sailing pelican overhead, after a long sweep on poised wing, dropping into the sea like lead, and flashing up the water like the bursting of a shell, while we sailed up into a glorious amphitheatre of stupendous mountains, that rose gradually from the hot sandy plains that skirted the shore, covered with one eternal forest; while what had once been smiling fields, and rich sugar plantations, in the long misty level districts at their bases, were now covered with brushwood, fast rising up into one impervious thicket; and as the Island of Gonave closed in the view behind us to seaward, the sun sank beyond it, amidst rolling masses of golden and blood-red clouds, giving token of a goodly day to-morrow, and gilding the outline of the rocky islet (as if to a certain depth it had been transparent) with a golden halo, gradually deepening into imperial purple. Beyond the shadow of the tree-covered islet, on the left hand, rose the town of Port-au-Prince, with its long streets rising like terraces on the gently swelling shore, while the mountains behind it, still gold-

tipped in the declining sunbeams, seemed to impend frowningly over it, and the shipping in the roadstead at anchor off the town were just beginning to fade from our sight in the gradually increasing darkness, and a solitary light began to sparkle in a cabin window and then disappear, and to twinkle for a moment in the piazzas of the houses on shore like a will-of-the-wisp, and the chirping buzz of myriads of insects and reptiles was coming off from the island astern of us, borne on the wings of the light wind, and charged with rich odours from the closing flowers, "like the sweet south, soft breathing o'er a bed of violets," when a sudden puff of white smoke puffed out from the hill-fort above the town, the report thundering amongst the everlasting hills, and gradually rumbling itself away into the distant ravines and valleys, like a lion growling itself to sleep, and the shades of night fell on the dead face of nature like a pall, and all was undistinguishable.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Notes of a Reader.

A PASIEKA, OR BEE FARM.

[In one of Mrs. Gore's *Polish Tales* we find the following delightful picture of a Bee-farm in Poland, with the economy and sweet simplicity of its inmates.]

In Poland, with the pristine, pious, and honest-hearted people of Zmujdz, the bees, the chief source of their wealth and prosperity, have obtained a sanctity exceeding even that of the redbreast in our own country. To put a bee wantonly to death is regarded as a sin;—to neglect their health and comfort, as a fault;—and the result of the superstitious veneration with which the bee farmers watch over their hives is rewarded by an excess of tameness and a degree of mutual understanding, such as these winged usurers rarely exhibit in other countries. Instances of familiarity and anecdotes of instinct are cited round the hearth by the Samogitians, incontestably authenticated, but bordering on the marvellous.

The province of Zmujdz, or Samogitia, is perhaps the only one in Poland or even in Europe, where ignorance and superstition in their grossest form have wrought no evil on the moral character of the people: and whether attributable to the bounty of nature which has blessed them with ample competence, without the enervating means of luxury,—or to the protecting influence of the Pantheon of household divinities, so vaunted by the Samogitians of old, certain it is that they retain the purity and simplicity of the antique time, and live for the worship and service of God,—contented,—laborious,—virtuous,—cheerful;—ignorant alike of the corruptions generated by populous cities, and

the vices and struggles of surrounding nations; nay, almost beyond the influence of the political misfortunes of their own.

Clothed with luxuriant woods, fed by a thousand fertilizing streams, and presenting a rich and diversified surface, Samogitia is parcelled into commodious farms rather than divided among a few insatiate magnats, as in the adjoining province of Lithuania. The few nobles who possess territories in the province are men unconnected with the Court and resident on their estates.

On the banks of a rapid brook skirting extensive woodlands in one of the most favoured districts of the province, stood the Pasiëka of Zwieta; a farm which had descended to the good Jakób Bremglicz, its present proprietor, from a race of ancestors tracing the legendary yeomanship of the family to the illustrious reign of Sigismund Augustus.—He was a worthy, warm-hearted man;—comely, healthy, wealthy, and even wise according to the highest acceptation of the term: for he knew the path of duty, and walked in it humbly and steadfastly. But this was the limit of his knowledge. The schools now established in Samogitia had not come into operation in time to include the good Jakób among their neophytes; and notwithstanding his privilege of crying “Veto,” in the senate as loudly as a Radzivil or a Sapieha, notwithstanding his goodly pastures, nobly-timbered woods, and high account in the neighbourhood, his smattering of scholarship endowed him with little reading, and less penmanship. Yet small as was this advance in civilization, it sufficed to render him the intellectual president of the simple, rural population among which he lived and prospered; whose veneration was lavished upon Jakób and his wife Józefa, (or as she was termed by the custom of the province, Jakubowa, or Madam Jakób)—as upon the wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best, and even happiest couple in the district!

Of their three children, Dzidzilia, the eldest daughter, was already in her seventeenth year; while Benisia and her brother Janek were children of nine and ten, and still under the vigilant tutorage of their aunt Anulka, the sister of Jakób; a spinster whose early education in the Ursuline convent at the neighbouring town of Rosienie,—caused her to be venerated among the Bee Farmers as a semi saint, and full and perfect philosopher.

Under these distinctions, sister Anulka was by no means proud. Her disposition was as sweet as the miód or honey turned to such good account under her presidency; and had any healing or peace-making been required in a family where, by the blessing of Heaven, all was gentleness, happiness, and love, the mild spinster was the very person to have smoothed down irritations, and softened asperities.

But at the Pasiëka of Zwieta nothing of the kind existed!—The farm flourished; the children flourished; the bees flourished; while the neighbours applauded, and the parents gave thanks to Providence with smiles on their rubicund faces, and tears in their clear blue eyes. The rich incense of the bee-garden formed a fragrant atmosphere round their dwelling; and the hives that rose like golden globes in the stages of the hive shed, and the wild swarms cultivated as stock, in the woodlands of the farm, seemed to rejoice in contributing to the stores of the happy family. Sometimes, indeed, late in the autumn, the bears were known to come down from the Lithuanian forests, and pillage the wild honeycombs they had been anxiously watching through the summer: or the spider would make its invidious way into the hives; or the moth deposit her baleful eggs among the combs. But these were minor grievances;—and the effigies of the Holy Marya, and St. Jozef with his branch of lilies, erected over the gateway of the Pasiëka, were greeted morning and evening with tokens of praise and thankfulness.

EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

It is only within the last thirty or forty years that the children of the poor received any kind of education save what they were orally taught by their parents, or by the clergyman on Sunday afternoons, when he catechizes the children in the church. Of course, very few of them could either read or write. The rising generation, however, have all had some share of instruction in the parochial schools, which are now generally established. Whether the effects anticipated from these establishments will ever be realized, is at present doubtful. It has certainly enabled some of the children to obtain for themselves better situations in life; and, though extreme ignorance in school-learning is not now so prevalent as it was, there are yet no very visible signs of moral amendment. Education, like all other blessings, is valuable only so far as it is rightly used. If the resolution to make a proper use, could be enjoined along with the dissemination of it, all the expected good effects would undoubtedly follow from it, but not otherwise.

The English Church service is admirably adapted for an *uneducated* congregation. The poor, who cannot read, have opportunity to hear the whole of the Scriptures read over once in every year. They repeat the confession, and many of the supplicatory prayers and creed, after the clergyman and precentor; and to every petition they give an audible assent; so that an attentive hearer soon becomes acquainted with every thing he should believe, as well as all he should do, as a Christian.—*Quart. Journ. of Agriculture.*

Retrospective Cleanings.

PAROCHIAL RECORDS.—GREAT MARLOW.

Extracts from the ancient Church Book, which begins Lady Day, 1592.

- 1592.—Paid for mendynge the bells, when the queen came to Bysham Abbey, 1s. 6d. Received of the torchmen, for the profytte of the Whitsun ale, 5l.
 1604-5.—Paid the ryngers when the kynge came to Bustleham, 5s.
 1608.—Among the church goods :—
 Item.—Fyve payr of garters, and bells.
 Fyve coats and a fool's coat.
 Fower feathers.

N.B. These morris-coats were lent out to the neighbouring parishes, and are accounted for till 1629.

- 1612.—Paid the ryngers, when the kynge came through the towne, 2s. 6d.
 The office of sidesman occurs till 1640.
 1617.—Paid the ryngers, when the kynge came by to Bisham, 5s.
 1642.—Paid for throwing in the bullworks about the church, and in Duck Lane, and for cleaning the church when the souldiers lay inn itt.—(Sum not named.)
 1647.—Laid out, in going to Beaconsfield about the covenant.—(Sum not named.)
 Paid the ryngers when the kynge came thorow the towne, 5s.
 1650.—Sept. 29. For defacing of the kynge's arms, 1s.
 1651.—Paid to the painter, for setting up the state's arms, 16s.

Maxims from the Common-place Book of William, Lord Paget, of Beaudesert, Staffordshire, who died 1563.

- | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|----------|
| Flye the courte. | Learn to spare. | |
| Speke little. | Spend with measure. | |
| Care less. | Care for home. | |
| Devise nothing. | Pray often. | |
| Never earnest. | Live better, and | |
| (Qy. Stand surety ?) | Dye well. | |
| In answer cold. | | M. L. B. |

The Gatherer.

Curious Tax.—Tlascala, a province of North America, in the government of Mexico, was originally an ally to Cortez, on the conquest of Mexico, who obtained a grant of it from Charles VI., King of Spain, by which it was exempt from any service or duty whatsoever to that Crown, only by paying the King of Spain a handful of maize for each head, as an acknowledgment; which inconsiderable parcels were said, upwards of fifty years ago, to make up 13,000 bushels. This province produces a great quantity of Indian corn: hence it had the name of Tlascala, or The Land of Bread.

P. T. W.

Sierra Leone.—The Sierra Leonese boast of having fewer musquitoes than their neighbours. "That is easily accounted for," say the men of Bathurst, "the climate of Sierra Leone is so bad that nothing can live in it, not even a musquito."

Odd Discipline.—Mr. Leonard says, "In passing the guard-house at Prince's Island, the black sentry, with nothing else save a ragged shirt on, and the belt of a cartouch box buckled round his middle, presented arms to us; and the officer of the guard came out with a parrot in his hand, and asked us if we wanted to buy."

Prince's Mixture.—This term is not only applied to a favourite snuff. Prince's Island is celebrated among African cruisers for the bad weather so commonly met with near it, frequent and vexatious showers of rain, and gusts of wind, all which are quaintly termed by our seamen Prince's Mixture.

The Rhinoceros Bird, or helmet horn-bill, has a call resembling the braying of an ass, being almost equally loud and discordant—to contribute which, Nature has, do doubt, placed the immense unseemly protuberance on the beak, from which it receives its name.—(See the cut of the *Rhinoceros Bird*, at page 312, vol. xix. of *The Mirror*.)

Beauty and Poetry.—Beauty is to a woman what poetry is to a language, and their similarity accounts for their conjunction; for, there never yet existed a female possessed of personal loveliness, who was not only poetical in herself, but the cause of poetry in others. Were the subject to be properly examined, it would be discovered that the first dawn of poetical genius in a man proceeds almost invariably from his acquaintance with the other sex. Where love exists, poetry must exist also; for one cannot possibly have being without the fellowship of the other;—they live together, and together they perish.

Fraser's Magazine.

Female Genius.—No age has been so fruitful in female genius as the present. From all ranks of society, women have come forth, and have distinguished themselves in almost every department of literature.—*Ibid.*

Wooden Clocks are made chiefly in the Black Forest, in South Germany; and it is said that 70,000 of such clocks are manufactured there annually.

French Levee Wit.—There were two very fat noblemen at the court of Louis XV., the Duke de L— and the Duke de N—. They were both one day at the levee, when the King began to rally the former on his corpulence. "You take no exercise, I suppose," said the King.—"Pardon me, sire," said de L—, "I walk twice a day round my cousin de N—."

THOMAS GILL.

April Foolery.—One of the best tricks of this description is that of Rabelais, who being at Marseilles, without money, and desirous of going to Paris, filled some vials with brick-dust, or ashes, labelled them as containing poison for the royal family of France, and put them where he knew they would be discovered. The bait took, and he was conveyed as a traitor to the capital, where the discovery of the jest occasioned universal mirth.

Modern Aqueduct.—Louis XIV. began an aqueduct in 1684, near Maintenon, to carry water to Versailles; but the works were abandoned in 1688. This would have been, perhaps, the largest aqueduct in the world, the whole length being 60,000 fathoms, the bridge being 2,070 fathoms in length, 220 feet high, and consisting of 632 arches.

Neat Rapartee.—St. Thomas Aquinas being in a closet with Innocent IV. when an officer brought in a large sum of money, produced by the sale of absolutions and indulgences, "You see, young man," said the Pope, "the age of the church is past in which she said, 'silver and gold I have none.'"—"True, holy father," replied Aquinas, "but the age is also past when she could say to a paralytic, 'Rise up and walk.'"

The Arabs have not neglected their olden hospitalities, as have many nations in the march of "improvement." The old "Peace be with you" is still their common salutation. "Welcome, what do you wish?" is the address to a stranger, whose entertainment costs him only a "God reward you."

Fairs.—The ancient Arab fairs appear to have been more intellectual scenes than any of modern times; for, in the fairs at Mecca, and at Okadh, A. D. 500, poetical contests were held, and the poems to which the prize was awarded were written on byssus, in letters of gold.

Weaving Riot.—The first squabble of this description will be found in classic story:—Arachne, daughter of Idmon, a dyer of purple, at Colophon, in Ionia, had learned from Pallas the art of weaving, and ventured to challenge her teacher to a trial of skill. In vain did the goddess, in form of an old woman, forewarn her of the consequences of her folly. The contest began, and Arachne prepared with much skill a web, which represented the amours of Jupiter. This irritated Pallas, who tore the web in pieces, and struck Arachne on the head with the shuttle. Arachne hung herself in despair. The goddess restored her to life, but changed her into a spider; whence the natural history of spiders is termed Arachnology.

Disadvantages of Tallness.—Frederick II. when crown-prince, wished to become acquainted with the Marquess d'Argens, and to receive a visit from him. He replied that he

should be in danger from Frederick William I., with his six feet six, this king being in the habit of compelling tall men to join his regiment of grenadiers.

Tyrolese Minstrels.—In the *Encyclopædia Americana* we find the following sly hit at English credulity:—Speaking of the performance at the Argyll Rooms, the writer describes them "sometimes such as it is difficult for the most patient hearer to put up with—e. g. the music of the four Jews, who sung dressed as Tyrolese."

Applause.—In Germany, applause by making a noise with the feet always signifies the highest degree of satisfaction.

Cider in America.—A liquor is obtained by distillation from cider, termed cider-brandy, of which great quantities are made in the Middle States; while a very strong liquid may be obtained by allowing cider to be frozen, and then drawing off the portion which remains fluid, and thus retains the heat. But, a far more wholesome liquid than either is the pounona wine, which is prepared by adding one gallon of brandy to six of new cider, after it is racked off. This, when eight or twelve months old, is a very good substitute for wine, and is, beyond all comparison, more wholesome than the wretched mixtures sold so cheap under the name of Lisbon wine, &c.

Paintings.—The sale of the Nieuwenhays collection, a few days since, produced the sum of 20,210*l.*, the number of works being 141. The last picture in the sale was the celebrated Landscape by A. Van de Velde, which brought the immense sum of 1,376*l.*

Presence of Mind.—Cæsar, on landing at Adrumetum, in Africa, with his army, happened to fall on his face, which was reckoned a bad omen; but he, with great presence of mind, turned it to his advantage, for, taking hold of the ground with his right hand, and kissing it, as if he had fallen on purpose, he exclaimed, "Teneo te Africa." (I take possession of thee, O Africa.) P. T. W.

Epitaph, near Bristol.

I WENT and listed in the Tenth Hussars,
And galloped with them to the bloody wars.
"Die for your sovereign—for your country die!"
To earn such glory feeling rather shy,
Snug I slipped home. But Death soon sent me off,
After a struggle with the hooping cough.

With the present Number, a SUPPLEMENTARY SHEET of
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No. 608.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER.

[PRICE 2d.]



RECENT ASCENT OF THE PETER BOTTE MOUNTAIN,
MAURITIUS.

Crabels.

ASCENT OF THE PETER BOTTE MOUNTAIN.

["Few events at the Mauritius," observes a Correspondent of the *Nautical Magazine*, "have been more talked of lately than that of the ascent of the Peter Botte Mountain." This extraordinary feat was accomplished on the 7th of September last; and its peril and triumph were communicated by Mr. Barrow to the *Royal Geographical Society*, January 28, 1833, in the following extract from a private letter, printed in Part I., vol. iii., of the Society's valuable Journal:]

The Peter Botte has always been considered inaccessible; and although a tradition exists of a man of that name having ascended it, and losing his life in returning, it is seldom believed, no authentic account remaining of the fact. A Frenchman, forty-two years ago, declared that he had got on the top by himself, and made a hole in the rock for a flag-staff; and his countrymen naturally believed him! but the value of this assertion may be also judged of by the present narrative. The ascent has been frequently attempted, and by several people, of late years; once by the officers of his Majesty's ship *Samarang*, who lost their way and found themselves separated from the Peter Botte itself by a deep cleft in the rock, and in consequence were compelled to return. Captain Lloyd, chief civil engineer, and your old friend Dawkins, made the attempt last year, and succeeded in reaching a point between the shoulder and the neck, where they planted a ladder, which did not however reach halfway up a perpendicular face of rock that arrested their progress. This was the last attempt. Captain Lloyd was then, however, so convinced of the practicability of the undertaking, that he determined to repeat the experiment this year, and accordingly made all his preparations by the beginning of this month. On the 6th, he started from town, accompanied by Lieutenant Phillpotts, of the 29th Reg., Lieutenant Keppel, R.N., and myself. He had previously sent out two of his overseers with about twenty-five negroes and sepoy convicts to make all the necessary preparations. They carried with them a sort of tent, and ropes, crow-bars, a portable ladder, provisions, and everything we could possibly want for three or four days, as we intended to remain on the shoulder of the mountain, close to the base of Peter Botte, until we either succeeded, or were convinced of its impossibility. These men had worked hard; and, on our arriving at the foot of the mountain, we found the tent and all our tools, &c. safely lodged on the shoulder of the Peter Botte. I may as well describe here the appearance of the mountain. From most points of view it seems to rise out of the range

which runs nearly parallel to that part of the sea-coast which forms the bay of Port Louis; but, on arriving at its base, you find that it is actually separated from the rest of the range by a ravine or cleft of a tremendous depth. Seen from the town (as you will perceive by the sketch) it appears a cone with a large overhanging rock at its summit; but so extraordinarily sharp and knife-like is this, in common with all the rocks in the island, that when seen *end on*, as the sailors say, it appears nearly perpendicular. In fact, I have seen it in fifty different points of view, and cannot yet assign to it any one precise form. But to my tale.

We dined that evening and slept at the house of a Frenchman in the plain below, and rose early next morning. All our preparations being made, we started, and a more picturesque line of march I have seldom seen. Our van was composed of about fifteen or twenty sepoys in every variety of costume, together with a few negroes carrying our food, dry clothes, &c. Our path lay up a very steep ravine, formed by the rains in the wet season, which, having loosened all the stones, made it anything but pleasant; those below were obliged to keep a bright look-out for tumbling rocks, and one of these missed Keppel and myself by a miracle.

From the head of this gorge we turned off along the other face of the mountain; and it would have been a fine subject for a picture, to look up from the ravine below and see the long string slowly picking their "kittle" footsteps along a ledge not anywhere a foot broad: yet these monkeys carried their loads full four hundred yards along this face, holding by the shrubs above; while below there was nothing but the tops of the forest for more than nine hundred feet down the slope.

On rising to the shoulder, a view burst upon us which quite defies my descriptive powers. We stood on a little, narrow ledge or neck of land, about twenty yards in length. On the side which we mounted, we looked back into the deep wooded gorge we had passed up; while on the opposite side of the neck, which was between six and seven feet broad, the precipice went sheer down fifteen hundred feet to the plain. One extremity of the neck was equally precipitous, and the other was bounded by what to me was the most magnificent sight I ever saw. A narrow, knife-like edge of rock, broken here and there by precipitous faces, ran up in a conical form to about 300 or 350 feet above us; and on the very pinnacle old "Peter Botte" frowned in all his glory. I have done several sketches of him, one of which, from this point, I send by the same ship as this letter.

After a short rest we proceeded to work. The ladder (see sketch) had been left by Lloyd and Dawkins last year. It was about twelve feet high, and reached, as you may

perceive, about halfway up a face of perpendicular rock. The foot, which was spiked, rested on a ledge, not quite visible in the sketch, with barely three inches on each side. A grappel-line had been also left last year, but was not used. A negro of Lloyd's clambered from the top of the ladder by the cleft in the face of the rock, not trusting his weight to the old and rotten line. He carried a small cord round his middle; and it was fearful to see the cool, steady way in which he climbed, where a single loose stone or false hold must have sent him down into the abyss; however, he fearlessly scrambled away till at length we heard him halloo from under the neck "all right." These negroes use their feet exactly like monkeys, grasping with them every projection almost as firmly as with their hands. The line carried up he made fast above, and up it we all four "shinned" in succession. It was, joking apart, awful work. In several places the ridge ran to an edge not a foot broad; and I could, as I held on, half-sitting, half-kneeling, across the ridge, have kicked my right shoe down to the plain on one side, and my left into the bottom of the ravine on the other. The only thing which surprised me was my own steadiness and freedom from all giddiness. I had been nervous in mounting the ravine in the morning; but gradually I got so excited and determined to succeed, that I could look down that dizzy height without the smallest sensation of swimming in the head; nevertheless, I held on *uncommonly hard*, and felt very well satisfied when I was safe under the neck. And a more extraordinary situation I never was in. The head, which is an enormous mass of rock, about thirty-five feet in height, overhangs its base many feet on every side. A ledge of tolerably level rock runs round three sides of the base, about six feet in width, bounded everywhere by the abrupt edge of the precipice, except in the spot where it is joined by the ridge up which we climbed. In one spot the head, though overhanging its base several feet, reaches only perpendicularly over the edge of the precipice; and, most fortunately, it was at the very spot where we mounted. Here it was that we reckoned on getting up: a communication being established with the shoulder by a double line of ropes, we proceeded to get up the necessary *matériel*.—Lloyd's portable ladder, additional coils of rope, crowbars, &c. But now the question, and a puzzler too, was how to get the ladder up against the rock. Lloyd had prepared some iron arrows, with thonges, to fire over; and, having got up a gun, he made a line fast round his body, which we all held on, and going over the edge of the precipice on the opposite side, he leaned back against the line, and fired over the least projecting part: had the line broke he would have fallen 1,800 feet. Twice this failed, and then he had re-

course to a large stone with a lead line, which swung diagonally, and seemed to be a feasible plan: several times he made beautiful heaves, but the provoking line would not catch, and away went the stone far down below; till at length Æolus, pleased, I suppose, with his perseverance, gave us a shift of wind for about a minute, and over went the stone, and was eagerly seized on the opposite side.—Hurrah, my lads, "steady's" the word! Three lengths of the ladder were put together on the ledge; a large line was attached to the one which was over the head, and carefully drawn up; and, finally, a two-inch rope, to the extremity of which we lashed the top of our ladder, then lowered it gently over the precipice till it hung perpendicularly, and was steadied by two negroes on the ridge below.—"All right, now hoist away!" and up went the ladder, till the foot came to the edge of our ledge, where it was lashed in firmly to the neck. We then hauled away on the guy to steady it, and made it fast; a line was passed over by the lead-line to hold on, and up went Lloyd, screeching and hallooing, and we all three scrambled after him. The union-jack and a boat-hook were passed up, and Old England's flag waved freely and gallantly on the redoubted Peter Botte. No sooner was it seen flying, than the Undaunted frigate saluted in the harbour, and the guns of our saluting battery replied; for though our expedition had been kept secret till we started, it was made known the morning of our ascent, and all hands were on the look-out, as we afterwards learnt. We then got a bottle of wine to the top of the rock, christened it "King William's Peak," and drank his Majesty's health, hands round the Jack, and then "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"

I certainly never felt anything like the excitement of that moment; even the negroes down on the shoulder took up our hurrahs, and we could hear far below the faint shouts of the astonished inhabitants of the plain. We were determined to do nothing by halves, and accordingly made preparations for sleeping under the neck, by hauling up blankets, pea-jackets, brandy, cigars, &c. Meanwhile, our dinner was preparing on the shoulder below; and, about 4 p. m. we descended our ticklish path, to partake of the portable soup, preserved salmon, &c. Our party was now increased by Dawkins and his cousin, a lieutenant of the Talbot, to whom we had written, informing them of our hopes of success; but their heads would not allow them to mount to the head or neck. After dinner, as it was getting dark, I screwed up my nerves, and climbed up to our queer little nest at the top, followed by Tom Keppel, and a negro, who carried some dry wood and made a fire in a cleft under the rock. Lloyd and Phillpotts soon came up, and we began to arrange ourselves for the night, each taking a glass of

brandy to begin with. I had on two pair of trousers, a shooting waistcoat, jacket, and a huge flushing jacket over that, a thick woollen sailor's cap, and two blankets; and each of us lighted a cigar as we seated ourselves to wait for the appointed hour for our signal of success. It was a glorious sight to look down from that giddy pinnacle over the whole island, lying so calm and beautiful in the moonlight, except where the broad, black shadows of the other mountains intercepted the light. Here and there we could see a light twinkling in the plains, or the fire of some sugar manufactory; but not a sound of any sort reached us except an occasional shout from the party down on the shoulder (we four being the only ones above). At length, in the direction of Port Louis, a bright flash was seen, and after a long interval the sullen boom of the evening-gun. We then prepared our pre-arranged signal, and whizz went a rocket from our nest, lighting up for an instant the peaks of the hills below us, and then leaving us in darkness. We next burnt a blue-light, and nothing can be conceived more perfectly beautiful than the broad glare against the overhanging rock. The wild-looking group we made in our uncouth habiliments, and the narrow ledge on which we stood, were all distinctly shown; while many of the tropical birds, frightened at our vagaries, came glancing by in the light and then swooped away, screeching, into the gloom below; for the gorge on our left was dark as Erebus. We burnt another blue-light, and threw up two more rockets, when, our laboratory being exhausted, the patient-looking, insulted moon had it all her own way again. We now rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and, having lashed Phillpotts, who is a determined sleep-walker, to Keppel's leg, we tried to sleep; but it blew strong before the morning—and was very cold! We drank all our brandy, and kept tucking in the blankets the whole night without success. At day-break we rose, stiff, cold, and hungry; and I shall conclude briefly by saying, that after about four or five hours' hard work, we got a hole mined in the rock, and sunk the foot of our twelve-foot ladder deep in this, lashing a water-barrel, as a landmark, at the top; and, above all, a long staff, with the Union Jack flying. We then, in turn, mounted to the top of the ladder to take a last look at a view such as we might never see again; and, bidding adieu to the scene of our toil and triumph, descended the ladder to the neck, and casting off the guys and hauling-lines, cut off all communication with the top.

In order to save time and avoid danger, we now made fast a line from the neck to the shoulder, as taut as possible; and hanging on our traps by means of rings, launched them one by one from the top, and down they flew, making the line smoke again. All were

thus conveyed safely to the shoulder, except one unlucky bag, containing a lot of blankets, my spy-glass, and sundry other articles, which, not being firmly fixed, broke the preventive-line, and took its departure down to Pamplemousses. We at length descended, and reached the shoulder all safe and without any accident, except that of the blankets—not a rope-yarn being left to show where we got up. We then breakfasted, and after a long and somewhat troublesome descent, got to the low country, and drove in Lloyd's carriage to town, where we were most cordially welcomed by all our countrymen; though, I believe, we were not quite so warmly greeted by the French inhabitants, who are now constrained to believe that their countrymen *alone* did not achieve the feat, and that the British ensign has been the first to wave over the redoubtable Peter Botte.

[The annexed Engraving has been also transferred from a well-executed lithograph, which accompanies the narrative in the *Journal of the Geographical Society*.

By the way, what abundant promise of valuable information, and that too, of the most entertaining character, have we in the present Number of the *Geographical Journal*. Here are seven sheets of letter-press, eight charts, and two views, for half-a-crown! Verily, this eclipses the cheapest of the continental journals. It should certainly be purchased by every club, book-society, and librarian, in the kingdom; and the account of the ascent of Peter Botte will assure the public that the *Journal* to which we would direct their attention is not the mere dry abstract of the proceedings of the Society, but a truly valuable and amusing collection of discoveries in geographical science. To conclude, this *Journal* has only to be seen to advance the important objects for which the Geographical Society has been formed.]

TOURS IN UPPER INDIA, THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS, &c.

[THESE are two volumes of lively, graphic sketches, by Major Archer, late Aid-de-Camp to Lord Combermere. They relate the customs, and describe the natural splendour, of the country with great vigour, and they contain not a few interesting particulars of the Courts of the native rulers. The first of our extracts narrates the career of one of the most extraordinary of these petty sovereigns.]

The Begum Somroo.

Sirdanah is the city and head-quarters of the Begum Somroo, who possesses the country around as a life-fief, or jagheer; which, originally estimated at six, is by her extremely good management made eight lacs annually: this was confirmed to her by Lord Lake; but it reverts to the government at her death.

The history of this remarkable woman is such, that a slight, and perhaps imperfect account, or rather glance at it, may prove of interest. In Asiatic countries, the rise of an obscure individual to the possession of imperial power was by no means of singular, or even infrequent occurrence. What would appear impracticable in Europe, was in Asia scarcely extraordinary. The instance of the Begum attaining princely power over the population of a flourishing country deserves to be recorded, if only for the able and just manner in which she exercises her control; though so rapid an accession to dominion, it is to the natives, or strangers familiar with the history of the country, scarcely dwelt on, among so many instances of a similar description. In early life she was a nautch girl; but who her parents were, or from what part of the country she came, is now lost to information;—it is, however, conjectured, from her exceeding fairness of complexion and peculiar features, that her family were of northern extraction. Her attractions and accomplishments secured the attentions of a Geoman adventurer, by name Somroo, which it appears was an appellative given him for his constant sombre and melancholy appearance.

It was this miscreant who superintended the murder of the English gentlemen of the factory at Patna, in 1763. Flying from the resentment of the British, who shortly afterwards re-captured Patna, Somroo bent his course to Upper India, and entered the service of the Rajah of Bhurtpore, and subsequently of other native chiefs, until, from favourable circumstances, which were taken advantage of by his abilities, he became possessed of a large space of country to the north-east of Delhi. He died in full possession of his power. The Begum subsequently married a Frenchman; but by neither of these unions had she any children—at least, none are now alive. It appears that the Frenchman meditated a return to Europe, and communicated his wishes to the Begum, who at first made no hesitation to the project. All the valuables, in the shape of jewels and money, were to be collected, and then, in secrecy and the dead of the night, they were to mount their elephants, and make the best of their way to the Company's territories. The Begum had also her own project, and a daring and subtle one it was. She had the wit to know, that in any other country she would soon cease to be in her husband's eye an object of regard, rather perhaps one of forgetfulness, if not of active violence: she naturally supposed that the Frenchman cared for her money alone, and would appropriate it to his own peculiar use. With a refinement in hypocrisy, she assented to all his plans, but privately laid her own in a manner that could not fail, in some way, to fulfil her expectations. She

gave orders to her own immediate attendants to communicate in privacy with the soldiery the part which her husband intended to pursue, and to express to them how much that purpose was at variance with her own inclinations, which were wholly inseparable from the presence and the happiness of her people. Upon this, a scheme of ambush was so prepared, that the Frenchman had no chance of escape, even admitting he had seen through the artifice by which his life fell a sacrifice. The Begum communicated to him her false fears of detection, and pointed out the dishonour that must attach itself to their act of desertion, and for her own part vehemently protested that she would die by her own hand rather than be compelled to return by force: she never would consent to be removed from her husband. He, silly man, entered into a compact with her to destroy himself, in the event of being overtaken and interrupted in their design. For this desperate purpose they provided themselves with pistols, and at the dead of night he mounted his elephant, and she got into her palankeen. At the appointed spot the ambush was ready, and all things answered the Begum's intentions—the opposing party soon made the escort of the Begum and her husband fly. The attendants ran to inform him that the Begum had shot herself. In the noise and confusion many matchlocks had been let off, so that he could not tell if her having been molested was probable or not. On rushing to her palankeen to ascertain the truth, he was alarmed by the clamour and apparent affliction of those who surrounded it; and, upon a towel saturated with blood being shown him, as confirmation of the Begum's having destroyed herself, he placed a pistol to his head, and shot himself.

The Begum, who had till then never appeared in male society, threw open the blinds of her palankeen, and mounted an elephant: she harangued the troops upon her attachment to them, and her opposition to the commands of her husband; she professed no other desire than to be at their head, and to share her wealth with them. The novelty of the situation lent energy to her action, and eloquence to her language; and amid the acclamations of the soldiers she was led back in triumph to the camp. It is said she scrupled not to spurn her husband's lifeless corpse, and vituperated his ineffectual endeavours to alienate her from the affections of her people. Having been their former chief's wife, she identified herself as belonging exclusively to them.

Lord Lake found her, in the wars of 1803, 4, and 5, friendly to the English interests, and got the Government to confirm her in the jagheer. She has, through a long life, maintained her station and security among a host of contending powers, and may bear the

honour of a similarity of character with our Elizabeth. True it is, that her government was politic and respected when her power was thought of consequence; now, when age has chilled her blood, and the march of events has left her no exercise for those talents which would have shone with splendour on a more extended theatre, she has turned her attention to the agricultural improvement of her country, though she knows she is planting that which others will reap. Her fields look greener and more flourishing, and the population of her villages appear happier and more prosperous than those of the Company's provinces. Her care is unremitting, and her protection sure. Formerly a Mahometan, she is now a Roman Catholic, and has in her service many priests and officers of that persuasion. At her metropolis she has erected a very beautiful church, on the model of St. Peter's: it is almost finished; little remains to be done, and that is on the outside. The altar is remarkably handsome: it is of white marble, from Jypoor, and inlaid with various coloured stones.

The Begum has a body of troops for the protection of her person and the collection of her revenues: besides which, she furnishes her contingent quota to the British. These troops are liberally paid and clothed, and in appearance are far better looking than any troops in the pay of native princes. She is liberal, and many share her bounty. Her character for humanity does not stand so high; and there are numerous stories of murders having been done by her orders, and in her presence. Even those about her say she is a severe mistress. A story is current of her having detected one of her household damsels in an intrigue with her lover. The unfortunate girl's punishment was inhumanly alive; and over the grave the remorseless and relentless mistress ordered her own bed to be placed, where she slept the whole night. She is a most remarkable woman; her talents have raised and now maintain her, in her present situation, the duties of which she performs punctually and systematically.

The Begum is building a fine house at Kirwah, as it has been prognosticated by the astrologers, that if she returns to Sirdanah, she will cease to live: thus affording another instance of the very close alliance which subsists between the power and comprehensiveness of the human mind and its weakness. Though now seventy-five years of age, she feels disposed to bamboozle the fates, for back to her capital she does not intend to go. She has fine houses at Meerut and Delhi, and also possesses a garden near Bhurtpore, and a good house within that fort.* She received

his Excellency with salutes of cannon and turn-out of troops, and entertained the whole party to breakfast and dinner, which was laid out in tents for the occasion.

The above sketch is from one who has known her all his life, and who is dignified by the name of her "son." "Hon. John" being the elder, will succeed to the inheritance—a barren sceptre being that within her grasp.

[Here follows a scene of as gross idolatry as ever figured in the mythological annals of ages long past:—]

Dance and Sacrifice to the Gods.

In the afternoon we went down to the temple, (at Pecca,) the priests, at our solicitation, having agreed, (odd and irreverend as it may be deemed,) to give the gods a dance. After the prefatory drumming and sounding of horns, two divinities were brought forth, and "strange gods" they were. These were fashioned as nearly as follows:—A circular piece of brass, about ten inches deep, and a foot and a quarter in diameter, like a broad hoop, had round it several faces of divinities *in alto relievo*, about six inches long; a large quantity of black hair, from the tail of the Thibet cow, was fastened to the top, and fell down like the fashion called mop-curls of a lady; below this hoop, and fastened to it, depended clothes in the shape of petticoats, of ample dimensions, made of silk and cotton cloths. On a frame, consisting of two poles, with a cross piece, having in the centre a spindle fixed to it, the figure was stuck, the petticoats coming low down; the poles were, perhaps, ten or twelve feet long, and the ends brought so close to each other as to allow their fitting upon the shoulders of two men. The poles of a sedan-chair, with a platform in the middle instead of the chair, having a peg projecting on which to stick the god, is the nearest resemblance I can find for the machinery. All being ready, a band of instruments struck up such sounds as one might imagine would serve as revelry for the powers of darkness; and if superstition and gross idolatry are two, that which is now recorded was fit music for them. Two men took each of the frames, and resting them on their shoulders, moved to the music in measured steps; the mop of hair and petticoats danced too; the gods jumped about, and now and then most lovingly knocked their heads together. As the men became tired, others took their places, for it was fatiguing work.

An unfortunate goat, lean and emaciated,

pride of the Begum, who remonstrated. She was told that the large and holy place of Muttra was to be confided to her care. "Nonsense," said she, "if I don't go to Bhurtpore, all Hindoostan will say I am grown a coward in my old age." Circumstances quickly permitted the old lady "to attend the ceremony."

* When the army was before Bhurtpore, in 1836, the commander-in-chief was desirous that no native chief of our allies should accompany the besieging force with any of his troops. This order hurt the

was brought as an offering to the deities; but so poor in flesh was he, that no crow would have waited his death in hopes of a meal from his carcass. I never saw so miserable a beast; and it struck me that the veneration of the natives for their divinities stopped short of pampering their appetites. The tragic part of the ceremony was now to begin. Some water was thrown upon the back of the animal, and the assembly awaited his shaking his head in a particular way, which is construed to mean, "the god speaks within him," and denotes by such sign his acceptance of the victim. On this occasion, having ample cause to be incensed at the attenuated appearance of the offering, he flatly refused, and *par conséquent*, the goat was immovable. A supposed never-failing resource was then tried. Some water was spilled into the goat's ear; still he was inflexible, and no confirmatory symptom appeared. All this looked badly. The goat walked about, and much whispering took place as to the probable cause to be assigned for the non-acquiescence of the gods for fair weather to our party to the pass, which indeed was the object and purport of the ceremony. The Fates were against the poor animal, as they have been against all goats placed in similar situations; and though he determinedly refused to nod, yet it was unanimously voted that he had done so, upon the sole testimony of the owner, who wished to realize a sum for his carcass. I must here testify against the truth of this evidence, which never could have been admitted in any court of law, and which must have been detected, had not the whole party, more or less, been implicated in his destruction. But I was interested in the animal's rescue, and took great care to observe if, by sound or look, he gave countenance to the supposition of his assent; and can seriously and truly aver, that he was not in the most remote degree accessory to his own death. Forthwith outstepped a man with a Goorcha knife, and with one blow the head was separated from the body. The warm tide of life escaped, and deluged the stones; the instruments brayed their dissonance; the crowd shouted, and each made his vow, and petitioned the deity for what he wanted. The head was set apart for the gods, the blood flowing from it having been sprinkled over them, as it was over the musical instruments. The carcass became the perquisite of the priests, who must not have had either weakness of tooth, or quasi-ness of stomach, to make a meal of it.

It was altogether a revolting scene, and once is sufficient to witness the disgusting performance, which, though ridiculous enough in bringing the deities on a level with themselves, was still that of sensual and gross idolatry in the mountaineers.

[The other extracts are of a more miscel-

laneous character. Major Archer witnessed the following instance of the]

Ferocity of an Elephant.

A man, whose duty it is to clean the animal, and when at work to urge him forward with the application of a large stick, was acting in his vocation, when suddenly the elephant put out one of his hind feet, pulled the unfortunate fellow in under him, and commenced kicking him from his fore to his hind legs; an operation these animals perform with so much accuracy and celerity, as to jumble the carcass of a tiger or wild boar to a mummy in a few seconds. The violence was instantly perceived; and the driver digging the iron spike into the head of the elephant, made him yield up the lad, who was quite insensible, having had one of his thighs broken, and other hurts, but none of them so serious. He was put on a bed, formed by a ladder and a howdah cover, and sent to camp. The quickness with which an elephant can hook in any thing with his hind legs, and the unerring certainty with which he can kick it like a ball between all four legs, is so great and extraordinary, that this poor lad's rescue with life was quite miraculous.

House for Women.

At Dutteah we had an opportunity of seeing the inside of a house built especially for the convenience of the fair sex. All the guards that suspicious jealousy could devise to prevent the angel-faced creatures from being seen by other eyes than those of their lord and master, were in progress. The tracery and net-work was so contrived as to allow the inmates to look beyond their prison, but out of it alive they have no chance of going; their repinings can only be surmised by strangers, for they have no possibility of seeing any one but their owner, who looks upon them as formed to minister to his pleasures, and to have no other aim but that which points to so *worthy* a purpose. They are all confined to one story; there is only one entrance to the whole mansion, and that is strictly guarded.

Enormous Bustard.

A bustard was seen to-day by some of our hawking party; the hawks were flown, but would not attack it; it was shot by a native, and brought to camp. The bird was an old one, weighed twenty-seven pounds and a half, and measured across the wings seven feet and a half. His ruff and beard were enormous, and looked most venerable.

The Ganges and Jumna.

I asked a Sepoy which was the favourite river, well knowing he would say the Ganges: he did so. When it was replied to him that the Ganges was a dirty, muddy river, and

the Jumna was beautifully clear, "Yes," he said, "it was true; but Gungah Jee* was the favourite, although the Jumna was her sister. But Gungah was married, and the spouse of Mahadeo: Himmalya is her parent;—the Yamunah† was still running her career of single blessedness." What a triumph for wedded life! it left bachelorship at a discount. All natives consider the waters of the Ganges to be sweeter and more hallowed than those of any other river. The votary of Brahma, in his extremity, is desirous to be brought to the edge of its sacred stream, there to breathe his last sigh, and to look his last look upon its waves: they are to him either the waters of Immortality in Hope, or the Lethæan stream which is to steep the past in forgetfulness.

Boiling Spring.

In the vicinity of Monghyr is a hot spring, called by the natives Seeta Khoond, which indeed is the general designation of all hot springs. The mythological tradition attached to it is Hindoo; it may, however, be as correctly declared to be Grecian. The goddess Seeta was pursued by a giant; dreading his violence, and seeing no other way of escape, she took refuge underground, and from her body the hot spring proceeds. Behind Monghyr are ranges of hills, which give a pretty effect to the scenery; much jungle between them and the fort. Some dangerous rocks are in the middle of the stream above the fort; upon them are white pillars, to warn approaching boats: these rocks are nearly covered in the rains. Parts of the works in the fort are on rocks. The scenery to the hot spring and the meadow into which it runs is very pretty. What adds to the curiosity is the immediate proximity of a cold spring to the hot one, and both take their course into the meadow. The hot spring runs far before its waters lose their heat; they are clear, and, when cool, delicious for drinking.

The hot spring is enclosed in a brick building about sixteen feet square: the temperature is usually 138°; in the cold weather it is something less. The body of the water is four feet deep, and the spring copious enough to form a fast-running stream. Troops of washer-men have established themselves on its margin, to save firewood. The water has no salt or lime, and only carbonic gas. The place is one of pilgrimage, and many accidents have happened to the foremost, who have been pushed in by those behind: they were invariably killed. A short time ago an unlucky pony fell into the reservoir, and was scalded to death.

* The usual adjunct.

† The proper pronunciation of the river.

Natural History.

HABITS OF BIRDS.

[THIS is another portion of the Zoological Series of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*; and illustrates by well digested facts and amusing anecdotes, the cleanliness, the solitary and gregarious habits of birds, the pairing, the structure and hatching of their eggs, and the sheltering of the young; enriched with the valuable observant notes of J. R. (James Rennie): *ex. gr.*]

Sparrows.

Certain gregarious birds may be observed always to have a sentinel stationed near them while feeding, whose office it is to give timely alarm of threatening danger or indications of its approach. When a flock of sparrows, accordingly, alight in the corner of a wheat-field, and, as Bloomfield says,—

"Drop one by one upon the bending corn,"*

we may always be certain of discovering one, or perhaps several, perched on some commanding station in the adjacent hedge-row, prying into the probable design of every movement among men or animals which lies within ken of the watch-tower. The instant the sentinel perceives anything which he deems worthy of notice, he gives his well-known signal, at which the whole flock hurry off from their banquet with the utmost celerity and trepidation. Their fears are for the most part, only momentary, for as soon as they ascertain that there is no immediate danger, they hasten back to finish their meal.

Sparrows which are denizens of towns and cities act much in the same manner, though they are forced to learn to be, if possible, more quick and cautious than their rural kindred of the farm-yards. The city sparrows, abundant in the very centre of the metropolis, seldom congregate in very numerous flocks, and are more commonly observed in foraging parties of from two to half-a-dozen, subsisting in the more open streets on what they can find on the pavements, and particularly haunting stables, to pick up oats and grass-seeds shaken from hay. We have watched by the hour the devices of these sparrows to avoid being surprised by boys or by cats. When they discover a scattering of oats, they seldom fly directly to the spot, but take several turns around it as if to ascertain the safest point of approach. If it is near the wall they will cling, with their backs downwards, to rough projections of the mortar, or to an accidental crevice between the bricks, looking round the while with the utmost caution; and thus will they descend the wall, by little and little, till within a few feet of their wished-for prize, upon which

* Farmer's Boy.

they will pounce down, one or more at a time, and carry off a mouthful to the nearest roof where they can eat it in leisure and safety. But what we particularly wish to call attention to is, that though each individual of a party manifests such extraordinary caution, they have usually the farther safeguard of a sentinel stationed on some adjacent projection of a roof-lead or a window, who fails not to announce to his companions below the approach of every passenger, and particularly of every cat that endeavours to steal upon them unawares.

From all we have been able to observe, there does not seem to be anything like an election or appointment of such sentinels. The fact appears rather to be, that, probably from being less impelled by the calls of hunger, the bird of the flock who chances to be the last in venturing to alight, feels then reluctant to join his companions in consequence of an instinctive foresight that they might all be thence exposed to danger. We only offer this, however, as a plausible conjecture, which appears more applicable to the case of sparrows than to that of some other gregarious birds. Were we disposed, indeed, to indulge in the fancies sometimes found in books of natural history, we might give the sparrows credit not only for appointing sentinels, but for trying them for neglect of duty by a regular court-martial.

Sparrow-courts, or assemblies of sparrows for some common object regarding one of their community, are of frequent occurrence; and in truth they can scarcely escape the observation of any one who attends to the habits of animals. The birds usually select a spot somewhat remote from their usual haunts, such as the centre of a copse or the edge of a wood, where they may be seen crowding closely around one of this number, and scolding him in all the terms of their vocabulary. Whether they proceed from verbal reproof, however, to corporal chastisement, we have never ascertained, for they are so jealous, on such occasions, of intruders, that they immediately stay process and break up their court, should a prying naturalist venture within the precincts. Descriptions precisely analogous have been given by different authors of assemblies of rooks, or *crow-courts*, as they are called. In the latter, however, if we may believe what is reported, there is a regular trial of a delinquent, who, upon being found guilty, receives a severe drubbing from the whole court, and is even sometimes killed outright.*

HUMBOLDT.

[The editors of the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library* have judiciously condensed into one

of its volumes, "the *Travels and Researches of Alexander von Humboldt*." In the Preface they observe "that some notices respecting his early life introduce the reader to an acquaintance with his character and motives, as the adventurous traveller, who, crossing the Atlantic, traversed the ridges and plains of Venezuela, ascended the Orinoco to its junction with the Amazon, sailed down the former river to the capital of Guiana, and after examining the Island of Cuba mounted by the valley of the Magdalena to the elevated platforms of the Andes, explored the majestic solitudes of the great cordilleras of Quito, navigated the margin of the Pacific Ocean, and wandered over the extensive and interesting provinces of New Spain, whence he made his way back by the United States to Europe. The publication of the important results of this journey was not completed when he undertook another to Asiatic Russia and the confines of China, from which he has but lately returned."

We quote a few extracts describing

Curious Trees.

Orotava, the Taoro of the Guanches, (in the island of Tenerife,) is situated on a very steep declivity, and has a pleasant aspect when viewed from a distance, although the houses, when seen at hand, have a gloomy appearance. One of the most remarkable objects in this place is the dragon-tree in the garden of M. Franqui, of which an engraving is here presented, and which our travellers found to be about 60 feet high, with a circumference of 48 feet near the roots. The trunk divides into a great number of branches



(*Dragon Tree of Orotava, from Humboldt.*)

* Landt. Description of the Feroe Isles.

which rise in the form of a candelabrum, and are terminated by tufts of leaves. This tree is said to have been revered by the Guanches as the ash of Ephesus was by the Greeks; and in 1402, at the time of the first expedition of Bethencour, was as large and as hollow as our travellers found it. As the species is of very slow growth, the age of this individual must be great. It is singular, that the dragon-tree should have been cultivated in these islands at so early a period, it being a native of India, and no where occurring on the African continent.

[The previous Cut is from the Atlas to Humboldt's Travels, the drawings for which were taken in 1776. Half the crown of the tree has since fallen. Humboldt considers this to be one of the oldest trees of the globe, and computes its age at 1000 years.]

Zamang Tree.

"On leaving the village of Turnero," says Humboldt, "we discover, at the distance of a league, an object which appears on the horizon like a round hillock, or a tumulus covered with vegetation. It is not a hill, however, nor a group of very close trees, but a single tree, the celebrated *Zamang of Guayra*, known over the whole province for the enormous extent of its branches, which form a hemispherical top 614 feet in circumference. The zamang is a beautiful species of mimosa, whose tortuous branches divide by forking. Its slim and delicate foliage is agreeably detached on the blue of the sky. We rested a long while beneath this vegetable arch. The trunk of the Guayra zamang which grows on the road from Turnero to Maracay, is not more than 64 feet high and 9½ feet in diameter; but its real beauty consists in the general form of its top. The branches stretch out like the spokes of a great umbrella, and all incline towards the ground, from which they uniformly remain twelve or fifteen feet distant. The circumference of the branches or foliage is so regular, that I found the different diameters 205 and 198 feet. One side of the tree was entirely stripped of leaves from the effect of drought, while on the other both foliage and flowers remained. The branches were covered with creeping plants. The inhabitants of these valleys, and especially the Indians, have a great veneration for the Guayra zamang, which the first conquerors seem to have found nearly in the same state as that in which we now see it. Since it has been attentively observed, no change has been noticed in its size or form. It must be at least as old as the dragon-tree of Orotava.

Cow Tree.

"Among the many curious phenomena," says Humboldt, "which presented themselves to me in the course of my travels, I confess

there were few by which my imagination was so powerfully affected as the cow-tree. All that relates to milk and to the cereal plants inspires us with an interest, which is not merely that of the physical knowledge of things, but which connects itself with another order of ideas and feelings. We can hardly imagine how the human species could exist without farinaceous substances, and without the nutritious fluid which the breast of the mother contains, and which is appropriated to the condition of the feeble infant. The amylaceous matter of the cereal plants, — the object of religious veneration among so many ancient and modern nations, — is distributed in the seeds, and deposited in the roots of vegetables; while the milk which we use as food appears exclusively the product of animal organization. Such are the impressions which we receive in early childhood, and such is the source of the astonishment with which we are seized on first seeing the cow-tree. Magnificent forests, majestic rivers, and lofty mountains clad in perennial snows, are not the objects which we here admire. A few drops of a vegetable fluid impress us with an idea of the power and fecundity of nature. On the parched side of a rock grows a tree with dry and leathery foliage, its large woody roots scarcely penetrating into the ground. For several months in the year its leaves are not moistened by a shower; its branches look as if they were dead and withered; but when the trunk is bored, a bland and nourishing milk flows from it. It is at sunrise that the vegetable fountain flows most freely. At that time the blacks and natives are seen coming from all parts, provided with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens at its surface. Some empty their vessels on the spot, while others carry them to their children. One imagines he sees the family of a shepherd who is distributing the milk of his flock."

The Robelist.

THE PURITAN'S GRAVE.

(Continued from page 358.)

"I LEFT them together purposely," replied Adelaide, "I can see that though you may call one a Puritan, and the other a cavalier, they are well adapted to each other, they have many sentiments in common. I, therefore, think that I am doing them a service, by thus facilitating their acquaintance."

Lost in astonishment, the knight began to reprove her, and especially for burying herself among dull books. "But let that pass," he continued, "I will now only speak of your folly in throwing away your lover."

Mildly and calmly interrupting her father's

speech, Adelaide replied, "Henry St. John is no lover of mine!"

The passionate indignation of Sir Thomas, nothing could repress; he sought out St. John and bade him be away, and never to enter the house whose roof he had dishonoured, or the towers of Emmerton to disgrace them by his presence again.

Henry St. John called at the vicarage to bid farewell, and stammered out the fact of his departure from Emmerton Hall; Ferdinand Faithful saw in his statement a corroboration of the opinion which he had formed of the young cavalier, that he was a youth of impetuous and hasty spirit; and he was deeply grieved that his daughter Anne should have given her affections to such a one. He spoke to St. John, not discourteously indeed, but with a cold, constrained civility, as though he desired the visit to be as short as possible. The visit was speedily finished.

Sad was the situation of St. John; banished from the Hall, looked coldly upon at the vicarage, he took his melancholy way to Derby, intending to make his journey to London, where he might find the means of diverting his mind.

It was evening when he departed, but the moon was up and shining gloriously upon a landscape which displayed well the beauties of a fine night. The pretty village of Emmerton lay at the foot of an ascending ridge of hills; he drew the bridle so that the horse on which he was riding turned round also, and, as if attached to the spot which his master had left with reluctance, or recollecting the unmeasured hospitality of the stable at Emmerton Hall, moved towards the village again; nor did Henry St. John oppose the movement.

The village clock was striking ten as Henry St. John was crossing the bridge on his return. As he was looking towards the church, which might be distinctly seen from the bridge, he saw a female form passing through the churchyard to the vicar's house. In a moment he knew it to be the form of Anne Faithful, and in another moment he was by her side. By six or seven imperfectly uttered words on either side, they understood and knew themselves to be lovers. * * * *

They parted. Henry St. John, though of good family, and not without some paternal estate, was nevertheless in the condition of many other young cavaliers, having a spirit and pride beyond his possessions, and seeking to add to his inheritance by promotion in the army or at court, London was the place to which he must direct his steps. With all their talk, the question when they should meet again remained undecided. They parted:—the one renewed his journey, and with a lighter though not unanxious heart, rode towards the town of Derby, while the other sought her hitherto happy home.

Now commenced the troubles of Ferdinand Faithful. Not many months passed away in a state of trembling anxiety, before it was settled that those ministers of religion who would not conform to the will of the court, must relinquish their posts, and refrain their lips from instruction and exhortation. The day of St. Bartholomew will be long recollected by the people of England. The Sunday preceding the feast of St. Bartholomew, did Ferdinand fix, in common with many others of the Puritan persuasion, to take his farewell of his flock.

It was a melting sight at Emmerton. As soon as the singers and congregation had finished singing the morning hymn, Ferdinand Faithful rose. There was a silence so profound that scarcely a breath was heard. In this painful interval, some slight sobbings were heard, for hearts were touched and tears were flowing unseen; these sobbings at length called the good man to his recollection, and by means of a great effort, bracing himself up as it were to a moral conflict, he subdued the swelling of his heart and was enabled to speak. At the close of the sermon, Ferdinand Faithful found himself so far overcome by the efforts which he had made to suppress his feelings, that he sank down in his pulpit quite exhausted. When he came out of church—"God's blessing go with you, sir, wherever you go," was the greeting of every lip. And taking his station on the seat, which he had erected for the comfort of his aged parishioners, they all passed him with the farewell upon their lips. "Farewell," he said, "I must leave you and live away from you; how I must live I know not, but I do not despair; these" pointing to his wife and daughters, "are an encouragement to my diligence and a ground of my hope. But though I must live away from you, yet I could wish that I may not die away from you. Yet if even the privilege of closing my eyes in my beloved village of Emmerton be forbidden me, I would make it a request that I may have a resting place for my bones in this churchyard. I am banished from the church in my life, let me not be excluded from the churchyard in my death. Here, on this spot, let me be buried, and let there be no other inscription placed on my monument than this—*THE PURITAN'S GRAVE.*"

To London did Ferdinand Faithful journey with his little household; for there he thought he might turn to best account the talents wherewith his Maker had blessed him; and here, if compelled to live in poverty and a low estate, he might pass unnoticed in the crowd, and not draw upon himself the observation of rude neighbours, or the finger of scorn. He was qualified by school learning, and by general ability for any profession, but it was somewhat late to begin to learn, and the instruction of youth for which he was

well qualified, was an occupation from which he was prohibited by the rigour of the late act. Whilst in this state of uncertainty and suspense, there came certain individuals of the mercantile profession who having heard of his arrival in London, and hearing of his pious character at Emmerton, besought him to assist them with his services in forming a church independent of the establishment. It was necessary that everything should be conducted with the strictest secrecy. A room was fitted up as a chapel, and a meeting was held in it. At last it was publicly found out, and the hand of persecution was raised against Ferdinand Faithful and his little flock. The circumstances that led to the detection were very singular. The warehouse or room in which Ferdinand officiated, was in a narrow street leading out of Cheapside towards the river; and the place where he and his family lodged, was in the neighbourhood of Fleet-street, so that in going from one to the other, he had occasion to go through St. Paul's Churchyard. One day Henry St. John encountered Anne Faithful in that thoroughfare, who with her sister, Mary, were proceeding towards the place at which their father officiated. Great was the surprise of Ferdinand Faithful at this meeting, for Henry St. John insisted upon accompanying them. Having ascertained their residence, Henry became a constant visitor at the lodgings of Ferdinand Faithful, and it could not of course be possible to conceal from him the fact, that the non-conforming minister was in the habit of privately officiating to a society of non-conformists: and notwithstanding all they could say to the contrary, he would insist on occasionally accompanying them; yet it must be said, that he never affected or pretended to be converted to their way of thinking, only that he received much moral pleasure and some improvement from listening to the discourse and devotion of a truly pious man, whatever might be his peculiar opinions. There is an ancient proverb "A pitcher that goes oft to the well, may come home broke at last," and so did it happen to Ferdinand Faithful.

In the same street in which the meeting was held, there dwelt a Jew money-lender, named Samuel Mendoza, who had been of great service to Sir Thomas Merrivale in the matter of *accommodation*. Going late on a Saturday night to this man's house in order to ask money, he was astonished to meet a refusal from the Jew. Emmerton was already burdened as much as it would bear, at the hearing of which Sir Thomas flew into an ungovernable fury. The Jew would not suffer him to depart in this mood, for an instance had occurred some two years before, of a gentleman sallying from the house of Samuel Mendoza under similar circumstances, and proceeding forthwith to the river, where,

in despair, he plunged in and perished, by which the Jew's character had suffered. So instead of money, he put wine before the knight, who drank till morning, talking braggadocio; and, as he staggered from the street on the Sabbath dawn he espied Henry St. John at a little distance making for the place where Ferdinand Faithful was used to officiate. Marvelling what he was about, for this was the first time he had encountered St. John since his dismissal from Emmerton, the knight determined on watching him, and following him quickly, overtook him just as Henry was entering the place of meeting, and the keeper of the door seeing the two together supposed that they were of one party, and so admitted them. The intoxicated cavalier then found himself in, what he was pleased to call, an illegal conventicle.

The result of this was that Ferdinand Faithful and his hearers were taken before a magistrate; heavy fines were imposed, which were paid by Henry St. John and others. But the worst of it was, that having been once before the magistrate, the Puritan became a mark for spies and informers, by whom he was accused again and again, till at length, for what they were pleased to call his contumacy, he was sent a prisoner to Newgate.

Bitterly did Henry St. John repent that he had been the unconscious and accidental means of leading Sir Thomas Merrivale to the meeting, by which he had been the cause of sending Ferdinand Faithful to prison. Sensible and painful was the change in the condition of the pious man. He could meet and encounter a sharp persecution, and resist an unholy domination over conscience; but though much can be endured in the activity of a conflict, where no conflict is to inspire and encourage, and the iron enters the soul, it is sad indeed. Very soon did havoc make a change in his appearance. But a trouble was coming over him, far deeper than all which had hitherto visited him, and that was the illness of his daughter Mary. A more affectionate and gentle being than Mary Faithful did not exist. Her constitution was not strong or robust, and her spirit bent to every breeze. This gentle being had spent her whole life in a retired village, and she was now brought into collision with the rude rabble of a great and dirty city. In seeking occasionally, as was necessary, her solitary way to the place of her father's confinement, she was frequently assailed by the rude jibes and jeers of the insolent vulgar. Her soul was filled with emotions of terror and disgust.

At length the prelates of the church began to consider seriously what was best to be done, for they saw that the spirit of Ferdinand Faithful was not to be broken by persecution, and they thought he might (with many

others,) be brought over, or at least softened by kindness. An order came for his liberation, and he was suffered to go home.

Great was the joy of the family of the Faithfuls on the return of Ferdinand to their bosom; but great was the shock the alteration in her father's appearance gave to the sinking spirits of Mary. Ferdinand and his family set themselves diligently to procure the means of subsistence by their own industry. For though nothing could surpass the ingenious delicacy with which Henry St. John assisted the family, yet they one and all possessed minds of too great susceptibility not to be distressed at receiving so much from him who owed them nothing. Anne Faithful wrought most beautifully with her needle, and Henry St. John bore away her productions to dispose of them, as he said, among his friends; and ample payment he brought back, with many flattering speeches from persons of quality who had seen and admired the work.

For many days did Anne pursue her labour, and at last when a piece of work was done, on which much hope was set, she consigned it to the hands of Henry St. John, saying, "Come, you must be my factor once more, and obtain me a good price for this my handiwork." And he looked on the embroidery with much admiration, and on Anne Faithful with much tenderness of affection; and he said, "Trust me, fair friend, I will do my best; but as this is a costly piece of work, it may meet with many admirers before it finds a purchaser. So, I pray you, be not impatient should a little longer time elapse than has heretofore been the case, between my receiving and my executing the commission."

Anne Faithful thought she saw in the face of Henry St. John a look of more than usual thoughtfulness. She gently reproached him that he should conceal affliction from friends. "Sweet friend," he said, "if I have a thought of sorrow it is for you, and if I have grief, it is that you should live a life of constant labour. It may not always be so."

He speedily departed, but a painful thought dwelt on Anne's mind, that some affliction was preying on the mind of St. John. Meanwhile Mary Faithful grew more and more feeble, and she approached the last steps which descend to the valley of the shadow of death. At last her gentle spirit winged its flight to the "hands that fashioned it."

The day of the funeral was delayed in order that St. John might attend as mourner; but day after day passed away, and no St. John appeared. "Surely some accident has befallen him," said Ferdinand Faithful.

"But where shall we seek him," said Anne Faithful, "for when he last left us there was a gloom upon his countenance."

"If indeed he be in affliction, we should offer him sympathy," replied Ferdinand, "and I will do my best to find him."

(To be continued.)

Spirit of Discovery.

POISONS OF THE ANCIENTS.

AT the conversazione at the College of Physicians, on Monday, May 27, Sir Henry Hallford read a curious paper, in which he investigated the causes of the death of certain celebrated characters of antiquity, with especial reference to the knowledge of poisons possessed by the ancients. Sylla, he observed, died, in consequence of the rupture of an internal abscess, through an excess of rage; which, according to Valerius Maximus, produced a violent vomiting of blood, and death. Crassus, the eminent lawyer and friend of Cicero, died of pleurisy; and Sir Henry remarked that the course of treatment for this disorder, prescribed by Celsus, and in use at the time—namely bleeding, cupping, and blistering, was so similar to that pursued at the present day, that nothing was probably left undone that could have saved his valuable life. Pomponius Atticus, whom Cicero loved as a brother, and who was on friendly terms with all parties in the disturbed times in which he lived, was said to have died of a fistula in the loins; it was probably, Sir Henry thinks, a dysentery ending, as that disorder commonly does, in an affection of the lower bowels. He had recourse to starvation, a very common expedient amongst the Romans, and died in ten days, aged 77. The latter end of Socrates was brought about by the common mode of despatching persons capitally convicted at Athens, namely, by a narcotic poison; but neither Xenophon nor Plutarch tells us the species of poison. The poisons of this class known to the ancients were aconite, white poppy, hyoscyamus, and hemlock. The black poppy might be the Theban drug. The hyoscyamus was used at Constantinople, and was very likely the nepenthe spoken of by Homer. But most probably the poison administered to Socrates was the same as that given to other condemned criminals—namely, *kovior, cicuta*, hemlock. Juvenal attributes his death to hemlock—

—*"Dulcique senex vicinus Hymetto,*

"Qui partem acceptæ sæva inter vincla cicutæ."

Whatever may have been the species of poison, it was one of weak and slow operation, for the executioner told Socrates that if he entered into earnest dispute it would prevent its effect; and it was sometimes necessary to repeat the dose three or four times. Its operation was gradually to produce insensibility, coldness of the extremities, and death. What was that poison by which Hannibal destroyed

himself? It was improbable that we should ever know. Modern chemistry had discovered a variety of subtle poisons that might be introduced into a ring, and, under certain circumstances, destroy life. One drop of Prussic acid might produce paralysis, and, if taken into the stomach, would instantly arrest the current of life. But it was not likely that the Carthagenians were acquainted with Prussic acid; Lybia most probably produced poisons sufficiently subtle and destructive to accomplish the fatal purpose of Hannibal. As to the report of its being bullock's blood, that, Sir Henry observed, must be a fable, as well as in the case of the death of Themistocles, for it is well ascertained that the blood of that animal was not poison. An accomplished nobleman had told him (Sir H. Halford) that he had been present at a bull-fight in Spain, when, after the metador had killed the bull, a person ran up, caught the animal's blood in a goblet, and drank it off, as a popular remedy for a consumption. With respect to the poison with which Nero destroyed Britannicus, comparing the account given by Tacitus with the effects of laurel-water, Sir Henry was disposed to think that this was the identical drug. It appeared that the Emperor applied to Locusta, a female poisoner, to procure some vegetable poison that would kill speedily. She produced one which destroyed a goat in five hours. Nero, however, required a poison which would kill instantly, and she procured such an ingredient. At the banquet Britannicus called for water, which the *pregustator* tasted; it was not sufficiently cool; part was then poured off, and the fatal liquid added; the young man drank, was seized with an epileptic fit, and expired. The case, Sir Henry remarked, was analogous in the effects with that of Sir Theodosius Boughton, who was poisoned by Donallan with laurel-water, and fell down in an epilepsy. In the case of Britannicus, Nero told the company that the young man was liable to such fits; and in the other case, Donallan said that Sir Theodosius had been subject to fits from his infancy. Tacitus mentions a blackness which came over the body of Britannicus; and Sir Henry stated that he was present when the corpse of Sir Theodosius Boughton was disinterred, and its colour resembled that of a pickled walnut. If we could suppose that the Romans were acquainted with the deleterious property of laurel-water, and with the process of distillation, there could be no difficulty in concluding that Britannicus was poisoned with laurel-water. It was true the species of *laurus* which yielded the deleterious liquid did not grow in Italy; but it was a native of Colchis, from whence it might have been brought. The *laurus nobilis* (daphne) grew about Rome, and was used in producing the inspirations of the prophetic priestesses. As to

the knowledge possessed by the Romans of the art of distillation, they had not indeed a still and refrigeratory like the moderns; but they received the vapour from the boiling herbs in a handful of sponge, which, though a rude, was not an inefficient substitute. Alexander the Great had been said to have been poisoned; but this was inconsistent with the very detailed account of his illness given by Arrian. The report was that the poison was sent by Antiphon, and was of such a peculiar nature that no silver or metallic substance would contain it, and it was conveyed in the hoof of a mule. But the article was really onyx, as Horace—

“Nardi parvus onyx.”

Now, the word *onyx*, in Greek, signified not only a stone, but *unguis*, a hoof or nail; and the second sense had been evidently given instead of that of a precious stone. This double meaning of the term *onyx* explained the account of poison being retained by persons in their *nails*. Alexander really died of a remittent fever caught at Babylon. As to the cause of it, Arrian expressly states that the King was temperate and forbearing in the pleasures of the table; and when we consider the laborious occupations of Alexander, amidst frost and snow, and especially the marsh miasmata of the Babylonian lakes, Sir Henry thought there was no difficulty in conceiving that this was too much even for his frame of adamant. The diary of Arrian, containing the details of Alexander's illness and death, vindicated his memory from the imputation of his having brought on his fate by intemperance. Sir Henry Halford closed his learned and interesting paper by a brief encomium upon the character of Alexander, in the course of which he remarked that the efficiency of the British army in India, which kept millions of natives in subjection, was maintained by the same measures which Alexander devised and executed.—*Times*.

Anecdote Gallery.

NEW WALPOLIANA.

[THESE pleasantries are from Horace Walpole's *Sketches of the Court of England*, the publication of which the accomplished writer, by his will, prohibited, until twenty years after his death. The Earl of Waldegrave, who inherits Strawberry Hill, together with all its literary treasures, confided this work to the editorial care of his relation, Lord Dover, who has prepared the same for publication, with many valuable illustrative notes.]

Clumps in ornamental landscape:—Sticking a dozen trees here and there, till a lawn looks like the ten of spades. Clumps have their beauty; but in a great extent of coun-

try, how trifling to scatter arbours, where you should spread forests!

Sir John Germain was so ignorant, that he is said to have left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker, as the author of St. Matthew's Gospel.

Old Marlborough is dying—but who can tell! last year she had lain a great while ill, without speaking; her physicians said, "She must be blistered, or she will die." She called out, "I won't be blistered, and I won't die."

In this age we have some who pretend to impartiality; you will scarce guess how Lord Brook shows his: he gives one vote on one side, one on the other, and the third time does not vote at all, and so on, regularly. * *

Lady Sundon is dead, and Lady M— disappointed: she, who is full as politic as my Lord Hervey, had made herself an absolute servant to Lady Sundon, but I don't hear that she has left her even her old clothes. Lord Sundon is in great grief: I am surprised, for she has had fits of madness ever since her ambition met such a check by the death of the queen. She had great power with her, though the queen pretended to despise her; but had unluckily told her, or fallen into her power, by some secret. I was saying to Lady Pomfret, "To be sure she is dead—very rich!" she replied, with some warmth, "She never took money." When I came home, I mentioned this to Sir R. "No," said he, "but she took jewels; Lord Pomfret's place of master of the horse to the queen was bought of her for a pair of diamond ear-rings, of fourteen hundred pounds value." One day that she wore them at a visit at old Marlbro's, as soon as she was gone, the duchess said to Lady Mary Wortley, "How can that woman have the impudence to go about in that bribe?" "Madam," said Lady Mary, "how would you have people know where wine is to be sold, unless there is a sign hung out?" Sir R. told me, that in the enthusiasm of her vanity, Lady Sundon had proposed to him to unite with her, and govern the kingdom together: he bowed, begged her patronage, but said he thought nobody fit to govern the kingdom but the king and queen. * * *

Churchill (General C—, a natural son of the Marlborough family) asked Pultney the other day, "Well, Mr. Pultney, will you break me too?" "No, Charles," replied he, "you break fast enough of yourself!" Don't you think it hurt him more than the other breaking would? * * *

You will laugh at a comical thing that happened the other day to Lord Lincoln. He sent the Duke of Richmond word that he would dine with him in the country; and if he would give him leave, would bring Lord Bury with him. It happens that Lord Bury is nothing less than the Duke of Richmond's nephew. The duke, very properly, sent him word back, that Lord Bury might bring him, if he pleased. I have been plagued all this

morning with that oaf of unlicked antiquity, Prideaux, and his great boy. He talked through all Italy, and every thing in all Italy. Upon mentioning Stosch, I asked if he had seen his collection. He replied, very few of his things, for he did not like his company; that he never heard so much *heathenish talk* in his days. I inquired what it was, and found that Stosch had one day said before him, *that the soul was only a little glue*. I laughed so much, that he walked off; I suppose thinking that I believed so too.

Of a Mr. Naylor:—When his father married his second wife, Naylor said, "Father, they say you are to be married to-day, are you?" "Well," replied the Bishop, "and what is that to you?" "Nay, nothing; only if you had told me, I would have powdered my hair."

George II.—At last the mighty monarch does not go to Fladders, after making the greatest preparations that ever were made but by Harry the Eighth, and the authors of the grand Cyrus and the illustrious Bassa: you may judge by the quantity of napkins, which were to the amount of nine hundred dozen—indeed, I don't recollect that ancient heroes were ever so provident of necessaries, or thought how they were to wash their hands and face after a victory. Six hundred horses, under the care of the Duke of Richmond, were even shipped; and the clothes and furniture of his court magnificent enough for a bull-fight at the conquest of Grenada. Felton Hervey's war horse, besides having richer caparisons than any of the expedition, had a gold net to keep off the flies—in winter!

I remember a tutor at Cambridge, who had been examining some lads in Latin; but in a little while excused himself, and said he must speak English, for his mouth was very sore.

After going out of the Commons and fighting a duel with Mr. Chetwynd, whom he wounded,—“My uncle (says Walpole) returned to the house, and was so little moved as to speak immediately upon the *cambric bill*,” which made Swinny say, “That it was a sign he was not *ruffled*.”

Dettingen.—The maiden heroes of the guards are in great wrath with General Ilton, who kept them out of harm's way. They call him the confectioner, because he says he *preserved* them.

Sir Charles Wager always said, “that if a sea-fight lasted three days, he was sure the English suffered the most for the two first, for no other nation would stand beating for two days together.”

[A worthy lord mayor furnishes some droll stories, *ex. gr.* :]

Yesterday we had another hearing of the petition of the merchants, when Sir Robert Godschall shone brighter than even his usual: there was a copy of a letter produced, the

original being lost; he asked whether the copy had been taken before the original was lost, or after! * * *

This gold-chain came into parliament, cried up for his parts, but proves so dull, one would think he chewed opium. Earle says, "I have heard an oyster speak as well twenty times."

Hearing of a gentleman who had had the small-pox twice, and died of it, he asked, if he died the first time or the second?

Poetry.

WOMAN, THE ANGEL OF LIFE.

A Poem, by Robert Montgomery.

[THE following are a few of the gems of this impassioned and highly-wrought Poem, which, in graceful imagery and well-turned sentiment, equals any of the author's previous productions:]—

GODLIKE is the creature man!
The past is glittering where he ran
Triumphantly his onward track,
With prints of glory!—trace them back;
Behold him stamp o'er land and sea
The might of immortality!
To him whom waves nor winds restrain,
The elements resign their reign;
While cowering Earth and Ocean meet,
To lay their sceptres at his feet,
Whose hand the rock or mountain fells,
Or strews the globe with miracles
Of form and motion—wond'rous things,
That mimic God's imaginings!—
And in his mind there is a sense
That gasps to reach omnipotence;
Who, half almighty, would be more
Than life can feel, or thought explore!

Yet, not because with bolder light
The traits of manhood court the sight,
And Action, with incessant claim,
Can summon forth each high-born aim,
The softer tints of woman's soul
Pervade the world with less control.
The thunder is the king of sound,
But ever may the breeze abound,
And quiver on melodious wing,
Where beauty walks, or health can spring:
The forest wears inspiring gloom,
But yet we seek the flowerets' bloom;
Old Ocean hath terrific grace
Imprinted on his hoary face,
But, oh! how dear some tranquil dream,
That haunts the bank of village stream!—
And thus, methinks, doth woman's heart
A gentler, not less glorious part
In Life's dim tragedy fulfil,—
The feebler, but the perfect still:
And as in Nature charms there be,
Which all enjoy, though none can see,
The light and love of female power
Have graced how many a graceless hour,
And round the spirit twined a zone
Too delicate for eyes to own!
Let Valour, Strength, and Wisdom claim
Their summit on the throne of fame;
Yet meekened heart and mind subdued
Become the charm of womanhood;
And thoughts that might creation wield,
By man's dominion taught to yield,
Lie mute and dead in lonely rest,
And leave the soul but half express!
For man, not nature, is the power
That darkens from its natal hour
The mind which decks the softer race,
And dooms them to a second place.

BEAUTY.

And when disease's poison'd breath
Hath tainted life with hues of death;
When time has dimm'd that starry gaze
Whose magic thrilled our younger days,—
There is a love whose light remains
To warm the heart when passion wanes:
For beauty born within the mind
Admits no mean decay;
The earth may shrink, the sun grow blind,
Ere that dissolve away!

CREATION OF WOMAN.

More lovely than a vision brought
From out the fairy realms of thought;
Serene and silent, with a grace
Divinely breath'd o'er form and face,
In full array of love and light,
That dazzled his adoring sight,
By soul and sense to be revered—
The Angel of the world appear'd!
Then, what a starry welcome rang!
Each Orb an hymeneal sang,
While shapes unutterably bright
From heaven gazed down with new delight,
When first the ground a woman trod,
Just moulded by the hand of God!—
Around her breast, in wreathy play,
Her locks like braided sunbeams lay;
And limbs unvell'd a radiance cast
Of purity, as on she pass'd
Amid the bloom and balm of flowers,
That clustered round elysian bowers;
The bird and breeze together blent
Their notes of mildest languishment;
The sun grew brighter as he shed
His glory round her living head,—
As if no orb of space were free
From one fine spell of sympathy,
When woman rose upon the scene,
Creation's fair and faultless queen!

DOMESTIC PEACE.

Vain would truth reflect in song
What nameless fascinations throng
Around that quiet hearth alone,
Where tenderness hath rear'd its throne.—
Oh! there are feelings, rich but faint,
The hues of language cannot paint;
And pleasures, delicately deep,
Which, like the palaces of sleep,
Melt into dimness, when the Light
Would look upon their fairy sight;
And there are chords of happiness
Whose spirit-tones our fancy bless,
And make the music of our joy
Complete without one harsh alloy,—
Yet, vain would words one note reveal
Of melody which mind can feel!—
But who hath left some calm domain
Where home was charm'd by woman's reign,
And trifles, through some magic, wore
An air they never breathed before,—
And enter'd where a proud abode
To ruder man its splendour owed,
Nor felt the contrast sternly cold,
Like winter o'er his spirit roll'd?
Yet there may garden, grove, and bower,
Attend on each retiring hour;
There Painting with impassion'd glow
The poetry of colours show;
While volumes rank'd in rich array
The heroes of the mind display:—
Yet, like a face, when death has chill'd
The light that once each feature fill'd,
Contrasted with its living power
Beheld in some excited hour,—
Are homes where single man is seen,
With those where woman's spell hath been.

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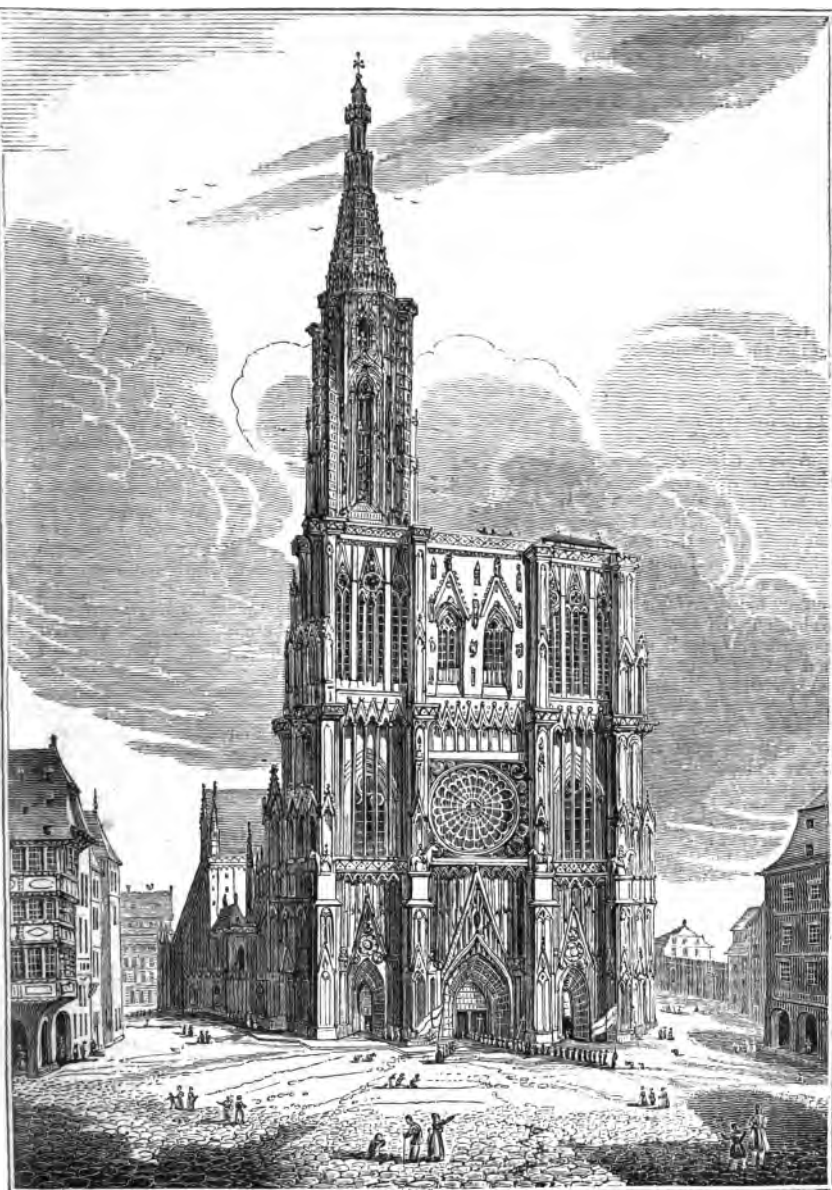
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STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

STRASBURG is the capital of that portion of the province of Alsace,* which is known as the department of the Lower Rhine. It is now the frontier town of France, although a recent tourist, Mr. Inglis, describes it as "entirely German." The number of inhabitants is stated at 50,000.

The town is irregularly built, and what travellers describe as old-fashioned and heavy-looking; but its Cathedral is one of the finest in Europe. The choir was built by Charlemagne, and escaped the mischief which happened to the church in the twelfth century. The nave was rebuilt in the same century; and the belfry and steeple were begun in 1229, but only finished within 200 years of that date. The clock is one of the most celebrated specimens of early clock-making, and will be found engraved and described in vol. xiii. of *The Mirror*, p.p. 210 and 262.†

We premise these facts by way of introduction to the following very pleasant contribution by a clever hand.

STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

(By the Author of the Sketch of *Antwerp Cathedral* in vol. xiv. of *The Mirror*.)

A late reference in *The Mirror* to my sketch of *Antwerp Cathedral*, induces me to attempt a description of its lofty rival, *Strasbourg*, to which I have since made a hasty visit, in satisfaction of a long-cherished wish to behold it also.

I saw nothing of the spire during my journey from Freyburg to the little town of Kehl, on the German side of the Rhine, about three miles from Strasbourg, (the chief part indeed having been performed after sunset, although the extensive plain I was crossing was brilliantly illuminated by a full September moon;) neither was it visible in the morning from the window of the hotel where I slept.

* Alsace was, before the Revolution, a province of France, bounded on the east by the Rhine, on the south by Switzerland, on the west by Lorraine, and on the north by the Palatinate of the Rhine. It was formerly a part of Germany.

† Mr. Inglis observes: "There is a curious circumstance connected with the clock in Strasbourg Cathedral,—it is of very complicated, and delicate workmanship, and the artisan who contrived, and made it, becoming blind before he had terminated his labour, it became a question of some difficulty, and of much importance, how the work was to be completed: the public authorities engaged other mechanics; but they being ignorant of the design upon which the whole was meant to be constructed, were unable to proceed,—and the blind artisan anxious to reap all the honour himself,—not willing that others should have the credit of finishing that which their genius could not have enabled them to begin, refused to communicate any information; but offered to complete the work, blind as he was; and this very wonderful, and ingenious piece of mechanism, now remains not only a monument of the genius of the maker, but a curious illustration of the power of habit, as well as of the acuteness communicated to one sense, by the deprivation of another.—*The Tyrol*, vol. i. p. 21-2.

A fellow-traveller having offered me a seat in his *Voiture*, we started at 7 o'clock, and turning down the left-hand road through an avenue of trees, we looked over the flats of Alsace on the other side of the Rhine; and, rising above a belt of foliage, by which the city itself was still concealed, the solitary, pyramidal spire of the Cathedral, *the highest in Europe*, burst upon our view. Its dark red form seemed set in the grey sky,—its outline distinctly marked, although not prominently thrown out by extraneous light and shade; but there was something suitable in its placid, calm aspect—a landmark of ages, unmoved by the sanguinary quarrels of which that border country had often been made the scene by our strange race.

It was but a short distance to the bank of the Rhine, where we paid the German toll, and crossed the long bridge of boats to the French toll-house, where another demand was settled. We then soon came to the *Gens d'armes* station, protecting the entrance to "la belle France." We had next to cross another branch of the Rhine, the river being here divided into two streams by a considerable island; and then reached the *Douane*, where the frontier duties are collected. Not knowing how long it might take before my friend's luggage was passed, I set off on foot. Observing a path slanting across the fields towards part of the city, I left the highroad, and had an agreeable walk through the verdant meadows, which reminded me of the Netherlands, the resemblance being increased by the ditches and grass-covered fortifications of the citadel, towards which I found my track directly led. Farther on I emerged into a more central part, where the river Ill, taking a circular sweep, almost insulates the portion of town within from that beyond its course; and the quays and buildings along its banks were on this calm day distinctly reflected, as on another sky, with something of a Venetian appearance. The Ill is traversed by several bridges, and opposite the one I crossed stood the *Palais Royal*, its back rising from the edge of the water, and its front in the square of the Cathedral; the side of the latter edifice stretched out from the corner I entered by, and the spire at the diagonal extremity appeared high above the interposing roof.

During my walk, I had been gradually acquiring a perception of the size and structure of the spire; but now that the architecture was developed in detail, I was struck with the richness of the workmanship, the vastness of its elevation, and the elegance of its proportions. It rises from the left of the west front, as we look towards it, and the *coup d'œil* is very imposing. The centre door is profusely canopied by clustering arches and ornamental tracery; and indeed the whole front is in a rich style, rising far

above the main roof of the building, and forming the shape of an upright rectangle, which includes the tower-like flanks, whose lofty pointed arches and buttresses are both light and splendid. Above one of these, and breaking the horizontal balconied line of the rectangle, springs a fine, octagonal, open tower upon elegantly formed arches, from the summit of which again the spire ascends by retreating pinnacles of open frieze-work, preserving a general pyramidal outline, its pointed termination being surmounted by a cross. The sublimity of the design will be felt, when it is considered, that its elevation is stated to be 525, or by some, 550 feet from the pavement, which would make it more than 150 feet higher than the top of St. Paul's, or about 50 above the noble steeple at Antwerp; but this last having been my "first love," I cannot say that the intense impression of soaring loftiness it made upon me has been supplanted by Strasburg. Besides, there is a moral grandeur in the Hispanico-gothic magnificence of Antwerp, and in the glorious productions of Rubens of which it is the "local habitation," more exciting to the imagination than the quieter beauties of the ancient Imperial city of Strasburg. The cathedral of the former, too, is better placed for effect, as fine views of it can be commanded from open places and squares close by, as well as other parts of the town; while the "place du dome" at the latter is nearly filled up by the edifice itself, and the short street opposite is so narrow that only part of the front is visible from the main street, which crosses the other perpendicularly.

Entering by the front gate, the combined effect of vast expanse and gloomy grandeur produce a lasting impression. The religious awe and veneration so naturally excited, when the eye wanders amongst massive pillars, branching arches and all the airy embellishments of Gothic architecture, are here incalculably heightened by the perfect preservation of the old stained windows, every particle of light that enters being mellowed by those luscious colours, which all the resources of modern art have hitherto failed to rival in tint. The contemplation of such a scene gives a "rapture of repose," and I longed to be able to witness it when the sun should be casting "warm gleams" in checkered gleams upon the marble floor, the clustering columns and receding aisles!

Strasburg Cathedral (like that of Freyburg,* also a very beautiful structure,) is not built in the form of a cross, having no transepts, and the breadth being the same throughout. The body of the church thus presents a grand appearance from the entrance: the nave and aisles are of immense width, bound-

ed by large painted windows, and separated by handsome pillars, above the branching tops of which inner rows of windows rise towards the roof also filled with painted glass; while, the choir having no intervening screen, the view is unbroken in long perspective to the high altar and east window above it. As I stood, a long procession of boys and girls, passing across in front of the choir, threw back the extreme distance, and their diminished appearance gave effect to the length of the nave, which was also dotted with kneeling and walking figures at irregular intervals. On one side projected the fine pulpit, supported by elegant sculpture, and enriched with gilt fantastic ornaments; and on the other, but nearer the entrance, in a lofty situation above the pillars, was placed the organ. Several chapels and altars round the aisles and choir, with the usual display of gaudy Madonnas, saints, and offerings, completed the *coup d'œil*. There were also many pictures of different degrees of merit, although none perhaps of such first-rate excellence as to haunt the memory for ever after. A piece of sculpture, however, glimmering in a dark crypt below the floor, at the back of the choir, is curious. The scanty light barely sufficed to exhibit the size of this subterranean chapel, but through a railing, which cut off a semicircular recess, I began dimly to discern a group of figures in white relief round the wall, and kneeling in front, a well-executed colossal statue of Christ, in vivid contrast with the darkness behind. A few figures of apostles occupied the middle space, more prominently than the crowd of disciples beyond.

I now made a farther tour of the city, in which German seems generally spoken, although it has been part of France since the peace of Ryswyk in the reign of Louis XIV. Amongst other objects I saw the magnificent monument to Marshal Saxe, in the church of St. Thomas, and visited the Museum, which possesses several paintings worthy of attention. I then returned to the Cathedral in time for the usual high mass, and as I entered, the majestic tones of the organ and the voices of the singers resounded "through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault."

In a small apartment, where I obtained a ticket of admittance for the tower, I was shown a model of the Cathedral, beautifully worked in silver. I then ascended, and the sound of the organ, softened by distance, vibrated up the spiral staircase, while occasionally the long-sustained tones of the bells struck louder upon the ear. The roof of the front forms an open platform, on one end of which the steeple rises majestically, and from which its exquisite architecture can be minutely admired. The lofty arches of its still perpendicular part here form a fine open

* Will our very competent Correspondent favour us with his description of this elegant structure?



(Canopy of the High Altar in Strasburg Cathedral.)

temple-like octagon, with fretted, overhanging roof, from above which the spire begins to taper, growing "small by degrees, and beautifully less." The day not being bright, I was agreeably surprised by the distinctness of the view, which is very extensive and interesting. The city itself, branching out on all sides, forms a clear nucleus to the wide-stretching circle with its dark, brown-topped houses, and churches grey with age; and its jagged outline is fringed with zig-zag fortifications of green turf banks and silvery belts of water. Beyond, the eye ranges over a rich variety of meadows, woods, plains, villages, and hills. Looking westward over France are the Vosges mountains, the nearest range; and as you turn gradually towards the right, a vast plain is next stretched out to

the remote horizon; then a cluster of houses, formed by no less than three good-sized villages, enlivens the face of additional plains, which "immeasurably spread, seem lengthening" as you gaze: as you still turn, another diversity is produced by the windings of the Ill until its junction with the Rhine, some distance below the town, and the grand sweeps of this noble river are visible afar, interspersed with islands, and backed by the German mountains, which wear away into remoter ranges, until the background beyond Kehl, displays the bolder outlines, and pine-covered eminences of the *Black Forest*: part of the long range of the Jura follows; and, though partly mingled with clouds, I distinctly saw the mighty Alps themselves, floating upon the horizon at the distance of

a hundred miles, as soft in appearance as unsubstantial vapour, but solid as the foundations of the earth—

Nature's bulwarks, built by Time
'Gainst Eternity to stand:
Mountains terribly sublime!

Breaking the extreme point of vision, prominently stood out the tall tower of Colmar, upwards of 40 miles distant, with a road running straight as an arrow towards it across the plain between—and thus terminated the panoramic circle!

We purpose concluding our Correspondent's paper in our next number, as it details in a pleasant manner the other lions of Strasburg.

The annexed view of the Cathedral is from a print recently published in Germany; and the second Cut represents the open dome-work over the High Altar; in which is seen the depository of the Host, the lowering and elevation of the same being effected by a contrivance connected with the circumvolant cherubim. This subject is from an old French print.

HIGHGATE.

(To the Editor.)

It gave me sincere pleasure to find you had devoted one of your numbers to a description of my native town, (Highgate,) and to find that description so accurate, in what has come under your notice; but your informer, whom I verily believe is an inhabitant, would have given more satisfaction had he extended his researches into the antiquities of the place, and dwelt on its unparalleled rural beauties.

On the south side of Highgate may be seen one of the residences of Oliver Cromwell, an antique, red-brick building. The staircases and rooms abound with curious, antique workmanship: on the former are full-length oaken, carved figures, of the generals of Cromwell's time, in military costume.

On the west side of the town, in the Grove, resides the venerable poet Coleridge. Leigh Hunt formerly resided in the village, and here he wrote some of his best pieces. Here formerly stood the mansion of Lord Southampton, which was frequently visited by the late Lord Byron.

We need not describe the rural beauties of the lane leading to Hampstead, through Caen Wood, the celebrated retreat of the late Earl of Mansfield, Chief Justice of the King's Bench; now in the occupation of the present earl. The scenery of the Park, and its avenues of lofty, overarching trees, amply repay the pedestrian who may turn from the high road, by the public pathway, across this beautiful domain. There may be also seen the Seven Ponds at "Hampstead;" but they properly belong to Highgate, as they are nearer that village: they abound with fish.

Many fossil remains have recently been found near the archway in Hornsey-lane, some of which are in course of arrangement by geologists. F. P.

"HOCUS POCUS."

THE terms "Hocus Pocus" have been derived by some from the words used by the priest in the celebration of Mass, when the transubstantiation is believed to take place, "*Hoc est Corpus*," &c.; but a far more likely etymology appears in the following extract from the notes to Pennie's *Britain's Historical Drama*:—"Ochus Bochus was a magician and demon among the Saxons, dwelling in forests and caves; and we have his name and abode handed down to the present day in Somersetshire."—*Note to the Dragon King.*

Thus, it appears that modern conjurers, in making use of the words, are invoking the name of their powerful predecessor.

COLBOURNE.

VALUE OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN AMERICA.

THE President of Harvard University, in a report to the Board of Overseers, makes this statement:—"The library of the university now consists of *forty thousand volumes*. Nominally, it belongs to Harvard University; virtually, and to every beneficial purpose, it is the property of the commonwealth. Learned men, engaged in useful works in any part of the state, have free access to it, for any use connected with the objects of their pursuit. It cannot be questioned, that its destruction would sensibly affect the state of general intelligence, and the progress of science in the commonwealth, and create a want of facilities for the diffusion of knowledge, which the wealth and exertions of half a century could not effectually supply. Very many of the works it contains, if lost, could not be replaced: in some of them, the libraries of Europe are now deficient. In the recent controversy between the United States and England, relative to the boundaries of the state of Maine, maps and works highly important, and, in the opinion of the counsel of the United States, in some respects conclusive in favour of the right of the United States, were found in this library, which could not be obtained elsewhere, either in Europe or America; and as such, the use of them was solicited by the general government, and granted by the corporation, for the purpose of sending them with the American commissioners to Europe, in support of the claims of the United States. By the munificence of private individuals, the department of the library relative to American history is unrivalled, both in extent and completeness; the same may be said concerning the collec-

tion of maps and charts. In respect to each of these departments of science, it has no competitor on the continent of America—perhaps, none in the world. The use of its treasures is opened with a liberality that is limited only by the necessity which requires them essentially to be at the command of the students in the University, and of the several literary men or learned associations connected with it, or residing or established in its immediate vicinity. Specific provisions, however, exist, and are daily acted upon, by which persons engaged in useful works, in any part of the commonwealth, are permitted to have the use of any books which are important to their researches, and which cannot be obtained elsewhere. It is scarcely possible for any library to be more truly public than that of this institution.”

FERNANDO.

The Robelist.

THE PURITAN'S GRAVE.

(Continued from page 281.)

MAKING for such localities as he conceived it was possible to meet with, or hear of St. John, Ferdinand Faithful stumbled on one Peter Longstaff, a varlet in the service of Sir Thomas Merrivale, a knave with much sound and little sense, from whom he learnt that Henry was in prison, in Newgate, on a charge of murder.

Bitter was the agony of Ferdinand Faithful at the light and flippant manner in which the simple yet crafty man spake of a deed of murder, and still more was he shocked that St. John should be guilty of so dreadful a crime. There had been on the mind of the ejected minister of Emmerton a prejudice against St. John as a cavalier, but it was impossible that this should not wear away: it had come to pass that the Puritan not only had thought favourably of the cavalier, but was absolutely attached to him with an almost parental affection; he recollected the readiness with which the young cavalier had drawn his sword at the festival of Emmerton, therefore in the bitterness of his soul he covered his face and wept. The tears of a good man have an effect, even upon the veriest knave or fool, and such they had upon Peter Longstaff. “Come, Master Faithful, come, be not utterly cast down. Take some refreshment I pray you. It may be that things are not so bad; perhaps the crime may not be called a murder. It was a hasty matter, a tavern brawl, a thing of dice and wine and sudden passion. Come, good sir, weep not so bitterly.”

It will be recollected that Henry St. John on parting with Anne Faithful expressed himself somewhat doubtfully as to the speediness of his return. The cause of this was much to his honour. In the sale of the

embroidery he had hitherto used some deception. The truth then is that he himself had been, for the most part, purchaser of the embroidery, and by this generosity had contributed to the maintenance of the family of his affection.

Sir Thomas Merrivale, by his extravagance had fallen into inextricable perplexities. He had been necessitated to come up to London, leaving Adelaide at Emmerton to pursue her solemn meditations, and as a last resource he fled to the gambling table; but the luck of a gambler is short lived, and he presently fell down to the depths of misfortune. In his perplexity he espied Henry St. John in the park one day, and addressed him in a gay manner as if nothing had happened to interrupt their friendship; and the result of their conversation was his borrowing one hundred pounds, which the generous St. John, notwithstanding his small patrimony, lent to the fallen knight, upon a promise of its being returned shortly, which promise Sir Thomas never kept.

Among the ladies of quality to whom St. John was in the habit of showing the work, was Lady Arabella Duval, a fashionable, fine, bold woman, a widow of thirty years of age, who had cast her eye upon St. John; and this last named piece of embroidery was taken to her, which she so admired, that she exclaimed, “I must have it, be the price what it may.” St. John was glad to hear this, but was wondrously grieved when she added, “But you must pay for it, and I will repay you when my next remittance arrives.” Grieved and disappointed that he had it not in his power to take back to Anne Faithful the price, he declined returning until some efforts were made to obtain payment; for this purpose he again sought out Sir Thomas Merrivale, and the only place where the improvident knight could be found was at a gambling house near Charing Cross. Thither he went at a late hour, and the people not knowing him, compelled him to wait till play was over. At one o'clock the gambling party broke up, and down stairs they came quarrelling. Sir Thomas had been unsuccessful; he charged his companions, who had drained him of his last mark, with false play, swords were drawn, and Henry St. John interposed to prevent bloodshed, not, however, until one of the assailants was run through in the scuffle, upon which all the party fled, except the generous St. John, who stayed to render the wounded man assistance. The officers of the peace entered; Henry St. John was found with his sword drawn, the wounded man died, and Henry was sent to prison on a charge of murder. What a trial of the fortitude of Anne Faithful. St. John was visited in prison by Ferdinand Faithful, and great was the old man's joy when he heard from his lips that

the sin of blood guiltiness was not upon him. The Lady Arabella Duval, hearing that her cavalier, as she was pleased to consider the young and handsome St. John, had killed his man, called to applaud him for the same; and bringing to remembrance the embroidery, she offered to pay for it, but afterwards proposed to call and settle for it with Anne Faithful, the little Puritan girl of whom Sir Thomas Merrivale had sneeringly spoken to her; for the Lady Arabella Duval, marvelously desired to have a fling at her, to crush in Anne the hopes of St. John's hand. She did call, and talked in a wondrous patronizing tone to the poor sempstress:—"Pray, does Master St. John spend much of his time with you?" said she.

The rebuke of Ferdinand Faithful was dignified as it was powerful. "We are humbled by poverty, but we will not be humiliated by insolence. Master Henry St. John I take it," said he, "has good right to spend his time where he will, unquestioned by any one."

The Lady Arabella Duval, as soon as Ferdinand began to speak, fixed her eyes full upon him, then bursting out into loud and insolent laughter, she answered, "Well said, Master Puritan, you are mightily jealous of your daughter's dignity forsooth. If you must know who I am, I will tell you, I am the Lady Arabella Duval, and if I should ever become the Lady Arabella St. John, I shall take care that Master Henry St. John has not good right to spend his time where he will, unquestioned by me."

The blush left the cheek of Anne Faithful, and she became coldly pale.

* * * * *

Henry St. John was tried and acquitted:—there was an anxious heart in the court that day, and that was Ferdinand Faithful. There was another there to partake his triumph, and that was that bold woman, the Lady Arabella Duval, who, when the trial was concluded, hurried the unconscious St. John into her carriage and drove off to her house, where a number of cavaliers were assembled to congratulate him on his acquittal. Among the party was Sir Thomas Merrivale, that once gay and thoughtless knight, who had lost his gaiety, and had become absent, thoughtful, and reserved. Old age had come suddenly upon him as it were; for it was whispered abroad that he had committed the crime for which St. John was tried.

Now Sir Thomas Merrivale was a suitor for the hand of Lady Arabella Duval, hoping with her jointure to wipe off the encumbrances of Emmerton. There was also present a Colonel Clavering, a man of most profligate life and character, who sought the same honour; and this person had caused it to be pretty distinctly understood, that whoever sought the honour of Lady Arabella's hand,

must first make acquaintance with his sword. Henry St. John, however, did not fear Colonel Clavering's sword, nor did he at all covet Lady Arabella's hand; but Sir Thomas Merrivale did both, and this Colonel Clavering saw most clearly, and accordingly took every occasion of mocking and ridiculing the old knight, thinking thereby to recommend himself to the lady. A quarrel sprang up instantly, and a challenge followed. Henry St. John who had the misfortune to be present during the whole scene, was under the necessity of consenting to act as Sir Thomas Merrivale's second.

It was late before St. John left the house of Lady Arabella, and he was necessitated to postpone his visit to the family of Ferdinand Faithful till next day. And when he said thus to himself, he also added, "Another day! alas, what may another day produce." Next day arrived, after a fevered, troubled night. The combatants met and Henry St. John, who had hoped on his influence to prevent the duel, found his efforts unavailing; they fought, and Sir Thomas Merrivale fell, mortally wounded.

"The day after the trial and acquittal of Henry St. John, when the day was far advanced and Henry had not made his appearance, and had sent no message of kindness or recollection, Ferdinand Faithful said to his daughter, 'Sweet child, now see you not that it is even as I said unto you? Henry St. John has forgotten, and does neglect you. This gay and thoughtless cavalier has shown himself to be the creature of circumstances. I will not indeed accuse him of heartlessness and a deliberate unkindness; for I have observed him carefully, and have seen that there is an inseparable kindness in his nature; but he lacks moral firmness and strength of purpose. He came to our pretty village, that sweet home of our hearts; and the beauty of its calmness and the quiet spirit of its delightful seclusion, touched him with a deep emotion, and he loved it, and loved all he saw there. He thought that he loved you; he believed that he loved you; and he felt kindly towards us all; and he has shown his kindly feeling by his generosity towards us in our destitution and affliction. He is not a deceiver, but he is deceived. Having left the village, and being placed in another scene, and amidst other society, he now sympathizes with them, and he is conformable to their manners and is pleased with their company. The great fault of Henry St. John is, that he mistakes the impulse of a transient feeling for the depth of an abiding sentiment; he mistakes a meteor for a sun, an inundation for a river, and you, my sweet child, perhaps mistake the shadow of a passing cloud for the darkness of night.'"

"While the father and daughter were thus engaged, Peter Longstaff entered with a look

full of mystery and importance to summon Ferdinand Faithful instantly to the deathbed of Sir Thomas Merrivale. It was a sad sight; to hear him now lament that he had thought of religion as he had, or that he had not thought of it at all.

"Is Harry St. John here?" asked the knight in great agitation of spirit.

"I am here," said he.

"My sight is failing me," said Sir Thomas Merrivale, "give me your hand.—Harry, did you write to Adelaide?"

"I did."

"What answer?"

"It is impossible for any answer to have arrived yet, it was but yesterday morning that the letter was written."

"Then it will be too late,—too late.—Oh, God, I am too late with everything! I have lived without thought—but I cannot die without thought. Do you both hear me?"

Ferdinand Faithful and Henry St. John both together replied, "We do."

"Ay," said Sir Thomas Merrivale with a low voice but great earnestness of manner, "you may hear a few feeble and disjointed words, but they cannot tell you what is passing in my breast!—for that I want words loud as thunder, quick as lightning—words that may be felt as well as heard. Oh! I have lived not knowing what life is, and now I learn at once the lesson of life and death.—The past and the future are crowding upon me together.—My child—my only child—the pride of my heart—the whole course of her life is before me at once. I see the helpless innocence of her childhood, I see the ripened virtues and gracefulness of her more advanced life—I tremble for the sorrows that await her."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Notes of a Reader.

MOZART'S MUSIC.

WE have been delighted with the following in the *Examiner*:—"There is nothing perfect in this world except Mozart's music. Criticism has nothing to do with it, but to admire. Whatever is, is right. Mozart cannot even be disparaged by comparison with himself—the detractor cannot say, 'How inferior this thing is to that!'" for every composition seems to have a peculiar appropriateness to the occasion, and it is impossible to conceive anything more suitable. There is nothing of mannerism in Mozart's music, and yet it cannot be mistaken for any other, or any other for it—it is peculiar in its excellence. The signature of the master is in an exalted sweetness of turns. In Mozart's operas there is every variety of style and expression, each having a marked style to which the varieties within it are subordinate and tributary. *Don*

Giovanni and the *Zauberflöte* are both romantic operas, but of what different characters! In each the grandeur is relieved with gaiety; and here again how different is the gaiety! In *Giovanni* it is touched with riot, in the *Zauberflöte* it is all fanciful and cheery. As wide a distinction is to be marked between the gaiety of *Figaro* and of *Così fan tutte*: the first is of enjoyment, the other the light laugh of the world, coming more from the brain than the blood. The expression of the serious passions has as much variety in the works of Mozart as the comic. The simple sustained style of the *Clemenza* has no likeness in any of the solemn passages of his romantic operas; and the grandeur of the *Zauberflöte* is as distinguishable from the grandeur of *Giovanni*, as the devotional from the terrible. In the expression of tenderness there is most sameness in Mozart's compositions; and how could it be other than the same while true to nature, who, in all states, shows herself much alike in the melting mood." [This is criticism. The plaintive composition *Il mio tesoro*, in *Giovanni*, is a touching illustration of the truth of more than one passage in these remarks. Even the most unmusical ears have their favourite airs: let this be ours.]

A WHITECHAPEL BUTCHER.

A WHITECHAPEL butcher is the beau ideal of a butcher. One of the same trade from an opposite quarter is no more to be compared with him than I with Hercules. Pick out a specimen from the west, and he cannot compete a moment with him of the east. Not he: the one is sophisticate and "affects an air;" he is part tradesman, part gentleman: doffs the steel, blue apron, and dirty top-boots, wrinkling down to the heels, and assumes the white apron, sporting-cut coat, fashionable trousers and Wellingtons understrapped: in short, he is a butcher with modern improvements. Not so his type of Whitechapel: he is unsophisticate: what he is now, his fathers were before him, and his sons will perhaps be after him: he scorns the march of mind, and sticks to his fresh mutton and old manners. As it is with the butcher, so it is with the rest of the population. Their total habits, tastes, their language, idioms, houses, streets, &c. &c., are at least forty years behind those of any other part of "the wen;"—not even Nash himself could improve the *locale*, nor a forty-Johnson-power lexicographer push their lagging language up in time to join the march to improvement of that of the rest of their fellow-citizens.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

PROSPERITY NOT HAPPINESS.

[ABDERAHMAN III. the most magnificent of all the Arab rulers of Mohammedan Spain

flourished in the tenth century. He was distinguished for great capacity of mind, for unbounded liberality, for unrivalled splendour, and for inflexible justice. Commerce flourished, and riches were accumulated in an unexampled degree; a powerful navy was formed and maintained in full activity; the arts and sciences were cultivated with ardour, because their professors were rewarded with princely liberality; splendid works were undertaken; and the king was the friend of industry, of merit, and of poverty: in short, his reign has been termed the most brilliant period in the history of the Spanish Arabs. Yet, with all this prosperity, *Abderahman was not happy*, as historians tell us. Thus:]

Of the justice of this great king the Mohammedan world had a fearful example in the fate of his son Abdalla. Many years before his death he caused his second son, Alhakem, to be recognised as wali alhadi. The choice gave umbrage to Abdalla, who at length entered into a conspiracy, the object of which seems to have been the assassination or perpetual imprisonment of Alhakem. The secret was betrayed by one of the number; Abdalla was suddenly arrested, confessed his meditated crime, and was suffocated, notwithstanding the entreaties of his intended victim Alhakem. "Thy humane request," replied the king, "becomes thee well, and if I were a private individual it should be granted; but as a king, I owe both to my people and my successors an example of justice: I deeply lament the fate of my son; I shall lament it through life; but neither thy tears nor my grief shall save him!" This rigour, however, was not agreeable to the people, who knew that Abdalla had many excellent qualities; who believed that he was influenced more by levity, or the deceitful persuasions of others, than by innate depravity of heart, and that he might have been reclaimed to loyalty and obedience by proper means. The king himself seems ever afterwards to have blamed his excessive rigour. Though at the very summit of human prosperity, he was thenceforth unhappy. The state of his mind is sufficiently apparent from some verses which he addressed to his friend, Abu Becri, in reply to the remonstrances of that famous poet concerning his despondency. "The sorrow of a troubled heart will vent itself in sighs. Can we enjoy tranquillity while the tempest is roaring? It has scattered my flowery vines; how, then, can I rejoice over the sparkling cup? Glory crowned my youth; now she abandons me. The keen blast of affliction has withered my roses (youth); I fear lest the storm should also wither my lilies (old age). The days of sunshine are past; dark night approaches, the shadows of which no morn will ever dissipate!" It may, indeed, be said that the grief which thus luxuriates, that which seeks

the aid of measured numbers, is too sententious, too declamatory, to be deep. Abderahman's was not deep, but it was benumbing; it poisoned present enjoyment, and threw a chilling mist over the brightest and most animating scenes of life. To say nothing of the remorse he must inevitably feel, he was too prosperous, too cloyed with the sweets of wealth and empire, to be happy. Had he been *less* prosperous, the vicissitudes would have enhanced his enjoyments: where there is no pain there can be no pleasures.* Accordingly, we need not be surprised to hear his own confessions, that during near fifty years of empire, his days of happiness amounted to no more than fourteen.—*Hist. Spain and Portugal—Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

* By no writer, ancient or modern, has this thought been either so elegantly or so forcibly expressed, as by our poet Gray:—

"The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe."

Manners and Customs.

PERSIA.

Pigeons.—In Persia, no regulations are in force against shooting pigeons on the wing, or in a field; but if they are shot at when perched on a pigeon-house, then complaints are soon made. The Persians do not eat pigeons. Neither at Ispahan nor in the south of Persia did Mr. Morier ever see a white pigeon, which Herodotus remarks, was a bird held in aversion by the ancient Persians. It is a curious fact, that in the West of England an extraordinary superstition is preserved in more than one ancient family, that when the principal of the family dies, a white pigeon is seen hovering over the bed of the deceased. Was such a bird anciently considered the prophetic precursor of death?

Bottled Tears.—In some of the mourning assemblies of the Persians, it is the custom for a priest to go about to each person at the height of his grief, with a piece of cotton in his hand, with which he carefully collects the falling tears, and which he then squeezes into a bottle, preserving them with the greatest caution. This practically illustrates that passage in the 56th Psalm, viii.: "Put thou my tears into thy bottle." Some Persians believe, that in the agony of death, when all medicines have failed, a drop of tears so collected, put into the mouth of a dying man, has been known to revive him; and it is for such use that they are collected.

Cutting off Heads.—In Persian and Turkish warfare, this is a common custom. Mr. Morier relates, that during a fight with the Russians, at Sultanboot, ten tomaams were given for every head of the enemy that was brought to the prince; and it has been known to occur, after the combat was over, that prisoners have been put to death in cold

blood, in order that the heads, which are immediately dispatched to the king, and deposited in heaps at the palace gate, might make a more considerable show. Two English sergeants were killed on this occasion; and after the battle was over, one of their bodies was found without its head, which was discovered among a heap of Russian heads. It had doubtless been severed by a Persian, who passing it off for a Russian head, had received the price for such a commodity. Such barbarities make us shudder in England; but they only tend to show how little the manners of Asia have changed since the remotest times. In the history of Jehu we read, "And there came a messenger unto him, saying, They have brought the heads of the king's sons; and he said, Lay ye them in two heaps at the entering in of the gate, until the morning." 2 Kings, x. 8. In the above engagement, the Persians lost 100 men, a circumstance which rejoiced the king's ministers exceedingly; for, on no occasion before had their troops been known to approach near enough to the enemy to get killed. In one of the first visits which the British Ambassador paid to the Grand Vizier after this affair, he found him dictating a letter to the Governor of Mazanderan, which was to announce the defeat of the Russians. When the writer had got to the catastrophe, he asked, "How many killed am I to put down?" The Grand Vizier, with the greatest composure, said, "Write 2,000 killed, 1,000 made prisoners, and that the enemy were 10,000 strong." Then turning to the Ambassador, he said, "This letter has got to travel a great distance, and therefore we add in proportion." The actual number killed was 300. The Grand Vizier's secretary also, upon being accused of exaggerating the facts of the victory, said, "This is the first time our troops have made any stand at all against the Russians, and you would not surely restrict so glorious an event in our history to a few dry facts."

Entertainments.—The Persians enjoy as many luxuries in their tents as they do in their houses; and their habits of migration have taught them facilities in the manner of transporting their baggage. Many of the great personages have tents with boilers attached to them, which they convert into hot baths, as soon as they become stationary at one place for any time.

Tea and Coffee.—Mr. Morier, in describing an interview between the Vizier of Persia and the Russian general, during a temporary cessation of hostilities, says, "At the commencement were brought in the usual refreshments—coffee without sugar, which the Persians call the *talkhee*, or the bitter; and tea sweetened into a syrup, which they call the *shireen*, the sweet: the former of which

is always handed about first. The vizier said to me, pointing to the general, "As we are not yet at peace, let us begin with drinking the *shireen* first, in order that it may be propitious to our business, and that our words may partake of its quality." But when the conference had terminated without success, then the vizier called for the coffee, and said, "Now we must drink the *talkhee*, the bitter, together;" and handed a cup of it to the general.

Swine.—At Kara Klisseh, for the first time in Persia, Mr. Morier saw swine; large herds of which were led to feed on the hills. So completely ignorant are the native Persians of this animal, that a native of Tabik, on seeing them, exclaimed, "See what sheep they have in this country!"

Fruit.—The Persians, who are very fond of unripe fruit, pluck it from the tree before it comes to maturity. They are much prejudiced in favour of their own fruit, and will not allow that in England we possess any which can bear a competition with theirs. The Persian Ambassador, when in England, preserved his national feeling towards the fruits of Persia; and when a comparison happened to be made between the two countries, he exclaimed, "'Tis true that we have not such fine houses, adorned with looking-glasses, as you have, no carriages, nor are we so rich; but we have better fruit, and we always see the sun."

Musicians.—The Mehmandar at Shiraz having invited the British Ambassador to breakfast, treated him with a concert, performed by four musicians; one of whom played the kolmonouché, (somewhat resembling a violoncello;) a second sang, fanning his mouth with a piece of paper, to aid the undulations of his voice; the third was a tambourine player; and the last beat two little drums, placed on the ground before him. They were the best musicians of Shiraz; and although the music was of too noisy a nature to be agreeable, yet it was rapture to the Persians, in whose faces could be traced great feelings of delight.

Honours to Royalty.—In a grand procession, Mr. Morier tells us that the Prince of Shiraz was conspicuous, by a parasol being borne over his head, which, to this day, is a privilege allowed only to royalty, and is exemplified by the sculptures at Persepolis, where the principal personage is frequently designated by a parasol carried over him. The whole road, about three miles, was strewn with roses, and watered; both of which are modes of doing honour to persons of distinction; and at very frequent intervals glass vases, filled with sugar, were broken under his horse's feet. This treading upon sugar is symbolical, in Persian estimation, of prosperity; the scattering of flowers was a

ceremony performed in honour of Alexander, on his entry into Babylon, and has, perhaps, some affinity to the custom of cutting down branches of trees, and strewing them in the way, as was practised on our Saviour's entry into Jerusalem.

Beating with the Shoe is a well-known chastisement in Persia, and the shoe being shod with iron, and the blow given on the mouth, the punishment is severe. This use of the shoe, observes Mr. Morier, is quite characteristic of the Eastern manners described in Scripture. The shoe was always considered as vile, and never allowed to enter sacred or respected places; and to be smitten with it, is to be subjected to the last ignominy. Paul was smitten on the mouth, by order of Ananias.—(Acts, xxiii. 2.)

Executions.—Three criminals being condemned to death at Shiraz, for robbery, one was blown up from the mouth of a mortar; the second was beheaded; and the third was cut in half, and the two parts of his body hung over two of the most frequented gates of the city, as a warning to other thieves. This horrid spectacle was displayed for three days. It illustrates, in some degree, an ancient custom, exemplified in the case of Saul, (1. Sam. xxxi. 10.) whose body was fastened to the wall of Bethshan, by the Philistines, though the analogy is not exact; and we might find examples, (nearer to us both in time and place,) which resemble the Persian practice more strongly than the case of Saul does. *Shekeh Kerden* is the technical term for this punishment, which consists in cutting the body in two lengthwise, with a sword, beginning between the legs, and terminating on the side of the neck above the shoulder.

Snake Charmers.—The Persians have great faith in a charm called the *dum*, or breath, which they say secures them against the bite of snakes, and the sting of scorpions. A man at Shiraz, and greatly honoured for his sanctity, had the reputation of possessing the *dum* to such a degree, that he communicated it to *mureeds*, or disciples, who again dispensed it to the multitude. The charm is simple enough. From his pocket he took a piece of sugar, over which he mumbled some words, breathed upon it, and then required Mr. Morier should eat it, in full belief that neither scorpion nor serpent could ever harm him. That the practice of snake-charming was in use in earlier days, we may infer from the Psalms: "Which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely."—Psalm lviii. 5.

Lions.—The distance which lions travel in search of water is enormous: the footmarks of one of these animals have been traced, the next day, upwards of forty miles.

Fine Arts.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

(From an old Correspondent.)

THE annual display of pictures at the Royal Academy has been long considered the best and most attractive of the London exhibitions. How far this remark will apply to the present collection is doubtful;—it is, however, certain, that works of a much higher order have appeared on the walls of the Academy than those now displayed before the public. We will proceed to particularize a few of the most striking pictures:—

8. *Rotterdam Ferry-boat*. This picture is painted in the usual fascinating manner of the artist—J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

11. *View in Ramsgate Harbour*. A clever painting, by G. P. Reinagle.

16. *The Murder of David Rizzio*—by W. Allan. "In the front of the picture stands Kerr of Fawdownside, who levelled a pistol at the queen. On Kerr's right is Patrick Murray, dragging Rizzio by the cloak from the apartment. Behind the torch-bearer is the Master of Ruthven, and near him Lord Ruthven in complete armour. Geo. Douglas grasps the prostrate Rizzio by the arm, while the queen is held by Lord Darnley, at whose back stand the countess of Argyll and Mary Seaton. Behind the ladies, a soldier marks the secret passage by which the conspirators entered."

22. *Godiva preparing to ride through Coventry*, by G. Jones, R.A., is a very beautiful picture. The lady is mounted on a spirited horse, and attended by some females, who are engaged in removing from her delicate person the remaining part of her dress.

70. *Harvest in the Highlands* is a wonderful production of art. The figures are by Edwin Landseer; and the scenery is painted by A. W. Callcot, R.A.

133. *The Stray Kitten*—W. Collins, R.A. This subject is very simple, though extremely interesting from its treatment. A cottage, surrounded with delightful scenery, is represented, at the door of which we perceive a group of rustic children, who are encouraging the approach of a little stray kitten.

134. *Spanish Monks—a scene witnessed in a Capuchin Convent, at Toledo*—by D. Wilkie, R.A. The effect of this picture is equal to any of the magical conceptions of Rembrandt; and the expression, particularly in the countenance of the old monk, is excellent.

146. *Van Tromp returning after the battle of the Dogger Bank*—J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

153. *Hylas and the Nymphs*. This group, by W. Etty, R.A., is composed with great poetic feeling, while the colouring is chaste and harmonious.

230. *The Astrologer*—by G. G. Bullock.

"Her eye told what it was she wished to hear,
And then, with solemn glance, the aged seer
Turn'd to the mystic page."

We shall conclude with No. 336, *A young Lady taking the Veil*, by T. Uwins. "After the vows had been pronounced, her hair cut off, and her dress, with all its worldly ornaments, exchanged for the simple habit of the Franciscan order, there still remained the most affecting part of the ceremony—she was to bid farewell to her earthly friends! I witnessed their last embrace, and saw the doors close that separated them *for ever!*" The artist has displayed considerable skill in this affecting subject. G. W. N.

The Public Journals.

INVOCATION OF THE EARTH TO MORNING.

WAKE from thy azure ocean-bed,
Oh! beautiful sister, Day!
Uplift thy gem-tiara'd head,
And, in thy vestal robes arrayed,
Bid twilight's gloom give way!
Wake, dearest sister; the dark-brow'd night
Delayeth too long her drowsy flight.
Most glorious art thou, sister Day,
Upon thy chariot throne,
While sitting supreme in royal sway,
Thou holdest thy high effulgent way,
In majesty alone;
Till into thy cloud pavilion'd home
In the burning west thy footsteps come.
When last thy parting look I caught,
Which turn'd to smile good-night,
With all a lover's fondness fraught,
There seem'd not in the universe aught
So precious in thy sight,
As thy own dear Earth, while to her breast,
She folded her slumbering babes to rest.
I hear the sparkling midnight spheres
Rehearse the choral hymn,
Which yet, ere earth was stain'd with tears,
Burst on the joy-entranced ears
Of holy seraphim;
While the lofty blue empyrean rang,
As the morning stars together sang.
Oh, many a joyous mountain rill,
And many a rustling stream,
Calm lake and glassy fountain still,
Tall grove and silent mist-clad hill,
Long for thy coming beam!
Uprouse thee, then, fairest sister dear!
For all are pining thy voice to hear.
With trembling and impatient wing,
My birds on every spray
Await, thy welcome forth to sing
With many a melting lay;
Then wherefore, beautiful, linger so long?
Earth sighs to greet thee with shout and song.
Thy flower,* her vigil lone hath kept,
With love's untiring care;
Tho' round her pinks and violets slept,
She wakefully hath watch'd and wept,
Unto the dewy air;
And like a desolate bride she waits,
For the opening of her lover's gates,
Oh! then arise, fair sister dear!
Awake, beloved Day!
For many a silent trembling tear,
Falls on my breast like diamond clear,
In grief for thy delay.

* The Sunflower.

From the rosy bowers of the orient skies,
Then up, sweetest sister, arise, arise!
Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

ANNIHILATION: A VISION.

By Jean Paul Richter.

[We subjoin a translation of one of his most characteristic compositions—if translation is a word fit to be applied to Jean Paul; say rather that the following vision has been done into English, with a view to give a partial idea of the powers of this wonderful man to our readers.]

All Love believes in a double Immortality, in its own and in that of its object: from the moment in which Love begins to fear that it should cease, it has already ceased. To our hearts it is the same, whether our beloved one, or merely his love disappears. He who doubts of our Eternity lends to the fair heart which opens itself before him, or, to its perfection at least, the unperishable nature of the purest existence, and finds the clear one whom he has seen sink into the dark earth, glimmering over him in broken star-light in Heaven.

Man—who always questions himself too much, and others too little—cherishes not only secret inclinations but secret opinions, the contrary of which he imagines to be his belief, till some strong emotion of Fate or Poetry lays the concealed bottom of his innermost soul open before him. Thence we may, perhaps, have read the title of these pages with coolness;—we may even accept or court Annihilation; but we tremble when our heart discloses to us the horrible contents of this chimera, to think that the Earth in which we all would lay our sunken heads to rest, is nothing else than the broad headman's block of pale crippled humanity, when it comes out of prison.

Ottomar lay in the furthestmost house of a village from which he looked out on the battle-field of the Unburied; he was in the last stage of a putrid fever. In that night his loose blood filled his agitated heart with a hell-stream of distorted, terrible apparitions, and this dark boiling stream of blood reflected the hollow light sky, and shivered forms and jagged flashes of lightning. When the morning returned in its coolness, and when the venom of the tarantula sting of fever was gone from his tired heart, the immovable storm of War roared before him with ceaseless fire and blows; and again these bloody pierced phantoms stood before him in his midnight dreams like corpses.

In the night of which I am speaking, his fever had reached the steep and critical eminence between Life and Death. His eyes were like immense mirrors in a hall of mirrors, his ears like immense ears in a whispering-gallery, his nerves reached out

giant limbs to him—the moving forms on the printed bed-curtain became thick and blood-coloured, and shot upwards and fell again as in battle; a boiling waterspout drew him up in its seething vapours, and underneath, out of the innermost depth, there crept keen little ghosts, which had haunted him before in a fever of childhood, and they crept with cold clammy toadsfeet over his warm soul, and said, “We torment thee ever.”

On a sudden, as his darkened heart seemed to have rolled back and worked itself out of the hot crater of his fever, the yellow gleam of a neighbouring fire shone over the paper of the room. His dry, hot eye stared half-shut on the transparent figures of the curtain, which flapped in the distant light;—all at once a Form stretched itself forth from amongst them with a corpse-white motionless countenance, white lips, white eyelids and hair.

The Form reached towards the sick man with long crooked feelers, which played out of the sockets of its eyes. It approached, and the dark spots on its feelers closed together against his heart, like points of ice; it drove him backwards with its chilly breath, backwards through walls and rocks, and through the earth, and the feelers were like daggers in his heart; and when he sank backwards, the world broke down before him—the ruins of demolished mountains, and the rubbish of dust-hills fell below—and there poured down a hail of clouds and moons—the worlds descended in bow-shots over the corpse-white form, and suns hung round with globes sank in a long heavy fall, and at last there came a dusty stream of ashes.

“White Form, who art thou?” asked at last the man. “If I name my name, thou art no more,” said the white Form without moving its lips, and neither earnestness, nor joys, nor love, nor wrath, was there in that countenance; Eternity passed and changed it not.

The Form brought him on a narrow path formed of earth-clods, which were laid under the chins of dead men; the causeway went across a sea of blood, out of which there rose white hairs and children’s fingers, like the blossoms of a water plant, and it was covered with brooding doves, and with wings of butterflies, and nightingales’ eggs, and men’s hearts. The Form crushed them all as it skimmed over them, and it drew over the pond of blood a swimming veil made of the wet linen which lies upon dead men’s eyes. The red waves rose over the terrified man, and the narrowing path went over cold, slippery mushrooms, and at last over a long, cool slippery adder.

He slid down, but a whirlwind turned him round, and he saw before him the extent of

an immense plain of black ice, on which all the nations lay, which had died upon the Earth—stark, frozen armies of corpses, and deep below in the abyss, an earthquake was ringing in all eternity, a little cracked bell—it was the death-bell of Nature. “Is that the second World?” asked the comfortless man. The Form answered, “The second World is in the grave between the teeth of the worm.” He looked upwards to seek a consoling Heaven, but above him was spread a thick black smoke, the immense pall which is drawn between the Heaven of the Worlds, and this dark, chilly gap in Nature; and the ruined mansions of the past smoked up, and made the pall blacker and broader; and then there passed the apparition of a falling, burning world, with its red shadow on the dark covering, and an eternal blast bore in it the wail of sinking voices.

“We have suffered, we have hoped, but we suffocate—Oh! Almighty Power, create nothing more.”

Ottomar asked, “Who annihilates them then?”—“I,” said the Form, and it drove him among the armies of corpses, into the masked world of annihilated men; and as the Form passed before a mask with a soul, there spurted a bloody drop from its dull eye, such as a corpse sheds when the murderer approaches it. And he was led on unceasingly, by the mute funeral procession of the past, by the rotten chains of existence, and by the conflicts of the spirits. There saw he first of all the ashy brethren of his heart pass by, and in their countenances there still stood the blighted hope of reward; he saw thousands of poor children with smooth, rosy cheeks, and with their first smile stiffened, and thousands of mothers with their unconfined babes in their arms, and there he saw the dumb sages of all nations with extinguished souls, and with the extinguished light of Truth, and they were dumb under the great pall, like singing birds whose cage is darkened with a covering, and there he saw the strong endurers of life, the numberless, who had suffered till they died, and the others who were lacerated by horror, and there he saw the countenances of those who had died of joy, and the deathly tear of Joy was still hanging in their eyes; and there he saw all the lives of the earth standing with stifled hearts, in which no Heaven, no God, no Conscience, dwelt any more; and there he saw again a world fall, and its wail passed by him, “Oh! how vain, how nothing is the groaning and struggling, and the Truth and the Virtue of the world!” and there at last appeared his father with the iron ball globe which sinks the corpses of that ocean, and then as he pressed a tear of blood out of the white eyelid, his heart, which ran cold with horror, exclaimed “Form of Hell, crush me speedily; annihilation is eternal, there

Give none but mortals and thou. Am I alive, Form?"

The Form led him gently to the edge of the ever-freezing field of ice; in the abyss he saw the fragments of the stifled souls of animals, and on high were numberless tracts of ice, with the annihilated of higher worlds, and the bodies of the dead angels, were for the most part of Sun's light, or of long sounds, or of motionless fragrantcy. But there over the chasm, near to the realm of the dead of the Earth, stood a veiled being on a clod of ice; and as the white Form passed, the Being raised its veil; it was the dead Christ, without resurrection, with his crucifixion wounds, which all flowed afresh, on the approach of the white Form.

Ottomar bent his tottering knee, and looked up to the black concave, and prayed, "Oh! good God! bring me back again to my good earth, that I may dream of life." And while he prayed, the blood-red shadow of crushed worlds flew across the broad pall of smoke. And then the white Form stretched out its feelers, like arms towards Heaven, and said, "I will draw down the Earth, and then I will name my name to you."

And whilst the feelers with their black points rose higher and higher, a little cleft in the cloud became light, and it at last broke asunder, and our reeling earth sank as it were into the fascinating, greedy jaws of a rattlesnake; and whilst the cloud-girt globe fell lower, there rained upon it blood and tears, because there were battles and martyrdoms upon it.

The grey, narrow Earth waved about transparent, with its young nations by the side of its stark dead nations—its arc was a long coffin of adamant, with the inscription, "*The Past*," and in the hollow of the earth there glowed a round fire, which melted the keys of the long coffin; the lily-buds and flower-buds of the earth became mouldy, its fields were as the green skin on a pool of mud; its woods were moss, the peaks of its Alpine girdle were as a spoked wheel, its clocks all struck at once; and the hours hastily became centuries, so that no life lasted the time out; men were to be seen on the earth growing, and then waxing rudely and tall, and stout, and grey, till they bent themselves and lay down. But the men upon the Earth were very happy. The lightning of Death flashed indeed ruthless among the careless nations, one while on the warm heart of a mother, another while on the smooth, round brow of a child, on the bald head, and on the warm rosy cheek. But men had their consolation; dying lovers, those who buried, and those who wept, hung softly over those whose eye was waxing dim, the friend over the friend, parents over children, and they said, "Depart ye—we shall meet again behind Death, to part no more."

"I will show thee," said the Form, "how I annihilate them."—A coffin became transparent—in the placid brain of the Man, therein lying, the Life still glowed, plastered over with clay, surrounded by a cold dark sleep, and cut off from the broken heart.—Ottomar exclaimed, "Lying Form, the Life still glows; who extinguished the spark?"—The white Form answered, "Horror! Look down."—A village church was split asunder, a leaden coffin sprung open, and Ottomar saw his own body mouldering in it, and his brain burst—but there was no spot of Light on the open head. The Form stared at him, and said, "I have drawn thee out of thy brain—thou art already long since dead"—and it seized him cuttingly with its cold metallic feelers, and whispered,—"Tremble and die—I am God."

There rushed a sun downwards which embraced the wide Heaven, melted the desert of ice, and the region of the masks, and flew on with a mighty noise in its endless curve, leaving a flood of light behind it, and the severed ether rang with ineffable music. Ottomar swam in ether, surrounded by an opaque sleet of little balls of light; from time to time the flash of a falling Sun pierced the white light, and a soft glow was wafted around. The thick cloud of light floated on the tones of the ether, and the waves of ether rocked it as it hovered over them. Till at last the cloud sank below in flakes of light, and Ottomar saw the eternal Creation lying round about him; Suns were careering above him and below him, each one bearing the flowing spring-tide of its worlds and soft rays through Heaven.

The sunny mist was floating downwards far away in the ether like a brilliant snow-cloud, but the mortal was retained in that blue Heaven by a long sound of music coming over the waves; the sound re-echoed suddenly through the whole boundless ether, as if the Almighty hand was running over the clouds of creation.—And in all the orbs there was an echo as of jubilee; invisible springs floated by in streams of fragrantcy; blessed worlds passed by unseen with the whispering of ineffable joy; fresh flames gleamed in the Suns. The sea of life smelled as if its unfathomable bottom was rising, and a warm blast came to shake the sun-rays and rainbows, and strains of joy and light clouds out of the cups of roses. All at once there was a stillness in the whole of immeasurable space, as if Nature was dying in ecstasy—a broad gleam, as if The Endless One was going through Creation, spread over the suns, and over the abysses, and over the pale rainbow of the milky way—and all nature thrilled in delicious transport, as a man's heart thrills when it is about to forgive.—And thereupon his innermost soul opened itself before the mortal, as if it were a lofty temple, and

in the temple was a Heaven, and in the Heaven was a man's form which looked down on him, with an eye like a sun full of immeasurable love.—The Form appeared to him, and said, "I am eternal Love, thou canst not pass away."—And the Form strengthened the trembling child who thought to die of wonder, and then the mortal saw through the hot tears of his joy, darkly, the nameless Form—and a warm thrill dissolved his heart, which overflowed in pure, in boundless love, the creation pressed languishingly, but close against his breast, and his existence, and all existences were one love, and through the tears of his love Nature glistened like a blooming meadow-ground, and the seas lay there like dark-green rains, and the suns like fiery dew, and before the sun-fire of the Almighty there stood the world of spirits as a rainbow, and the spirit broke its light into all colours, as from century to century, they dropped, and the rainbow did not change, the drops only changed, not the colours.

The All-loving Father looked forth on his full creation, and said, "I love you all from Eternity—I love the worm in the sea, the child upon the earth, and the angel on the sun.—Why has thou trembled? Did I not give thee the first Life, and Love, and Joy, and Truth? Am I not in thy heart?"—And then the worlds passed with their death-bells, but it was as the church-ringing of harmonical bells for a higher temple; and all chasms were filled with strength, and all Death with bliss.

The happy man thought that his dark earthly life was closed; but the cloud-girt Earth rose again, and drew the men of the Earth back into its cloud.

The All-loving father veiled himself in the All. But a glimmering lay still upon a long iceberg far behind the sun. The high iceberg lay streaming in the rays, bended flowers were waving in their bloom towards the melting wall, a boundless land lay disclosed in the moonlight, stretching far into the sea of Eternity, and he saw nothing but numberless eyes, which looked upwards, and shone in blessed tears, as the spring with its warm showers glistens in the sun, and he felt, by the yearning and longing of his heart, that these were his own, that these were our men who were dead.

The Mortal looked up, as he fell towards the earth, with hands raised in prayer, to the spot in the blue firmament where the Endless One had appeared to him—and a still glory hung motionless on that high place—and as he trod and parted more heavily the glowing haze of our globe, the glory stood steadily in the ether, deeper than the ever-rolling earth.—And as he stood upon the earth, the glory was still in the blue east, and it was the sun.

The sick man was standing in the garden—his first bitter and poisonous dream had driven him there—the morning air was breathing around, the fire was cooled, his fever was abated, and his heart was at rest.

And as the tremble of his fever gave birth to this dream of Hell, and the victory of Nature to this dream of Heaven—as the vision of torture had hastened the crisis, and the vision of consolation the cure—even so do the dreams of our spirits not only kindle a fever in our souls, but cool and heal that fever also, when the phantoms of our hearts vanish and we rejoice in their dispersal. — *New Monthly Magazine.*

FRAGMENTS FROM METASTASIO.

As a fainting flower
Is revived by a shower,
Whose soft drops fall o'er it,
And gently restore it,
Ere ever it dies;
So the heart of Medoro
Recovers its lightness,
And banishes sorrow
Because of the brightness
Of thy young eyes.

If the wave, as it wanders from shore to shore,
If the breeze, as it trembles from blossom to blossom,
Be fickle; far more
Is the heart in thy bosom.

When the lily, languid flower,
Crush'd by heavy plough-share lies,
Seemeth bud nor leaf have power
Ever more from Earth to rise;
But let Heav'n bathe anew
The prostrate flower with morning dew,
Lo! the bent stalk up again
Riseth gradual from the plain;
And the splendour, snowy-white,
Steepeth all her petals bright.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

DIBGE.

BY KENRICK VAN WINCKLE.

ADIEU! dear heavenly maid—
A long adieu!
Thou wert a rose arrayed
In love's own hue.
But all earth's flowers fade
That ever grew.
Thou sleep'st beneath the yew
A quiet sleep;
Thy grave is wet with dew,
That angels weep;
For tears they oft-times strew
Where watch they keep.
Not that afflictions deep
Their breasts o'er-flow:
The tears that angels weep
Spring not from woe—
Too high a flight they sweep
Life's ills to know.
Sweet maid that liest low,
Enjoy thy rest:
Thou hast escaped the throes
Of hearts distressed.
Thou did'st not live to know
The grief-worn breast;
The ills that life infest
Assail not thee.
Thou art among the blest
A spirit free,—
A blithesome, happy guest,
Where such should be.

And we, thy sisters, we
 Thy grave surround,
 And sing on bended knee,
 And deck thy mound;
 And pant to fly, like thee,
 To angel-ground.
 Spirit! with brightness crowned,
 Farewell! farewell!
 Where heaven's sweet timbrels sound,
 'Tis thine to dwell.
 Our eyes with tears are drowned—
 Farewell! farewell!

Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

Oratory versus Taxation.—Hortensia, the daughter of Quintus Hortensius, the celebrated Roman orator, inherited her father's eloquence; and when the Roman women were required to render on oath an account of their property, preparatory to a heavy tax, she pleaded the cause of her sex with such force, that the decree was annulled. Her harangue, which was delivered on this occasion before the triumvirs, Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, was extant in the time of Quintilian, who speaks of it with applause.

P. T. W.

Patronage.—In Britain, the love of art is not a common passion: every day we see the merest daubers patronized by the highest of the land; and men unworthy of preparing sculptors' modelling clay, employed to make the statues of heroes and legislators. The public run after whatever is strange or new; and whether it be a so-called genius, or merely some far-fetched oddity, the gaping wonder of the multitude lasts but for a season, and is ever ready to welcome new entertainers.—*Allan Cunningham.*

Cultivation of Indigo.—It may account for so many pursuing this profession, that it has all the uncertainty of a lottery: a good season will yield treble and quadruple the expenses incurred, supposing the establishment free from incumbrances at the outset of the season; while, from unfavourable circumstances, as the want of rain, or too much of it, the grower cannot realize a single shilling.

Spiders.—The observation of the habits of spiders has been prosecuted with truly scientific zeal. Indeed, the art of deciding on the changes of the weather from the motions and works of spiders, is termed Arachnology, or Araneology. It is mentioned by Pliny; and in later times, Quatremère Disjoulval, once member of the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, during an eight months' imprisonment, in which spiders were his only companions, made various observations on the subject. In 1797, at Paris, he published his discovery of the close connexion existing between the appearance or disappearance, the labour or rest, the greater or less circumference of the webs and fibres, of spiders of different

sorts, and the atmospherical changes from fair weather to rain, from dry to wet, and particularly from hot to cold, and from moist to a milder temperature.

Aqua Tofana.—This is the name of a poisonous liquid, which excited extraordinary attention at Naples, at the end of the 17th and beginning of the 18th centuries. Tofana, a Sicilian woman, seems to have invented it. According to Lobat, after she had murdered many hundred men, she was strangled, although, on the discovery of her guilt, she fled to a convent. Keyssler, on the contrary, affirmed that she was alive in prison, 1730. The drink is described as transparent, tasteless water, of which five or six drops were fatal—producing death slowly, without pain, inflammation, convulsion, or fever. Gradual decay of strength, disgust of life, want of appetite, and constant thirst, were the effects, which soon changed to an entire consumption. That the exact day of death could be predicted, is a mere fable. The strangest stories, with regard to its composition, have gone abroad. A solution of crystallized arsenic seems to have been the chief ingredient, to which something else was added, probably to conceal the presence of it.

Unfortunate Denial.—Upon the death of Pope Nicholas V., the cardinals had an intention of advancing Cardinal Bessarion to the Papal See; but when they waited upon him with this view, they were prevented from seeing him by one of his attendants, who would not allow him to be disturbed in his studies. When Bessarion was informed of the fact, he said to his attendant—"Perot, thy incivility has cost thee a hat, and me the tiara."

P. T. W.

Splendid Retreat.—The residence of the Spanish Court, from Easter till the close of June, is usually at Aranjuez, a village and palace, with superb gardens, beautiful elm walks, and a park for hunting, in the province of Toledo, in a charming, shady valley of the Tagus. It is thirty miles from Madrid, to which a Roman road, built by Ferdinand VI., leads—every mile of which cost 3,000,000 reals.

ERRATA.

At page 361, *The Black Death* is stated to be translated from the German, by the late venerable Dr. BABINGTON, instead of by his son, Dr. BENJAMIN G. BABINGTON.

At page 323, the *New Cumberland Gate* of Hyde Park is said to have been erected by the late Mr. THOMAS HOPK, instead of by that gentleman's brother, Mr. HENRY PHILIP HOPK, now living in Norfolk-street, Park-lane.

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The Mirror

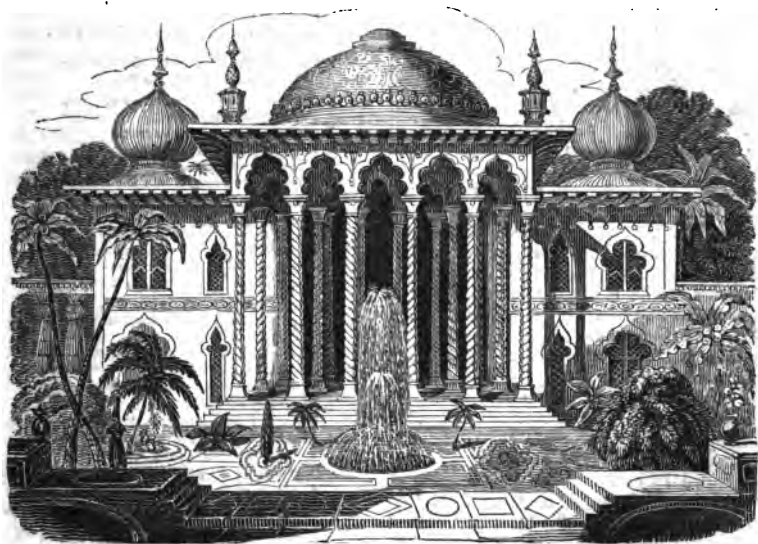
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PERSIAN PALACE.

THIS superb palace, at Ispahan, was one of the earliest residences of Shah Abbas the Great, and that to which he is said to have been most attached through life. It is environed with gardens which have received from travellers the epithet of paradisiacal, although they are bounded on one side by a vast space of what have been streets and squares, but now consist of ruins of every description. But such scenes of desolation are not uncommon in Ispahan. Sir Robert Ker Porter describes the above as "a melancholy avenue to the residence of the great monarch, now no more, who had seen so many of those very buildings rise up under his own eye; who had ridden abroad through their populous and thriving streets, rejoicing in the prosperity of his people, and proud of the magnificence it produced."

Mr. Buckingham was lodged in this splendid palace, on his travels through Persia a few years since; the present Royal Family choosing to reside in a more modern establishment.

This palace is called *Talar Tuweelah*, from its extensive stables for one thousand horses near it. Its large hall of audience, which fronts a fine garden, in noble dimensions and splendid decorations, is in no way

inferior to that of the more celebrated Palace of Forty Pillars; and, though of equal, or even older date, (about 230 years,) it is in a much higher state of preservation. A large closed room leads off from one end of the hall, which, as it is entered by small lattice doors, and next solid double ones, was most probably a banqueting room of the king, when retired with his females. The doomed roof of this apartment is particularly beautiful; the pictured subjects are appropriate to retired pleasures, the stained glass windows give a rich and mellowed light, and there are music balconies or galleries. Mr. Buckingham's room communicated with the principal hall by three sets of double doors, and opened on the other side into a high walled court, perfectly secluded even from the highest point of view without. This was also said to have been one of the female apartments, which its small size, style of decorations, and double doors, render very probable. The walls of this apartment, from the floor to the roof, are of raised gold-work on a blue ground, and the lower recesses are executed in the same way, with devices of flowers, trees, birds, &c. In the upper recesses, which are separated from the lower by a rich broad frieze of gold ground, with

flowers, are a succession of historical paintings, in which females are the heroines of the story. The story of Bahram Gōur, or Bahram the Fifth, and his fair favourite, fills the last compartment near the door, and is perfectly understood by even the children of the country. This monarch, whose reign has ended nearly fourteen hundred years, has been pronounced to be one of the best sovereigns that ever ruled Persia; the happiness of subjects being his sole object, during the whole of his reign. The doors of this pictured room are securely made, neatly paneled, and the grain of the sycamore wood of the country imitated on a varnished ground by waves of gold. The windows over the doors leading to the garden are among the most beautiful of any that Mr. Buckingham saw in Ispahan: they are of a pointed arch form, richly covered in small hollow work of the most ingenious patterns, and the harmony of colours in the extremely minute pieces of glass which fill these intervals, is perfection itself. As the doors below are double, so are these windows; the hollow between the inner and outer ones occupying all the thickness of the wall, from three to four feet.

Behind the suite of apartments connected with the great hall, are other courts and gardens, filled with canals and fountains, and surrounded by buildings fit for the abode of luxurious and powerful sovereigns. Large squares, with open troughs for horses around them, and closed stalls within, extensive kitchens, and other domestic offices, are attached to these; and, within all is a spacious court, of nearly 1,000 feet square, with empty fountains, broken pedestals, portions of a fine stone pavement that covered the whole, a range of noble buildings round the sides, and a square pile of more costly ones in the centre, all now deserted and in ruins. This, Mr. Buckingham was told, was once a royal harem, in which were immured upwards of 300 of the most beautiful Georgian girls, besides wives and slaves of other countries; and the magnificence of the establishment, the richness of its gilded arches, domes, and walls, induced him to credit all that could be said of it in its original perfection.

We are indebted for the subjoined engraving and these details to Mr. Buckingham's *Journal of his Travels in Assyria, Media, and Persia*, 4to. 1829.

THE OLD MANOR HOUSE.

"Far from all resort of mirth."—MILTON.

Among the trees of centuries old
The lonely mansion stood;
Loud winds among the branches howl'd,
In that "ancestral wood;"—
For the old building, dim and grey,
Far in the rustling forest lay.

And towering o'er the branches were
The strait old chimneys seen;
But on them wild flowers flourished fair—
Mossy were they, and green;

And ivy grew upon the wall
And windows, of that ruin'd hall!
Enter—the walls are covered o'er,
In melancholy state,
With records of the days of yore—
Dim portraits of the great:
With fixed eyes, that gazing there,
Seem pleading for the days that were!
The warrior, in his coat of mail,
In stern defiance see—
With the dark brow, and forehead pale,
A silent history!
How gallantly he fought—how well—
Alas! there are none here to tell.
And there—the lovely dames of yore,
For ever smiling stand,
With roses blooming evermore
Held in each fairy hand—
While their soft eyes, so passing fair,
Seem bent on every comer there!
But none are left to tell the tale
Of all their love, and all their woe;
We hear alone the wintry gale,
Thro' the old echoing chambers blow:
No "speculation" in that eye—
The lips are closed, and ne'er reply.
But one, of all the fairest seems,
With a tearful charm around her,
And ever-busy fancy dreams
That love's soft woes have bound her:
Of mourning hue her graceful vest,
And one pale rose is in her bosom.
There is a record of her fate,
Kept in those chambers desolate;
And thus the mournful numbers flow,
Telling of sorrows long ago:—
"Culloden's field with gore is red,
The flow'ry turf it dies—
Vain, vain is Scotland's valour shed,
For the royal Stuart flies!
With drooping crest, and haggard eye,
From the battle-strife he hied,
To breathe alone the exile's sigh
On the wild banks of Clyde.
But on that bloody field was seen,
Wrapp'd in a leaden sleep,
An English youth, of noble mien—
Bright eyes will for him weep.
For, lady of the tearful eye,
"Thy heart grew chill" and cold,
When the lingering messenger pass'd by,
And his tale of death had told.
Bring her a robe of mournful hue,
Lay by the flow'ry wreath,—
Her lover was both brave and true,
And sleeps the turf beneath.
Sing her no more a martial lay,
That tells of victory's plume,—
Her lover slumbers far away,
In a forgotten tomb!
Not long, not long those eyes will weep—
Not long that bosom sigh;—
She, like her buried love, will sleep!"—
Thus ends their history!

Kirton-Lindsey.

ANNE R.

STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

(Concluded from page 389.)

HAVING at Antwerp reached the highest practicable footing, not far from the very summit, I began to ascend further here also; but had not gone up many steps, when through the open stone-work I perceived a "long funeral blackening all the way;" and, not to lose such an opportunity of witnessing

A few eastern, I hastened down in time to accompany the cavalcade, on its entrance by the principal gate into the Cathedral. It was the obsequies of a young man 27 years of age, but I could learn no other particulars of him than that he had been a much respected inhabitant of the place; indeed, the interest excited was no small proof of his fellow-citizens' estimation, and of their regret at his premature decease. The coffin, carried by young men upon their shoulders, was of coloured wood, highly varnished, reminding me of a showy musical instrument case; flat at bottom, but not so wide at top, in consequence of the sides rising angularly instead of perpendicularly; and in shape it was broader than with us towards the head, on the end of which was represented a clock dial-plate, with hands pointing to the hour. Upon the top of the coffin was a circle of artificial flowers of brilliant tints and elaborate foliage, flanked by real orange shrubs, as if springing from the corpse, with the fruit hanging untipe on their branches; allegorical probably of the youth of the deceased, which, or perhaps his unwedded state, might also be indicated by a profusion of white ribbons, with loops held by the pall-bearers; each of whom, as well as the nearer mourners, carried a full-sized orange or lemon, with a small branch of green box-tree stuck through the peel; this sprig of evergreen, springing from the plucked fruit, being perchance an emblem of the unfading soul rising into immortality when the body drops off at the grasp of death! A great number of persons, in genteel black, followed two and two, and then a long train, not in mourning, in similar order. All those who seemed to take the lead, and a large majority of the whole, were quite young, and being the *élite* of the town, I did not observe in them so much of the German character as I have noticed to belong to the mass of the inhabitants; but rather the pleasing features and good complexions so often possessed by the youth of France. The coffin was placed upon a bier near the entrance, while the attendants arranged themselves along the nave; and a band of priests in their robes, with boys carrying black banners and large unlighted candles, then marched down the ranks towards the corpse, retaining there for some time, and performing various ceremonies. Afterwards, it was brought up the church in solemn procession, the lights all blazing, the priests singing to the full compass of their rough, bass voices, accompanied by serpents, and other deep-toned instruments, played by others in the group, and the all-pervading swell of the organ filling up the volume of the harmony. The Cathedral at this moment presented an imposing spectacle; for, besides the persons more immediately concerned, the whole space, even to the

extremity of the aisles, appeared moving with spectators, male and female—the lower classes of the latter in those variously coloured costumes which render a continental crowd so much more picturesque than our own dingly clothed population. As the procession moved on, the double row of followers closed in behind, and the body was placed in a recess on one side of the choir, before an altar covered with black cloth, and spotted with vividly white representations of skulls and other emblems of mortality:

Plurima mortis imago!

Death's image in most varied forms displayed.

Here the service proceeded, and it must have lasted long; for, after waiting some time, I left the Cathedral to visit the Museum, and on my return from thence along the main street, the groups collected in the neighbourhood induced me to stop until I saw that the procession was only then returning. The coffin being still carried as before, it occurred to me that the place of burial must be out of town, and probably in the direction I was going, since the people were bending their steps that way; and observing some men with French horns and other instruments hastening forward, I suspected farther honours were to be paid to the body before it should be consigned to the dust. Having reached the ramparts, where there are pleasant walks overlooking the country and affording a fine view of the opposite banks of the Rhine, I waited until the funeral itself approached. Then, leaving the city by the picturesquely turretted Butcher's gate, I followed the main road I had avoided in the morning, pleasantly lined with trees, through a flat, but agreeable country. After walking about a mile, I perceived a large burial ground not far from the road, and although I passed it at first, the time I had allowed myself being already expired, my curiosity induced me to return. Just within the entrance, I found a number of chapels and altars fantastically ornamented; and before them, counting their beads, stood several *clayants* for charity *pour l'amour de Dieu, or de la Sainte Vierge, &c.* according to the dedication of the different shrines under which they were ranged. The place itself was thickly set with graves, and the memory of their occupants generally consecrated upon small, black, wooden triangles, raised upon black handles about three or four feet from the ground; but, more lasting monuments of stone, of various descriptions, were also not wanting, and in every direction grew willows and other trees, with variously coloured

* This expression, the force of which I cannot render in English, occurs on a monument in Edinburgh, erected by a gentleman of classical attainments in memory of his father, and its application to a tomb-crowded field was greatly admired. The burial-place and the name of the parties—the mere facts of the inscription—I have long since forgotten.

flowers clustering round the "mouldering heaps;" from the glaringly prominent sunflower to the modest forget-me-not—no inapt illustrations, by the way, of the motives of surviving friends in erecting memorials of the dead; some ostentatiously courting notice like the former, and others giving vent only to the inward sentiment of the bosom, like the humbler blossom "wasting its sweetness" unobserved! The general arrangement was not unlike the cemetery of *Père la Chaise* at Paris, though less imposing in style and more rural in appearance. A few haymakers even were mowing and spreading the luxuriant grass, which added to the picturesque effect of the whole combination; and it might be said without hyperbole that nature here seemed to smile upon, and triumph over death! Spectators began to collect about the newly-dug grave, including a band of musicians, one of whom watched for the appearance of the procession, upon the arrival of which at the gate they struck up a solemn march until the body was brought to the threshold of its last home! Just before this, a little scarcely perceptible rain had fallen, and recollecting the faith formerly placed in Scotland in the old saying, "Happy is the corse the rain drops on"—I could not help thinking how soothing this omen would be to the friends of the deceased, if the same prejudice obtained amongst them; but, most probably to no other person present did such an idea occur, for, with the march of intellect we now "defy augury." The religious rites having been performed in the Cathedral, the remaining ceremony, I suppose, from the absence of the clergy, was entirely of a secular character; probably an oration, as not unusual in France on particular occasions, was to be pronounced over the grave. Whilst I remained, however, only a few pieces of music were played, and the sound gradually softened in the distance as I retired, although the louder bursts occasionally broke upon my ear after the intermediate strains had died away.

Between the two branches of the Rhine, I paused to admire the beautiful monument erected by Bonaparte to General Desaix; and a more suitable situation could not have been chosen to honour the memory of the brave! It stands in one of the pretty green meadows beside the road, with a weeping willow opposite each of the four corners, and backed by a semicircular avenue of trees, extending perpendicularly from the centre of which, a wider avenue presents the vista of a house at some distance, with a handsome Grecian portico. The design consists of a massive square pedestal, with a pyramidal cenotaph, obelisk-shaped at top, plain and substantial. On the side facing the road is the short, simple inscription, *L'armée du Rhin au General Desaix*; and on the other sides

are bronze tablets of well sculptured relief, representing the principal events in the general's career. In the last, he is seen mortally wounded at the battle of Marengo, about to fall from his horse into the arms of his attendants, and earnestly addressing himself to one of the officers. This heroic favourite of Napoleon had joined the army with breathless haste, had been cordially welcomed by his commander, and had just contributed to decide the fate of the day by an irresistible charge upon the Austrians, when the fatal ball struck him in the moment of victory: "Go," were his last words, "and tell the First Consul that I die with regret only in not having lived long enough to do anything for posterity:"—a striking example of that high classical feeling, which occasionally mingles itself with the aspirations of the nobler order of French minds—"the Plutarch's men!"

As I crossed the smaller branch of the river, the scene was enlivened by no less than sixteen large boats, filled with soldiers in gay regimentals, coming out from a kind of bay or creek, one after the other, shooting through the bridge, and gliding down the rapid current. The prospect altogether was fine, both there and on the broadest branch—the confines of France and Germany—where I lingered with fond delay. It appeared to me nearly as wide as the whole river three hundred miles lower down, where it is wider than the broadest part of the Thames at London; the bridge of Cologne being about the same length as our Waterloo, which overlaps on each side the bed of the channel. It inspired me with great veneration for old Father Rhine to reflect upon the imposing figure he thus made at the distance of five hundred miles from the sea! the water too was brilliantly clear and blue, whereas in its farther course it acquires a more earthy tinge. The enjoyment may be easily conceived of poring listlessly over such an expanse of current from an open wood-work bridge, raised upon boats sufficiently high to enable the spectator to take in the whole surface, without removing him so far as to deprive him of the feeling that he is within the influence of the torrent, breathing, as it were, an "atmosphere of water." It was difficult to withstand the temptation also to dreamy moralizing: the onward-driving stream, always appearing the same, but each instant formed of fresh elementary particles, is so apt a simile of the vast tide of human population, chafing and fretting for ages in the same channels, while a constant succession of new races supplies the place of the separate individuals, borne down with unchecked velocity towards the ocean of eternity! Neither were the living figures of the landscape unfit to read a great moral lesson to the observant mind: near the French

sentinel, who was pacing his weary round at the foot of the bridge, arose a green mound, upon the top of which a few soldiers of the same nation, in blue great coats, were reclining with a fixedness of attitude and intensity of gaze towards Germany, (which seemed to smile upon them in her loveliness from her hundred hills, rejoicing in her security though protected at her frontier by only a solitary grey-coated sentinel,) as if they had remained in the same position since their armies were driven back from that country—previously the scene of their triumphs; or, as if they had suddenly been turned to stone, like the inhabitants of the city in the Arabian Nights—as monuments of the futility of ambition! The crowning apex of the view, however, was the spire I had left, which had been growing loftier in appearance as I receded from it, and which a gleam of sunshine and an increased clearness in the sky now rendered more boldly prominent than when I had before seen it from the same distance. The maxim “*omne ignotum pro magifico*”—whatever is unknown is supposed magnificent—does not apply to the really great productions of art or literature; for it required all the knowledge I had obtained of its various parts and wonders to give me anything approaching a true notion of the grandeur of the spire, which has given rise to these observations, and stands unmoved, a characteristic feature in the aspect of the country, beside the deep-flowing waters of the Rhine!

This was the last I saw of Strasburg Cathedral—for hastening to the hotel I found that my *cocher*, with whom I had made a conditional agreement, despairing of my return, had gone in search of employment elsewhere; and a *Service*, shaped like a small *Omnibus*, coming along the street at the time, I joined it at a moment's warning and was wheeled away to the picturesque spa of Baden-Baden.

W. G.

New Books.

LIVES OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

(By Allan Cunningham.)

[THIS is the sixth and concluding volume of the above very entertaining series. The most striking Memoirs are those of Northcote and Lawrence, from which we quote:—]

Northcote's Historical Paintings.

I have heard men of taste claim for Northcote the merit of being the founder of the school of historical painting in England: they were of Devon, and might desire to honour their countryman, without being aware of wronging Reynolds, or of the claims of West and Barry. Northcote was only known as the exhibitor of an indifferent por-

trait or two, when those distinguished men had produced some of their highest historical pictures. In 1783, he sent to the Exhibition three pictures, part portrait, and part fanciful. One was, “*Beggars with Dancing Dogs*,” a second was, “*Hobinella*,” from Gay's *Shepherd's Week*; and a third was, “*The Village Doctress*,”—and in 1784, he exhibited the picture of “*Captain Englefield*, with eleven of his crew, saving themselves in the pinnace from the wreck of the *Centaur*, of 74 guns, lost September, 1782.” But admitting these to be of the historical rank, we must not forget that “*The Death of Wolfe*,” by West, and “*The Adam and Eve*,” by Barry, had been painted ten years before. Northcote, nevertheless, ranks with the fathers of historical painting. His conception was usually just—his meaning plain; nor was there an utter absence of poetic dignity in any of his works: he looked on nature with no vulgar eye, and desired to confine her luxuriance within the limits of science and sense. The *Shipwreck of Captain Englefield* was very favourably received; the twelve portraits in the picture were considered well drawn, and harmoniously combined in one clear and intelligible action. New sitters were attracted; and the way to the painter's door began to be encumbered with carriages, and servants holding saddle-horses, much in the manner which he himself relates of Opie. He had reaped the crop of portraiture which his native country presented, and now established himself in Clifford-street, New Bond-street, where he commenced housekeeper in a small way, and formed something resembling a studio or gallery.

It was the fortune of Northcote to live long in something like a state of opposition to Opie. They were both engaged in historical pictures, by the same adventurous alderman, and acquitted themselves in a way which, with many, left their merits in the balance. Opie had more force and more life; but then he wanted a certain air of academic elegance, which Northcote bestowed on all his compositions: the first was sometimes vulgar, and a want of elevation and purity was discernible in all he did; the latter had little natural fire, but he had a fine sense of what history required. The dignity of Raphael had not been exhibited to him in vain. In after-life, when Opie had ceased to be in any one's way, Northcote could recall, without any bitterness, their days of rivalry. “*Opie*,” said he to Hazlitt, “was a man of sense and observation: he paid me the compliment of saying, that we would have been the best of friends in the world, if we had not been rivals. I think he had more of this feeling than I had; perhaps, because I had most vanity. We sometimes got into foolish altercations. I recollect once, in particular, at a banker's in the city, we took up the whole of dinner-

time with a ridiculous controversy about Milton and Shakspeare. I am sure neither of us had the least notion which was right; and when I was heartily ashamed of it, a foolish citizen added to my confusion by saying, 'Lord! what I would give to hear two such men as you talk every day!' On another occasion, when on his way to Devonport, Opie parted with him, where the road branches off for Cornwall. He said to those who were on the coach with him, "That is Opie, the painter."—"Is it, indeed!" they all cried, and upbraided Northcote for not informing them sooner. Upon this he contrived, by way of experiment, to try the influence of his own name; but his fame had not reached those enlightened "Outsides;" and the painter confessed he felt mortified.

Lawrence's Early Portraits.

Rolla, Cato, and Hamlet, all followed in the train of Coriolanus. The Rolla, a splendid picture, is perhaps a little melo-dramatic; but so is the play in which Rolla appears: the colouring is fine, and the drawing nearly faultless. The Cato will never be named as one of the finest of the painter's works: Kemble is trying with all his might to put on the looks of the "last of the Romans"—but he fails. It is far otherwise with the Hamlet;—a work of the highest kind: sad, thoughtful, melancholy,—with looks conversing with death and the grave,—a perfect image of the prince of the great dramatist. This picture Lawrence himself placed above all his works, except the Satan; but it far surpasses the Satan in propriety of action, accuracy of expression, and grandeur of colouring. The light touches the face and bosom, and falls on the human skull on which he is musing. It is one of the noblest paintings of the modern school. Many wish it had been the pleasure of Lawrence to have given his country more works of this stamp; and no doubt we could have spared some scores of those "unlettered, nameless faces," of which his pencil was so prolific; but which, nevertheless, must be mentioned, as they employed most of his time, and constituted the main source of his fortune, if not even of his popular fame.

Eminent painters were now arising on all sides: in addition to Opie, Hoppner, and Beechey, Shee began to distinguish, himself both in literature and art. Phillips, too, had shown such poetic feeling in his portrait of Blake, as raised him high among his brethren. The elder artists lost the lead in portrait; and Lawrence, when little more than thirty years of age, stood highest in this department. I speak with less certainty about his pre-eminence in limning the lords, of the creation than of his superiority in portraying those softer and more delicate looks, which, expressing little save love, and grace,

and gentle sensibility, are as elusive to the brush as quicksilver to the touch. A manly face is one of those hued marks easily hit: it tells much, and by seizing only a part of the expression the likeness is secured;—not so with the face of beauty; it is composed of many delicate pencillings, and colours laid on by nature's most cunning hand; and these must be all imitated, else the character which they unite in forming will be lost.

Of the male portraits of this time, the most remarkable was that of the eloquent Curran; under mean and harsh features, a genius of the highest order lay concealed, like a sweet kernel in a rough husk; and as little of the true man did Lawrence perceive in his first sittings, that he almost laid down his palette in despair, in the belief that he could make nothing but a common or vulgar work. The parting hour came, and with it the great Irishman burst out in all his strength: he discoursed on art, on poetry, on Ireland; his eyes flashed, and his colour heightened; and his rough and sunken visage seemed, in the sight of the astonished painter, to come fully within his own notions of manly beauty. "I never saw you till now," said the artist, in his softest tone of voice: "you have sat to me in a mask; do give me a sitting of Curran the orator."—Curran complied, and a fine portrait, with genius on its brow, was the consequence. The vehement Irishman was followed by a philosophical Scot; but I have heard no one praise his head of Sir James Mackintosh; yet it is serene and contemplative, and an excellent likeness of a most humane and worthy, as well as great man. His portraits of Lord Erskine, Lord Thurlow, Mr. Wyndham, and Sir William Grant, belong to the same period. The hours of the painter were now fully employed: he rose early, and he worked late; for though no one excelled more in rapid sketches, he had a true enthusiasm for his art, and would not dismiss hastily anything for which he was to be paid as a picture. He detained his sitters often for three hours at a time; had generally eight or nine of these sittings; and all the while studied their looks anxiously, and seemed to do nothing without care and consideration. His constant practice was to begin by making a drawing of the head full size on canvass—carefully tracing in dimensions and expression. This took up one day. On the next he began to paint; touching in the brows, the nose, the eyes, and the mouth, and finally the bounding line in succession.

Lawrence sometimes, nay often, laid aside the first drawing of a head, and painted on a copy. This was from his fear of losing the benefit of first impressions, which in such cases are often invaluable. It may be added, that he stood all the while, and was seldom so absorbed in his undertaking, that he did

not converse with his sitter, and feel either seriousness or humour, whilst giving thought to the brow, or beauty to the cheek. Reynolds said he loved portrait painting, for it brought him pleasant company, and required little outlay of thought.

Some of his high sitters had the address to call out the painter, the poet, and the player in succession, so much to the satisfaction of the artist, that in his letters to his friends he would give detailed accounts of the company he had seen, and the honours which had been done him. Of two plays acted at the seat of Lord Abercorn, in which Lawrence performed along with the Hamiltons and Lindsays, he used to give an account, Fuseli said, in the style of a stage manager. It will be enough to say, that he acted the part of Lord Rakeland, in the "Wedding Day," and of Grainger, in "Who's the Dupe?" before the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Abercorn, and Sheridan; was applauded; and imagined he gained, rather than lost, in the esteem of the great by this exhibition. But he had some misgivings in the matter, and wrote a long letter to his sister, declaring that he would perform in no other family, save that of his early friend, Lord Abercorn; and, moreover, that Lady Cahir, now Countess of Glengall, who acted Lady Contest, was so beautiful, that he felt love-making to be very easy.

He had gradually raised his prices for portraits, as he advanced in fame. In 1802, his charge for a three quarter's size was thirty guineas; for a half length, sixty guineas; and for a whole length, one hundred and twenty guineas. In 1806, the three quarters rose to fifty guineas; and the whole length to two hundred. In 1808, he rose the smallest size to eighty guineas, and the largest to three hundred and twenty guineas;—and in 1810, when the death of Hoppner swept all rivalry out of the way, he increased the price of the heads to one hundred, and the full lengths to four hundred guineas. He knew—none better—that the opulent loved to possess what was rare, and beyond the means of poorer men to purchase; the growing crowds of his sitters told him that his advance in price had not been ill received.

[A brief, but touching memoir of *James Burnet*, the landscape-painter, who died at 28 years of age, concludes the volume: the last page is a clever piece of criticism:—]

James Burnet had a fine eye, and an equally fine feeling, for the beauties of landscape. His knowledge of nature was extensive and minute; he had watched the outgoings and incomings of shepherds and husbandmen, had studied flocks and herds, and, had made himself intimate with much that lends lustre to landscape. It was his custom, in country places, to watch the cows going to pasture or returning home; to look

to the manners and practices of the cow-herds; nor did he sometimes hesitate to loiter amongst the cottages, and observe, through the lighted-up windows, the employments or amusements of the peasantry. To such feeling for the rural and picturesque, he added an excellent eye for colour; he could employ at will, either the bold, deep tones of Rembrandt, or the silvery and luminous tones of Cuyp. To those who know the difficulty of guiding the eye from one extreme to another, this will be deemed great praise. He had considerable poetic feeling. There is nothing coarse or common in his scenes: his trees are finely grouped; his cows are all beautiful—they have the sense to know where the sweetest grass grows; his milkmaids have an air of natural elegance about them, and his cowboys are not without grace.

Of his defects the critics of his day spoke: they called his cows lean, his shadows too dark, and said his sheep, with their torn fleeces, seemed creatures dying of the rot.

Those who are acquainted with country scenes, and with flocks and herds, may smile at some of these remarks. Under a fat cow a milkmaid will think it nearly labour lost to place her pail; and sheep which graze among briars and thorns cannot fail to show dishevelled fleeces. No doubt he had defects; but what where they compared to the great natural truth and beauty of his delineations?

The Topographer.

WINCHELSEA PRIARY.

On the annexed page are represented a few crumbling ruins of the olden greatness of Winchelsea, which, though still one of the principal Cinque Port towns, has dwindled from a "Little London," (as Queen Elizabeth called it,) to a townlet of less than one thousand inhabitants.

The Friary or Monastery is reported to have been founded by William de Buckingham, who dedicated it to the Virgin Mary; its possessions were confirmed by King Edward III.; further than this its history is extremely obscure. After the Dissolution, in the thirty-sixth of Henry VIII. its site was granted to William Clifford and Michael Wildbore. The annexed view shows part of the church, with a turret, in which is a staircase ascending to the roof, which a few years since, the custom-house officers of the coast used as a stand for observation, from the advantage of its extensive prospect. Part of the domestic buildings of the Monastery still remain, and is now occupied as a dwelling-house.

What a catalogue of eventful calamities are to be found in the history of this once famed Port. Old Winchelsea stood on low ground, near the sea-shore, and was entirely



(Winchelsea Priory.)

destroyed in the time of Edward I. who then allotted 170 acres for the new town, which he surrounded with walls. Within twenty years it was pillaged by the French and by the Spaniards; and in 1377, the French after burning Rye, made an attempt to destroy Winchelsea, but were repulsed. In after ages it rose to great importance through its wine trade; and next to Southampton, it was the principal depository for French wines. But, towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, the sea gradually deserted the harbour, and the trade being thus destroyed, Winchelsea declined apace, its three churches became ruins, and desolation prevailed through the whole town; so that, instead of spreading over a surface of two miles, it has shrunk into a few houses in a corner of its ancient site: its extensive streets, laid out at right angles, may still be traced.

The last blow to the nominal importance of Winchelsea was in the discontinuance of its few hundred inhabitants sending two members to Parliament by the "well working" of the Reform Bill of 1832.

The Naturalist.

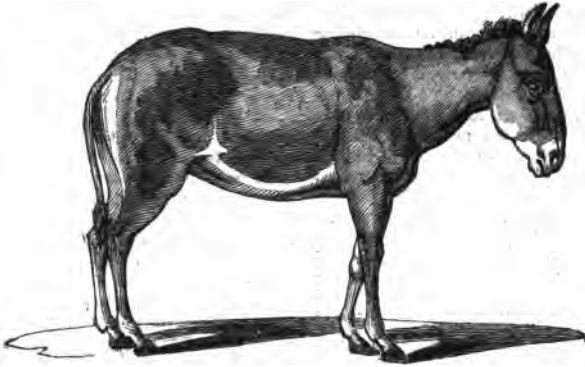
THE WILD ASS.

[NATURALISTS have decided the wild ass to be the *onagre* of ancient history, which was

originally confused with the zebra. Blumenbach tells us that it is found at present principally in Tartary, under the name of *kulan*, from whence it emigrates in the autumn of every year in droves, southward, towards Persia and India, where it passes the winter. Of its economy in Persia, we find the following very interesting details in Mr. Morier's valuable *Second Journey*.]

On the desert before we reached Casvin, in the grey of the morning, we gave chase to two wild-asses, which the Persians call *Gour khur*, but which had so much the speed of our horses, that when they had got at some distance, they stood still and looked behind at us snorting with their noses in the air, as if in contempt of our endeavours to catch them. The Persians sometimes succeed in killing them, but not without great dexterity and knowledge of their haunts. To effect this, they place relays of horsemen and dogs upon the track which they are known to pursue, and then hunt them toward the relays, when the fresh dogs and horses are started upon the half-exhausted animal. The whole of this account agrees with Xenophon, who says that their horsemen had no other means of catching them than by dividing themselves into relays and succeeding one another in the chase.

This animal is common to the whole of Persia, although its proper soil is Arabia. It



(The Wild Ass.)

is mentioned by Xenophon* in several places, and numbered among the wild animals fit for the chase. The modern Persians eat its flesh, and say it is better than that of the antelope. The ancients did the same, and it must be supposed that when Herodotus classes the ass among the animals which the rich Persians roasted whole and ate when they indulged themselves in better fare than usual, he means the wild ass.† They appear to have been much more plentiful in the days of Olearius,‡ (A.D. 1637) who says, that at an entertainment given by Shah Abbas to the Ambassadors, thirty-two wild asses were turned into an enclosure, to be shot at, and remarks that their flesh was esteemed so excellent as to be fit for the king's food.

The wild ass is of a light mouse colour, with a dark streak over its shoulders and down its back. The head is large, but it is much more light and lively than the common ass in its gait. It is of a most obstinate nature, and seems to be extremely refractory under any restraint. Buffon says that it does not differ from the domestic ass, except in its attributes of liberty and independence: he is decided in his opinion, that this is the animal called the onagre, and not the zebra, whose native soil and climate in South Africa, in the countries bordering upon the Cape of Good Hope.‡

The wildness and love of liberty which characterize this animal are beautifully described by the prophet Jeremiah: *A wild ass used to the wilderness, that snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure*, ch. ii. v. 24. And again, when their image is allied to all the horrors of a parched desert: *And the wild asses did stand in the high places; they*

snuffed up the wind like dragons: their eyes did fail because there was no grass, ch. xiv. v. 6.

POISONOUS PLANTS, &c. IN SOUTH AMERICA.

We extract the following notice of Poisonous Plants in (Spanish) South America, from that useful and entertaining work, *Campaigns and Cruises in Venezuela*:—

"Coco de Mono.—A sort of large spreading tree grows here, (Prov. Barcelona,) as well as in Varinas, called *Coco de Mono*, or *Monkeys' Nut*, from the fondness these animals show for the kernels: they are nevertheless poisonous, and highly dangerous to unwary travellers, who are induced to eat them from a mistaken notion very prevalent—viz. that whatever a monkey or a bird will eat, must be wholesome for man. The fruit consists of a hard husk, containing four kernels, which, in shape and taste, greatly resemble almonds."

The author proceeds to relate the fatal effects of these nuts on a party of soldiers, who ignorantly ate several of them. Many of the men died; others, who survived the sickness and nausea they occasioned, did not perfectly recover for weeks, and found their food long imbued with the flavour of these baneful nuts.

"Litre.—The dark-coloured *litre* is the Upas of Chilé.

"Yuca, or Cazava Root, &c.—The sweet species of *yuca*, though an excellent vegetable, either boiled or roasted, is apt to swell suddenly in the stomach, and cause death, if eaten to excess, or before sufficiently roasted. The other species of *Yuca* is unfit for food, on account of the bitter, poisonous juice it contains, except when made into the *cazava* bread. The juice is, nevertheless, given to hogs, and is found to fatten them, without

* Cyropædia, lib. i.

† Herodotus, Clio, 133.

‡ Olearius's Travels, p. 735.

§ See Buffon, Hist. Nat. du Zebre, vol. x. p. 175.

doing them further injury than causing a slight intoxication, which soon wears off."

This curious capability of animals being nourished on what is poison to man, as exemplified in the *Coco de Mono*, is yet further proved by the fact noticed by our author—that "goats browse without injury on the leaves of the poisonous manchineel tree," under whose shade death is said to lurk for the unwary slumberer, and whose juices corrode the flesh of man like vitriol.

"Narcotic Herb."—A plant is found in the woods near Papayan, according to the testimony of many very intelligent inhabitants, possessing extraordinarily strong narcotic qualities. If a leaf of it be laid between the fingers or toes of a person while sleeping, it is said that he will not awake until it be removed. A branch of it, also, if thrown on a snake that is found coiled up, will effectually stupify it, so that it may be handled with safety. The white inhabitants of the country use every endeavour to root out this plant, wherever it is found; for, several fatal instances have occurred of slaves avenging themselves on their masters by its means: they have been known to conceal under their master's pillow snakes that they had previously stupified, by means of this herb; and the reptiles, on recovering, have bitten those by whom they were first disturbed.

Valuable Antidotal Bejuco.—We abridge an account from the same source of a plant as valuable as the preceding are noxious:—"On the banks of the Orinoco grows a peculiar species of *bejuco*, (or climbing-plant,) which, when properly administered, proves a powerful preservative against the bite of every species of poisonous serpent: it even appears to deprive those reptiles of the power and inclination to use their fangs—enabling men, properly prepared by it, to take them in their hands—and soldiers, when on a march, to shelter themselves in deserted huts, or log-houses, which always abound in such snakes. This preparation is effected by the leaves and small branches of the plant being pounded, and applied in that state as a cataplasm to both arms, the skin of them having previously been freely scarified, above the elbows. At stated intervals, this sort of inoculation is repeated, the juice of the bruised plant being also occasionally drunk, diluted with water." **Qy.** Are not the miracles of oriental snake-charmers performed by the natural magic of the operation of plants of a similar nature?

Natural Eolian Lyre.—Under this head will be found, in *Mirror* vol. ix. p. 317, an account, by a correspondent, of a curious, natural phenomenon, observed near Iryberg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden; a similar, in South America, is noticed by our Campaigner in Venezuela, &c., in the following terms:—

"The ruined village of Las Pietras, on the banks of the Orinoco, was built, as its name implies, on a rocky point, which juts out into the main stream, causing a very rapid current and series of whirlpools immediately above the landing-place. A singular sound is occasionally to be heard at this place, when standing on the promontory, apparently proceeding from the interior of the rock. A few of us were lucky enough to hear it, very distinctly, about 9 A.M., just as the river-breeze was beginning to freshen up the stream. All agreed in likening it to the notes of a distant deep-toned Eolian harp, accompanied by a peculiar throbbing sound, occasionally so rapid as to suggest the idea of a spring of water gurgling through a range of mountain-cells. Our Indians attributed it, of course, to supernatural agency, and evidently connected in their ideas with the neighbouring *Boca del Infierno*." M. L. B.

The Nobelist.

THE PURITAN'S GRAVE.

(Concluded from page 392.)

In this painful interval, who should rush into the room but Adelaide Merrivale: "I will see him, I will see him!" she exclaimed, and in a moment she was kneeling at the bed side of her dying father. The cause of her presence was a sad one: the property of Emmerton had been seized by the creditors, and she had proceeded up to London in time only to see her father expire.

"But how came you here?" said her father. "Did you receive Harry St. John's letter?"

"New the effort which Sir Thomas Merrivale had made when his daughter came into the room, had nearly exhausted his small remains of strength, so that after asking the above question he almost relapsed into a state of insensibility; and Adelaide made no answer to the question, but rising from her kneeling position she sat in a chair by the side of the couch and covering her face with her hands, sobbed aloud, saying 'It is well.'

"The daughter's sobs recalled the father's consciousness, and rousing himself again, he exclaimed, 'Is she gone? Has the vision vanished?'

"No, my dear father, no, it is no vision. Your daughter is still by your side," answered Adelaide, taking his hand and placing herself so that she might be better seen by him, for the range of his vision was very contracted.

"And where is Henry St. John?" asked the knight.

"I also am at your side," said Henry.

"The dying man then grasped the hand of Henry St. John with a convulsive eagerness, and placing it with the hand of Adelaide

pressed them together, saying, "Do not forsake her,—you are her only friend, her sole defence. It is my dying prayer, as it has ever been my living wish—protect—defend her. Harry St. John, do you hear me. Adelaide, my beloved—I have only my blessing to leave you—all pain is gone—my mind is at rest—my wound is healing rapidly.—Adelaide St. John—I call you by that name, my child—soon the world will know you by no other."

"He uttered many more words too indistinct and incoherent to be related. He then sank into a deeper insensibility, which terminated in death; but at what precise moment, those around him could scarcely tell.

It now was more imperative, Ferdinand Faithful considered, that Anne Faithful should abandon all thoughts of St. John. From Adelaide's dying father, Henry St. John had received the young lady's hand, and a prayer that he would be her guardian and a defence, and that she might bear his name. It was a trying scene for Anne Faithful, but the struggle was made, and she conquered. Then followed the interview with St. John. She came in all the serenity and quietness with which the daughter of Jephtha came to the sacrifice, the spirit of beauty and truth was around her, and she looked exceedingly beautiful. * * * * *

An interval of two years now occurs in the narrative, in which the trials of Ferdinand Faithful are renewed. Poverty and sickness follow him; for the sake of economizing their humble means procured by the industry of Anne Faithful, they remove to the little village of Hackney, where they live in obscurity and retired, unknowing and unknown. After a long illness, he recovers, but the expenses, which this has involved him in, are the means of plunging him into a worse strait, and Ferdinand Faithful is sent to prison.

The filial affection of Anne redoubles her industry, and she sets to work upon a piece of embroidery by the price of which she hopes to procure her father's liberation. This she takes, when finished, to the Lady Arabella Duval, who is surrounded by her cavaliers and visitors, as usual, and who, after another masculine display of fashionable volubility, purchases the same. She takes the money to the lawyer, but to her mortifying agony finds, that though this is sufficient to pay the debt, there is required three pounds sixteen shillings more for expenses. Heavily and wearily she turned home, but first made for the prison, from which she was rudely repulsed for seeking admittance at so unseasonably an hour.

"Slowly and silently, like the shadow of a moonlit cloud, she moved away from the prison gates. There was not a word of expostulation on her lips, nor a sentiment of

anger or bitterness in her heart. A deep and unmingled feeling of sorrow took possession of her soul: she looked at the gloomy walls of the prison, and thought how short but insuperable an interval separated her from her father. She thought that he might be at this moment pleasing his wearied soul with dreams of liberty, and thus preparing himself for the mournful sighs of disappointment on the morrow. The streets of the city were now silent and deserted, the industrious were at rest, and the idle were stimulating their languid spirits by the tumult of midnight revelry. She looked about her and there was none living near her; she lifted up her eyes to Heaven, and the dark clouds were sailing gloomily above her; she was fatigued, and had no resting-place but the cold ground; she knelt down by the prison walls, and pressing her hand upon her aching brow, her sorrows became prayers, and she looked up to God asking for strength, for patience, and for hope."

In this attitude of devotion she was lost until awakened from her reverie by a livery servant, who had dismounted from a carriage, by order of his master, to ascertain the meaning of this singular sight. He was a city merchant of great opulence, once a favourite of Cromwell, but who, wearied with the Protector's policy, lent his aid in the Restoration; he was much among the gentry at the west end of the town, and was present at the interview which had taken place between Anne Faithful and the Lady Arabella Duval, that morning.

Andrew Spenser, for that was the merchant's name, was at this time fifty years of age, and had realized an immense fortune by merchandize. He had inclined to republican principles, but was in every respect a friend to religious liberty. Hearing the story of Anne Faithful, he became deeply interested in the misfortunes of the family, and having procured the liberation of Ferdinand by his generosity, he very gladly took occasion of frequently visiting the ejected minister at Hackney: and he was welcome to all the party. Andrew Spenser was a bachelor; he had in early life formed an attachment, but friends interfering, the object of his choice was married to another, and she died broken hearted in giving birth to a son to a husband who had her hand, but not her heart. There was something interesting about the old bachelor; the tempered melancholy which time had chastised gave a gentleness to his manners, very pleasing and winning.

The conversation of these two friends turned on religious toleration and conviction; and frequent were the endeavours of Andrew Spenser to reconcile Ferdinand Faithful's notions of duty to accepting employment in the established church.

"Is it not possible," said Andrew Spenser, "that by too great an anxiety to avoid one error, you might fall into another, and so make a needless sacrifice by way of showing that you could do so?"

"Whatever I have felt," said Ferdinand Faithful, "since I left my cure at Emmerton, I have not felt for one moment, the slightest degree of self reproach for having sacrificed my living to a sense of duty. I cannot recognise human authority in matters of religion." And, after a long, but friendly controversy, in which Ferdinand Faithful solicited that no return might be made to the subject, lest it might interrupt the harmony of their friendship:—

"I understand, I respect your motives," replied Andrew Spenser, "and now will I tell you why I was desirous of endeavouring to urge you to conform. I would not mention this, for knowing your delicacy of feeling, I thought that it would rather obstruct, than further my arguments; but the truth is, I have purchased the next presentation to the living of Emmerton, and I was desirous of persuading you to accept it."

The very name of Emmerton brought tears into the good man's eyes. * * * *

It has been related that this well-disposed and benevolent merchant had suffered a disappointment in his affections. From what he himself afterwards acknowledged, it seems that he saw in Anne Faithful something which reminded him of her who was the idol of his youthful fancy. To be brief, old Andrew Spenser became a suitor for Anne Faithful's hand. At the offer from Andrew Spenser, she indulged in neither the levity of a laugh, nor the light of a smile. Her young heart trembled, and her bosom heaved a deeper sigh than had moved it for many months. There was nothing repulsive in Andrew Spenser; he was not young indeed, but he was neat, courteous, cheerful, kind-hearted, and good-humoured. But, for all that, she could not forget St. John; but rather did the recollection of him come vividly to her memory, and she felt that even now he was wedded to her affection. It became necessary, however, for Anne to declare whether she would accept or reject the offer of Andrew Spenser; and when she thought that Henry St. John might, and if he had complied with the dying wish of Adelaide's father, was now the husband of Adelaide Merrivale, she determined, by a mighty effort of self-denial, to confirm her painful resolution, in the hope that every day and every hour the image of Henry St. John would wax fainter and fainter on the tablet of her memory. The agitation of this conflict threw her into an illness, and in her bewilderment she would talk of the village of Emmerton, and speak sadly and sighingly of the home of her youth.

"Andrew Spenser heard of this, and tears started in his eyes, not tears of sorrow; and he said to Ferdinand Faithful, "Blessings be multiplied to the heart of your beloved child, Master Faithful; I cannot tell you how it delights me to hear that this is the feeling and wish of sweet Anne. She longs to return to the place of her birth; I love her afresh for the affectionate thought; and I am happy to say that this wish of her heart shall be granted. I did intend you an agreeable surprise, but it will comfort the soul of my gentle friend, perhaps, if she be told at once that a home is preparing for her at the village of Emmerton. I informed you that I had purchased the next presentation to the living, but I did not inform you that I had also made purchase of the estate and mansion of Sir Thomas Merrivale. The great Hall, more fit for the residence of a prince than of a merchant, having been suffered to fall into decay, I have caused to be taken down; and instead thereof, there will be erected a more modest dwelling, not inapt for a retired citizen, and we shall drop the stately name of 'Hall,' and let it assume the more humble name of 'The Lodge.' This I trust will be pleasant information for my sweet friend."

When Anne Faithful recovered, the conversation turned frequently on the dear village of Emmerton, to which she was about to return once more; but her gentle pity was expressed in the concern she felt for the fallen fortunes of the house of Merrivale. "Alas for the fallen and the unfortunate!" said Andrew Spenser. "But, my sweet friend, they have not only sunk down from the pinnacle of their greatness, they are also silent in the equal grave."

"At that word Anne Faithful started, imagining that Adelaide Merrivale had also gone to her long home. "Surely not," said she in reply, 'for when the cavalier knight did die from the wound which he received in a duel, he left behind him a daughter—destitute—quite destitute.'

"There was a little tremulousness in her speech, which Andrew Spenser did, and in some degree rightly, attribute to her sympathy with a destitute and suffering friend. 'Truly,' said he, 'the persons from whom I purchased the estate, told me that the family of Merrivale was extinct, seeing that the last of the name had perished in a duel. No mention was made of a daughter.'

"The daughter," replied Anne, "was of such retired habits, that the world knew her not."

"Could I but find her," said the merchant, "there should be no more cause to complain of destitution, for I could not enjoy the possession of that estate, if I thought that one, who had been banished thence, was living in want and penury: and I am sure that she

must be worthy of aid, and a kind attention, seeing that you take such interest in her welfare. Now tell me, I pray you, where she may be found."

"Indeed," replied Anne, "I know not; I have not seen her since I left Emmerton; she came to London at the time of her father's death: but so good and so kind a being cannot want friends."

Fain would Anne Faithful be the means of comforting Adelaide if in distress, yet she dreaded that Henry St. John might be brought in their way. "If your friend can be found," said Andrew Spenser, "you shall see her again; and you shall know that she is not friendless. All that I possess is yours my beloved one, your friends are my friends."

Andrew Spenser departed on his search; and circumstances led him in prosecuting his inquiry to the sign of the Trumpeter, kept by Peter Longstaff, sometime varlet to Sir Thomas Merrivale. But Peter knew not, and cared not, about the daughter of his ancient master, but referred him to one Master Henry St. John, "a young fellow who took upon himself the office of executor of my late master. Whither he went I cannot tell," said Peter, "he said he was going to Oxford—the university place where young men learn books. Little wisdom will he get from books: he was half mad before he went, and by this time he is quite mad. If you had, but seen him that night when he came home from the city, and brake his sword, and vowed a vow that he would never wear such a weapon again, you would have thought him mad." From this rambling talk, Andrew Spenser learnt the fact, that in a fury, or deep feeling of remorse, this Henry St. John determined to go to the university of Oxford, and there to study with a view of talking orders in the church.

The merchant determined to pursue the inquiry, more especially since he heard the name of St. John, mentioned by Longstaff; it agitated him; it was a name he had not heard for years; it was a name that was never breathed in the family of Ferdinand Faithful. After many inquiries he found out the college in which Henry St. John was lodged, and being introduced to his apartments, beheld a young man of a most engaging aspect. "Surely I have not had the pleasure of seeing you before," said Andrew Spenser, "but there is a look which seems to say that we are not total strangers."

The object of his visit being stated, it came out that Adelaide Merrivale was still living though not destitute; she had retired to a convent in France, in the city of Tours, and Henry St. John without informing her of the total wreck of her father's fortune, had paid from his own purse the necessary expenses attendant on this step; as the remains of her father's property. After a

lengthened conversation—"There is a question," said Andrew Spenser, "which I fain would ask you, if it be not an impertinence, and that is, as to the county of your birth."

"Indeed," replied Henry, smiling at the ceremoniousness with which the inquiry was made, "you are perfectly welcome to that information or any other concerning myself, that I can give you; I am a native of Berkshire, my father, Colonel St. John, possessed a small estate near to the town of Reading where he resided till his duty to the king called him into the field, and he died in the service which was his pride, and is mine."

"Andrew Spenser then took from his pocket a morocco leather case, which he carefully opened and presented to Henry St. John, saying, 'Know you these features?'"

"Henry cast upon the miniature a look of immediate recognition, and then with a countenance expressive of a reverence almost amounting to adoration, he exclaimed, 'My mother!'"

"The merchant had now no doubt that Henry St. John was the son of her for whom fond regrets had been cherished for so many years; but he was not yet quite so communicative as to inform the student of the early love that he had borne towards his mother; he contented himself with saying, 'I knew and respected your mother in her youthful days, and when I heard mention made of your name as of a gentleman from whom I might gain the intelligence which I was seeking, the thought struck me that you might be the son of that excellent woman; it was this that induced me to inquire personally rather than by letter.'"

The conclusion of the story is affecting as it is beautiful: Henry St. John is presented by Andrew Spenser to the vicarage of Emmerton. He proceeds to undertake the charge, and only learns on his arrival in the village, that among his first duties as a pastor will be to solemnize the nuptials of Andrew Spenser and Anne Faithful. The secret comes to the ears of Andrew Spenser, and by a noble generosity, he joins the hands of Henry St. John and Anne Faithful, on the night previous to his ordination. "You have promised to be mine, and mine you shall be, not my wife but my daughter. I feel towards Henry St. John as though he were my son; he is mine by adoption;" and, after his marriage with Anne Faithful, Henry St. John was declared to be his heir.

Ferdinand Faithful lived to see his grandchildren, and descended into the grave, honoured and beloved. His remains were buried near the church porch, on the very spot he desired. Andrew Spenser raised a monument to his memory, with the inscription which the old man desired; and the Reverend Henry St. John preached a funeral sermon, from the words "Mark the perfect

man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace!" This is the history of the PURITAN'S GRAVE.

Notes of a Reader.

BURIAL OF A PILGRIM FATHER, IN 1630.

We anxiously hollowed the frozen ground,
And heaped up this lonely barrow—
For the Indian lurk'd in the woods around,
And we feared his whistling arrow.
When the surf on the sea-beach heavily beat,
When the breeze in the wilderness muttered,
We deemed it the coming of hostile feet,
Or a watch-word cautiously uttered.
Above, frowned the gloom of a winter's eve,
And around, the thick snow was falling;
And the winds in the dreary branches did grieve
Like spirits to spirits calling.
As we looked on the spotless snowy sheet,
O'er the grave of our brother sweeping,
It seemed to us all an emblem meet
Of him, beneath it sleeping.
As we gazed, we forgot our present pain;
And followed our brother's spirit,
Unto that fair heaven we hope to gain,
Which the good after death inherit.
And we left the dust of our brother to lie
In its narrow habitation;
With the trust that his spirit had flown on high,
And taken its glorious station.
The empty concerns of human life,
Its vanity and its glory,
Shall no more vex his ear with strife,
Nor cheat with its specious story.

Issac Lellan, Boston, (U.S.)

SONG

*Sung at the anniversary celebration of the Charitable
Mechanic Association, Boston, October 7, 1830.*

Long the Indian's fitting our
Glanced around this lonely shore,
And the brimming rivets bore
Only his small bark.
On the hill, and in the wood,
Long the red-man's cabin stood;
All was lifeless solitude,
Desolate and dark.
But the pious Pilgrim came:
Science kindled her pure flame;
And the Indian fled in shame;
And the Desert smiled.
Then invention shaped the tree;
Launched the ship upon the sea;
Reared these dwellings of the free;
Brightened all the Wild.
At the Evening's mellow close
Muttered here the savage foes;
—When the Morning sun arose,
Cities filled the land!
Bowed the old Woods in the Waste;
Rose the dome, divinely chaste;
When Mechanic Skill and Taste
Waved their golden wand,
At the border of the flood,
In the bosom of the wood,
On the mountain bleak and rude,
Rose the homes of men.
Pity knelt to her God;
Plenty blessed the fruitful seed;
Valour broke Oppression's rod;
Science triumphed then.

Ibid.

SEARCHING FOR A COTTAGE.

(From the Person's Daughter, by Theodore Hook.)
[The searching for a cottage, through a London auctioneer's particulars, is thus quaintly told:—]

To satisfy this predominating passion, and put into execution her scheme of retirement, Lady Frances gave up all visits, all calls, all notes, and all messages, and drove incessantly and continuously, day after day, her attenuated job horses from Christie's to Squibb's, from Squibb's to Robins's, from Robins's to Winstanley's, from Winstanley's to Phillips's, and from Phillips's to Christie's again, in search of a villa; and many were the journeys her ladyship took, and many the disappointments she met with. The old joke of the hanging wood was nothing to the sufferings she underwent; and, in one instance, when she had travelled thirty miles to look at a cottage which was described as having two views of the Thames, she found her hopes blighted, by discovering that the only method of seeing that beautiful river twice on the property was by looking out of the garret windows, whence it was just visible at high water, and looking down into the cellars, in which it regularly made its appearance at every spring tide.

At length, however, such a "particulars" was put into her ladyship's hands by one of the most fashionable auctioneers, that there could be no doubt or hesitation as to a drive down to see the place. The only thing against it, was its name; but *that*, with female readiness, her ladyship thought might be changed. It was called Slug Grove—but then there were serpentine walks and sloping lawns, towering oaks, and graceful willows drooping into crystal lakes; an elegant saloon opening into a conservatory, with every requisite office and outbuilding; thirty acres of land immediately round the house, and a pew in the church—all capable of great improvement.

With all due respect for the auctioneer's modest merits, this last particular was assuredly the most correct: the serpentine walks were mere wriggles, the sloping lawns, slippery beds of swamp, the drooping willows, stumpy objects with no more curl in their branches than there is in a dancing girl's hair at four o'clock in the morning; the crystal lake was a duck-pond covered with weeds like green crown-pieces, and the conservatory, into which a drawing-room (paper damp and ceiling cracked), sixteen feet by fourteen, opened, turned out to be a glassless greenhouse, in which grew a plentiful crop of nettles and marsh-mallows. The offices were in the last state of dilapidation, the kitchen chimney had fallen down, and a wandering hen had established her nest in the oven; and as to the pew in the church, it was located in the gallery immediately over the

pulpit, the sounding beard of which excluded not only its tenants from the sight of the preacher, but from the sound of his voice; while the thirty acres of land consisted of marsh, bog, and clay, agreeably and plentifully stocked with thistles, chickweed, and dandelion.

The house had once been white, but the tear-like drippings from its various windows had, during the several years of its unoccupancy, left deep green marks upon the walls: and a sort of veranda, which had once adorned its front towards the road, after having become filthily dirty, had fallen through, and left the canvass, which once formed its alternated black and green covering, dangling in ribbons amongst its trellage columns.

"This is not comfortable, George," said her ladyship. "I am dying for a cottage; but this is more humble than even I desire. The slopes are mere slops, and the crystal lake looks like a pool at commerce filled with green counters."

"Yes," said George, "playing with leaves for lives."

"La, ma'am," said the gardener, who was showing the premises, "that weedy stuff is of no signification at all as it were; a little patience and half a dozen ducks would get rid of all that in a fortnight."

"Ducks, sir," said Lady Frances. "Ducks on a crystal lake—what an idea!"

WILLIAM RUFUS.

ONCE when William was hunting, a messenger from beyond sea brought him news that the city of Mans, which he had added to his dominions, was besieged. He instantly turned his horse, and set off for the nearest port. The nobles who were in his company reminded him that it was necessary to call out troops, and wait for them. "I shall see who will follow me," was his reply; "and, if I understand the temper of the youth of this kingdom, I shall have people enough." Waiting for nothing, he reached the port almost unattended, and embarked immediately, although it blew a storm. The sailors entreated him to have patience till the weather should abate, and the wind become more favourable. But he made answer, "I never heard of a king that was shipwrecked. Weigh anchor, and you will see that the winds will be with us!" He has been extolled for this act of characteristic impatience and resolution, because the event happened to be fortunate: celerity was of great importance; and the news of his landing, as it was concluded that he came in force, sufficed for raising the siege.* It was not in him a bravado in imitation of Cæsar: that well-known story was known to very few in those

ages,—the Red King had neither inclination nor leisure for learning; and it was even more in character with him than with Cæsar, the act itself being of more daring and less reasonable hardihood. On the other hand, he has been condemned, and with more justice, as manifesting here a spirit of audacious impiety, for which, among his other vices, he was peculiarly noted.—*Southey's Naval History of England.*

MAKING A FORTUNE IN INDIA.

[In *The Parson's Daughter*, by Theodore Hook, one of the prominent characters, Harbottle, gives the following ludicrous history of his old uncle in the East Indies, who had left him the best part of a couple of hundred thousand pounds:]

I had never seen the old chap; he went out five-and-forty years ago, and took to the trick of shaking the pagoda-tree early in life, and shake he did, till at last he made as handsome a fortune as ever was screwed out of a free-labour population. Bless their brown hearts, they are none of 'em slaves in India. They do their own work, eat their own curry, and smoke their own Chilums; no doubt they do, according to our accounts here; but I know this, I have got letters from my uncle Alexander Marc Antony Anderson, who at last became what they call resident at Futtymungumleum, in which he tells my father rather a different story. No matter for me. I remember the story in the Roman History, which I sha'n't repeat now; but, as I say to myself, says I, when I cast my eyes round and see all my handsome property—Thompson, ar'n't those rosewood chairs beautiful, eh? So they are.—Well, I always say to myself, what is it to me? I did not see the blacks work; I don't know whether indigo is planted by slaves or free men, or whether cotton and rice grow without trouble; all I know is, Paxton, Trail, Cockerell, and Co., stumped me up the money; and I declare that if I had shammed sorry when I heard of old Alexander Marc Antony Anderson's death, I should have been as great a hypocrite as—I sha'n't say who, for fear of affronting somebody without meaning it—Ha, ha, ha!

EFFECTS OF AIR ON LIGHT.

WERE it not for the reflective and scattering power of the atmosphere, no objects would be visible to us out of direct sunshine; every shadow of a passing cloud would be pitchy darkness; the stars would be visible all day; and every apartment, into which the sun had not direct admission, would be involved in nocturnal obscurity. This scattering action of the atmosphere on the solar light, it should be observed, is greatly increased by the irre-

* William of Malmesbury, 390.

gularity of temperature caused by the same luminary in its different parts, which, during the day-time, throws it into a constant state of undulation, and, by thus bringing together masses of air of very unequal temperatures, produces partial reflections and refractions at their common boundaries, by which much light is turned aside from the direct course, and diverted to the purposes of general illumination.—*Sir J. Herschel on Astronomy.*

IS THE MOON INHABITED?

TELESCOPES must yet be greatly improved, before we can expect to see signs of inhabitants, as manifested by edifices or by changes on the surface of the soil. It should, however, be observed, that, owing to the small density of the materials of the moon, and the comparatively feeble gravitation of bodies on her surface, muscular force would there go six times as far in overcoming the weight of materials as on the earth. Owing to the want of air, however, it seems impossible that any form of life analogous to those on earth can subsist there. No appearance indicating vegetation, or the slightest variation of surface which can fairly be ascribed to change of season, can any where be discerned.—*Sir J. Herschel on Astronomy.*

The Gatherer.

A Comfortable Room.—The door was thrown open, and presented to view a remarkably comfortable square room—low, but snug; the doors trimmed with gilt leather, and the windows covered by rich damask curtains—a thick Turkey carpet concealed the floor, excepting round the skirting-boards, where the well-polished oak proclaimed the antiquity of the mansion and the industry of the housemaids; a large wood fire, the first they had seen that year, crackled in the grate, and two small dogs, one a poodle, and the other a pug, both very fat, and both wearing ribbons and collars, as if it were a gala-day, were dozing on the rug, from which they simultaneously rose to bark at the ladies as they entered. Some few pictures adorned the walls; two cages of canary-birds hung near their mistress, and a huge grey cat, with immense whiskers, who had for many years been on terms of the most perfect amity with the dogs, sat close to the old lady's chair, purring and winking in the best possible temper.—*The Parson's Daughter.*

Alexander and Buonaparte.—Alexander's admiration of Napoleon was, as is well known, unbounded, and he manifested it in every way. A line in a play before them was, "The friendship of a great man is a present from the gods." Alexander bowed to Napoleon, and said, "that line was written

for me." He even carried his respect so far as to rise when he entered the theatre. Napoleon knew how to flatter his brother Emperor, and sent Colonel Henri to him one morning to give the sign and countersign for the day. "My brother Napoleon, is too confident, too amiable—it is impossible to be more gallant; but I am not at home, I am his guest; it is for him to give the word. Go, I pray you, and tell him so." "Sire, I have orders not to return without obtaining it from your Majesty." "Well, as he insists on it, I will give it—*Erfurth and confidence.*"

A Good Dinner.—"How thankful we ought to be to a bountiful Providence who has created all things for us richly to enjoy," said —, at the last great city dinner, whilst sumptuously regaling upon *crimped cod* with oyster sauce. "The beasts of the earth, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea," he continued, "were all created for the use of man!" "Very true," replied his friend; "but if you had witnessed the hairbreadth escape which I experienced of being devoured alive by a shark, when in the West Indies, you would have been satisfied that the horrible monster entertained just the opposite opinion—He believed that man was created for him!"—*The Voice of Humanity.*

Example better than Precept.—The late Rev. Rowland Hill was a very humane man, and very considerate of his horses. Going to dine with a family, at the distance of seven miles from London, on a sultry day in July, he did not arrive till after the dinner hour, and, consequently, was received with, "Why, Mr. Hill, we were afraid that some accident had happened; you are more than half an hour beyond the time! and we fear the dinner is quite spoiled!—The distance is only seven short miles!" "Never mind," said he, "the weather is so hot—the hills are so steep—and, you know I never suffer my horses to be driven out of a *gospel pace.*"

Instinctive Presentiment of Danger in Animals.—Before the shock of the earthquake was felt in Calabria, the fishes were observed to come to the surface; the birds screamed and dashed through the air; the horses, oxen, &c. testified their agitation by the glaring wildness of their eyes, by moans, and a tremble in every limb; and even the fur of the cats bristled up, and their backs rose. Almost as soon as these extraordinary phenomena were noted ensued the earthquake, which destroyed throughout Calabria 40,000 persons.—*The Voice of Humanity.*

Rats are effectually banished by sprinkling chloride of lime in their haunts.

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The Mirror

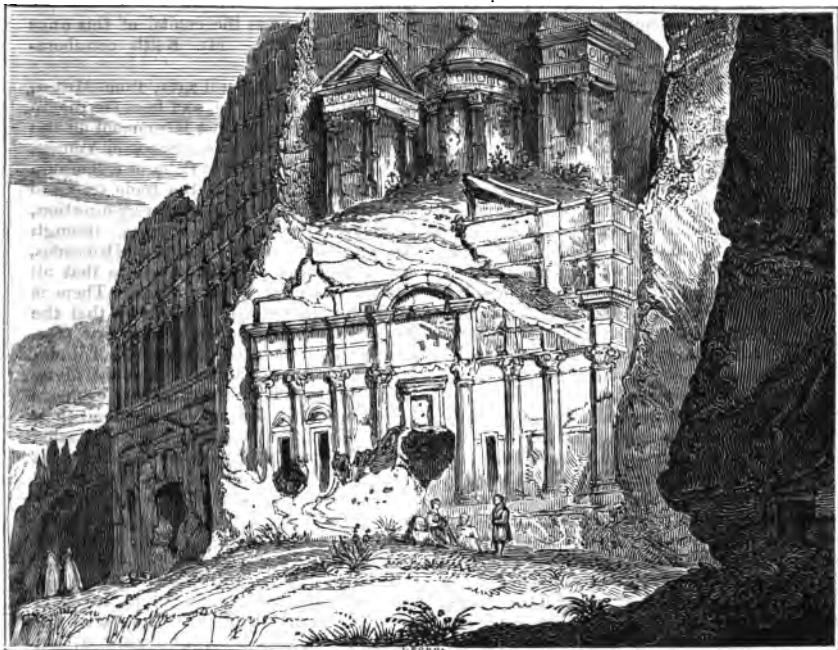
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1833.

[PRICE 2d.



CORINTHIAN TOMB.

THIS is an impressive scene of magnificent decay. It affords the reader a glimpse of the desolation of one of the proudest cities of antiquity—Petra, the capital of Edom or Seir, the Idumea, or Arabia Petrea of the Greeks, the Nabatea, considered by geographers, historians, and poets, as the source of all the precious commodities of the East.

Of Edom, or Idumea, little appears to have been known till within the last fifty years, from the researches of European travellers. The mention of the district in the Bible is of such frequent occurrence as to impress every reader—from the child to him “with spectacles on nose”—with the idea of bitter humiliation: who can ever forget the appalling denouncement, “over Edom will I cast my shoe.” The Rev. Mr. Keith says:*

“There are numerous prophecies respecting Idumea, that bear a literal interpretation, however hyperbolical they may appear. (My sword shall come down upon Idumea, and upon the people of my curse to judgment.)—From generation to generation it shall lie

waste, none shall pass through it for ever and ever. But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it; and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness. They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing. And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof; and it shall be a habitation of dragons, and a court for owls. The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr (or hairy creature) shall cry to his fellow; the screech-owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest. There shall the great owl make her nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her shadow; there shall the vultures also be gathered every one with her mate. Seek ye out of the book of the Lord and read; no one of these shall fail, none shall want her mate; for my mouth it hath commanded, and his spirit it hath gathered them. And he hath cast the lot

* Evidence of Prophecy. Tenth Edit. 1833.

for them, and his hand hath divided it unto them by line; they shall possess it for ever, from generation to generation shall they dwell therein.* Again, 'Edom shall be a desolate wilderness.† 'For three transgressions of Edom, and for four I will not turn away the punishment thereof.‡ 'Thus saith the Lord concerning Edom, I have made thee small among the heathen, thou art greatly despised. The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee, thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high. Shall I not destroy the wise men out of Edom, and understanding out of the mount of Esau? The house of Jacob shall possess their possessions, but there shall not be any remaining of the house of Esau.§ I laid the mountains of Esau and his heritage waste for the dragons of the wilderness. Whereas Edom saith we are impoverished, but we will return and build the desolate places; thus saith the Lord of Hosts, they shall build, but I will throw down; and they shall call them the border of wickedness.|| Is there any country once inhabited and opulent, so utterly desolate? There is, and that land is Idumea. The territory of the descendants of Esau affords as miraculous a demonstration of the inspiration of the Scriptures, as the fate of the children of Israel."

It is not a little curious, that Volney, the "infidel," as Mr. Keith designates him, should have been the first among travellers to show how these prophecies have been realized. In his *Travels*, published about the year 1780, he observes: "This country has not been visited by any traveller, but it well merits such attention; for, from the report of the Arabs of Bakir, and the inhabitants of Gaza, who frequently go to Maan and Karak, on the road of the pilgrims, there are to the south-east of the lake Asphaltites (Dead Sea) within three days' journey, upwards of thirty ruined towns absolutely deserted. Several of them have large edifices, with columns that may have belonged to the ancient temples, or at least to Greek churches. The Arabs sometimes make use of them to fold their cattle in; but in general avoid them on account of the enormous scorpions with which they swarm. We cannot be surprised at these traces of ancient population, when we recollect that this was the country of the Nabatheans, the most powerful of the Arabs, and of the Idumeans, who, at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, were almost as numerous as the Jews, as appears from Josephus, who informs us, that on the first rumour of the march of Titus against Jerusalem, thirty thousands Idumeans instantly assembled, and

threw themselves into that city for its defence. It appears that besides the advantages of being under a tolerably good government, these districts enjoyed a considerable share of the commerce of Arabia and India, which increased their industry and population."

Petra, then, was the capital of this once important country. Mr. Keith corroboratively observes:

"The caravans, in all ages, from Minea, in the interior of Arabia, and from Gerrha on the Gulph of Persia, from Hadramaut on the ocean, and some even from Sabea or Yemen, appear to have pointed to Petra as a common centre; and from Petra the trade seems to have again branched out into every direction, to Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, through Arsinoe, Gaza, Tyre, Jerusalem, Damascus, and a variety of subordinate routes that all terminated on the Mediterranean. There is every proof that is requisite to show that the Tyrians and Sidonians were the first merchants who introduced the produce of India to all the nations which encircled the Mediterranean, so is there the strongest evidence to prove that the Tyrians obtained all their commodities from Arabia. But if Arabia was the centre of this commerce, Petra|| was the point to which all the Arabians tended from the three sides of their vast peninsula."*** At a period subsequent to the commencement of the Christian era there always reigned at Petra, according to Strabo, a king of the royal lineage, with whom a prince was associated in the government.†† It was a place of great strength in the time of the Romans. Pompey marched against it, but desisted from the attack; and Trajan afterwards besieged it. It was a metropolitan see, to which several bishoprics were attached in the time of the Greek emperors, and Idumea was included in the third Palestine—*Palestina tertia sive salutaris*."

Idumea forms one of the most interesting chapters in Mr. Keith's volume; and his diligence in identifying the country with the inspired language of prophecy has been as successful as unwearied. We have only space to notice one of these predictions, which is peculiarly remarkable as applicable to Idumea, and bears reference to a circumstance explanatory of the difficulty of access to any knowledge respecting it:

"None shall pass through it for ever and ever.—I will cut off from Mount Seir him that passeth out and him that returneth."‡‡ Mr. Keith then quotes illustrative passages

¶ Agatharchides Huds. p. 57. Pliny, lib. vi. c. 38, quoted by Vincent. Ibid. p. 262.

•• Ibid. 260, 261, 262.

†† Strabo. p. 779.

‡‡ Isaiah xxxiv. 10. Ezek. xxxv. 7. The first of these predictions is conjoined with others, the period of whose full completion—the year of recompenses for the controversy of Zion—is yet to come.

• Isaiah, xxxiv. 5, 10—17.

† Joel iii. 19.

‡ Amos i. 11.

§ Obad. v. 2, 3, 8, 17, 18.

|| Malachi i. 4.

from Volney, Burckhardt, Jolliffe, Henniker, and Captains Irby and Mangles, who "not only give their personal testimony to the truth of the fact which corroborates the prediction, but also adduce a variety of circumstances, which all conspire in giving superfluity of proof that Idumea, which was long resorted to from every quarter, is so beset on every side with dangers to the traveller, that *none pass through it*. Even the Arabs of the neighbouring regions, whose home is the desert, and whose occupation is wandering, are afraid to enter it, or to conduct any within its borders. Yet amidst all this manifold testimony to its truth, there is not in any single instance the most distant allusion to the prediction; and the evidence is as unsuspecting and undesigned, as it is copious and complete."

It is scarcely possible to afford the reader, in a page or two, any distinct idea of the vastness of Petra. Burckhardt considers the ruins "entitled to rank among the most curious remains of ancient art." Mr. Keith adds:

"Though the city be desolate, the monuments of its opulence and power are durable. These are—a channel on each side of the river, for conveying the water to the city—numerous tombs—above two hundred and fifty sepulchres, or excavations—many mausoleums, one, in particular, of colossal dimensions, in perfect preservation, and a work of immense labour, containing a chamber, sixteen paces square, and above twenty-five feet in height, with a colonnade in front thirty-five feet high, crowned with a pediment highly ornamented, &c.; two large truncated pyramids, and a theatre with all its benches, capable of containing about three thousand spectators, *ALL cut out of the rock*."

Captains Irby and Mangles refer to "the sides of the mountains covered with an endless variety of excavated tombs and private dwellings;" and to prove that THE ROCK applies to Petra, Dr. Vincent observes, "the name of this capital, in all the various languages in which it occurs, implies a rock, and as such it is described in the Scriptures, in Strabo, and Al Edrissi."^{*} And in a note he enumerates among the various names having all the same signification—Sela, a rock, (the very word here used in the original,) Petra, a rock, the Greek name, (which has precisely the same signification,) and The Rock, pre-eminently—expressly referring to this passage of Scripture."[†]

We pass over many ingenious pages of Mr. Keith's volume to the subject of the Engraving. Thus—"Of all the ruins of Petra, the mausoleums and sepulchres are among the most remarkable, and they give the clearest indication of ancient and long-

continued royalty, and of courtly grandeur. Their immense number corroborates the accounts given of their successive kings and princes, by Moses and Strabo; though a period of eighteen hundred years intervened between the dates of their respective records concerning them. The structure of the sepulchres also shows that many of them are of a more recent date."

To Volney we are unquestionably indebted for the earliest reference to Idumea, among modern writers; and the interesting details from personal observation, communicated by Burckhardt, and subsequently by Captains Irby and Mangles, "rescued the subject from obscurity, and brought to light the remarkable fact of the ruins of a city, so to speak, cut out of the rock, in the midst of a desert." Their researches are, at present, in course of illustration, by a work publishing at Paris, entitled, *Voyage de l'Arabie Pétrée, par Mess. Leon de Laborde et Lienant*, with plates of size proportionate to the magnificence of the subjects. From one of these illustrations the annexed Engraving has been reduced. We have not seen the original French work, but, judging from Mr. Keith's observations upon its merits, we consider the subject we have chosen to be one of the most stupendous of the tombs. Mr. Keith describes as engraven on it a Latin inscription, with the name of a magistrate, Quintus Pretextus Florentinus, who died in Petra, being governor of that part of Arabia Petrea. "It behoved to be," it is said, "about the time of Adrian, or Antoninus Pius," or at a period undoubtedly several centuries posterior to the predictions.

Such, however, is but a mere fragment of the ancient glory of Petra; but it is impossible to look upon this vast assemblage of decaying columns and crumbling capitals, without reading in its details a melancholy chapter of the fate and fall of nations; while the finger of prophecy points to the whole site as a sublime lesson on the nothingness of the proudest works of man.

THE MISSES PORTER.

(To the Editor.)

I HAVE just read, in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* of the 11th of May, 1833, a biographic sketch of the celebrated Miss Jane Porter, interspersed with some anecdotes of her brother, the accomplished artist and traveller, Sir Robert Ker Porter. The narrator speaks of the lady as having made her literary debut by the publication of *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, a romance, in four volumes.

If I may be permitted to trace the first buddings of her truly accomplished mind, I must say that I have perused several of Miss Jane Porter's effusions, written antecedent to the publication above mentioned. The first flowers of her intellect are to be found in the

* Commerce of the Ancients, v. ii. p. 264.

† See Blaney, *in loco*.

Lady's Pocket Magazine—a work edited by its publisher, the late Mr. John Harrison, of No. 18, Paternoster Row, and which first appeared, as well as another work by the same proprietor, entitled the *Pocket Magazine*, in 1794; and during their progress, their pages were frequently enlivened with several pleasing contributions from the pen of this lady, as well as that of her equally clever sister, Miss Anna Maria Porter, in the shape of various pleasing, light tales, confirmed, as the reader may find, by their respective signatures.

Anna Maria, the younger of the "gifted two," frequently exercised her talents in poetry, as well as prose, in these works, as well as in another contemporary publication, edited by the late Dr. Evans, author of *The Denominations of the Christian World*, entitled *The Monthly Visitor*; whereas the more staid, and perhaps less excursive mind of Miss Jane P., I believe, seldom or never played "truant with the Muse;" nor has she, I believe, ever essayed poetry since that period.

It is likewise curious that Sir Robert Ker Porter's earliest essays as an artist are to be met with in some of the designs for the plates of the *Pocket* and *Lady's Pocket Magazines*.

Before I conclude, I beg to remark that the Editor of *Chambers's Journal* has stated that these highly-gifted ladies "both reside under the roof of their excellent and venerable mother," whereas Miss Anna Maria Porter, died in 1832. The writer also erroneously places Miss Porter's abode "in the pleasant village of Esher, in Surrey;" though it is well known that her residence has long been in the beautiful hamlet of Esher, in the aforesaid county.

FRONT.

CURIOUS FACTS IN THE HISTORY OF BOOKS.

Ancient Plan.—Originally the letters in books were only divided into lines, then into separate words, which, by degrees, were noted with accents, and distributed, by points and stops, into periods, paragraphs, chapters, and other divisions. In some countries, as among the Orientals, the lines began from the right, and ran to the left; in others, as in northern and western nations, from the left to the right. In the Chinese books, the lines ran from top to bottom. The Grecians followed both directions: alternately, going in the one, and returning in the other, called *boustrophedon*. The laws of Solon are said to have been thus written. The compound word *boustrophedon* is derived from the Greek, signifying *bullock* and *I turn*, like the furrows in ploughing.

Embellishments of red, gold, or figured initial letters, head-pieces, tail-pieces, effigies, &c., were formerly very common. The end of the book, now denoted by *finis*, was an-

ciently marked with a *let*, called *sermonis*; and the whole frequently washed with an oil from cedar, or citron chips, strewed between the leaves, to preserve the book from rotting.

There also occur certain *formule* at the beginning and end of books, exhorting the reader to be courageous, and proceed to the following book: this was common among the Jews. The Mahometans place the name of God at the beginning of all their books, which cannot fail to procure them protection, on account of the infinite regard paid by them to that name, wherever found.

Burning of Books was a kind of punishment, both among the Greeks and Romans, by legal sentence.

At Athens, the works of Protagoras were prohibited; and all the copies of them which could be collected were burnt by the public cryer. At Rome, the writings of Numa, which had been found in his grave, were, by order of the senate, condemned to the fire, because they were contrary to the religion which he had introduced. During the reign of Augustus, twenty thousand volumes were burnt at one time: among these were the books of Labienus. Cassius Severus, a friend of Labienus, hearing the sentence pronounced, cried aloud, that they must burn him too, since he had got all the books by heart. Labienus could not survive his books; but, shutting himself up in the tomb of his ancestors, pined away, and was buried alive. It is related as somewhat singular, that a few years after, the writings of the person who had been the cause of the order for burning Labienus's books, shared the like fate, and were also publicly burnt. Antiochus Epiphanes caused the works of the Jews to be burnt. Eusebius informs us, that Dioclesian caused the sacred Scriptures to be burnt. The writings of Arius were condemned to the flames at the council of Nice; and Constantine threatened with the punishment of death those who should conceal them. The clergy assembled at the council of Ephesus requested the emperor, Theodosius II., to cause the works of Nestorius to be burnt; and their request was complied with. Leo I. ordered two hundred thousand books to be burnt at Constantinople.

In France, in 1790, above 4,194,412 books were burnt, which were in the suppressed monasteries. Two millions were on theology; the manuscripts were 26,000. In the city of Paris alone, 808,190 volumes were burnt.

Rarity.—At the beginning of the tenth century, books were so scarce in Spain, that one Bible often served several monasteries. The price of books was so high, that persons of moderate fortune could not afford to purchase them. In the year 1174, Walter, prior of St. Swithin's, at Winchester, purchased of the monks of Dorchester, Bede's Homilies and St. Austin's Psalter, for twelve measures of

barley and a pall, on which was embroidered in silver the history of St. Birinus converting a Saxon king. About the year 1225, Roger de Insula, Dean of York, gave several Latin Bibles to the University of Oxford, on condition that the students who perused them should deposit a cautionary pledge. In 1299, the Bishop of Winchester borrowed of his cathedral convent of St. Swithin, at Winchester, the Bible, with marginal notes, and gave a bond for the return of it, drawn up with great solemnity. For the bequest of his Bible to the convent, and 100 marks, the monks founded a daily mass for the soul of the donor. If any person gave a book to a religious house, he believed that so valuable a donation merited eternal salvation, and he offered it on the altar with great ceremony. The Prior and Convent of Rochester declared that they would every year pronounce the irrevocable sentence of damnation on him who should purloin or conceal a Latin translation of Aristotle's Poetics, or even obliterate the title. Sometimes a book was given to a monastery, on condition that the donor should have the use of it for his life. Before the year 1300, the library of the University of Oxford consisted only of a few tracts, chained or kept in chests, in the choir of St. Mary's Church. Among the Statutes of St. Mary's Church, in 1446, one is, that no scholar should occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two at most.

Curious Entry.—The first publication entered on the books of the Stationers' Company stands thus—

"To William Pekerynge, a ballett, called a Ryse and Wake, O. O. 4d." P. T. W.

The Naturalist.

NEW CURRANT.

A SPLENDID unit has lately been added to the list of hardy flowering shrubs. The plant is a species of the currant bush, most nearly allied to the black currant, which it resembles very closely, both in the form and smell of the leaves, and also in the general appearance of the plant—with this exception, that the flower petals of the new species are of a bright scarlet, and hang in gracefully sweeping clusters of from twenty to forty individual florets upon each.

The botanical name bestowed on this new variety is *Ribes Sanguinea*; and the English one, that of Scarlet-flowered currant. The fruit of it, from the description we have heard, is not likely to be of much value; but should the plant possess a disposition to cross with the other species, we need not despair of acquiring, in due time, a hybrid which will be not merely ornamental, but may vie in usefulness with any of the black, the red, the white, or the champagne varieties.

FERNANDO.

Anecdote Gallery.

BUNAPARTANIA.*

Soon after the First Consul's return to Malmaison, an individual, in most unpretending attire, solicited a private audience. He was instantly ushered into the cabinet of Napoleon, who demanded his name. "General," replied the solicitor, somewhat intimidated by his presence, "I had formerly the honour of giving you lessons in writing at the college of Brienne." "And a respectable penman you have made me," exclaimed the First Consul, interrupting him sharply; "your pupil's progress does you infinite credit!" Then, laughing at his own hastiness, he addressed the good man in a kinder tone, to make amends for his first sally, the abruptness of which had considerably augmented the timidity of the calligraphic professor. In a few days, the writing-master received from unquestionably the worst of all his former pupils at Brienne, (Napoleon's scarcely legible hand-writing was proverbial) a pension sufficient for his humble wants.

When Buonaparte was paying his court to Madame de Beauharnais, (says M. de Bourrienne,) neither of them kept a carriage; and he, being passionately in love, and a most assiduous suitor, escorted his intended about the town, and especially on her visits to her agents. They went one day together to the office of the notary Raguideau, who, by the by, was one of the smallest men I have ever seen. Madame de Beauharnais, who placed great confidence in Raguideau, had come to him that day expressly for the purpose of communicating her intention of accepting the hand of the young general of artillery, the protégé of Barras. Josephine was accordingly closeted along with the notary, while Buonaparte waited in the outer office, occupied with the clerks. The door of Raguideau's cabinet, however, not being shut close, the general overheard the lawyer dissuading Madame Beauharnais from the marriage she was about to contract. "You are very imprudent," said the notary; "you may have to repent this step as long as you live; it is madness to go and marry a man who has nothing but his sword to depend on." "Buonaparte," said Josephine, when she told me these prior circumstances, "had never alluded to this, and I had no idea that he had heard what Raguideau had said. Imagine my astonishment then, Bourrienne, when on the day of the coronation, as soon as he had put on the imperial robes, he said, 'Go, and find Raguideau, and bring him here immediately.' Raguideau soon made his appearance, and the Emperor said to him, 'Well, and have I nothing now but my sword to depend on?'" Eight years had elapsed since the scene at the office of the notary; and

* See also pages 294 and 342.

Buonaparte, although he had borne in mind the discourse of M. Raguideau, had never mentioned that he was privy to it, to a single soul, not even to De Bourrienne, at the time when he was in the habit of making his secretary the confidant and depository of all his projects and secrets.

Napoleon was in the habit of amusing himself in walking about Paris incog., accompanied only by Marshal Duroc, both dressed in a blue riding coat, without any sort of decoration. Some curious adventure generally took place. One day they took a long round, and the Emperor being hungry, went into a coffee-house at the corner of the Boulevard, and ordered some cutlets and an omelet, which was his favourite repast. When they had finished, Duroc found that he had forgotten his purse, which created much embarrassment. The waiter, guessing the motive, told them that it made no difference, they might pay when they passed again. His mistress was much incensed at him for attempting to give credit to persons whom he did not know, exclaiming, "I shall lose eight francs." "No, madam," replied the waiter, "I will pay you their bill, as I am sure they are honest people." His mistress took the eight francs: on seeing which, the marshal drew out his watch, and offering it to the waiter, said, "My friend, keep this in pledge for what you have advanced, and I thank you also for the good opinion you have formed of us." The waiter, however, declined to take the watch, and the two ramblers departed. Several days passed, and the waiter heard nothing of his friends, while his mistress was continually bantering him for his folly. Five days after, the Emperor sent a valet to the coffee-house, who called for the waiter, and said to him, "There are twenty-five Napoleons, which the Emperor has sent to you, and has desired me to thank you for him, for having become his security, and paid for his breakfast.

Napoleon, one day hunting in the forest of Fontainebleau, alighted from his horse, and walked, accompanied by Caulaincourt. He met two wood-cutters, who, fatigued with work, were sitting on the trunk of a tree. Both of them had served in the campaign of Egypt. One of them recognised the Emperor, and rose instantly. Caulaincourt desired the other to rise also. "No," said Napoleon, "don't you see he is fatigued?" He then made the one who was standing resume his seat, and sat down with them himself on the same trunk. Here he conversed with them on the Egyptian expedition, and of their private affairs; and having learnt that one of them had not obtained his pension on quitting the service, he ordered it to be granted him, with the arrears, and gave six Napoleons to both, on leaving them.

W. G. C.

Retrospective Gleanings.

THE DUTCH.

[THE following character of the Dutch, is given in *Three Weeks' Observations of the Low Countries*, by Owen Feltham, published in 1670: and stated in the preface to have been written some years prior to its appearing in print.]

Solomon tells of four things that are small and full of wisdom: the pismire, the grasshopper, the coney, and the spider.

For providence they are the pismires of the world, and having nothing but what grass affords them, are yet, for almost all provisions, the store-house of all Christendom. What is it which there may not be found in plenty? they making by their industry all the fruits of the vast earth their own. What land can boast a privilege that they do not partake of? They have not of their own enough materials to compile one ship, yet how many nations do they furnish? The remotest angles of the world do by their pains deliver them their sweets; and being themselves in want, their diligence hath made them both Indies nearer home.

They are frugal to the saving of egg-shells; and maintain it for a maxim, that a thing lasts longer mended than new.

Their cities are their mole-hills; their schutes and fly-boats creep and return with their store for winter. Every one is busy, and carries his grain; as if every city were a several hive, and the bees not permitting a drone to inhabit; for idle persons must find some other mansion. And lest necessity bereave men of means to set them on work, there are public banks, that (without use) lend upon pawns to all the poor that want.

There is a season when the pismires fly; and so each summer they likewise swarm abroad with their armies.

The ant, says one, is a wise creature, but a shrewd thing in a garden or orchard; and truly so are they; for they look upon others too little, and upon themselves too much: and wheresoever they light in a pleasant and rich soil, like suckers and lower plants, they rob from the root of that tree which gives them shade and protection; so their wisdom is not indeed heroic or numinal, as courting a universal good, but rather narrow and restrictive, as being a wisdom but for themselves: which, to speak plainly, is descending into craft; and is but the sinister part of that which is really noble and celestial. Nay, in all they hold so true a proportion with the emmet, as you shall not find they want so much as the sting.

For dwelling in rocks they are conies; and while the Spanish tumbler plays about them, they rest secure in their own inaccessible buries. Where have you under heaven,

such impregnable fortifications? Where art beautifies nature, and nature makes art invincible: herein indeed they differ; the conies find rocks, and they make them: for they raise them in the bosom of the waves. Where within these twenty years, ships furrowed in the pathless ocean, the peaceful plough now unbowels the fertile earth, which at night is carried home to the fairest mansions in Holland.

Every town hath its garrison, and the keys of the gates in the night time are not trusted but in the State-house. From these holds they bolt abroad for provisions, and then return to their fastnesses replenished.

For war they are grasshoppers, and without a king, go forth in bands to conquer kings. They have not only defended themselves at their own home, but have braved the Spaniard at his. In 1599, under the command of Vender Does, was the Grand Canary taken; the chief city sacked; the King of Spain's ensigns taken down, and the colours of his Excellency set up in their room. In 1600, the battle of Newport was a gallant piece, when with the loss of 1,000, or little more, they slew 7,000 of their enemies, took above 100 ensigns, the admiral of Arragon a prisoner, and the very furniture of the arch-duke's own chamber and cabinet; yea, the signet that belonged to his hand. In 1607, they assailed the armada of Spain in the bay of Gibraltar, as under covert of the castle and town's ordinance, and with the loss of 150, slew above 2,000, and ruined the whole fleet. Certainly a bolder attempt hath ever scarce been done. The Indian mastiff never was more fierce against the angry lion; nor can the cock in his crowing valour, become more prodigal of his blood than they.

There hardly is upon earth such a school of martial discipline. It is the Christian world's academy for arms; whither all the neighbour-nations resort to be instructed; where they may observe how irresistible a blow many small grains of powder will make, being heaped together, which yet if you separate, can do nothing but sparkle and die. Their recreation is the practice of arms; and they learn to be soldiers sooner than men; nay, as if they placed a religion in arms, every Sunday is concluded with the train-bands marching through their cities.

For industry they are spiders, and are in the palaces of kings. Of old they were the guard of the person of the Roman emperor; and by the Romans themselves declared to be their friends and companions. There is none have the like intelligence; their merchants are at this day the greatest of the universe. What nation is it where they have not insinuated? nay, which they have not almost anatomized, and even discovered the very intrinsic veins on it? Even among us, they shame us with their industry, which

makes them seem as if they had a faculty from the world's creation, out of water to make dry land appear. They win our drowned grounds which we cannot recover, and chase back Neptune to his own old banks.

All that they do is by such labour as it seems extracted out of their own bowels; and in their wary thrift they hang by such a slender sustentation of life, that one would think their own weight should be enough to crack it. Want of idleness keeps them from want; and it is their diligence that makes them rich.

A fruitful soil increaseth the harvest; a plentiful sun augmenteth the store; and seasonable showers drop fatness on the crop we reap: but no rain fructifies more than the dew of sweat.

You would think, being with them, you were in old Israel, for you find not a beggar among them: nor are they mindful of their own alone; but strangers also partake of their care and bounty. If they will depart, they have money for their convoy; if they stay, they have work provided; if unable, they find an hospital. Their providence extends even from the prince to the catching of flies: and lest you lose an afternoon by fruitless mourning, by two of the clock all burials must end: wherein to prevent the waste of ground, they pile coffin upon coffin till the sepulchre be full.

In all their manufactures they hold a truth and constancy: for they are as fruits from trees, the same every year that they are at first; not apples one year and crabs the next; and so for ever after. In the sale of these they are also at a word, they will gain rather than exact, and have not that way whereby our citizens abuse the wise, and cozen the ignorant; and by their infinite over-asking for commodities, proclaim to the world that they would cheat if it were in their power.

The deprivation of manners they punish with contempt, but the defects of nature they favour with charity: even their bedlam is a place so curious, that a lord might live in it; their hospital might lodge a lady: so that safely you may conclude, amongst them, even poverty and madness do both inhabit handsomely: and though vice makes every thing turn sordid, yet the State will have the very correction of it to be neat, as if they would show, that though obedience fail, yet government must be still itself, and decent. To prove this, they that do but view their bridewell, will think it may receive a gentleman though a gallant; and so their prison, a wealthy citizen. But for a poor man it is his best policy to be laid there, for he that cast him in must maintain him.

Their language, though it differ from the higher Germans, yet hath it the same ground

and is as old as Babel: and albeit harsh; yet so lofty and full a tongue, as made Goropius Becanus maintain it for the speech of Adam in his paradise: and surely if there were not other reasons against it, the significance of the ancient Teutonic might carry it from the primæ dialect. Stewen of Bruges reckons up 2,170 monosyllables, which being compounded, how richly do they grace a tongue! A tongue, that for the general profession, is extended further than any that I know; through both the Germanies, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and sometimes France, England and Spain. And still among us all our old words are Dutch, with yet so little change, that certainly it is in a manner the same that it was 2,000 years ago, without the too much mingled borrowings of their neighbour-nations. W. G. C.

GRACEFUL MEMBERS OF THE STATIONERS' COMPANY.

"In the second year of Elizabeth, (says Brayley,) the Stationers had the grant of a livery, and were directed "to prepare and make ready the same liveries with speed, so that they may from henceforth attend and wait upon the Lord Mayor of this city, at all the common shews," &c.

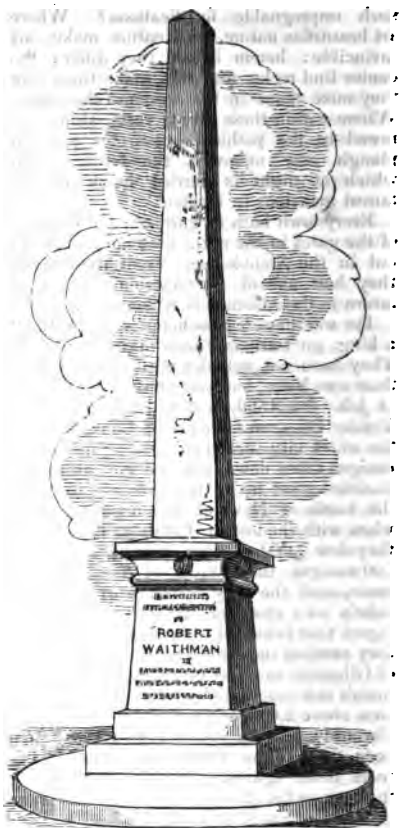
Thirty years afterwards, namely, in January, 1588-9, a precept was sent by the Lord Mayor, requiring the master and wardens, and six of the *comeliest* personages of the Company to attend him at the park corner above St. James's, on horseback, in velvet coats, chains of gold, and with staff torches, to wait on the Queen, "for the recreating of her Majesty" in the progress from Chelsea to Whitehall. Similar precepts for the attendance of the most "graceful" men of the Company have also since been directed to the master and wardens in different reigns. — P. T. W.

The Waithman Obelisk.

THIS is a testimonial to the public and private virtues of a London citizen. It is of plain, unembellished form; yet will any emblematic monument in Guildhall read a better lesson to posterity? Its representation is suited to the useful purposes of our pages—to perpetuate good example;—and, our acknowledgments are due to Mr. Elmes, the architect, for his promptitude in enabling us thus early to present our readers with the subjoined Engraving.

This monument will be placed, in a few days, in the middle of the roadway at the south end of Farringdon-street, opposite the monument, of somewhat similar design, to the memory of John Wilkes, at the north end of Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

The obelisk itself is a single block of Haytor granite, 20 feet in height; and that of the pedestal, &c., is $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet, making the total height $27\frac{1}{2}$ feet. In the cornice, on



the north and south sides, are sculptured the arms of Alderman Waithman; and on the east and west sides are the City arms. The south side bears the following inscription:—

ERECTED
TO THE MEMORY
OF
ROBERT
WAITHMAN,
BY
HIS FRIENDS AND
FELLOW CITIZENS.
MDCCLXXXIII.

It affords us much gratification to learn that men of all parties have contributed to this deserved memorial; and it may be interesting to add, that the obelisk will be placed but a few yards from the spot whereon Robert Waithman commenced his honourable and useful public life.

Alderman Waithman was, indeed, "the architect of his own fortune." He was born near Wrexham, North Wales, in 1764, of parents of virtuous character, but in humble life. His father died soon afterwards; and his mother re-marrying, Waithman, when an

infant, was adopted by an uncle, a respectable linendraper, in Bath, and sent to the school of one Moore, an ingenious man, the economy of whose plan of education led all his pupils to acquire the habit of public and extemporaneous speaking. Mr. Waithman was afterwards taken into the business of his uncle; on whose death, about 1788, he obtained a situation at Reading, whence he proceeded to London, and lived with a respectable linendraper until he became of age. He then married, and opened a shop at the south end of Fleet Market, nearly on the precise site of the above monument. His activity and success next enabled him to remove to more extensive premises, at the corner of Bridge-street and Fleet-street, where he always honoured the high character of a London citizen and tradesman. He retired from business about ten years since. He appears to have commenced his political career in 1794; when, at a Common Hall, he submitted a series of resolutions upon the war with France, and enforcing the necessity of a reform in parliament; which resolutions were triumphantly carried, and laid the foundation of his popularity. He was next elected into the Common Council, where the speeches, resolutions, petitions and addresses, which he moved and carried, would fill a considerable volume. His friends, and his own well-directed ambition, next prompted him to seek to represent the city of London in parliament; but his efforts were unsuccessful, till, at the general election of 1818, he was returned by a great majority, having polled 4,603 votes. He next became alderman of his ward, Farringdon Without, the most considerable in the city. At the general election, in 1820, he lost his seat by 140 votes. In the same year he served as Sheriff of London and Middlesex, with activity and intelligence; as he filled the office of Lord Mayor in 1823-24. At the elections in 1826, 1830, 1831, and the present year, he was again returned for the City; but ill health prevented him taking his seat in the present parliament; and he died in February last.

A glance at these few data of the Alderman's useful life will bear out the proposition that he was "the architect of his own fortune." He owed nothing to Court or even City patronage; but, even amidst the turmoil of a political life, he accumulated a respectable fortune; for, it should be remembered that he became an active politician forty years since, or within ten years after he had established himself in business. He was a man of unflinching integrity and untiring industry—qualities which make their possessor rich indeed. As an orator, he was characterized rather by fluency than finery of language: he preferred common to fine sense, and his experience in matters of the great stage of the world was very considerable. He

represented himself in early life to have possessed some inclination for theatrical pursuits; and we once heard him state, in private company, that he had been often solicited by his friends to play the character of *Macbeth*, which he had studied.

To conclude, we regard the setting up of this testimonial, comparatively as honourable to Alderman Waithman's friends and admirers, as it is to his memory: he was one of the honourables of the land, and his good example should be daily kept before us.

The Public Journals.

THE NEW CUT, ISLINGTON, AND PENTONVILLE:
(From Four Views of London, in the New Monthly Magazine.)

A VISITOR to London who has not seen what is called the New Cut has not looked upon one of the most characteristic bits of the metropolis. The place is unique, and only wants antique-looking houses with gable roofs, jutting stories, and dangling signs, to be the most picturesque of spots. It is almost one shop from its east end to its west end: nothing English reminds you so much of Vanity Fair; and it has as many booths, where you will find all things needful and unneedful, laid out on the pathway-side to tempt you—books, prints, tools, instruments, knick-knacks of all kinds; portraits so numerous, and embracing so great a variety of faces, that any man might pick out a companion pair of his grandfather and grandmother; pocket-handkerchiefs which you could almost swear were once your property, and impulsively and innocently you look at the initial corners, but they are now illiterate; indeed, if you have lost any article lately, visit this spot, and ten to one but you can repurchase it at half the price you first gave for it. Here, too, are all sorts of eatables:—picklepork that *may be* pickled Perkins, it looks so like salted and soddened humanity; oysters gape at you with open mouths; and fish that have long forgotten all maritime matters—it is so long since they have left the sea, stare on you with glazed eyes. The New Cut-ians seem abandoned to such sensualities as plum-pudding—the plums so "few and far between" that they are indeed "like angels' visits;" and "baked potatoes, all hot:" at every corner you meet with a Smith or Jones blowing this baked delicacy "with bated breath and whispered" wishes that it would cool down to the eating point; another is seen shifting the smoking viand from hand to hand, partly to reduce its heat, and partly to warm his fingers. Sausages frying and frizzling; trotters, pickled and fresh; stewed eels and pickled ditto; herrings, red and soured; black puddings and tawny polonies; pigs' ears and petticoats; cakes infinite, bulls' eyes, lollipops, hardbake, comfits, roast apples;

baked pears, and Buonaparte's ribs, salute your nose and eyes at every step. One would think the entire population were wholly employed in eating, drinking, and sucking sweetmeats from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof; but there is plenty of business going on besides: gin-shops abound; the by-streets are all alive with the hangers-on upon society—for here, too, are hundreds of loungers against wall and post, in sea-jackets, never yet wetted with the salt spray—all with idle hands in their pockets, waiting only for the opportunity to be more industriously employed in the pockets of others. This entire neighbourhood needs a moral scouring; but who will handle the scrubbing brush?

We will now pass to Paddington: an omnibus will trundle and rumble and jerk and jar your bones there "for the small charge of sixpence;" and you never yet was in one. Do you not hear? You are asked by that mongrel-military man with a dragoon cap, he who hangs by the door-handle, "If you are going down?" Yes, you are; then go like a gentleman; there are only thirty insides, all decent clerks, fagged and harmless, and going home to their tea: what have you to fear? * * * Islington has much of the look of a country town, with its trees here and there, and its green, which is so, and its shops, showy, small, but genteel. The arrival of the several northern mails in the evening gives its high-street an especial bustle and picturesqueness: it is besides the grand outlet and inlet of all the north-going and coming coaches; and here are first dropped, on their arrival at the margin of the metropolis, all sorts of English foreigners—Sandies in plaid cloaks; Dandy Dinmonts from Yorkshire, on grazing expeditions; and Manchester Nicol Jarvies in woollen waistcoats, and worsted stockings an inch thick of web.

Never mind Pentonville: it is not now what it was,—a place of some rural beauty;—the fields behind it *were*, in my time, as wild and picturesque,—with their deep green lanes, richly hedged and studded with flowers which have taken fright, and moved off miles away—their stately "elms and hillocks green," as they are now melancholy and cut up with unfinished and of course unoccupied rows of houses, run up during the paroxysm of the brick and mortar mania of times past, and now tumbling in ruin, with the foolish fortunes of the speculators. The march of town-innovation upon the suburbs has driven before it all that was green, silent, and fitted for meditation. Here, too, is that Paradise of apprentice boys, *White Cudick Couse*, as it is cacophoniously pronounced by its visitors, which has done much to expel the decencies of the district. Thirty years ago this place was better frequented—that is, there was a

larger number of respectable adults—fathers and mothers, with their children, and a smaller moiety of shop-lads and such like Sunday bucks, who were awed into decency by their elders. The manners, perhaps, are much upon a *par* with what they were. The ball-room gentlemen then went through country-dances with their hats on and their coats off;—hats are now taken off, but coats are still unfashionable on these gala nights. The belles of that day wore long trains to their gowns: it was a favourite mode of introduction to a lady there, to tread on it, and then apologizing handsomely, acquaintance was begun, and soon ripened into an invitation to tea and the hot leaves for which these gardens were once celebrated. Being now a popular haunt, those who hang on the rear of the march of human nature, the suttlers, camp followers, and plunderers, know that where large numbers of men or boys are in pursuit of pleasure, there is a sprinkling of the number to whom vice and debauchery are ever welcome: they have, therefore, supplied what these wanted; and Pentonville may now hold up its head, and boast of its depravities before any other part of London: Get in, then, and descending the hill, you will find yourself at Battle-bridge, among a people as characteristic and looking as local as if the spot had been made for them, and they for the spot. At a glance you will perceive what are the distinctions which make the difference between them and the population you have just passed through. It is the grand centre of dustmen, scavengers, horse and dog-dealers, knacker-men, brick-makers, and other low but necessary professionalists. The neighbourhood is, however, improving, and its poorer dwellers are getting gradually pushed farther into the background—out of sight, but not out of reach of another faculty, if you have a nose with its sense unimpaired.

Bump—thump—thump—bump!—Well, this may, by latitude of expression, be called riding, but I should call it omnibus ill-usage,—the apothecary's direction with variations—"when taken" to Paddington "to be well shaken." Mr. Shillibeer might very properly be charged with "pitching and tossing in the public streets." I never heartily liked the French, and now I like them less for inventing these Leviathans of the highway. But how should Frenchmen know anything about creature and especially carriage comforts!—Here we are, in all six and twenty sweating citizens, jammed, crammed, and squeezed into each other like too many peas in one pod, or an African's toes in the shoe of a Chinese. I feel that I shall bear the impression of the six brass buttons of the blue coat with a plethoric somebody in it for a month to come. Phew! pish! pooh!—how hot it is. Mr. Conductor, do let me out, for

if this is "the way" all the way to Paddington, why then farewell for ever to that Ultima Thule of sprawling London, for I shall never reach it.—Thank heaven! we are on the firm earth again!...No, yes—oh Shakspeare and the Nine! what have we here?—The Royal Clarence Theatre, and Shakspeare's noblest play, "Hamlet," and the part of the melancholy Prince by a "star" from the east.—Here be refinements for you! —Where, ten years since—"nay, not so much"—stood that sublime, sifted wonder of cockneys, the cloud-kissing dust-heap, which sold for twenty thousand pounds, stands now a little structure, large enough for the mighty mind of Shakspeare to speak within its walls, and where no doubt you may, if you have no vulgar prejudice against what is good because it is humbly placed, hear him discourse "most eloquent music." Come, this is better than bumping one's way to Paddington! I'll enter....The interior is somewhat fantastic, but light, and pretty too; and respectably filled with Battle-bridge beaux and belles, and not a dustman that I can see. I shall be very comfortable. "A bill of the play, Ma'am—thank you—a penny?"—The curtain rises—"FRANCISCO on his post. Enter to him BERNARDO."....A very respectable performance throughout, and the *Hamlet* Shakspearian and excellent. So much for a day's ramble in London.

ORIGIN OF HERALDRY IN ENGLAND.

WHAT are now called heraldic insignia began with the Crusades, in which it became necessary to distinguish the troops, not only of one nation, but of one chief from another; and this was done by such arbitrary marks on their shields, helmets, coats, banners, and pennons, which soon became hereditary, and separated one family from another. All these early coats had allusions to the symbols and instruments of courage and war; and more especially to the war in which Europe was then engaged. Thus the first and most honourable badge was the *cross*. Then came lions, leopards, eagles, wolves, griffins, pales, piles, bars, bends chevrons, escallop shells, frets, cinquefoils, checks, stars, annulets, lozenges, muscles, torteauxes, manders, martlets, fleurs-de-lis, carbles, horse-shoes, swords, gauntlets, ermine, stage, water-bouquets, pheons' heads, arrows, &c. &c.

To prevent the confusion of different families assuming the same coat was the business of the earl-marshal who had the arrangement of the field of battle; and this office soon became hereditary in the great family of Mowbray, from whom it passed by marriage to the Howards, with whom it continues to this day. And hence the Court of Chivalry, and the College of Arms, to register arms and pedigrees; which last was not incorporated till about the time of Edward IV.

From these causes it will necessarily follow, that such distinctive hereditary badges were highly and justly valued by families. When they returned from the wars to their castles and manor-houses, they hung up their blazoned shields and banners, and their crested helmets, in their halls, in their churches, and over their tombs, sculptured them on their gateways and walls, and had them painted in the glass windows both of their castles and their chapels; so that they became not only the ornaments of the fortress which frowned with war, but of the house of religion and peace, and waved over the silence of the grave. There cannot be a doubt that these gorgeous appearances had an influence over the imaginations of the lower orders, and aided authority and subordination. The banners of those who could fairly, and by tradition fixed in the minds of people, go up to the Crusades, were especially respected: the checks of Warren; the horse-shoes of Ferrers; the crosses of De Burgh and Neville; the quarterly and black bend of Lacy and Clavering; the cross of Vesci; the blue bars of Grey; the blue lion of Percy; the torteauxes of Courtenay; the manch of Hastings; the checks and fess of Clifford; the bars and torteauxes of Wake; the bendlets of Byron; the crow of Corbet; the cinquefoil of Astley; the fess and martlets, or crosses, of Berkeley; the gold lion of Talbot; the escalops of Malet; the bars nebules of Blount; the bars wavy of Basset; the chevronels of Clare; the lion of Mowbray; the quarterly and star of Vere; the ten bars of Mortimer; the bend and lions of Bohun; the chevron of Stafford; the fret of Audley; the water-bouquets of Roos; the fess lozenges of Montagu; the quarterly, the fret, and the bend of De Spenser; the chief of Clinton; the quarterly and bend vaire of Sackville; the lance-restes of Granville; the eagles of De Courcy; the saltier of Fitzgerald; the chief of Butler; the pile of Chandos; the bars of Burdett; the chevrons of Tyrell; the black cross of Mohun; the lions of Strange; the pheon's head of Egerton; the six lions of Lonspé; the chevron and bouets of Cobham; the three cinquefoils of Bardolf, &c. &c. &c.;—all these were of a venerable and primary origin.

The feudal tenures were of a nature to render necessary public records, which furnished documents of the highest degree of certainty, to ascertain the pedigrees of those who derived their inheritances by military tenure. These Mr. Grimaldi's *Origines Genealogicæ* sets out in a most clear and useful manner. But the early heralds, in their laziness or ignorance, made little use of such previous documents: their pedigrees are bare, vague, unvouched, and undated. They ought to have consulted the memorials of castles, halls, churches, tombs, deeds,

records, and monastic obituaries. All ancient coats must necessarily have stood only on prescription; heralds could not sell coats—a patent of arms was comparatively a modern invention. We believe no patent goes back beyond Henry VI.

The first herald who seemed to have searched records was Robert Glover, Somerset-herald in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and whose MS. collections are still held in great estimation. Then came Camden, garter-king, a learned antiquary and eloquent classical scholar, as his *Britannia* amply testifies. His carping opponent was Rafe Brook, a disappointed herald, of minute mind and malignant temper; criticised in his turn by Vincent, another herald, of better character, whose life has been lately given by Sir Harris Nicolas. And now came the most learned, laborious, and deep researcher in this class of antiquities, the celebrated Sir William Dugdale, who first wrote his famous *History of Warwickshire*, and then, with the aid of Roger Dodswell, compiled the great work, the *Monasticon Anglicanum*. He then compiled the *Baronage of England*; a work of stupendous toil and great excellence, but dull, uncouth, and not always exact. We may here mention Sir Edward Bysshe, garter-king, who edited, with learned annotations, *Upton de Re Militari*; but he afterwards deturpated, and became idle, dissipated, and reckless. See his character given by Anthony Wood, in his *Autobiography*. Elias Ashmole was a learned man, but superstitious, and given to astrology; his *History of the Order of the Garter* is still esteemed. He published *Church-notes of Berkshire*, and there records the story of the murder of the Countess of Leicester, wife of Robert Dudley, at Cumnor. At the commencement of the last century, John Anstis was garter; and also published a *History of the Early Knights of the Garter* and a *Treatise on the Court of Chivalry*. He was industrious and exact, but insufferably dry. William Oldys was a *litterateur* of extraordinary merit: he was an admirable bibliographer in old English literature, and especially poetry. He gave a learned life of Sir Walter Raleigh, prefixed to a folio collection of his works. Warburton the herald was a great collector, and dabbler in many parts of literature; but quarrelled with his brother heralds. He was, we believe, great-uncle to the present M. P. of that name. Joseph Edmundson was, according to rumour, a bastard of Sir Joseph Ayloffe, an ancient baronet, to whom is attributed the historical discourse on arms prefixed to vol. i. of Edmundson's *Dictionary of Arms*. We ought, however, to have mentioned in its place, Gwillim's *Heraldry*, a book once very popular.

Sir Henry Spelman's *Aspilogia* is a learned work; and one of the most curious works on

heraldry; in *Sigilla Comitum Flandrensis* by Uredius (Wroble, & Fleming). The topographical histories of counties are a fund of information on this subject; such as Lambart's *Pervambulation of Kent*; Burton's *Leicestershire*; Philipot's *Villare Cantianum*; Dagdale's *Warwickshire*; Chauncy's *Hertfordshire*; Atkyns's *Gloucestershire*; and numerous modern works: of all which Gough has given an account in his *Anecdotes of British Topography*. But Gough's superb work on sepulchral monuments is the most luminous and certain guide as to the usage of arms on tombs. In Scotland there are good works on heraldry, especially those by Nisbet. About 1794, there appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* a biographical list of all the English writers on heraldry, with characters; and about the same time, Dallaway's quarto volume on heraldry was published, to which was annexed a life of Gregory King, the herald and political arithmetician. Arthur Collins began the first of his numerous editions of the peerage about 1709; and he also gave a very full and good work of the families of baronets, about 1740; of which, however, two volumes were commenced in a former edition in 1720. Mr. Lodge is the only herald who has united biographical genius and elegant composition with genealogical research. His *Notes to the Illustrations of History*, and his *Memoirs*, both of the Holbein heads and the Illustrious Portraits, are admirable.—*Fraser's Mag.*

Notes of a Reader.

FIGHTING BIRDS.

RUFFS are so addicted to fighting, that the feeders are obliged to shut them up in a dark room, for they attack one another the moment the light is admitted, and never desist till most of them are exterminated. We do not find that ruffs are ever made to exhibit their pugnacious disposition by way of amusement, as some other polygamous birds are, though it would appear they might be thus exhibited. We are told that Solon, the Athenian lawgiver, directed that quails should be made to fight in the presence of the youths of the state, with a view to inflame their courage. The Romans, it would appear, held quail-fighting in still higher estimation, as we may infer from the circumstance of Augustus punishing a prefect of Egypt with death, for buying and bringing to table a quail which had acquired celebrity by its victories. Even at present this sort of amusement is common in some cities of Italy, and still more among the Chinese. In Italy they give two quails high feeding, at the ends of a long table, and throw between them a few grains of millet seed, as a ground

of quarrel. At first they show a threatening aspect; and then rush on with great impetuosity, striking with their bills, erecting their heads, and rising upon their spurs, till one is forced to yield. Formerly, combats were performed between a quail and a man, the bird being put into a large box, and set in the middle of a circle traced on the floor. The man commenced the assault by striking it on the head with his finger, or plucking out some of its feathers; and if the quail, in defending itself, did not pass the limits of the circle, its master gained the wager that had been previously laid. If, again, through the fury of passion, it transgressed upon the space beyond the circle, its antagonist was declared the victor; and such quails as repeatedly won prizes in this manner were sold for high sums.*

The most common battles, however, of this sort are between game-cocks, man having learnt to set into action for his amusement the jealous rivalry of these polygamous birds. "A lover of cock-fighting," says Mr. Payne Knight, "would think it very strange to be told that he condemned his own taste for so heroic a diversion, by expressing a dislike to see cocks killed in a poulterer's yard; and the frequenters of hull-baiting in England, or of bull-feasts in Spain, would by no means allow that a butcher's slaughter-house could afford them equal or similar amusement. To render such spectacles interesting, there must be a display of courage, vigour, and address: for it is by sympathizing with the energetic passions that the spectators are amused or delighted; and though the energies of passive fortitude might have been displayed by the victims of superstition, as well as by those of justice or injustice, they must, nevertheless, have been very flat and insipid, compared with those which shone forth in the varied and animated contests of the amphitheatre, where the contention was equal, and life and honour the prize contended for."†

Marsden informs us, that in the island of Sumatra the passion for cock-fighting is so great, that it is rather a serious occupation among the inhabitants than an amusement. A man in that country is rarely met travelling without a cock under his arm; and sometimes there will be fifty persons in company with their cocks. They often risk everything upon the event of a battle, even their wives and daughters; and the loser is frequently stripped of his goods and reduced to despair. We need not, however, be surprised at this, since, even in our own country, men of all ranks may be found at cock-pits, dividing into parties, taking intense interest in the fortune of a particular cock, and staking extravagant sums upon the issue. The mode of fighting is considerably varied

in different countries, the birds being variously trained, and armed with offensive and defensive armour. The Athenians, as *Bliss* records instituted a festival, which was celebrated by cock-fighting, in memory of a victory gained over the Persians by Themistocles; who, upon observing his troops dispirited at the commencement of the battle, pointed to two cocks that were fighting: "See," said he, "the unshaken courage of these animals; yet they have no other motive than the love of victory; while you fight for your houses, hold gods, the tombs of your fathers, and your liberty." Inspired by this appeal, they rushed upon their foes, and were triumphant.

Habits of Birds.—*Lib. Ent. Knowl.*

SHIPWRECK OF PRINCE HENRY, IN 1120.*

MANY shipwrecks have been attended with far greater loss of lives, and with far more dreadful circumstances; but none can ever have produced so general an emotion in this country, nor has any single event ever been the occasion here of so much national suffering, as this, which opened the way for Stephen's usurpation.

After a successful campaign in France, happily concluded through the pope's mediation by a peace, Henry embarked from Barfleur for England, with this his only legitimate son, then recently married, and in his seventeenth year. One of the finest vessels in the fleet was a galley of fifty oars, called "The White Ship," and commanded by a certain Thomas Fitzstephens, whose grandfather had carried over the Conqueror when he invaded the kingdom which he won. Upon this ground Fitzstephens solicited the honour of now conveying the king, upon an occasion as much more joyful as it was less momentous. Henry was pleased with a request preferred for such a motive; and, though having chosen a vessel for himself, he did not think proper to alter his own arrangements, he left prince William, with the rest of his family, and their friends and attendants, to take their passage in the White Ship; and embarking towards evening on the 25th of November, in fair weather, he sailed for England. There were with the prince his natural brother Richard, and their sister the lady Marie* countess of Perch, Richard earl of Chester with his wife, who was the king's niece, and her brother the prince's governor, and the flower of the young nobility both of Normandy† and England, 140 in number, eighteen being women of the first rank: these and their retinues amounting, with the

* The Countess Notha, Fabyan calls her, apparently mistaking for her real name a word that denotes her illegitimacy.

† "Pene tota propago omnium nobilium, Normannorum," are the abbot of Coggeshale's words in his Chronicle. Martene et Durand, Vet. Script., Ampleg. Coll. tom. v. 805.

* Julius Pollux, De Ludis, lib. ix.

† Principles of Taste, p. 33, 4th edit.

crew, to about 300 persons. The prince, being detained a little after his father, imprudently ordered three casks of wine to be distributed among the men; and the captain, as well as the sailors, drank, in the joy of his heart, too freely, and promised to overtake every ship that had sailed before them. Accordingly he hoisted all sail, and plied all oars. The evening had closed before they started, but it was bright moonlight; the men exerted themselves under all the excitement of hilarity, and pride, and emulation, dreaming of no danger; the captain and the helmsman, under the same excitement, were unmindful of any; and when the ship was going through the water with all the stress of oars and sails, she struck upon a rock, called the *Cutte-raze*, with such violence, that several planks were started, and she instantly began to fill. A boat was immediately lowered, and the prince was escaping in it,—which he might easily have done, for the shore was at no great distance,—when his sister, whom there had been no time to take off, or who in the horror of the moment had been forgotten, shrieked out to him to save her. It was better to die than turn a deaf ear to that call: he ordered the boat to put back and take her in; but such numbers leapt into it at the same time, that the boat was swamped, and all perished.* The ship also presently went down with all on board: only two persons, the one a young noble, son of Gilbert de Aquila, the other a butcher of Rouen, saved themselves: by climbing the mast, and clinging to the top, they kept their heads above water. Fitzstephens rose after the vessel had sunk, and might have taken the same chance of preservation; but calling to mind, after the first instinctive effort, that he had been the unhappy occasion of this great calamity, and dreading the reproaches, and perhaps the punishment that awaited him, he preferred present death as the least evil. The youth became exhausted during the night; and commending his poor companion to God's mercy with his last words, he lost his hold, and sunk. The butcher held on till morning, when he was seen from the shore and saved; and from him, being the only survivor, the circumstances of the tragedy were learnt. The tidings reached England in the course of that day; but no one would communicate it

* "Which sudden clap of God's judgment, coming in a calm of glory, when all these bustling seemed passed over, might make a conscience shrink with terror, to see oppression and supplantation repaid with the extinction of that for which so much had been wrought; and the line masculine of Normandy expired in the third inheritor, as if to begin the fate laid on all the future succession hitherto, wherein the third heir in a right descent seldom or never enjoyed the crown of England; but that, either by usurpation or extinction of the male blood, it received an alteration; which may teach princes to observe the ways of righteousness, and let men alone with their rights, and God with his providence."—*Das*. 65.

to the king; no one, not even those who had lost dear connexions of their own by the same awful event, could bear to witness the first emotions of his grief. Three days they persisted in thus concealing it, till the king's anxiety being at length well nigh as painful as the certainty could be, a little boy was then sent in, who weeping bitterly, with no counterfeited passion, fell at his feet, and told him, that the White Ship, with all on board, was lost. The king, strong as he was in body and in mind, and in heart also, fainted at the shock; and though he survived it many years, he was never afterwards seen to smile.—*Southey's Naval History*.

ANCIENT COUNTRY GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

OLD Harry Hastings of Woodlands, whose character was drawn so lively by the first Lord Shaftesbury, is the most curious specimen of the life of a country gentleman in Charles the First's time. Harry Fielding is supposed to have given the portrait of one in the reign of George II., in the character of Squire Western, in *Tom Jones*; but, however amusing, it is an exaggeration, which tends to mislead. It throws ridicule on manners and habits, which were not so ignorant and absurd. We well knew many squires, the vigour of whose life had passed at that time, and we never saw an instance of any such uncouth and rude humours. Harry Fielding, with all his wit and cleverness, and all his high birth (which was not only noble, but of the male line of the imperial house of Hapsburg), was innately low-lived. See Gray's remarks on him, and Horace Walpole's.

While we sincerely praise the country life of the old squire, we have not forgotten the humorous lines of Hall Stevenson, in his *Crazy Tales*:

"A country dog, I think,
Is very like a country squire:
They both are only fit to sleep and stink
By their own fire.
In short, they never are so entertaining
As when they're fast asleep or feigning."

The seed-plot of the families of ancient gentry is in Cheshire—perhaps in consequence of its remoteness from the metropolis.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

THE following is an illustration calculated to convey to the minds of our readers a general impression of the relative magnitudes and distances of the parts of our system. Choose any well levelled field or bowling green. On it place a globe, two feet in diameter; this will represent the Sun; Mercury will be represented by a grain of mustard seed, on the

† William of Malmesbury, 518. Holinshed, ii. 70. Lyttelton, Henry II. (8vo.) i. 198. Henry, iii. 43-50, Turner, i. 188-191.

circumference of a circle 164 feet in diameter for its orbit; Venus a pea, on a circle 284 feet in diameter; the Earth also a pea, on a circle of 430 feet; Mars a rather large pin's head, on a circle of 654 feet; Juno, Ceres, Vesta, and Pallas, grains of sand, in orbits of from 1000 to 1200 feet; Jupiter a moderate sized orange, in a circle nearly half a mile across; Saturn a small orange, on a circle of four-fifths of a mile; and Uranus a full sized cherry, or small plum, upon the circumference of a circle more than a mile and a half in diameter. As to getting correct notions on this subject by drawing circles on paper, or, still worse, from those very childish toys called orreries, it is out of the question. To imitate the motions of the planets, in the above mentioned orbits, Mercury must describe its own diameter in 41 seconds; Venus, in 4m 14s; the Earth, in 7 minutes; Mars, in 4m 48s; Jupiter, in 2h 56m; Saturn, in 3h 13m; and Uranus, in 2h 16m.—*Sir. J. Herschel on Astronomy.*

LUNAR CLIMATE.

THE moon has no clouds, nor any other indications of an atmosphere. Hence its climate must be very extraordinary; the alternation being that of unmitigated and burning sunshine fiercer than an equatorial noon, continued for a whole fortnight, and the keenest severity of frost, far exceeding that of our polar winters, for an equal time. Such a disposition of things must produce a constant transfer of whatever moisture may exist on its surface, from the point beneath the sun to that opposite, by distillation *in vacuo* after the manner of the little instrument called a *cryophorus*. The consequence must be absolute aridity below the vertical sun, constant accretion of hoar frost in the opposite region, and, perhaps, a narrower zone of running water at the borders of the enlightened hemisphere. It is possible, then, that evaporation on the one hand, and condensation on the other, may to a certain extent preserve an equilibrium of temperature, and mitigate the extreme severity of both climates.—*Ibid.*

DIMENSIONS OF COMETS.

THE calculation of the diameters of their heads, and the lengths and breadths of their tails, offers not the slightest difficulty when once the elements of their orbits are known, for by these we know their real distances from the earth at any time, and the true direction of the tail, which we see only foreshortened. Now calculations instituted on these principles lead to the surprising fact, that the comets are by far the most voluminous bodies in our system. The following are the dimensions of some of those which have been made the subjects of such inquiry. The tail of the

great comet of 1680, immediately after its perihelion passage, was found by Newton to have been no less than 20000000 of leagues in length, and to have occupied only two days in its emission from the comet's body! a decisive proof this of its being darted forth by some active force, the origin of which, to judge from the direction of the tail, must be sought in the sun itself. Its greatest length amounted to 41000000 leagues, a length much exceeding the whole interval between the sun and earth. The tail of the comet of 1769 extended 16000000 leagues, and that of the great comet of 1811, 36000000. The portion of the head of this last comprised within the transparent atmospheric envelope which separated it from the tail was 180000 leagues in diameter. It is hardly conceivable that matter once projected to such enormous distances should ever be collected again by the feeble attraction of such a body as a comet—a consideration which accounts for the rapid progressive diminution of the tails of such as have been frequently observed.—*Ibid.*

ENORMOUS DISTANCES OF THE STARS.

In the proportion of 200000 to 1, at least must the distance of the nearest fixed star from the sun exceed that of the sun from the earth. The latter distance, exceeds the earth's radius in the proportion of 24000 to 1; and, lastly, to descend to ordinary standards, the earth's radius is 4000 of our miles. The distance of the nearest star, then, cannot be so small as 4800000000 radii of the earth, or 19,200,000,000,000 miles! How much larger it may be, we know not.

The only mode we have of conceiving such intervals at all is by the time which it would require for light to traverse them. Now light, as we know, travels at the rate of 192000 miles per second. It would, therefore, occupy 100000000 seconds, or upwards of three years, in such a journey, at the very lowest estimate. What, then, are we to allow for the distance of those innumerable stars of the smaller magnitudes, which the telescope discloses to us! If we admit the light of a star of each magnitude to be half that of the magnitude next above it, it will follow that a star of the first magnitude will require to be removed to 362 times its distance to appear no larger than one of the sixteenth. It follows, therefore, that among the countless multitude of such stars, visible in telescopes, there must be many whose light has taken at least a thousand years to reach us; and that when we observe their places, and note their changes, we are, in fact, reading only their history of a thousand years' date, thus wonderfully recorded.—*Ibid.*

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